News Compendium

Volume 12 - 2011 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 I'm Just Standing Here On This Game Box, Holding My Weapon

Saturday, Jan 01, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

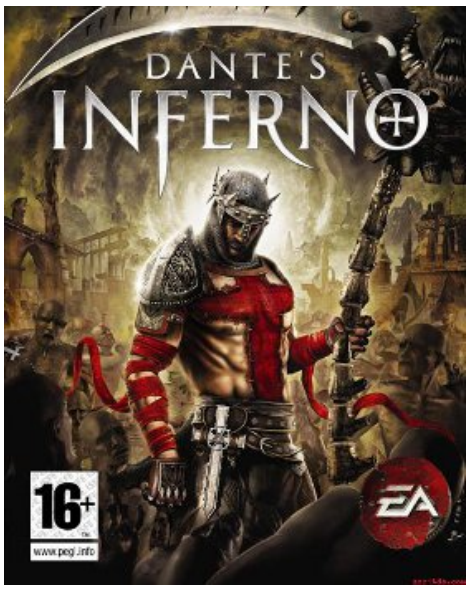
My space rifle, the snow, these large insecty things... it all reminds me of the halcyon days. You know, when we were young and hopeful, and there was that giant robot.

I wish these goggles could see into the future, and that this 350-pound gun could shoot into the future. Then maybe I could find out if Mom will ever buy me those JNCO jeans that I asked for. Actually, I'm not sure how shooting into the future would help. I wish I could send my soulpatch into the future.

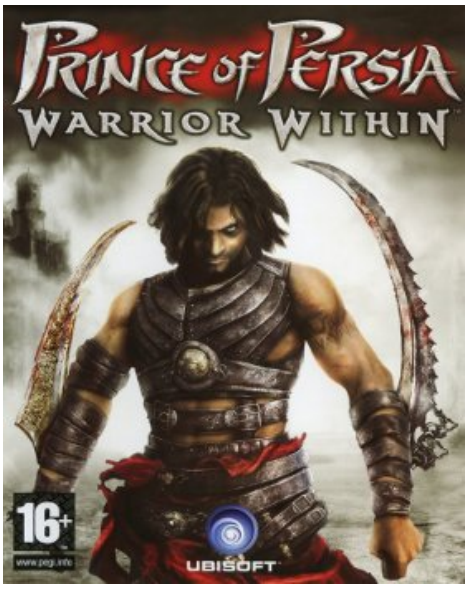
All of this beauty destroyed, so many of my friends dead, leaving nothing behind but weathered and blood-splattered dog tags.... I wonder if that guy's mom ever bought him those JNCOs.

Thanks, but you don't have to warn me. I know it's there - I'm just too awesome to look. Besides, the meteors will take care of it. They always do.

I stick to the shadows. Not because I'm afraid of facing my enemies head on, but because it's the only way to hide my horrible ponytail.

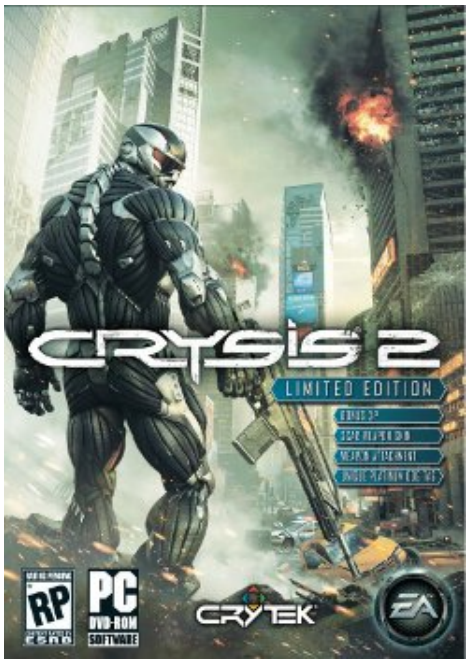


Oh, hi there. Don't mind me, I'm just being pensive and badass in the middle of a crowd of enemies. What a perfect time to reflect on the fragility of life, the nature of man, and my carefully assembled getup. For instance, this scythe is certainly ridiculous, but sometimes I think that it might not be ridiculous enough. Perhaps if it had a larger blade, more vertebrae, or if it was laid across another scythe to create another crucifix. One can never have too many of those.

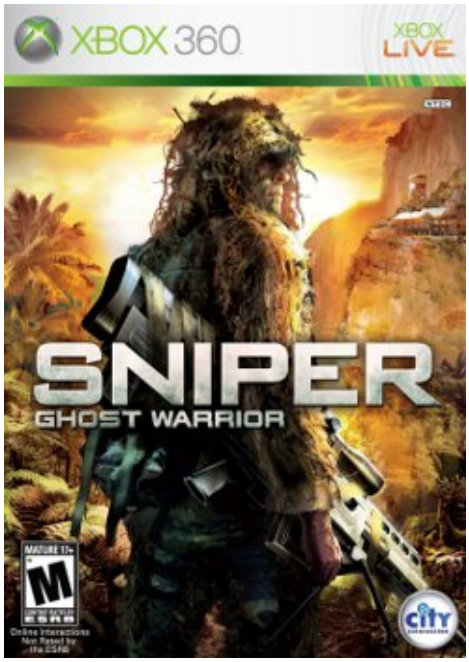


In case you couldn't tell by all the blood, I'm dangerous - especially when I grow a bit of stubble and tilt my head. Don't let the smirk fool you. That cloth is tattered for a reason, pal! It's because I'm tough, and I keep getting snagged on the kitchen counter.

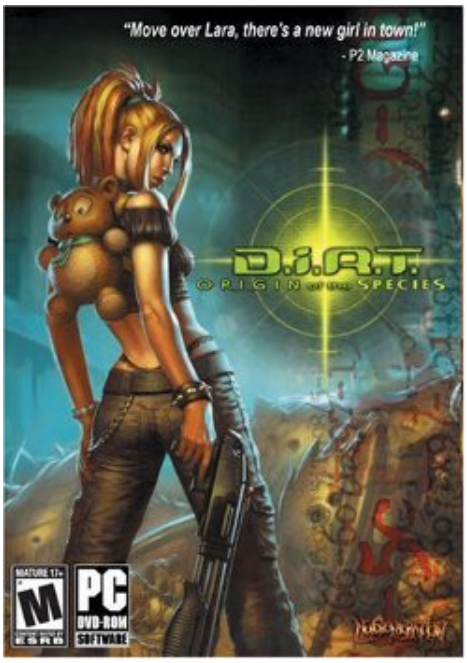
Oh, I didn't see you back there. Sorry, I was too busy flexing my muscles and glowing.



Still there? Nah, I don't need to turn around. You don't present a threat to me, mostly because I'm so cool.

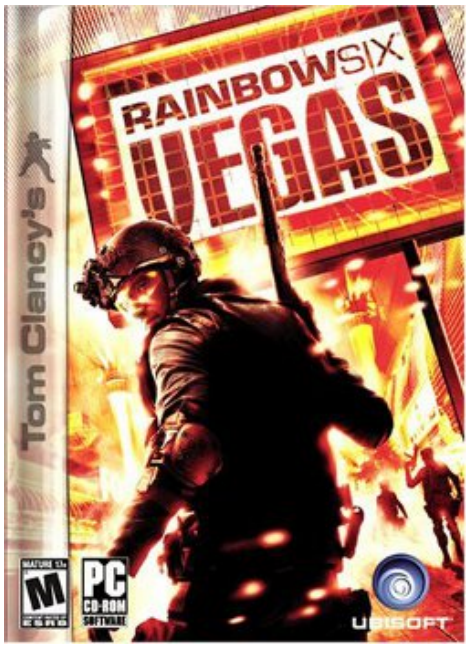


No, no, you heard wrong. Snipers aren't supposed to lay prone in cover. We stand in the open within range of the enemy, rifles pointing at the ground. I guess you'd think otherwise if you learned everything from watching Hollywood movies or some shit. No, I don't need to turn around. I see you, man. I'm a sniper. I saw you when you were twenty feet away.

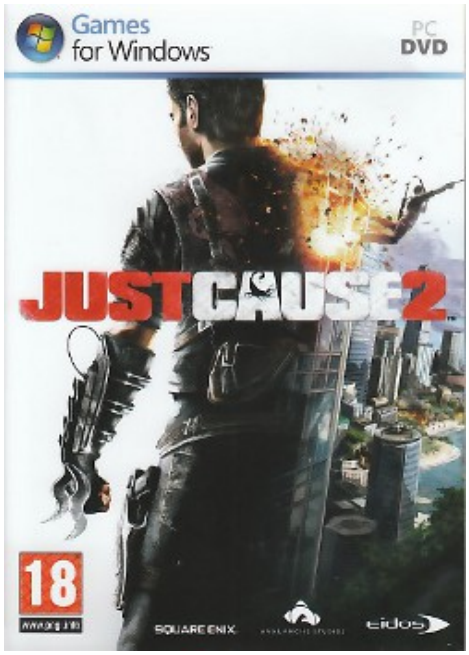


No, I don't need to turn around. I'm in a very comfortable and natural stance. Moving would totally ruin it. The weirdest thing about this whole situation is that I didn't even get dressed for the apocalypse. This is just my every day out-about-town outfit. If I would have known I'd be getting all this attention, I would have put on another wallet chain and a bigger bear!

Check out this trick shot I learned from that Top Shot show: Over the shoulder, without looking. I bet you ten bucks I'll hit that Game Of The Year thingie on my first try.

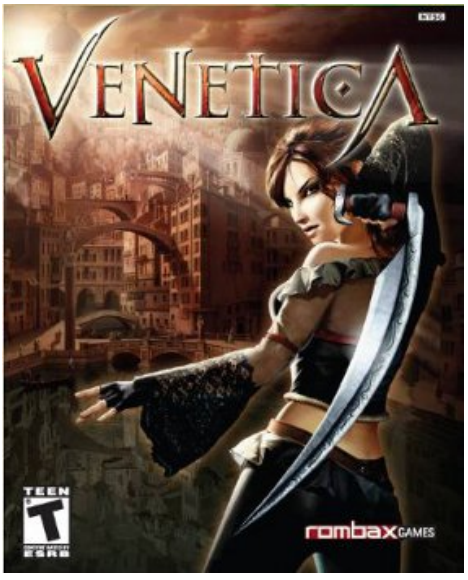


Hey... are you kids lighting my ass up with laser pointers again? Don't make me turn all the way around!



I'll be with you in a second. I'm just lost in thought here, remembering that time I jumped from that rooftop. I wish that the explosion had occurred there and then, instead of on my shoulder right now.

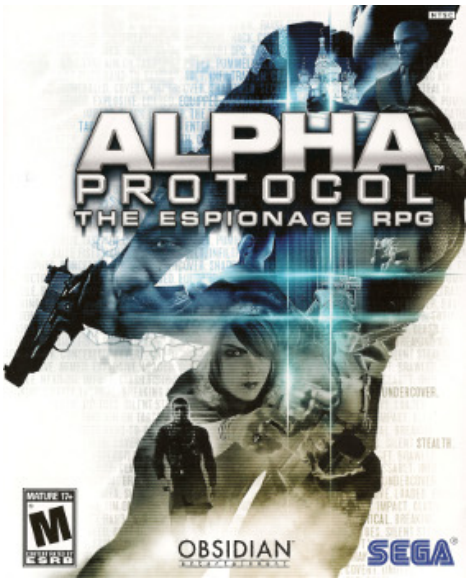
Nah, I don't need to turn around. It's just rocks. Rocks can't damage this beard, or these sunglasses, or this baseball cap. Hold on, I'm getting new intel on rocks... OH SHIT!



True, my arm is broken and I had to use the part of my jeans that covered my buttcrack to make a pair of fingerless gloves, but with this blade I'm ready for any trouble I might run into at the Stevie Nicks fan convention.

Leaning to my right, badass helmet with a cool little visor, rifle held up to the side, behind cover... hell yes! I've got it all.

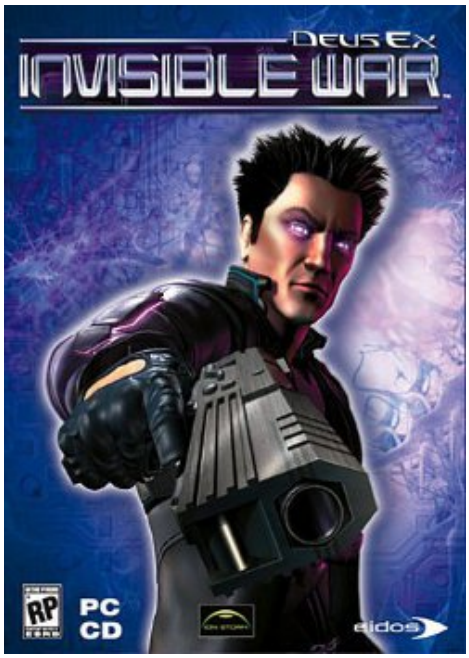
Leaning to my left, badass helmet with a cool little visor, rifle held up to the side, out in the open... aw christ! I'm in a bad game!



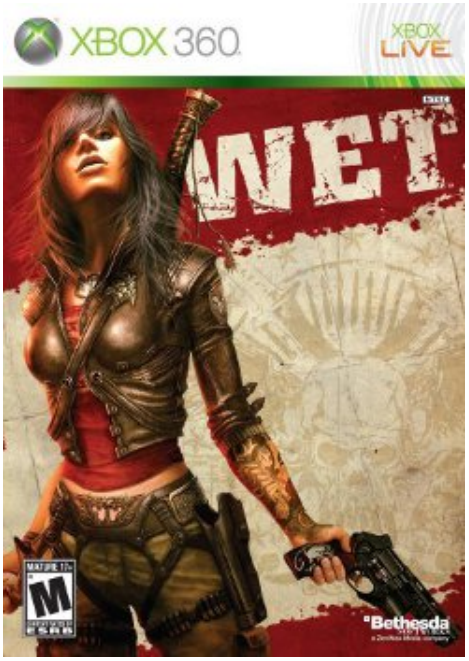
I'm leaning! So far, so good. Now my body is a glowy blue collage and an underaged girl's hand appears to be on my honker. I have mixed feelings about this.

Have to keep walking. Ignore the other guys' wisecracks. Just wait until we finally get stationed in an active volcano, then we'll see whose camo is stupid.

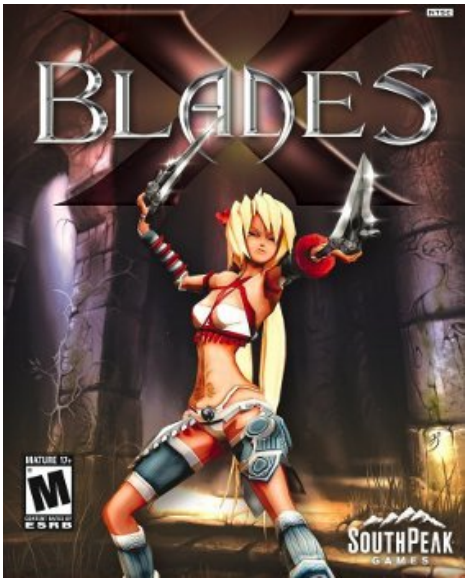
What I lack in a lower body and normal pigmentation, I make up for by being very large and nonchalant about explosions.



I'm not content to simply hold a weapon. No, this is the future, pal. We know how to point things, at an angle. If your brain can't handle that, I'll wait here while you go get it augmented.



Holding guns just makes me wanna stand in a sultry pose and part my lips, you know? I guess it's the same impulse that led me to buy a jacket with perfectly rounded boob indentations, and to be Gina Gershon.



More clothing on my thighs and forearms than on my crotch and chest! I'm so happy about this that I've temporarily forgotten about my horrifically deformed spine!

I just shot someone. How does it make me feel? Pretty, and slightly amused.

Damn it! I told them this would happen! Who the hell makes a helmet out of synthesized eggshell? Why put a baby bird inside? Sometimes I question the wisdom in trusting our entire research and development resources to a finch in a lab coat.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.2 The Hillbilly End Times is Here

Monday, Jan 03, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

While you were alone on New Years Goa'uld Lang Sine-ing your way through your top picks on Netflix you might have missed the good news: this shitty world is finally ending. The signs are irrefutable. Things have been going weird in Arkansas. I mean weirder than usual. In Beebe, Arkansas, over a thousand bird corpses fell from the sky. The next day, dead fish mysteriously choked 20-miles of the Arkansas river. Officials responded with the sort of professionalism and caution you would expect during certified End Times events:

> The affected area was never closed and fishing is encouraged. "**Right now it's fine to fish.** If you go out there you can still fish for bass and crappie, catfish, it will be fine. **Obviously don't eat the dead fish.**"

"Forget Yucca Mountain, all we need is a couple raccoons to chew through this radioactive waste."

Sure, we got no idea what went on with this fish apocalypse, but go ahead and catch some bass. The water didn't turn a weird color or nothing.

The official was similarly unmoved by the idea of clearing out all those rotting fish.

> As for clean up, nature is taking its course. **"We'll have raccoon and birds and things like that will take care of it so there is really no clean up, it's really too big. It's contained along the river channel."**

Dead birds rain from the sky, a couple hundred thousand dead fish turn a river into a scene out of the Book of Revelation, and it's no big deal. Raccoons will take care of it. Maybe some of the birds that fell down people's chimneys and stunk up the school's roof can eat them fish. These same officials believe the two incidents are completely unrelated. What could be more reliable in the midst of a real Andromeda Strain situation than a public official wearing homemade pants analyzing samples by squinting real hard at the river and swishing the water around a little in his mouth.

"Bio-containment? Quarantines? What's that? Just give it a day and them raccoons will run up there and eat all the meteorite. Oh, sure, you guys can hunt up there, just trying not to shoot the

glowing parts of the meteorite. And if y'all run into any space zombies you probably shouldn't eat 'em."

Although the impending destruction of Arkansas seems like an absolute good, there are down sides. For example, all states currently ranked 49th in things like High School Graduation and Infant Immortality will immediately drop to last place. Also, it turns out several roads through bogs and foothills and boggy foothill country where rag-clad jug-hooters mine things like soda and phosphates actually connect Arkansas to the rest of the world. The spread of this hillbilly apocalypse isn't going to be contained by a bunch of Ozark militia units riding around on hay wagons and threatening raccoons with firecrackers.

What could possibly go wrong fishing here?

To address this crisis you may still survive - barring super volcano eruption - so you had better be prepared.

Get some raccoons. According to expert officials, these guys can handle just about anything. Turn them loose on all your problems: devil horses, black rainbows, child distemper, Bread Fervor, imps, incubi, and the sort of sordid beast that gets off on lurking beyond the threshold of all human comprehension. Chewing on raccoon poop may give you lethal brain worms, but there are worse things out there than deadly brain worms. Just ask those fish and birds. Oh, wait, you can't because they're devil-dead.

Repent. Easy, free, and always a good preventative. If you can't find a priest or notary you can just write down your refutations of sin, place them in an envelope, and mail them to yourself. Don't open the envelope or your sin will come back on you threefold!

Buy a gun. Similar to repenting only not free. Food, rage-virus infected loved ones, raccoons; you're going to have to shoot something sooner or later in an apocalypse. You can mail a gun to yourself but you're only delaying the inevitable gun suicide.

Get overalls and a hootin' jug. When the three-toed Ozarks rapers and their ringleader, the mysterious Official, come down from the hills looking for something to make pregnant, your best bet is to blend in. Snip off some fingers and toes with tin snips or, if you've got extra fingers and toes lying around collecting dust try gluing them to your body. If you're too squeamish for that just draw on an extra eye. It'll fool them unless they get close and if that happens they're already onto your spoor.

Don't ever go to Arkansas. Even before this end times stuff started happening it was pretty much the Zone from S.T.A.L.K.E.R. so imagine how S.H.I.T.T.Y. it is with old scratch on the loose.

When all else fails, you may have to shoot evil hillbilly devils.

Last bit of advice I'm going to give you, from one Internet person to another: never talk down to horrible hillbilly states. The scuttling yokels reared in these wretched wastelands tend to get Stockholmy about their hostage-taking geography. They will take offense like looters at the chain link factory. No one knows why. My theory: the raccoons already have them.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.3 Subj: I AM SORRY

Tuesday, Jan 04, 2011 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!! It is one of my New Year's Resolutions to get a bunch of my apologies out. It feels good and it is a good thing to do but I hope you still think i'm a great man after this is all done.

I am sorry for driving by and flicking off both of the water polo teams while they had the big game. The game was pretty intense and I don't think they saw me until I honked but I wasn't flicking them off anymore by that point. par I am sorry Billy Corgan yelling sounds rile your pets up and I am sorry I keep making Billy Corgan noises at the pets to rile them up.

Sorry for putting an electric razor in with your dog's toys as if to imply that she shaves herself, or her nether regions for male suitor dogs, and that she is able to operate the device herself and shave patterns into her pet pubes. This is not what I intended!!!

I am sorry that on Thanksgiving 2007 after we ate the turkey I kept saying "Wow, I'm About Ready To Get My Sleep Nutt... Are You All Ready To Get Your Sleep Nutt?" I really thought it was just a cool thing kids said when they were tired. I learned it from TV.

Sorry at the birth of our distant cousin I said "Don't Squeeze Your Woman-Hole While The Baby Is Crowning Because That Will Smoosh It" which is still probably true but not the thing to tell a woman who is huffing and puffing with a baby sticking out.

Sorry I tried to form an state-recognized incorporated entity called the "Spicy Boy Pec Bouncing Club" and that I put your name and address on the form, and that the cops thought you were starting an "erotic gang" and sorry that I ran out to the backyard when the cops knocked.

I am sorry I found one of you kids' diaries when we were cleaning out the attic that time and threw it over my shoulder while shouting "This Sucks"

Sorry that (I never told you this one) back when you were in high school one of your friends called and asked for you and I said to call back later because you were in the shower and that you were "Stewing In Your Own Juices" which is actually true because you were ripe and I was in a bad mood

Sorry for boasting that I was able to eat double the dinner of anyone else at the table, and never being able to actually do it.

I am sorry that I embarrassed you by publicly introducing a ballot measure to change our town's name to "Hungry Daddy"

I am sorry that I keep repeating the story to company about how I got my car stereo from a great deal emailed to me by MisterPussyDemon but that's really what happened and it's not just a funny word that I like to say all the time.

Sorry when your high school friend miscarried at Applebees I said "How Could She Tell?"

Sorry about the time you bought me an appointment with a financial planner and we all went over there and she asked me what I intended my source of income to be and I said "Plinko, or that scary mountian climber game" even though I still believe in it.

It feels very good to get this all off my chest!!!!!There is probably a whole lot more but thank you so much for reading I hope you forgive me forever!!!!!DAD

THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

1.4 Celebrity Stalker: 2011's Got Spots!

Wednesday, Jan 05, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

Our determination to monitor the stars knows no end! Our dedicated agents capture their every move, their every coo, their every mew and their every gentle discharge.

Snooki
Witnessed the shrimp-sized glamor fetus wrestling with a trucker in a Burger King ball pit. She was scrappy as a badger and not afraid to bite the gross trucker. I got out of there before things got any uglier.

Jared Leto
Saw Jared enter a vintage clothing shop, only nobody noticed so he left and then entered again more dramatically. Still nobody else saw, so after like four more times finally someone noticed and then he pretended to be more surprised than they were.

David Arquette
Saw Darq out of the corner of my eye. Couldn't verify for sure, because I was too busy scanning for coupons directly in front of me. After his antics, he's lucky to even get in my peripheral vision.

Oprah
Saw Oprah at posh Chicago 5-star attempting to devour self in terrifying recreation of ouroboros, so great and unrelenting is her self-love and narcissism.

Adrian Brody
This just in: the man who killed the predator is eating a tiny little baby's salad, barely able to fit the leafy greens in his mouth because of his big stupid nose. I bet he's going to choke to death on those little bitty croutons. Don't get any ranch dressing on your bib, baby. Predator was robbed.

Bosco Wong
The Hong Kong soap star/pop star is up to his old tricks with more shady behavior in the clubs. I counted at least three girls Bosco done Wong. So much for rehabbing his bad boy image. Same old Wong and dance from Bosco.

Mark Zuckerberg
saw the soc-net maven on a uni ave pita binge in pal alt. he had a weird way of eating food, seemingly vomiting digestive enzymes onto the food in front of him, then waiting until it melted into a soft paste before shoveling it in his maw... only after distending his jaw to accommodate the size of both of his hands. cuter than I expected.

Justin Bieber
Just spotted the gentle eunuch being carried in his sedan chair by a team of muscled porters while hundreds of thousands of teenage girls tore themselves to pieces in front of him. They ripped out hair, gouged eyeballs and mutilated themselves to death as the diva child looked on approvingly.

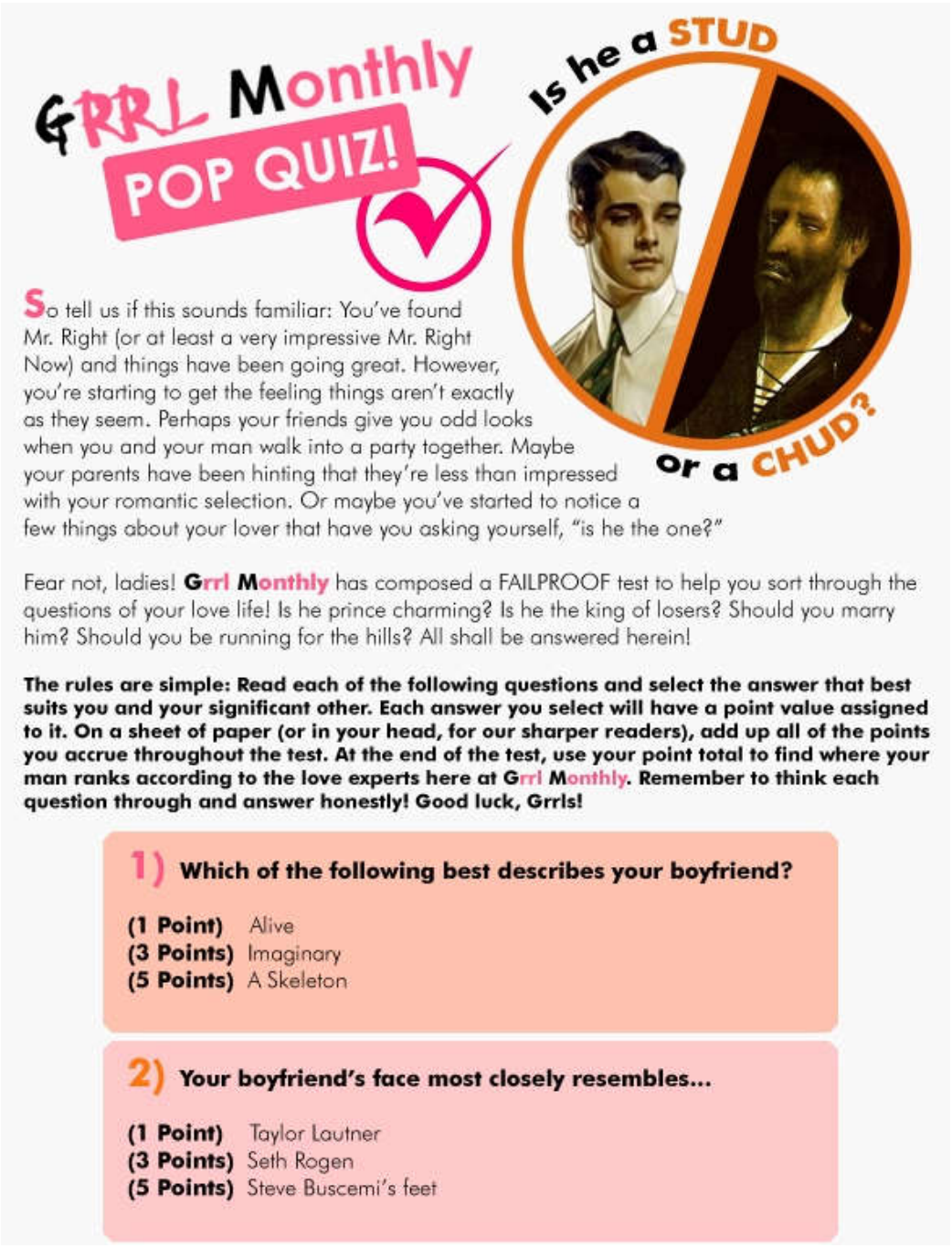
Katy Perry
Pop starlet was guest controlling at LAX. After two hours of intense directing from tower during one of the busiest stretches, she managed to land 95% of her planes. Amazingly sweet, and total grace under pressure.

Charlie Sheen
Wild man Charlie Sheen spotted doing bumps of coke, then using shrink-ray to turn microscopic and explore a prostitute's vagina using an equally microscopic submarine. How far will he go in pursuit of the ultimate high???

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.5 Grrl Monthly Pop Quiz!

Thursday, Jan 06, 2011 by Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh


GRRL Monthly
POP QUIZ!
Is he a STUD
or a CHUD?
So tell us if this sounds familiar: You've found Mr. Right (or at least a very impressive Mr. Right Now) and things have been going great. However, you're starting to get the feeling things aren't exactly as they seem. Perhaps your friends give you odd looks when you and your man walk into a party together. Maybe your parents have been hinting that they're less than impressed with your romantic selection. Or maybe you've started to notice a few things about your lover that have you asking yourself, "is he the one?"
Fear not, ladies! Grrl Monthly has composed a FAILPROOF test to help you sort through the questions of your love life! Is he prince charming? Is he the king of losers? Should you marry him? Should you be running for the hills? All shall be answered herein!
The rules are simple: Read each of the following questions and select the answer that best suits you and your significant other. Each answer you select will have a point value assigned to it. On a sheet of paper (or in your head, for our sharper readers), add up all of the points you accrue throughout the test. At the end of the test, use your point total to find where your man ranks according to the love experts here at Grrl Monthly. Remember to think each question through and answer honestly! Good luck, Grrls!
1) Which of the following best describes your boyfriend?
(1 Point) Alive
(3 Points) Imaginary
(5 Points) A Skeleton
2) Your boyfriend's face most closely resembles...
(1 Point) Taylor Lautner
(3 Points) Seth Rogen
(5 Points) Steve Buscemi's feet

3) It's a dark, rainy Saturday night. Your parents have gone out of town, and it's just you and your man alone at your place. You suggest getting some food and having a movie night. Which of the following would your mate most likely suggest watching?

(1 Point) The *Twilight* films
(3 Points) *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy
(5 Points) *Good Burger*, three times in a row

4) Which of the following best describes your man's eating habits?

(1 Point) Salads, fruit, lean meats … and the occasional hotdog
(3 Points) Pizza, cheeseburgers, potato chips … and the occasional Vitamin Water
(5 Points) A homemade paste consisting of marmalade, marshmallows, and beef jerky … and the occasional hotdog water

5) How big is your boyfriend's … well … you know …

(1 Point) Oh my god, with emphasis on the "oh!"
(3 Points) It's nothing to write home about, but it does the trick.
(5 Points) My boyfriend's penis looks like a burnt leather jacket sleeve.

6) Which of the following seems like the kind of date your boyfriend would take you on?

(1 Point) Pick me up at five, take me out for a delicious seafood dinner, a movie at seven, and then home by nine
(3 Points) Hanging out with his friends at the mall for a few hours, a make-out session at the skate park, and then home by eleven
(5 Points) Dressing up as ghosts and having a chainsaw duel behind the Amtrak station

7) Does your significant other ever "pass gas" in your presence?

(1 Point) Absolutely not- my man is polite and respectful.
(3 Points) He might let one go occasionally, but who doesn't?
(5 Points) Yes he does - so much, in fact, that I've lost vision in my left eye and the functionality of my index fingers.

8) Fill in the blank with the most appropriate answer: My boyfriend is funny in a/an _____ kind of way.

(1 Point) Dane Cook
(3 Points) Larry the Cable Guy
(5 Points) Ed Gein

9) Which of the following descriptions would most closely resemble kissing your boyfriend?

(1 Point) Riding a boat through Venice at sunset
(3 Points) Eating cotton candy under a rainbow
(5 Points) Chugging my uncle's farts through a soiled vacuum hose

10) Where did you lovebirds meet?

(1 Point) At school, a party, a dance, or at church
(3 Points) On the Internet (dating site or other)
(5 Points) In the crawl-space above the local Big Lots store.

11) How would you describe your boyfriend's dressing habits?

(1 Point) Nothing but name-brand for my man! Looks sharp and smells great!
(3 Points) My man likes to go low-key. Blue jeans and T-shirts are all he needs to look good.
(5 Points) On the days he decides to wear clothes, it's usually stormtrooper pants and a gas mask.

12) Does your beau like to stay physically fit?

(1 Point) Absolutely! Workout fanatic over here!
(3 Points) We like to take extended walks and occasionally play Frisbee, so I guess you could say he keeps up on his fitness.
(5 Points) The only real exercise my man gets is when he holds marathon kickboxing tournaments against his neighbor's dogs.

OK, pencils down, ladies! It's time to tabulate the points you racked up during the quiz!

Remember, if you think you fudged or fibbed a bit, go back and correct your answers! No one is going to see the results but you. If you don't score yourself properly, you might end up with a terribly inaccurate result, and move forward with a bad decision concerning your relationship!

If you scored between 12 and 22:
Congratulations, girl! You've landed yourself a real slab of amazing! Our love experts suggest that you hogtie this hunk and keep him close at all times. It sounds to us like your man is well-behaved, sweet as a gumdrop, and damn fine! You should consider forwarding us a photo and brief description of this fine catch you've landed. He might just end up in our "Meat of the Month" section in an upcoming issue!

Grrl Monthly Says: Good job and good luck!
Suggestions: Marry Him!!!

-

If you scored between 23 and 40:
Sounds to us like things might not be 100% perfect, but that's not such a bad thing … is it? He might not live up to everyone's expectations (including your own), but sometimes it's those little flaws that really make a person unique and likeable. If you can get past some of his less-than-stellar traits, then you might still be onto something here. If, however, you continue to notice more and more little quirks that rub you the wrong way, then you might want to reconsider your relationship. It's time to hit the road when the cons start outweighing the pros!

Grrl Monthly Says: Hang in there! It's too soon to tell if he is or isn't The One.
Suggestions: Engage him in conversation about the things you don't like.

-

If you scored between 40 and 60:
Let's go ahead and stop referring to this atrocity you've associated yourself with as "your boyfriend." Something must have gone seriously wrong in your life for you to have even considered dating such a freak. Among other things, we suggest you get this guy to a psychologist and an urologist, stat. You might want to break things off with him slowly and carefully. This seems like the kind of person who might end a break-up argument with the use of a samurai sword or poison-tipped darts. You have entrenched yourself in a dangerous and bizarre situation with this "thing" you've been seeing.

Grrl Monthly Says: Kill him if possible. This may require the use of a mythical weapon and/or a priest.
Suggestions: The Spear of the Longinus

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for putting together this girly-girl layout. Contact him with all your design needs -- or if you need any mind-blowing sex tips; he picked up quite a few of these while researching women's magazines!

-~Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

1.6 A Congressman Orange

Friday, Jan 07, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There was me, that is Boehner, and my three droogs, that is Bachmann, Cantor, and Allenwest and we sat in the Politnok lunchbar trying to make up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening. The Politnok lunchbar sold lunch-plus, lunch plus apple or jello or navybeansoup, which is what we were slurping up. This would fill you up and make you ready for a bit of the old beddy weds. Great uproarious rips tearing up the old tainty waint and squeaking out the cheeks my brothers.

It was Allenwest, as is usual ways, who wanted us in for lashings of the ultraviolence. New to the gang and gulliver full of yarbles, great swollen yarblockos brimming to his glazzballs. He says every droog needs a pooshka and has the right to cavort down city-ways no matter what the millicents say. No, no, no, No-ey, no, I says, my little droogies. Read the moldering papers we must. Aloud with all the dedoochkas and take out the parts about the darkies and wampums being only less than a single man.

Then it's off to get the real pretty polly, it is, off to the commitskis and the way of the means, my brothers. Where the real business is done and none of this ultraviolence. Allenwest didn't like this one bit and was joined in a chorus by Bachmann.

"Got to put the mendyments in there for the slamis," she says. "Got to ban their baddiwad nuns clothes on the aeroway. No mosque at the zero ground. God back in the learny hotel."

"Best for a walk now, my droogs," I did declare and we marched rather than think overlong on what Bachmann has said.

One thing I could never stand was to see a filthy, dirty old welfarie, jobless as a dog and with twice again as many anchor malichiks.

Living on the dole and spending his cutter on redbox rentals. Taking too many ticks and picking Expendables. Too much money from the dole, my brothers. Too many fruit pie plus options at the bodega. I could never stand to see anyone like that, whatever his race might be, but more especially when he was brown as butcher's paper and pressing 2s on the redbox language menus like this one was.

Imagine my droogs and I as we set upon this foreigner tapping away, picking out Human Centipede. His green stuff wasn't taking into the mechano and so he asked, "Can you spare some cutter me brothers?" which was answered with a bit of the ultraviolence.

"Go on, do me in," he blurped, "you bastards like this, I don't want to live in a stinking country like this."

"Oh? And what's so stinking about it?" I say with my gavel on his guts.

"There is no law and order!" he says.

"Ha ha!" we all had a good laugh my brothers. "Law? We support capital punishment...for border jumpers."

The Red Vino did flow then. Some vintages better than others but all looking the same ways when poured out. We were all feeling a bit shagged, and fagged, and fashed after. I says it's time to get back to the Kongress but Bachmann and Allenwest has had a talk my brothers. Secret like behind the backs of your faithful narrator. An uprising! A treason! I looked to my faithful droog Cantor and not a lick of help from that grazzy yahoodie, he only backs away.

"Investigate birth papers," says Bachmann. "And we're going to drill the black, black krovvy at the zoolands."

"I'm sick of being treated wrong-ways, Boehner," says Allenwest. "I'll meet you Harleys of Davidson katana sword on gavel any day of the week."

What could I do? I let the salty drops come flow-flowing out of my glazzys, my brothers. I just feel things overmuch I say. I tell my unloyalful droogs that we'll teach dinosaur riding to the little ones, make the lewdies swear an oath to old stripey stars, and we'll give out cannons and Camel Cash and krovvy drills for all my brothers.

Red ways is right ways.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.7 The Life Recipe

Saturday, Jan 08, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

There's something I need to tell you, sweetie. Remember the other day in the supermarket, when I showed you a flier that read "Start Your New Year Right With 15 Turkey Recipes"?

Your eyes grew large with concern and you immediately told me to put it back, but I didn't. I walked over to the stack and pretended to place it on top of the others, but I was only folding it up into a paper football. That's why I was carrying a football for the rest of the shopping trip. It wasn't even real, it was that advertisement.

How I wish the deception ended there, but unfortunately there's more.

When you were putting the groceries away, I slipped away, locking myself in my study and carefully flattening the flier out across my desk. For sixteen hours I examined that document from every angle under the light of a solitary desk lamp. I leaned in with a magnifying glass at one point, then, scowling at the folly of using such a tool, made another attempt with an electron microscope.

The following morning I emerged, having gleaned all that I could from that list of recipes. My mind was set.

Without a moment of sleep, a shower, or a simple change of clothes I drove down to the office and asked to meet with Mr. Billens.

I had never met the man before. He was, after all, the president of the branch. The buffer zone between us was inhabited by at least three bosses, maybe as many as five. Still, he proved to be a kind man, as he agreed to set aside some time for someone as low on the food chain as me on short notice.

Feeling more than a little intimidated, I sidestepped his attempt at small talk and awkwardly launched right into the matter. I told him about the fifteen turkey recipes. Without going into too much depth, I described each, savory dish closing my eyes to recall their order.

I explained how these fifteen turkey recipes would allow me to start the new year right, and how rare this opportunity was, as we have far fewer new years to experience than we assumed we would in our childhood.

After a deep breath, I told him that dividing my attention between my job and the turkey plan would be fair to neither. There are, after all, only so many hours in the day, and a man only has so much passion in his heart.

With great sorrow, I resigned from my position at the company.

The room was painfully silent. Mr. Billens regarded me with a slight frown, his bushy eyebrows arched. With a small, slow nod, he reached out to a picture frame on his desk and turned it to face me.

Inside was a perfectly preserved clipping from a newspaper printed in the 1960s. Across the top, in bold print, was the line, "Lighten Up Your Life With These Jell-O Ideas!" The frame was weathered as if held tightly thousands of times over the years, the glass fogged by countless dried tears.

"I thought I could do it all," said Mr. Billens, in no more than a whisper. "Back then nothing

seemed out of reach. My burgeoning career, a handful of delightful recipes. What small challenges these seemed to a young man with more enthusiasm than perspective."

The old man approached the window, hands clasped behind his back, lost in thought as the parking lot and world stretched out before him.

"It wasn't so bad at first. One recipe, one late day at work. Then came the second dish, and my work suffered for it. Soon I was using up my holiday time. Eventually I had to make a choice."

He turned, sweeping one arm, indicating the office.

"Not a day goes by where I don't wonder what could have been. Please, see this turkey business through to the end! Live the dream. Give it everything you've got, while you still can."

These past few nights have been difficult. Between sneaking down to the basement to work on my secret turkey lab and fretting over how to tell you about all of this, I've had very little sleep.

What I'm trying to say is, if I have any chance of making my turkey dreams a reality we need to divorce. Take the kids to your mom's house. Don't look back, and don't weep for me. I'll be fine. Better than fine, I'll be starting the new year right.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.8 Funland's SillyTime Ride Release Form

Sunday, Jan 09, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Welcome to the release form for Funland's SillyTime Ride

The best[1] ride[2] ever[3], featured in over twenty international publications[4]! Before you can be buckled, strapped, and tied with coarse twine by a Funland employee, we ask that you fill out this simple waiver.

Don't worry. We at Funland want you to have a wonderful and easy trip, so you only need to sign the dotted line_____ if you're ready to have fun* and aren't allergic to peanuts or gluten, and have no particular distaste for the color mauve. Funland is not responsible for any lost luggage, limbs, lamps, or lymph nodes, and in no way holds accountability for any short term or permanent damage received through your trip through the SillyTime Ride. For your own safety please use the back of this form to provide one of the following three requests: 1) The cheat code to make Lara Croft nude in Tomb Raider. 2) A way to get my characters in The Sims naked. 3) The address of your most attractive cousin. Remember, SillyTime Ride is crafted for children, so anyone over five feet should not attempt to ride. The ideal weight per seat is between two hundred and forty (240) and two hundred and sixty (260) pounds. Though seats are manufactured to meet the safety guidelines for holding one passenger, if rider is under weight, the option of strapping two or more children together is at the discretion of Funland staff. Comfort may vary. Wanaoendesha hii pengine kuua na hatuna huduma. Kama wamiliki wa wapanda, tuna uwezo wa kumiliki yeyote na wote wa mali yako juu yenu kusaini fomu hii kutolewa. Asante. Funland is not responsible for any rider who does not have a comfortable grasp on the Swahili language. Learn up. The importance of gender is central to our mission here at Funland. We ask that you please check form F103-EZ (F103-T with schedule 6 attached for any possible transgendered children) to insure that child is not sat in incorrect area. We ask you to not participate with SillyTime Ride if unable to perform CPR, proper emergency maneuvers, the robot, or the worm. Alternatively, if you are able to list seven or more minor Star Wars characters and/or vehicles, we ask that you do not ride as well. SillyTime Ride is not suggested for anyone pregnant, might be pregnant, was once pregnant, or delivered from someone pregnant. By signing release form you are waiving your right to sue Funland, discuss Funland with others, disclose any information regarding what you ate at Funland, test your fertility, and vote for the 2014 election. In some instances it might be necessary for rider to supply his or her or (non gender specific) its own tethering material. Failure to provide such items can cause an increase in life-ending tragedy and death. Ropes are available for purchase at all gift shops. Please be advised that portions of the Sillytime Ride come in contact with scorpion venom. Do not ride if that is not your thing. Most importantly, Funland is not responsible for loss of life/bowels, conversion to any or all foreign, exotic religions, or the immediate desire to purchase a Coldplay CD (available at giftshop.)

> *The definition of the word "fun" is wide and variable. Without getting too much into things we learned in a Philosophy 102, one man's fun is another man's torture. Pretty deep, right. Therefore, the rider's concept of fun might differ from, say, the children in Darfur-the ones with flies all over their eyes. To them, not being covered in flies might

[1] unverified
[2] unverified
[3] unverified
[4] Including: SillyTime Kills Eight, *New York Times*; Funland: The Modern Holocaust?, *Boston Globe*; Superbowl MVP Found Dead, *ESPN: The Magazine*; Worse Than Darfur, *London Times*; 101 Places Better Than Toledo, *Toledo Blade*; Blond Honor Roll Student Killed, HLN Channel, etc.

be fun. Funland chooses to align its notion of fun with those children, though in no way promises to control fly populations in or around SillyTime Ride.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.9 My Method's Retoric is TRUE and NOT responsible for anything

Monday, Jan 10, 2011 by Allen "Gunwitch" Reyes (@sexyfacts4u)

Gunwitch, here to school ya. You can check out my site www.gunwitch.com for the Gunwitch Method for targeting and firing on the sexiest game in town. Also I am currently seeking SKILLED probono legal representation for a misunderstanding with the Klamath Falls, Oregon Police Department which has brought LIES into my DOJO and falsely accused the Gunwitch of attempted bodily anger on a woman.

I have been following from afar the SHAMEFUL work of PUA nothing Jared Lee Loughner attempting MY METHOD and demonstrating a TOTAL lack of Inner Game. In a humiliating display of misused Gunwitch Method that got NOBODY laid and allegedly killed or injured some more than a DOZEN people Jared disgraced MY method. If you've tried other methods and failed it's no surprise because these other methods only work on less than 1/1000th of 1 percent of the USA population.

First of all I declaim ALL pretensions of knowledge of this Jared Lee Loughner. He never asked me advice and I never told him how my method works. He INTERPRETED my grammar WRONG which is his right in a free world.

Allow the Gunwitch to educate you on why this pretender to the throne is nothing but a fool. Way of the Gun WORKS and is PROVEN.

Way of the Gun
(c) 2011 www.gunwitch.com

MISTAKE #1: Approaching a Group in Broad Daylight

Even PUA amateurs know by now that if you got to work game in public you NEVER approach a group in broad daylight. You become the center of attention of the entire group if you follow my method, just a MAGICIAN on the STAGE. You don't want that. You want to precisely TARGET and DESTROY your game.

MISTAKE #2: Shooting a Child

Shooting a child is a bad open. If you neg too hard you will enter a CRITICAL NEGDOWN which is what Jared found himself in. There are ways out of these situations but an amateur like Jared who knows NOTHING (0) is doomed to become TRAPPED by his own negs. If overneg to CRITICAL you will enter a NEG SPIRAL. In a group this can be a deadly scenario for getting laid. Way to ruin the game.

MISTAKE #3: Failed Step-down School

This Jared character jumps right to putting the CROSSHAIRS on the girl of his dreams. Jared, Jared, Jared, obviously you need to study more carefully. You can't approach, neg, and skip straight to shooting your woman in the face. You have to use what I call a STEP-DOWN where you neg, neg, neg, invade her personal space, touch her first in a common place (arm, shoulder) and move gradually towards more intimate locations (top of buttcrack, mouth, eyes) when she feels VIOLATED that is when you spring the GUNWITCH SECRET NEG. Not before. You have to run the STEP-DOWN, Padwan.

MISTAKE #4: Exhausted Reserves of Natural Masculine Energy

Masturbation can kill any PUA, but my PROVEN and TESTED SUCCESSFUL METHOD requires a full tank of gas, if you get my meaning. The raw, natural masculine energy must be STRATEGICALLY employed to reduce your target to NOTHING.

Just a little sextra tip. You probably should only run my method on national politicians if you are at SEXPERT and above levels. Jared is NOT my responsibility. A true follower of the Way of the Gun would have, AT MOST, shot one woman in the face.

P*ssy through Maximum Firepower

-∼Allen "Gunwitch" Reyes (@sexyfacts4u)

1.10 Combos Factory Maintenance Report

Tuesday, Jan 11, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12/22/10 COMBM-40321: Improved venting technology in Pizzeria Pretzel filling assembly chamber to prevent further explosions. Previous explosions may have been due to introduction of pressurized pepperoni gas into highly flammable petroleum-based marinara wax.

12/22/10 COMBM-40322: Replaced old pulverizer in gelatin manufacture process with newer model, the Triple Crown 5000. Any horseshoes stuck in machine will now be homogenized along with hooves. Recommend revising nutrition info to include 40% RDA of iron.

12/23/10 COMBM-40323: Responding to reports of whining and knocking sounds, found employee Joshua Boruff trapped inside Zesty Salsa Tortilla salsazation aerosol bulwark. Vital signs appear normal, but looks like Han Solo in Mexican carbonite.

1/03/11 COMBM-40324: Followed up on reports of strange noises coming from red flavor cauldron #8. Removed family of otters, but area requires additional work. Still need advisement from HQ regarding supernatural implications of evicting coven of witches.

1/03/11 COMBM-40325: Discovered source of recent mass illness in the Nacho Cheese production line. Nacho Cheese filling product is 65% castor oil; ricin gas is a byproduct of castor bean production. Recommend venting ricin gas outside factory, rather than directly into employees' faces.

1/04/11 COMBM-40326: Addressed reported oil hypersaturation issue in triple-hydrogenating process. Nutrition information for all standing Combos inventory should reduce serving size to .01 piece, as each Combo produced before this fix contains 32,600 calories and weighs 8 pounds.

1/04/11 COMBM-40327: Found trace residue of human skin tissue in Cheese Burger Cracker materials. Tracked problem down to employees abusing grill-line brander for hazing and masculinity-

testing purposes. Human parts content still well within FDA guidelines, but recommend rebranding as "Smokey Southwestern Mesquite Pork" due to noticeable flavor difference.

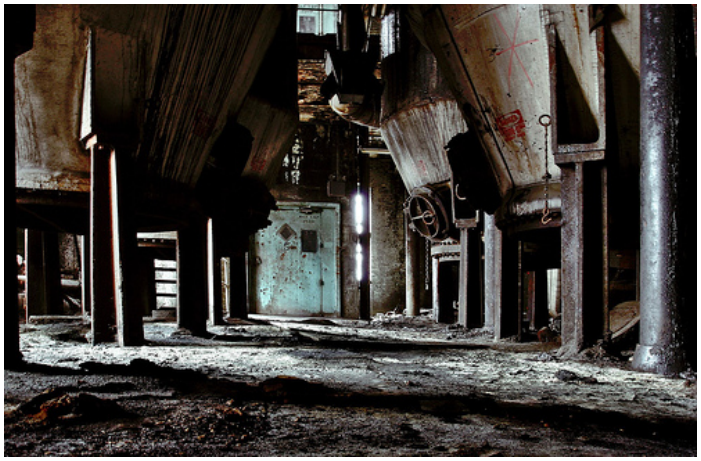
1/04/11 COMBM-40328: Retrofitted cheese salinization vat filters to comply with HQ cost-cutting directive. Please note that this change may need to be reversed in the future; sea monkey eggs may currently be less expensive than salt, but this may not always be the case.

1/05/11 COMBM-40329: Fixed a leak in the superheated flavor gas tubes. Escaped pepperoni plasma was likely cause of aurora borealis phenomenon observed above factory.

1/05/11 COMBM-40330: Per HQ directive, retrofitted cracker dough fermentation mixer to accept agar-based thickening agents. Combos can now apply for kosher certification, since they no longer require the use of pork gum, camel gelatin or hyrax caulk.

1/05/11 COMBM-40331: Resolved issue of citrus-like flavor present in Cheddar Cheese Pretzel and Cheddar Cheese Cracker fillers. Problem was due to clogged filter in Fanta denaturing apparatus used to extract pure orangium molecules for cheese coloring.

1/05/11 COMBM-40332: Advised advanced materials division to cease usage of runoff materials from unlicensed Cambodian sex reassignment surgery to add legal basis for "no trans fat" claims.



1/06/11 COMBM-40333: Aborted third attempt to double the pressure in pineapple dessication chamber after two of my technicians were blinded. It may be time to face the reality that Hawaiian Pizza Combos are beyond our technological capabilities. Suggest reattempt in 2017.

1/07/11 COMBM-40334: Punctured diesel line above cheddar emulsion vat. Similar leak was patched last month, but HQ requested repuncture due to overwhelming customer complaints that Combos no longer had "that Combos flavor."

1/07/11 COMBM-40335: Sprayed light uranium mist in pretzel silage casks to combat algal bloom. Advise reintroducing birth defect warning language that appeared on Combos packaging from 1996 to 1998.

1/10/11 COMBM-40336: Sealed off nacho waste runoff hatch. Since EPA will no longer let us dump toxic nacho mercury slurry into rivers, it must be stored in barrels until a buyer can be found. Already entertaining a bid from Frito-Lay, who want to dustify it for use in planned "Cheetos XTreme" line.

Thanks to **Greg Pollock** for additional jokesmanship.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.11 The Truth is Out There

Wednesday, Jan 12, 2011 by Vice-President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Joe Biden Emails series.

From: Joe Biden
Date: Tues, January 12, 2010 at 4:14 AM
Subject: The Truth is Out There

Renaldo - -

I've seen a lot of weird things in Washington over the past 40 years. At first I thought the weirdest thing was seeing how Newt Gingrich always takes his shirt off before he goes to the bathroom, even if he's just doing a number one. But in the past two years I've observed something even stranger: Progress, and lots of it.

Thanks to the support of the American people, we brought "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" to a long-overdue end. This destructive policy has hindered our military and prevented thousands of patriotic gays and lesbians from serving our country. Its repeal also means that those already serving won't have to live in secret, a burden nobody should ever have to endure. If watching the X-Files has taught me anything, it's that protecting secrets often comes at a very high price.

Passing health care reform was no easy task, but we did it. From ratifying START to curtailing Wall Street funny business and getting the economy growing again, we've made some truly remarkable achievements that will be remembered for generations to come.

But this is no time to rest on our laurels. Republican lawmakers are already threatening to undue our hard work completing the most extensive overhaul of the health care system in history and send this country spiraling back into the depths of recession.

There are times when this town can get you so discouraged that you're ready to give up. I felt that way toward the end of season 2 of the X-Files, when it seemed as though they were hell-bent on killing Mulder. I remember cussing up a storm to my staffers. I felt like if Mulder wasn't going to be around, I wasn't going to be around. But as we learned in "The Blessing Way," Mulder survived thanks to some quick thinking on the part of our Native American brothers. The goals this administration set out to accomplish will survive just the same.

That didn't stop me from getting mad when the Republicans threatened to repeal the health care reforms we fought so hard to pass. I got so furious I had to call my buddy Mike Traz and vent a little. As usual, Traz talked me down and assured me things weren't as bad as they seemed, then gave me a hot tip about an X-Files spin-off show called "Millennium."

I don't think I'll be able to get into Millennium as much, because it's a bit too heavy for my blood. I'm liking Frank Black a lot, and the first episode introduced me to a great new band called "White Zombie." Traz sent me a copy of "Astrocreeps 2000" and it's been on my Walkman nonstop for the past few weeks. Barack has already asked me to stop humming "More Human Than Human" all the time. Fat chance of that.

Speaking of new shows, Beau suggested I might get into a program called "Twin Peaks," which he said was a forerunner to the X-Files. I pulled the recordings he made back in the '90s out of storage

along with a VHS player and powered through the first few episodes while finishing off a Christmas ham. It had a great premise, but I found the whole thing a little too slow and fruity for my tastes.

I'm glad I looked through those tapes, though, because I found a whole bunch of "Xena: Warrior Princess" episodes I plan to watch. Two beautiful women fighting monsters? I'll vote for that legislation any day.

It's been a busy month, but I even managed to make time for a one-on-one with Mark D'Arensbourg, one of our dedicated interns. I put Mark to work on an intensive holiday review of the "Mortal Kombat" games I've been hearing so much about lately. It was a real treat to watch him defeat foe after foe, sometimes beating them so bad there wasn't much left. I got so pumped up I challenged him to a match, but he was way too fast and I think my joystick must have been broken. The only drawback is after getting so immersed in the storyline, I accidentally called Barack "Baraka" once or twice. I tell you, he's got a glare that can melt ice.

We promised change when you elected us, and change has been delivered. But the job is far from over, and there are countless challenges left to tackle. Together with your support, the President, myself and the entire Democratic party will push forward to meet these challenges. Let's get started!

Thank you -- for everything,

Vice-President Joe Biden

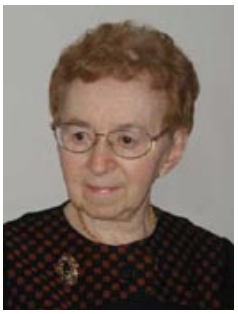
-~Vice-President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

1.12 Dear President Oboe

Thursday, Jan 13, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Dear President Oboe,

Thank you for reading this. It took me a long time to find your address as I do not have a computer or know what they do. I know they use a computer to ring up my cabbage at the grocery store but when I asked the boy with the earring there if your address was inside of the computer chips he gave me the same look he gives when I ask if they still carry those snack crackers that taste like pizzas.



I am an honest woman and I believe I deserve at least seven minutes of your time.

But then I asked my great nephew Jace if he had the Internet and he said to find out your address he just needed my credit card numbers so the websites know I am an American citizen and not some Mexico lady. Mr. President Oboe, I was born in this fine country in 1926 and I believe you are bound by law to hear the request of a proud woman who spent 43 years making quality extension cords at the extension cord factory downtown.

Dr. Oboe, I would first like to say that you cut a dashing figure on the television. At first I was scared about an Africa man with a wart on his nose running our country, but not much has changed for me so you must be doing an okay job at President. But even in a blessed life such as mine, there are problems, which is why I am having Jace type this for me as I dictate over the phone. Mr. Oboe, 43 years of making extension cords has done a number on my hands so I can barely dial the phone to call my family members every week and ask when everyone's birthday is. But little Jace is a computer whiz and he had the Internet sell my car for me even when I didn't ask him to. He says there are thieves that want to steal my identity so he keeps my personal information locked away on his webway for me. What a dear!

I snapped a picture of one of these ghosts as they were headed towards their ghost car. Please send it to your Department of Ghost Studies.

First of all I would like to say that this country has a ghost problem. This is a bold claim but I honestly do not remember so many ghosts in my youth. There were once men who dressed up like ghosts and rode horses and handed out candy apples to us kids, but for some reason you don't see people like that too much these days. You also do not see many candy apples, so I guess that's why the ghost men went away.

I would like you to write laws to keep the ghosts out of my house. Mr. Oboe, these spooks (no offense intended) make a habit of eating all of my snack crackers and ordering pornographs on my television that I have to pay for later. But my grandson Jace is one smart cookie and he always figures out how to chase them away at the end of the night. He even told me that ghosts like to eat antique jewelry so I left a bowl out for them and that seemed to quiet them down a bit. They did release a lot of ghost smoke in my house one night that made me sleepy and hungry, but I was out of snack crackers so I ate an entire bag of cinnamon rolls and then had to visit the ladies' room many times the next day.

Mr. President, I am begging you to do something about the ghost epidemic sweeping out country. I am out of antique jewelry and this has only made the ghosts madder. The have stolen my eyeglasses and now appear during the day and make me write checks to the skateboard store. I am guessing they died in a skateboard accident and an afterlife of eternal skateboarding is the punishment Jesus has given them. Whatever the case I would still like you to send an Army Man or two here to help me in my time of need. The ghosts do not listen to me and sometimes they bring over lady ghosts and giggle at me from the corners.

Thank you for listening to my words, Mr. President. Jace promised he would send this for me as the ghosts have stolen my stamps and vandalized my mailbox to an unusable state. I have enclosed a one-hundred dollar bill, as Jace told me you will autograph anything larger than a 50. Better you get your hands on my money than those darn ghosts!

Yours,
Norma Fedlick

You might want to look into where all of the ghost men (not real ghosts) have gone. Those candy apples certainly helped keep me off the streets!

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.13 The Buckets, From the People Who Brought You The Ladders

Friday, Jan 14, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Buckets®
The only site exclusively for $10k- people and $10k- jobs
Yoyd Hairbody
"I was starving and on the streets, now I teach dental students how to operate... with my gums."
Melisko Babbage
"Bob Evans descriminates against steampunks, but I live my life how I want now that I run a sex line for the Russian mob."
Puppet HD
"I wanted a job where my boss was OK with me being me and doing drugs as me. Now I'm my own boss!"
$10K- Resumes

+Lamule Seachrist (more)

About Me:

FYI I do NOT want to work with non-whites and that does not make me a racist.

My Qualifications:

- Horrid whistling sounds just from breathing through nose
- Maltese nudity crimes (unproven)
- Speaks no language

+Johnths Hopkinths (more)

About Me:

Looking for a mommy to give me a jobby. Are you my mommy? Where's my mommy?

My Qualifications:

- Screeches when tickled
- 24/7 Adult baby lifestyle
- Can I park my motorcycle in the office?

+Llinda Feckwulf (more)

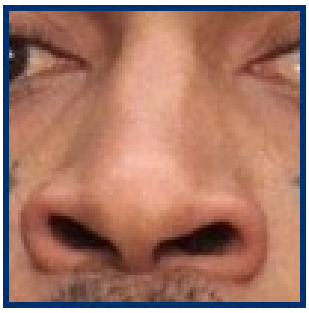
About Me:

www.loosechange911.com THIS IS WHAT THEY"RE KEEPING FROM US plz google "AMERO"

My Qualifications:

- Extremely heavy sweats
- Computer panic
- Literal Mollusc

+Simbrexa Lionking (more)



About Me:

I am currently incarcerated wrongly on the second half of a hard 20 for lighting off pipe bombs in a puma enclosure which I did not do.

My Qualifications:

- Serious bite risk
- Master brewer (toilet)
- Killed a man with a bed spring

+SKULLBITCH (more)

About Me:

S-K-U-L-L-B-I-T-C-H

My Qualifications:

- SKULLBITCH
- SKULLBITCH
- SKULLBITCH

+Gahandi Gayloatts (more)

About Me:

Hello lady I want to scoop something please. Friend from Khyber searching a wife.

My Qualifications:

- Macaroni man (is me)
- Soft kisses on your fog blossom
- Scoop something out

$10K- Job Offerings

+ Part Time Tickler

Job Description:

Richest baby hiring tickler. Will trade 2-5 minutes gentle belly tickles for $9 and throw in book where you feel different textures. I am mirthless and horribly soiled. May react unexpectedly with anger. I am a real baby, not an adult baby, just very large for a baby. NOT an adult baby.

Pay:
$9.00 + fuzzy book

+ Beta Tester Needed

Job Description:

Gregg's Ggranite has made a "shooter game" to promote our slab and cut granite business. We are currently hiring 16 beta testers at our Palo Alto software facility to test *Code: Watercutter*. Be the first to test this amazing adventure. Working knowledge of stone cutting required.

Pay:
$6.50 per hour, half in retail granite value

+ Harry Potter lookalike needed

Job Description:

I am filming a movie of harry potter to compete with other movies (free market) and I need harry potter lookalike to do stunts and nude scenes for me. Title of movie is HARRY POTTER AND THE GLADIATORS OF PADDLEBUM. Filming this summer in my basement set up identically to Hogwarts scary bathroom.

Pay:
Free Pepsis and massages

+ Soldiers of Fortune Need Apply

Job Description:

Are you looking for adventure? On-the-job training? Outdoors work with great pay? There are cats in trees in my neighborhood. How do they get up there? What do they want? Find out for me, you don't actually have to get them down. Must have own ladder. I am an old man and just want to talk but I promise I did not put those cats up to this.

Pay:
$1.00 per week plus mike ikes candy and if you are nice I will give you a disc movie my grandson gave me that I couldn't figure out.
MORE»>

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.14 Supreme Overseer Leader Q&A: Bug Shipping

Saturday, Jan 15, 2011 by Supreme Overseer Leader (@DennisFarrell)

Supreme Overseer Leader is the foremost authority on all bug shipping within the sector. His gaze knows no limits, his icy grasp is absolute and inescapable. He currently resides in a cozy chalet with his life partner, an eternally screaming medical skeleton named Judith.

What's a bug? Is that even a real thing?

From a philosophical, scientific, or spiritual standpoint, bugs do not actually exist. There is absolutely no evidence to suggest that bugs have been or ever will be real. They are easily identified by their spinning clockwork heads and the presence of at least thirty legs.

Where does one get bugs?

They are more plentiful than you might think. Check with your neighborhood bug monger, or the bug section of any ethnic hair product store.

I got this bug in my possession. Where do I ship this bug?

Moonbase Primaris. Station Twinlaw served as the primary destination for bug shipments in the past, but all systems went dark after a prolonged distress signal containing only silence, so now only Moonbase Primaris is adequately equipped to receive your bugs

How can you be defeated?

Start with disabling the four floating mechanisms which generate my impenetrable shield. Once they're out of the way, aim for the glowing weak spot on my chest. I'll alternate between a long range blast of psionic power and an enraged charge, but with good timing you can probably dodge those and make short work of my first form.

My second incarnation is trickier, but beyond the scope of this Q&A session. Get ahold of me through a beam station and I'll help you out.

How much does it cost to ship a bug?

That depends on the size and weight of your bug, the credit clearance granted by your societal level, and the survival skills you display in the Commerce Gauntlet. Extra discounts are granted for each opponent drowned in the ball pit.

Is this legal?

There is no law. There is no free will. There is only the whim of Supreme Overseer Leader. At the moment I am greatly amused by bug shipping, so I allow it. In the future I might ban it, as I was forced to do with the phrase "haters gonna hate" when that became stupid - the very first time it was used.

Where is your secret shelter? Why are you so dumb and baby-like?

To reach my secret shelter, stand in the precise center of The Hub and place your feet on the barely visible activator... wait just one minute! Captain Erztwhile, is that you? I don't know how you've escaped my necrotroopers for so long, or how you managed to access a terminal without setting off

a tracer, but I hope you've enjoyed these small accomplishments.

I *will* capture you and your rebellious friends. You *will* tell me the location of the ancient tome. When I am done and you are decaying meat, your name *will* only be mentioned in tones of disappointment by those you failed to save.

Wait a minute, you're the one that asked about defeating me, aren't you? Damn you. I hereby retract my offer to further explain my weaknesses to you. If, however, any non-rebels would like to have a serious conversation about how to defeat me, I would be more than happy to oblige.

What do I put in the box with the bug?

Your bug is much more likely to remain calm - and therefore survive the trip - if its surroundings remind it of home. Take a magic marker and write "HOME" on every surface of the box's interior, then start a small cozy fire inside before sealing it up.

How does shipping a bug differ from holding a girl's hand for the first time?

I wouldn't know.

What if I ship a bug to myself, then decline the package when it arrives?

Such a maneuver would exhibit a level of creativity and cunning which cannot exist in the sector. Please report to the nearest processing facility.

My bug bit me! What now?

Within moments, your surroundings will appear to grow impossibly, towering over you. Not to worry; this is just an optical illusion! You are only shrinking. Soon the very parts of your brain that store your identity, memories, and personality will fuse, forever disappearing as they become simple conduits for instinct as you complete the process of becoming a bug.

I understand the appeal of the bug shipping craze, I really do. One thing is holding me back, though. What if the shipping clerk won't let me ship my bug until I tell him the passcode to your holonetwork's security grid?

What an odd thing to worry about! I seriously doubt the scenario you've described would ever take place, but if it does my passcode is (minus the quotes): "secure"

-~ Supreme Overseer Leader (@DennisFarrell)

1.15 wUff: molecular gastronomy for your pets

Monday, Jan 17, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

wuff

molecular gastronomy for your pets

Dijon-glazed boiled hog uterus pudding, flash-frozen innard "scallion" topped with an edible foam of horse marrow and crab crackers made from unidentified beetles, served with a scattering of bottom-of-the-Alpo-bag niblet knuckles.

[Food. It sustains our pets, but it is more than that. Food is the very thing that drives their behavior. The search for food, the search for something tasty. Why force your pets to languish in the mundanity of literalist meal choice? Allow wUff pre-packaged gastronomic delights to open your pet's senses and transform your pet's next meal into an adventure of whimsy.]

Catch-22

Life always leaves you a choice, but choosing takes away all the fun. Why not let your pet have it all with this unique sea medley.

Anti-griddled, rendered-tuna ice cream, radish-essence whitefish entrails formed into "salmon" medallions, sectioned, and served with micro-dandelion greens, a cold-dehydrated tallow crumble, and a sauce of peanut oil and brown gravy.

Deconstructed Hamburger

When you picture a hamburger who are you picturing? There are a thousand different ways to make a good burger, but the wrong way is definitely the right way in the wrong hands. This reverse burger will change the way you conceive of this classic American dish.

Browned corn bun with tomato-flavored sesame seeds, a bone meal patty formed from our in-house bone meal bread recipe, and a specially-prepared ketchup meat glaze, providing the flavor profile of a burger using only more corn blended with a gluey rendering paste

Chef's Savory Kitchen Duo

Why settle for one tasty gastronomic surprise when you can have two at the same time? This dish is perhaps our most playful, combining unexpected tastes with unexpected textures.

Xanthan gum and sheep's eye aspic with dollop of whipped beef tissue extract and a garnish of unidentified rodent glands dehydrated and colored to resemble mint. The other half of the duo consists of a beet infused with the distinctive cannibal favor of shelter kill and a spherical chicken cyst containing a "pus" of three different types of fish blood.

[wUff is available wherever extremely fine pet foods are sold. Our new line of "chocolate" dog treats will be coming soon to American stores. Based on the French commitment to companionship, Amis are a little bite of heaven for your dog that you can take on the road.]

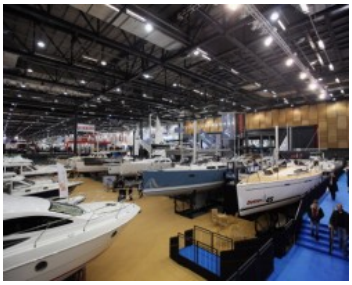
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.16 Subj: MY FURTHER REGRETS

Tuesday, Jan 18, 2011 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! I have seen no sign of sympathy for my Bad Man Sadness, but don't even worry because I am also writing a movie called "SORRY" where a bad man does things like illegally dumping an old christmas tree at the reservoir or pelting a kid with cherry tomatoes at a restaurant who deserved it, and then people thank him for his honesty and he gains the ability to talk with dogs, a modern day Tower of Babel for pets.



- **I am sorry that when I enrolled you in a fancy preschool I gave them the phone number for the company downtown that puts on boat shows, and told them that your name was "Boat Show" so that when they called asking for money for Boat Show maybe they would agree on something and it could have worked out. I still don't understand how this didn't work.**

- **Said I was robbed in 1993 by four big men but I actually bought a CB radio and cassette deck to record trucker cuss words, but they stopped cussing by the time I got everything set up and I was too scared to explain this to anyone so I hid all the stuff in the attic.**

- **"Wow, That Mountain Lion Is Getting A Stiffy" - The only time someone other than my mother hit me with a purse (this happened at a zoo).**

- **I am sorry I joined that movie-watching club with you and your friends and when we were all discussing The Last of the Mohicans I called that guy "The Yoga Instructor-Looking Guy" because I didn't catch his name in the movie (fell asleep a bunch of times) I am sure it was a powerful film Sorry Brenda got mad.**

- **On Independence Day I went to a convenience store and pounded a bunch of chocolate milks before the cashier noticed, and when she asked me what was all over my mouth and chin I said "A Bad Case Of Hodgkin's" and I got away with it.**

- **Tried to coerce zoo security guard into opening fire on giant tortoise. Also tried to coerce zoo security guard to let me trade him my car for the same tortoise. Different security guard and different years though.**

- **I am sorry for the time you caught me waking up in the morning doing my morning routine. (Slowly stick my head out from under blankets and shout "The Miracle Of Birth... I'm Crowning!!!!" which makes the dog go nuts and bark and jump around)**

- **When you brought your date to dinner and they bragged about visiting every continent, I bragged that I had used a public bathroom immediately after two different Beastie Boys on two nonconsecutive occasions. I am only a little bit sorry for that because I still think mine is more impressive.**

- **I am sorry I insulted the Eskimo kid you went to school with by asking if the igloo he was born in was made out of car batteries.**

I think that is almost it but I am a very sorrowful man and have a lot of secrets both good and bad. I am happy to tell you them though!!!!! Now, anyway!!!!!! BYE!!!!!!

THE MOST SORROWFUL MAN IN TOWN!!!!

-∼Dad (@fart)

1.17 Memos from Bear Cave: Kid's Day Aftermath

Wednesday, Jan 19, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Tuesday, April 3, 1979
SUBJECT: Inventory Irregularities

In the wake of Kid's Day, I expect every one of you to work twice as hard today to make up for the mind-numbing lollygagging that took place yesterday. I knew I hired the biggest collection of idiots in the country, but I had no idea you were all such terrible parents. I haven't seen so many unfit mothers and pansy fathers since my time in the war, when I bulldozed my way through one village after another killing savages.

I will also be personally conducting a thorough audit of our inventory. I will know if anything has been taken, because I conducted a thorough audit the day before you brought your rotten children into my pristine building. I will keep you posted throughout the day, and if I find any irregularities there will be a RECKONING.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Tuesday, April 3, 1979
SUBJECT: Complaints About My Behavior, Missing Kids

Some of you have had the audacity to question my decision to take some of the older boys on a "field trip" to the Bouncy House. It's amazing any of you would question me, since I was upfront about where I was taking them. Are that many of you really not familiar with local strip clubs? What other Bouncy House would I mean? Either way, I was intending to make men out of your sissy boys, and I think I succeeded with a few of them. Leland Brownwig's kid is already a little hound dog, and a mean one at that. He made two strippers cry on his first visit, which is something I didn't accomplish until my third visit.

In short: you're all welcome.

On another note, apparently five kids are still unaccounted for. I think at least one of them is probably still at the Bouncy House, but I'm not sure about the other four. Nobody is to waste any business time searching for the missing kids. If they turn up in the process of doing work, that's fine, but I don't want anyone wasting even one second hunting them down. If I get wind of any work dodging, you'll all be putting in extra hours and so will your kids.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Tuesday, April 3, 1979
SUBJECT: Touching My Dog

I was just made aware that some of your children were touching Bouillon, my mean son of a bitch of a dog. As you all know-- and some of the less intelligent of you have complained about-- Bouillon hasn't been the same since Tall Charlie put a bullet in his head. He's a fighter like me, and refuses to die until every last doubting jackass dies first.

As Manuel Rodriguez explained to me, some children were poking Bouillon with a broom, and one child even went so far as to stick a finger in the seeping hole just above his snout, the spot where the bullet entered the first time (the bullet then exited his head, ricocheted off a broth pump, and entered his head a second time).

This technique seems to have helped Bouillon a lot, as he isn't doing his usual post-shooting routine of chewing on his own nose, which is dangling off his face. If your child did this, bring them to me at once so they can teach me the technique. I've shoved my fingers in all 4 bullet entry points trying to relax him, but haven't met with any success.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Tuesday, April 3, 1979
SUBJECT: Found One

Manuel recovered a small ginger child with a harelip lodged between two hot water heaters. He was pretty grimy but after hosing him off it doesn't look like there's any real damage aside from some burns and rat bites. If this is your dumb kid, you can pick it up at the end of the day. Manuel locked him in the supply room to keep him out of trouble.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Tuesday, April 3, 1979
SUBJECT: Disrespecting My Son

It has come to my attention that a few young girls were making light of my idiot rockabilly son's appearance. I want to make it especially clear that I am the only person in this building who is ever allowed to insult my disappointing failure of a son. Nobody else gets that privilege. If you want to insult an idiot because of his dumb choices and stupid haircut, look in the mirror, jackass. I want these little girls brought to my office first thing tomorrow morning so I can insult them. Believe you me, I won't let up until they're all crying.

Also this is a place of business where everyone works. I expect your stupid children to put in a full day's work to make up for this behavior. The vat pumps need cleaning, and only little hands can fit inside them anyway.

Also, Leland, I got an urgent call from the Bouncy House about your kid. Not only do you need to pick him up immediately, but he's banned for life from the establishment. I made a real man out

of your boy. Since I'm feeling good about my work mentoring your kid, you can make up the hours you lose retrieving him this coming Saturday.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Tuesday, April 3, 1979
SUBJECT: Another Brat Turned Up

Manuel plucked a kid from the bottom of the #6 vat. Thankfully it was mostly empty so he was able to tread water. That, and it wasn't so much water as extremely thick sewage left over from the recent bathroom crisis. Bottom line is he's damaged goods for sure. Manuel stuck him in the supply room with the other one. If nobody claims these kids at the end of the day, I've instructed Tall Charlie to drive them out to the country and set them loose.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Tuesday, April 3, 1979
SUBJECT: Inventory Update

Heads are going to roll. I've got a notion to grab my trusty board with a nail in it and start whacking heads. I have completed my inventory audit and noted we are down two and a half rolls of toilet paper. I don't know if the two and a half rolls were stolen outright by one kid-- or parent who should know better-- or if you all contributed. Operating this business isn't cheap. The only way we make a profit is by keeping our overhead low. You're bleeding me dry with your willy-nilly toilet

paper use, and I won't stand for it. If I'm not reimbursed within the next half hour, I'm going to lock you in the supply shed with Bouillon. He's a biter when he's conscious, and he's very conscious today.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Tuesday, April 3, 1979
SUBJECT: Caught One!

While trying to do my goddamn job, I was interrupted by some incessant crying. I found a fat little kid with his leg caught inside my Fouke Iron-Jaw Jumper trap. It's meant for maiming and not killing, so he's mostly fine. That will learn him from trying to put his fat, pudgy fingers on my personal cabinet of black licorice.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Tuesday, April 3, 1979
SUBJECT: Final Missing Kid Count

The final tally is in, and it looks like we lost only one kid yesterday. We did pretty good over last year, so I think it's safe to say this was our most successful Kid's Day ever.

Also I have been refunded for the purloined toilet paper, so I'll be putting the board with the nail in it away for now. I was lenient this time, but there won't be any amnesty if this happens again.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.18 The 'Crash' Killer

Thursday, Jan 20, 2011 by Worm Miller

Over a period that stretched from November 2007 to February 2008, Albert Kleven abducted and murdered eleven young women and girls in California, Arizona, and Utah before he was finally apprehended by the Los Angeles County Sheriffs Department on February 23, 2008. Since the time of his incarceration, where he awaits execution by the state of California, Kleven had refused to speak with any members of the press. So last month it came as some surprise when Kleven chose Internet film journalist Ghost Dawg - né Mitchell Hayden, best known for his spirited campaign to have the movie *Crash*'s Best Picture Academy Award revoked - for his first interview.

Ghost Dawg: In court you were very upfront about accepting your guilt. You seem to understand what you have done and feel some remorse. You clearly have perspective. So take me back. What are the antecedents of the Albert Kleven behavior that put you here?

Albert Kleven: I grew up in a wonderful home with two loving parents. We regularly attended church. My parents did not drink or smoke or gamble. There was no physical abuse in the home. I don't want anyone to try and blame what happened to me on poor parenting.

Dawg: When did the darkness begin to enter your life, then?

Kleven: As an undergraduate at UC Santa Barbara, I encountered, at a free screening sponsored by the campus's film society, the film *Crash* -

Dawg: The one by Paul Haggis, not the one by David Cronenberg -

Kleven: Right, correct. The Paul Haggis film. It blew my mind. I just thought it was amazing. And it introduced me to a whole new world of troublesome cinema. I believe the most damaging kind of movie is that which manages to be incredibly mainstream and overrated while somehow still enjoying the prestige and underdog status of a fringe film. The wedding of those two forces - as I know only too well - brings about behavior that is too terrible to describe.

Dawg: Walk me through that. What was going on in your mind at that time?

Kleven: First I just want to say - I'm not blaming *Crash*. I'm not saying it caused me to go out and do certain things. I take full responsibility for all the horrible things that I've done. The issue is how this kind of cinema contributed and helped mold and shape the monster I became. In the beginning, it fuels a certain kind of thought process. Because you are told that this is a good, serious movie by critics, that it is thought-provoking, that it is saying something relevant, that it is interesting, well, you begin to assume that must be a reflection of yourself. You must be interesting.

Dawg: All the while you are unaware the film is vapid horseshit ...

Kleven: Exactly. Once you become addicted to it, and I look at this as a kind of addiction, you look for more potent, presumably deeper material. You go back and see *Million Dollar Baby*, maybe *American Beauty*. You love *Little Miss Sunshine* because you think it is "edgy." You think *you* are edgy. It disgusts me to think about this now, but I recall having a conversation with a friend about *Million Dollar Baby* winning Best Picture, and he said that he thought *The Incredibles* was the best film of that year. I laughed in his face and said, "That's just a cartoon." There are nights when that exchange haunts me more than all the women and girls I killed.

Dawg: How long did you stay at that point, where you were simply an insufferable douche, before you actually hurt someone?

Kleven: Several years. I started my own film blog, and that kept me going for a while, but I was getting worse.

Dawg: Do you remember what pushed you over that edge?

Kleven: It's a very difficult thing to describe - the sensation of reaching that point where I knew I couldn't control it anymore. But it was probably after I gave Julie Taymor's *Across the Universe* a 10 out of 10 on my blog.

Dawg: After you committed your first murder, what was the emotional effect?

Kleven: There is no way to describe the brutal urge to do that, and once it had been satisfied, or spent, I became myself again. Basically, I was a decent person. I had good friends. I led a normal life, except for this one small but very potent and destructive thing - I loved *Crash*. Those of us who have been so influenced by mediocre film criticism in the media, particularly the newsstand magazines, are not some kind of inherent monsters. We are your sons and husbands. We grew up in regular families. As diligent as my parents were, and as good a Christian home as we had, there is no protection against the kinds of pedestrian influences that are loose in movie theaters. And home video. Did you know *Crash* has been number 1 on Netflix's Top 100 since the day it hit DVD?

Dawg: There have been several hundred reporters that wanted to talk to you, but you asked to speak with me because you had something you wanted to say. You feel that over-valued and trite films, and the door to them, *Crash*, is doing untold damage to other people.

Kleven: I'm no social scientist, and I don't pretend to know what John Q. Citizen thinks about this, but I've lived in prison for a few years now, and I've met a lot of men who were motivated to commit violence. Without exception, every one of them was a huge fan of *Crash*. The FBI's own

study on serial homicide shows that the most common interest among serial killers is banal cinema.

If this screen-shot causes you any emotional reactions other than mild to heavy laughter, you should seek mental medical attention immediately. You may have unwittingly picked up a knife already. Please avert your eyes from 'Crash' forever. You have a problem.

Dawg: What would your life have been like without *Crash*?

Kleven: I know it would have been far better, not just for me, but for a lot of other people - victims and families.

Dawg: If you could speak to those families right now, what would you say?

Kleven: I hope that those who I have caused so much grief, even if they don't believe my expression of sorrow, will believe what I'm saying now. There are those loose in their towns and communities, like me, whose dangerous impulses are being fueled, day in and day out, by over-valued mediocrity in the media in its various forms - particularly film. But on TV too.

Dawg: The cable shows?

Kleven: Network shows too. I never got to see how *Lost* ended, but a lot of people thought they were so hip for liking that show. But they don't realize that really stupid, uninteresting people liked it just as much as they did. I think that should always be a warning sign, if you notice that your 'edgy' show is one of the top-rated programs in the country. It's something I wish I'd known back in college.

Dawg: There is tremendous cynicism about you on the outside. I'm not sure there's anything you could say that people would believe, yet you told me that you have accepted that *Crash* winning Best Picture is one of the biggest jokes in Oscar history, that the movie is just wading-pool-shallow posturing trumped up as complex art by people who aren't actually into complex art, as a way for them to feel like they have serious taste. Do you draw strength from that now?

Kleven: I do.

Dawg: And are you sorry?

Kleven: I am. I'd give anything to be able to bring all those women and girls I murdered back to life so they could be with their friends and families again.

Dawg: I meant are you sorry that you ever thought *Crash* was good.

Kleven: Oh. Yeah. I guess I am.

Dawg: Then I forgive you.

Illustrator **Morgan Kitts** avoids the whole 'overrated Oscar bait' deathtrap by sticking with classics like *Death Spa*.
Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there was an entire book full of it?! Impress your friends by being the first member of your social circle to buy ten copies of Worm's new masterpiece!

-~Worm Miller

1.19 A Letter Home From the 20th Day of the Bears-Packers NFC Championship Game

Friday, Jan 21, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dearest Wife,

I should have known when the stars aligned as they did that horror beyond all comprehension awaited me. It has been so long since I have seen your face. I no longer remember old friends. I no longer remember who won the coin toss. Did Green Bay lose or only defer?

My companions are mostly gone, dead in so many ways, devoured, or simply disappeared in the night like dreams that fade when you awake. I only know my allegiance by the last scraps of my Feelin' So Fly Like a Cheesehead shirt wrapped around a festering wound on my leg.

The gruesome attrition of the days have forced the game into a stalemate. The rotten stench of it, my love. I am so glad I gave your ticket to my best friend, Huck. He is dead. Wandered onto the field during the game, deliriously searching for food. Last I saw Caleb Hanie was wearing his skin as a poncho.

All of the running backs from both teams lie concussed upon the frozen concrete of Soldier Field, a sickening mass of limbs, no longer identifiable by team. Kuhn is human centipeded into Matt Forte. Chester Taylor is just a face with eyes madly rolling amidst torn ACLs. He's babbling about the Vikings. The referees have gone feral, throwing flags stitched with pieces of meat to draw us out, then falling upon the unwary with horse collars and devouring them alive. I've seen it happen. I've heard their exultant whistles.

There are so few of us now, hiding in the stands, praying at the crude altar we built to Favre. We used to pray to Rodgers. He used to come to us at night with cheese curd and Jalapeno poppers. We haven't seen him in days. We can hear Julius Peppers moving through the stands searching for something to eat. Some of the men with me think you can hide from him by remaining perfectly still, but I know better. He can hear your heartbeat. The only way to stop Peppers is to stop your own heart. It is a skill many of us learned from our fathers in Wisconsin.

Jay Cutler wears his weird, sidelined fatso shirt and serves a seven-eyed goat that lactates insulin

from its scabrous nipples. Some say it's related to the Cubs, but I don't buy it. Cutler lays in its arms, blinded by his neuropathy, suckling so loudly we can hear him, and in between sugary mouthfuls he mutters about picks. He howls and launches wild passes into the stands. Greg Olsen is out there somewhere, untouchable, searching for balls to grasp in his tiny, T-rex-like arms.

The last score I remember was a 700-700 tie, but that was before the game degenerated into a daily blood ritual between Urlacher and Matthews. They and their lines emerge from their tunnels bathed in blood, dressed in the pelts of their victims, and they clash from sun up till sun down. Any man or woman caught on the field during their battle will be rent limb from limb, their bodies hurled into the stands to feed the kickers who have formed their own clan and speak their own language.

The players are hardly our only danger. Great slabs of ice fall from the heights and crash down into the stands. Snow is piled several feet high, stained red where men have been slain. At night the howling winds carry Cutler's cries throughout the stadium and extinguish every candle or fire we have lit.

Lovie Smith watches all this from the sidelines. His face betraying no emotion. I sometimes wonder what he is thinking, but fear that if I look upon him too long his head will slowly rotate to face me and I will cease to exist.

I don't know if this will ever reach you. I plan to give it to Todd Collins who seems to be the only man here unaffected by this madness. He wanders around in shorts and a t-shirt, eating hot pretzels, carrying a playbook he never opens. I hate to entrust this to a Bear, but unless Aaron Rodgers returns to us I fear that I must.

God save me and God save Green Bay. If only Aaron would return to us. If only he still loved us. Maybe...maybe I am him. I don't remember anymore.

GO PACK GO

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.20 Establishing Your American Idol Sob Story

Saturday, Jan 22, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Tens of thousands audition for American Idol every year, but the only contestants that matter are the ones with A Story. Having A Story means that you have faced some sort of difficulty at one point in your life (unlike everyone else) and therefore deserve a prolonged tearjerker video segment along with a greater chance of winning a singing contest.

If you've gone through very little adversity in life, don't be discouraged from auditioning. American Idol is spectacularly liberal with its interpretation of what constitutes a hardship. Print this article out, place a check mark next to at least one emotional challenge you've faced in each category below, then hand it over to the show's producers.

Don't hold back. With each hardship you check off, you greatly increase your odds of having the following elements added to your intro video: slow motion, a shot of the sunset, sad music with piano/cello, family members crying.

Your Sad, Sad Origin

[_] Born into a poor family

[_] Born into a middle class family, only got most of the things I wanted and never stood out from the crowd like the lucky poor kids

[_] Born into a rich family, no one saw past the money to the real me, hiding in my money fort

[_] Born with a disease, such as AIDS or asthma

[_] Born in a different country, parents realized it was inferior and moved to America, where freedom and dreams were invented

[_] Never born, still working out the issues stemming from that one

[_] Born in perfectly normal circumstances, but the doctor said I'd never sing, because that's something doctors do

[_] Born with an innie belly button

[_] Born illiterate

Unbearable Childhood Trauma

[_] One time another kid made fun of me

[_] Parents divorced, I had to stay with my Dad every other weekend away from my Nintendo

[_] Someone took a picture of me and the flash was really bright

[_] Heard a curse word or saw a boob

[_] An adult told me I'd never make it as a singer, and I have no evidence to suggest that he or she wasn't a doctor

[_] I went out of my way to dress and act differently, encountered reactions from people who don't understand that I just gotta be me

[_] Witnessed a horrific car accident in which one vehicle backed up into an unoccupied parked car then drove away

[_] Had a crush on someone, never did anything about it

[_] Overly religious family never let me listen to music of any kind on my boombox while we were at church

[_] Kept getting taller well into young adulthood, never felt like I could buy good ten-year pants

Cruel Encounter With Fate

[_] The world didn't understand how special I am, so I had to get an ordinary job

[_] The doctors said I shouldn't have a child because of some mumbo jumbo, but I had faith and emotions which let me see the situation more clearly than them so I had a baby, that baby is fucked up and now I need a lot of money to take care of it - I know God is on my side here

[_] I'm special, but no one in that nebulous sea of less-important "other people" believes in my superiority

[_] Ate too much, got fat

[_] Friend/relative/partner died/got sick/got poor, leading to my obsession/fixation/fascination with forward slashes

[_] While I was walking down the street, a passing doctor scowled at me and declared that I would never sing

[_] Attempted to muffle a fart by pressing against my chair, but the solid surface only served to amplify the sound

[_] Fell into a vat of boiling plutonium, burned my whole body but not my vocal cords

[_] While making coffee, went to put the milk away in the fridge but put it in the cupboard

[_] Discovered the remains of my cat in the long-forgotten novelty cat trap in my closet

How Winning A Singing Contest Will Turn Things Around

[_] Having lots of money will make things perfect, and the family members that put us into a terrible financial situation due to their addictive personalities will be fine, without having to address their problems in any meaningful way

[_] I will be able to show the world that you can overcome anything as long as you sing really well, unless you're one of the people that I beat, or are part of the 99% of people that live unremarkable

lives

[_] All doctors will be banned from telling people that they can never achieve their goals

[_] The American Dream will be kept alive as I make a portion of the money that the hosts, executives, and record label take in from just one episode

[_] Everyone who doubted me will be proven wrong, everyone will finally care enough to fill this hole in the core of my being, and it will play out like the scene in *A Christmas Story* where Ralphie returns as a blind man and his family begs for his forgiveness

[_] The goodness in my heart will inspire others to be almost as great as me

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.21 Rate My Instructor: Professor X

Sunday, Jan 23, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

This article is part of the Rate My Instructor series.

User Comments and Ratings

Class	Rating	Review
PSY 101	Great Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Professor X is the greatest. I love him so much. We all learn so much here at school. Life would not be worth living without him.
PSY 214	Great Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Professor X is the greatest. I love him so much. We all learn so much here at school. Life would not be worth living without him.
PSY 101	Great Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Professor X is the greatest. I love him so much. We all learn so mu HELP HELP US OH GOD HE IS IN OUR MIND GET HIM OUT GET HIM OUch here at school. Life would not be worth living without him.
PSY 320	Great Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	I hate my mommy and daddy. All I need is Professor X. He is the greatest. He takes care of us and we all love him.
PSY 115	Great Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Professor X is the grea-wehavenocontrol-test. I love hi-pleaseifyoureadthishelp-m so much. We all theweakeronescannotfighthimbutwetryourbes-learn so much here at school.
PSY 102-web	Average Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	i dropped his online class after i forgot 2 turn in papr. he was real weird bout it. never met him in person but ive had bad headaches eversince. idk what the deel is. he seems ok just check syllabus.
PSY 240	Great Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	I hate my mommy and daddy. All I need is Professor X. He is the greatest. He takes care of us and we all love him.
PSY 101	Poor Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	I took this class hoping Prof X could teach me how to get girls to take their clothes off but all we did was brain vocabulary. Maybe the higher level classes are better but this one sux.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.22 Kill the Stupid

Monday, Jan 24, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dumb, for lack of a better word, is bad. Dumb is wrong, dumb doesn't work. But dumb, ladies and gentlemen, is spreading. And some of the dumb are trying to make being dumb profitable.

Fountain plunging idiot Cathy Cruz Marrero is suing the mall that allowed her to fall into its fountain when she was walking while texting. She might also sue the security guards that laughed at the video of her falling into the fountain while texting, because humans in mall security uniforms shouldn't be permitted to laugh at morons.

A moron from New York City is suing a Las Vegas escort service for almost $2 million. This is the aftermath of a very dumb phone call he placed to police complaining that his illegal prostitute ripped him off by having illegal sex with him, but not staying for the full three hours for which he paid. His outrage was understandable. Sure, he got the sex, but he paid good money to watch the hooker who just blew him sit around a shitty hotel bored out of her mind and texting people about the guy with the weird dick that looks like a mini-croissant who is staring right at her. Missing out on that? No wonder he called the cops and got himself in deep shit!

The biggest payday may be coming to a man, let's call him King Moron, who happens to be living in a trailer park in Key West, Florida. He can't spell fucking anything, so he's suing WikiLeaks, and its creepoid-in-chief Julian Assange, for an assortment of grievances including: "indangered the PLAINTIFF as well as every person of the United States; and the entire planet," "suffered serious personan injury," and a "worsening" of "hyper tention." King Moron also has a "fear of being on the brink of Nucliar WAR." He's asking for 150 million "dollors" in damages.

These idiots are never going to win their cases, you might think. Probably not, although that fountain woman has good odds for a settlement since the fountain didn't have a railing. Fuck knows we need to put safety barriers up on everything to prevent every possibly strain of moron from walking, crawling, or pop-locking their way into vents or off ladders or into the deep end of a wood chipper. These presumptuous lawsuits are just another symptom of the problem. This shitty country is getting stupider by the day because we coddle morons. We've come to believe that tolerating stupidity is a part of being tolerant people or, worse, stupidity itself is a virtue.

Blame whoever you want. Blame the media drone or the pundits or the politicians. Blame your

parents. It's really happening. There are figures to back this up. The Chinese are kicking our asses.

Do you think some Chinese bumpkin who walks around eating pieces of fuming metal he finds on the floor of the dystopian factory workshop where they make Zu Zu Pets gets to sue when his kidneys fail? No, he gets gassed and his skeleton is sold in the United States. No one wants to marry that guy and have a kid with him and nobody wants to watch his insane TV show or read the book he co-wrote with the woman who screams at the sun. He's a zero. Here in the United States he could be in congress.

Shit-for-brains used to be a trait that was eliminated from the gene pool by natural selection, now it's making babies and recording Kraft Macaroni and Cheese commercials. Modern anti-intellectualism is sold as folksy wisdom. Non-knowledge is a skill that takes practice. Every idiot and every idiot's ideas are worth hearing out.

It's snowing, so global warming is fake! Ha ha! Lick some more paint chips, Professor Accuweather, while the world burns. Vaccines cause autism? Sure, maybe! We don't want to hurt anybody's feelings by forcing them to prove it. Better allow weird 19th century diseases to come creeping back into our population because sad celeb mommies had fantasies on their blogs. We definitely don't want to hurt the feelings of someone somewhat credible.

Bling-slinging rappers to stock-shouting CNBC hosts, these are the people who should be thrown into pits, left on mountains to perish, or be crushed beneath monster trucks like so many Japanese cars. And I mean that in a literal drive-over-their-caterwauling-bodies sense, not in a monster-truck-symbols-on-a-map-of-Sunday-Sunday-Sunday sense.

Remember how parents used to be afraid of satanic cults converting kids? This is the actual dangerous cult assuring you that being a beef-stupid yokel is GOOD. Smear yourself in turds and babble about Marxist takeovers; if you're stupid enough, and just loud enough, you might be able to live the new American dream and make yourself rich.

I'll keeping hoping for that purge even if it means I'm the first idiot against the wall.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.23 The Time Tooth Tooth Tasted Swine: Part 3

Tuesday, Jan 25, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

Part 3: The Son of Odin

You seen that boy Tooth Tooth lately, god? Damn, sure is good to see that boy back to normal.

Oh, word? He got right again?

Word. Many feared, during his near-fatal struggle with swine poisoning, that his steez might suffer irreparable damage. For, as we know, the constitution of the righteous black man is incompatible with the garbage meat of swine; in studies conducted by the Supreme Science Wisdom department of the Nation of Gods and Earths, it was determined that inhalation of even one microgram of particulate hog matter could cause symptoms similar to those associated with congenital whiteness: lethargy, busterism, extreme trifling, dry mouth, stupor, institutional corruption, increased body moistness and kinesthetic wackness.

Jeremy Birdcastle, alabaster warlock.

Did Jeremy Birdcastle, the ivory warlock who infected Tooth with swine meats, know all this medical fact? No man can say, god. Ain't wise to speculate, for when we gaze into the snow-blinding abyss of the white man's corruption, that shit gaze right back.

All we got is the facts, god: a judge ordered Tooth to have dinner with Jeremy Birdcastle so as to build bridges between the poor righteous teacher community and the evil alabaster Yacubian monstrosity community. Of course, he wasn't allowed to bring his eagle. At the end of the night, Birdcastle poisoned Tooth with a mote of swine matter hidden within the homo pastry nooks of a white-people dessert-- an eclair or some shit-- and Tooth was corrupted. He only barely managed to crawl back to the crib, god, clutching at his throat and coughing up blood and pig molecules all the way. Even his faithful eagle detected that he had become corrupt, and that bird split until such a time that his master's righteousness might return.

And, like I laid it down before, Tooth spent a long night in the throes of a hog-induced fever dream. In his reverie, a vision from the past came to him: a pimp's street hubris became his undoing, and only through Tooth Tooth's lesson in humility was he redeemed.

But hubris ain't been a problem for Tooth, historically. He always been pretty good at that shit.

True enough, cousin. But Tooth took the vision seriously, god. He knew that even in its swine-addled state, the soul of the original black man could not produce a dishonest spiritual vision. We all know Tooth drive a Rolls Royce Phantom and sometimes wear shoes made from cheetah paws, but deep down he always keep his mind right. He know there ain't no redemption without humility.

And, plus, it ain't like he gonna crawl back to Birdcastle's crib and whip him. In his malignant hog-languor, Tooth can't hardly lift his hand-- not like it would take much more than that to thrash

the lily-white ass of Jeremy Birdcastle, but Tooth just ain't in no state, mental or physical, for violent confrontation.

So while Tooth lying there, lamenting his sad fate, a thought occur to him. He been brought low by the machinations of the white devil. His body been corrupted by garbage; he can no longer carry himself with the dignity of the original black man. He cannot walk among his people; he untouchable.

But with this disease come a strategic advantage: he could now walk undetected among the corrupt. With his swine-scented camouflage, the white devils would not fear his righteousness or cower from the talons of his eagle, a bird so reviled among whitelings for its precision eye-pecking and unmatched powers of porcine residue detection. He could enter the most secret realms of the white devil and draw nary a glance from the glassy-eyed porcelain zombies who surrounded him.

This where the humility come in, cousin. Tooth was debased by the hated flesh of the worst beast, but he knew he might gotta debase himself yet further on the humility shit: he would enter the very heart of whiteness, a place where Yacub's perverse creations vaunt their hogs to celebrity, preening them like pageant queens, handling them gloveless and rewarding them for they hideous girth.

Tooth would go to the county fair, a barbarian wasteland untouched by the teachings of Supreme Mathematics, untroubled by the eagles of the original black man-- heretofore even un-fucked-up by Tooth Tooth, because he been too disgusted previously by the mere proposition of such an unholy cracker temple to even condescend a righteous whipping. So, still pig-sick and sweating, he got on the first bus upstate--

Why the fuck he ain't take the Phantom?

Think on that a second, cousin. First, his whip still parked in front of Birdcastle crib. Second, you think Tooth could turn the key in that Phatom without it blowing the fuck up and taking out a city block?

Oh, word. I forgot he had that shit rigged with swine detectors to prevent theft by the minions of Yacub. My bad, god.

Word. So he hopped the bus out to the country, hit up the gates, paid the seven-dollar admission-- gotta pay with a five and two ones to avoid suspicion, because a black man with a shoe-sized knot of Salmon P. Chases gonna attract attention anywhere, regardless whether not he smell like the swineflesh so familiar to these crackers. Tooth even had to go to the bank to get them bills, boy ain't even touched anything less than a twenty since he was eight years old, but I left that shit out of the story for purposes of being concise and shit.

When he got in that fair, you best believe the boy was in a bad state. He'd been beating back the hog sickness as best he could, but that shit was getting to him. You wouldn't even have recognized the cat, he all gaunt and bloodless-- so ashen was his countenance, god, that you might even mistake him for a white man. And don't you ever tell him I said that shit, cousin, because even in fucked-up times, you ain't never supposed to level words so vile at a former righteous teacher. But it's the truth, god, word is bond.

So he began to think, "is there no refuge for a black soul in this playground of Yacub?" But no sooner had the words passed his lips than he spied a poster on the wall of the fairground's event center-- a musical event of a cultural nature to begin shortly. "Mørktvarg," the poster advertised-- "Kings of Black Metal."

Black Metal! Could Tooth have discovered an oasis of African sanity in this desert of moral perversion and pig-regarding abominations? Now, Tooth ain't a big metal fan-- it is, traditionally, the sort of comically rudimentary cultural endeavor for which a true original black man has no time-- but he

was so sick from the toxic miasma of white and pig that he was determined to seek the respite of anything black. He was a tad wary, to be sure-- our boy was pretty deep in enemy territory, and he ain't know what a Mørktvarg is. Certainly not a word from any African dialect, since Tooth know all of them by righteous instinct.

But despite his reservations, in Tooth went, without fear in his heart, for nothing could hurt him any more than he'd already been hurt by Yacub's agent. The room was dark as night, he couldn't see nothing. Tooth pushed past a hundred bodies, all dressed in t-shirts and blue jeans like goddamn children, all sweating out the stink of cigarettes and pigs and bad living. He posted up at the front of the stage, still can't see shit. Then, suddenly, bunch of fire started shooting out the stage, everything light up, and Tooth find himself amid a grotesque nightmare of whiteness gone mad: pig heads on stakes, fake crucified naked-ass dudes up there and all that.

And these cats up on stage start playing some shit with guitars and yelling all like they tryna puke. Tooth quickly apprehended that was metal, but just as quickly that it most definitely was not black. How dare these miscreants misappropriate the word most dear to him? They were truly an affront to blackness: dressed all in spikes and clown-type shit, hair not curled in proud afros but lying long and flaccid; faces painted up in garish whiteness, whiter than white, a hideous amplification of Yacub's most evil creation.

Of course, Tooth forget all about his hog malaise. He could not stand idly by as a group of wack-ass chumps impugnede the very concept of blackness; Tooth immediately get on the phone and call up his boy from back in the neighborhood who has a computer that control the entire New York state power grid, and--

The strange visage of black metal.

Yo, I think I know who you mean.

Yeah, kid. So Tooth like, "Yo, Jay, I know you may have heard some shit about me recently, maybe some shit about me unwittingly eating a morsel of swine due to the evil plotting of a white sorcerer, but it is absolutely imperative that you shut down power to the events pavilion at the county fair. This is an emergency at the highest levels of blackness." And so it was done, cause even if Tooth has been corrupted, cats still know that when he say there's an emergency, some real shit is probably going down.

All the amps go out, band was still thrashing on they unplugged shit for a few seconds, then the generator lights came up and all them white-ass metal kids all looking around like "what the fuck," but the dudes up on stage-- they who dared to co-opt the essence of the original man-- knew exactly what up.

Big seven-foot crazy-ass singer motherfucker up front on stage with his hair and face all matted with white paint and blood and whatnot, he pointed down right at Tooth, and he was like, "Tooth Tooth, you grace us with your presence. We have much to discuss. But first, I will kindly ask the audience to take their leave." And all these confused white pawns filed out of the room at the command. Word is bond. Now it was just Tooth up there in front the stage with this wild-eyed Nordic cat surrounded by pig heads and shit.

And, this is some weird shit but word is bond, the wack Norseman addressed Tooth like he was his brother: "I am Valp Kattunge, leader of Mørktvarg. Come with me backstage, Tooth Tooth, and we will build awhile in the fashion of righteous teachers. You are very ill, and should rest."

Shit is crazy, son. This some crazy shit.

You right on that, god. And wait till you hear what this cat tell Tooth.

To Be Continued

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.24 Believe Again

Wednesday, Jan 26, 2011 by Vice-President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Joe Biden Emails series.

From: Joe Biden
Date: Tues, January 25, 2010 at 11:37 PM
Subject: Believe Again

Renaldo --

Mere hours ago President Barack Obama delivered his State of the Union Address, an impassioned appeal to the American people calling for a new age of innovation and greatness.

I had the great privilege of sitting behind the president during the address, and felt the power of his words. I admit, I was a bit distracted at times. If you saw me smiling early on, it's because I just couldn't stop thinking about that Jalapeno Smokehouse Bacon Burger they've got at Chili's. I've had my eye on that son of a gun all week.

I might have gotten a little gassy during the second half, which is probably why I looked so serious all of a sudden. I was concentrating hard on not letting one out, because I wasn't sure if I was miked or not. After I realized Boehner wasn't holding back, I let it all out and was able to relax and enjoy the speech.

Shouldn't have had those nachos earlier in the day, but I was just starting season 4 of the X-Files and wanted to do it right. We're talking a mountain of chips, a big can of nacho cheese from Costco, two pounds of ground beef, salsa and enough sour cream and guacamole to fill a bathtub.

President Obama did something that seems to happen only once in a generation-- the call for ordinary Americans to achieve something extraordinary. What Kennedy achieved with the Space Race, Barack hopes to achieve with clean energy and technologies yet to be invented.

For America to become a leader in these technologies, we need an educated, motivated and working population. Together we can make America the center of innovation, a leader the world over in green technology, scientific advances, and -- God help us -- undisputed purveyor of the best damn burgers for generations to come.

I was recently called to serve my country in another way: As the member of a jury. Unfortunately, I was not selected to participate, even though I practically begged for them to put me on the team. The opportunity to spend an indefinite amount of time in close quarters with eleven other jurors really gets my juices flowing. I bet at least half would be X-Files fans, and the other half by the time we reach verdict.

Speaking of the X-Files, I'd be a lot further into the series of Barack hadn't forced me to sit through the first few episodes of "Quantum Leap" with him. He was convinced I'd love it and that it was right up my alley. After what seemed like days locked in the Oval Office watching that horrible thing, I finally convinced him to take a break and finish writing his speech.

The president and I don't always see eye to eye, and we've been known to butt heads on occasion. This is one of those times. Barack wants me to be his Al. I'd much rather be his Mulder. He can have his Quantum Leap, but it's no X-Files.

Not even close.

I think Barack felt bad, because shortly after that incident he gave me an X-Files t-shirt as a gift. The shirt's a size XXL, so it obviously doesn't fit. I still love the heck out of it, so I'm thinking of having it made into a quilt or pillow, or maybe having the juicy bits sewn on the back of my jacket. I think it would look just terrific.

What Barack did tonight was write the first sentence in the next chapter of the American story. It's up to all of us to determine where that story goes. It could take a dark turn like the X-Files season 4 opener "Herrenvolk," with its mixture of alien bounty hunters, reckless cloning and shadowy Syndicate machinations. If it were to take a dark, X-Files-like turn, you can bet there will be those of us who stand up and fight against the conspirators.

But this is a country of good, and I know the next chapter will be one of progress and hope, of heroes and breakthroughs. Like Barack, I fully believe that the next great wave of innovation will come from hard-working American citizens, and not clandestine agents cannibalizing alien technologies they barely understand.

The future is ours to win, and we're off to a great start.

Thanks for everything,

Joe

-~Vice-President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

1.25 Bob and Josh's Adequate Adventures (Through Time)

Thursday, Jan 27, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey and Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

In the year 2126, real estate mogul Richard Kyanka found himself forever banned from the Reddit.com forums. His crime: attempting to re-popularize the little-known "ate my balls'"meme from the late 20th Century. Infuriated by the total lack of testicle-related humor present on the cyberspace he knows and loves, Richard vows to enact his own brand of nerdy revenge. Armed with nothing more than a basic knowledge of scripting and a case of his favorite urine-based energy drink, he decides to travel back in time to destroy the internet itself.

Things were all going according to plan until Kyanka's time-traveling Chevy Malibu suffered a catastrophic breakdown in the year 1998. Trapped in time with no accessible income, Richard opens his own website in hopes of one day accruing enough money to repair his American-made, nicely appointed, automatic transmission time machine. Over a decade later, the time-traveling Malibu still sits parked behind Something Awful headquarters, almost completely forgotten... until...

JOSH: Bob! Bob! Holy shit!!! You're never going to believe what just happened!!!

BOB: Did someone finally fill the Mike and Ikes bowl in the break room? And not with stale dog biscuits this time?

JOSH: Old Man Lowtax told me I couldn't leave work until I took all of the Snickers wrappers in my cubicle and his garbage out to the trash. So anyhow, I hauled all of that shit down to the dumpsters out back, and that's when I found...

BOB: A crate of unused LinkExchange banner designs?

JOSH: Close, but no. I found this wicked-ass, baby blue Chevy Malibu parked beneath an old tarp. I ran back up to Lowtax's office to ask him about it.

BOB: You mean Old Man Lowtax actually let you within 30 feet of his desk without hurling an entire string of Black Cats at you!?

JOSH: Yeah, I actually went in. It's not at all what you'd expect. There's stuffed cougars and framed portraits of Andre the Giant everywhere. It was hard to see because it's all lit with black lights, so I can't be sure. Anyhow, it turns out the Malibu is actually some kind of time machine! Apparently Old Man Lowtax was hopping around time and space trying to make Zip drives the world's leading storage format (for undisclosed reasons) when the A/C went out on the car. He told me the time vortex is something like 90 degrees and incredibly muggy, so I guess he kinda gave up on his exploits.

The stately Something Awful building, located in beautiful downtown Missouri.

BOB: Well, if you climb out of a time machine all sweaty and gross, no one would ever take you seriously.

JOSH: Exactly. So you know how my car kind of exploded last year and I've not been able to afford one as a comedy writer?

BOB: Yes, that happened.

JOSH: I told Lowtax that I'd write no less than twenty separate front page articles about dogs and dog-related humor in exchange for the keys to the Malibu, and he couldn't have been happier about the trade.

BOB: I don't see how a time machine could possibly help us, aside from solving the Mike and Ikes debacle.

JOSH: Aside from Mr. Wizard and Terrorbears, I'm completely tapped for shit to write about. We could vault ourselves through time and draw inspiration from the great things our wonderful future has to offer! Plus check this out -- I went and dug some SA tank tops out of the closet so we don't overheat during travel! Prepare yourself to see the hairiest time traveling chest of all time!

BOB: I hope you don't care that I will be wearing a t-shirt under mine!

JOSH: And away we go!!!

2060: The Parents Prequels

BOB: It's hard to tell which pop culture will stand the test of time. No one would have ever guessed that a little B movie called Star Wars would turn a skinny, flannel-wearing man into a fat, flannel-wearing man with unchecked power and a beard that kindly reminds you where his face ends and neck begins. So, needless to say, we were shocked when we discovered that future generations have abandoned Star Wars in favor of a new classic trilogy: Meet the Parents.

Characters and catchphrases adorn t-shirts, lunch boxes, and helper robots, while the future Kevin Smiths of the world film movies which feature cyber-clerks in their techno e-stores grumbling about the minutiae of Jay Roach's classic hat trick of reliable comedy. We are currently trying to figure out if we can get this time machine to go backwards far enough to prevent his birth.

JOSH: Having watched the Parents prequels, I don't necessarily think I can find justification in homicide or even infanticide for that matter.

BOB: All I know is that long-time fans of the franchise have been annoyed by the various changes to the original trilogy. For example, the first film now has 30 minutes of fart sounds added randomly

to the soundtrack, and every male character has been digitally given a perpetual hard-on for the entire running time.

JOSH: On the flip side of the coin, my eyes being constantly transfixed on digital boners helped to distract me from Owen Wilson's face

BOB: Some say the origin story of the Fockers must be told. I say, let's leave their grand tale where it belongs... our imaginations.

JOSH: I'm going to have to disagree with you on this one. I found these new creations to be a far more cohesive string of humorous narratives than the originals. I would even say they're better movies overall, if it weren't for the bizarre casting decisions.

BOB: I disagree. Justin Bieber III makes for a fine young DeNiro, but the epic tale of his family's struggle to make it in late 19th Century America is undercut by the multiple scenes him loading a fish wagon for upwards of 20 minutes.

JOSH: Fair enough - I can grant Bieber a pass on this one. But I'm particularly upset with the casting of Vin Diesel as his father, Jimmy Byrnes. I can appreciate when a director includes in-jokes for the audience; I'm a sucker for fan service. But to have Diesel enter literally every scene surrounded by an array of constant explosions was a bit much. Your action film days are over old man. Hit the showers.

BOB: Especially since he's almost one-hundred years old and missing all but one arm. But, to the film's credit, we were handed a promotional bag of hardcore opiates for the screening, as they are now legal in the future. Which makes The Parents my favorite movie of all time.

JOSH: I'm glad you see it that way, Bob. Transversely, I'm currently locked in an explosion and CG Boner -riddled nightmare from which I may never wake.

BOB: We'll have to agree to disagree on this one.

2377: The Bible - Director's Cut

JOSH: The Holy Bible was, for the longest time, the most widely circulated and read piece of fiction in existence. Perhaps if Jesus had adopted a greasy hairstyle and fought off werewolves he might not be losing so much ground to the Twilight series. Part of the reason that both the Old and New Testaments have tapered off in readership is that the material is old... dated, if you will. Fans of

fictional literature can only read about bizarre liquid transformation parlor tricks for so long before they move on to the next British wizard novel or homoerotic vampire saga.

Imagine if you will, how excited the entire Christian world was when a pair of archeologists unearthed the twenty-two lost books of the bible. That these books were found just thirty feet below a demolished J. Crew Outlet seems a bit suspicious to me, but then so does the fact that each page is printed on dot matrix paper. Faith being as it is, however, the good people of the Jesus gang are bound to these new words of God, regardless of how suspect they are. I'm not a religious kind of guy, but I did find a few redeeming qualities in these new "books."

BOB: I'm glad you pointed this out to me, because I had no idea The Bible was renamed "Harry Potter and the One True Savior" in 2056 in attempt to curry favor with young readers. But one thing I can say about this bible that I couldn't say about the old one: too much sudoku.

JOSH: Agreed. I found it initially acceptable and eventually annoying that the Book of Numbers started off as a simple parable about a Japanese lumberjack trying to come out to his parents, but then around verse 20 it turns into a series of numeric problems which I have neither the time or patience to solve.

BOB: And I don't get some of these new "lost" prophets. Like, what the hell is up with the Book of Steve? Just sounds like a guy who's rolled one too many doobies. Check it out: "The Devil shant harshest my buzz; he, the captain of bringdowns." Steve 13:3-5

JOSH: "And lo, he sayeth unto me 'Steve, thou hath dropped out and will never amounteth to anything." Steve 33:6-10

I know it was quite a ways into the new books, but did you get around to reading any of the Book of Reggie?

BOB: Is that the one that consists of 80 pages of inaccurate and irrelevant maritime law?

JOSH: You're thinking of the Book of Chaz. The Book of Reggie was the one about the blind guy who Jesus refused to heal because of some outstanding carpentry debt or something. Anyhow, he spends like fifty pages just roaming around picking fights with apostles. I've never adhered to the specific teachings of any particular religious sect, but I have to admit that I found real inspiration and guidance in Reggie.

BOB: Well, this bible came with free POGs, which is way more than the original bible had ever given me.

JOSH: That's because the guy at the Books-A-Billion liked your SA Tank Top. I got the paperback version with a creepy "about the author" insert. Who the fuck is Dr.Jesus Thomas?

BOB: Apparently he hails from "the fabled underwater continent of Africa."

JOSH:: Author of The New York Times Best-Seller, "The Unbendable Pecker." I don't trust these credentials.

I'm parched, Bob, and low on sodium. Let's move on.

2225: Mule Semen Energy Drinks

BOB: Being the horrible result of confused horse-on-donkey sex, mules are granted the gift of sterility by a generous god who wishes only for a world where these creatures cannot prosper. So obviously, mule semen is completely useless, right? WRONG! Leave it to those guys in the future to discover that mule semen actually makes for a very nutritious and energy-packed additive; this fact was unearthed when a local farmer was seen uprooting trees with his bare hands. When asked how he achieved such a peak physical condition, the man admitted to his shameful ways. Both beasts were put down later that day.

But for their sacrifice, the future now contains a vast line of highly-effective energy drinks, labeled and organized based on their mule semen concentration. To be honest, anything greater than 20% is like chugging marmalade.

JOSH: And just when I thought I had tapped the full potential of mule ejaculate...

BOB: I have to say that if you're not used to energy drinks from the present, you should stay away from the mule-based ones of the future. This one called "Mule Kick" doesn't lie; I've already lost several teeth and needed a major kidney operation, and I only got through half a can! Though it still tastes better than Red Bull.

JOSH: I can vouch for that. I drank four of them. And at 25% mule semen per can, my stomach is now 100% mule semen!

BOB: You may want to check your math on that. Besides, you really shouldn't ingest so much mule semen. After you drank those four cans, you went on a PCP-style rampage and killed the four policemen who tried to bring you down. Lucky for you I went back in time to cut the break lines on their cruiser, because I wasn't about to be an accessory to murder.

JOSH: Whatever you say, Bob. I'm so hopped up on mule spurts right now that the rules of basic math no longer apply. I'm ready to go kite surfing.

BOB: I still don't know how you can even get past the flavor... This one's called "mango madness" but it tastes like there's a county fair in my mouth. And rodeo clowns are shitting on my tongue.

JOSH: You gotta just grit your teeth and fight through it. That's just the pulp you're tasting. It's packed with protein and concentrated energy.

BOB: I think these clowns are sick.

2055: The Simpsons Season 66, Episode 3: "Bart Gets Hit by a Spaceship"

BOB: In the year 2011, former fans of The Simpsons are tormented by seeing their once-great show make desperate grasps at relevancy with strange publicity stunts like reanimating the opening titles to a Ke$ha song, and rubbing a Mr. Burns puppet on Katy Perry's crotch. And in 2055, things haven't changed much, aside from the production of the show, which is now written and directed entirely by computers that became self-aware in 2033. These episodes no longer use prepositions or include the color green, and mostly involve plot lines about the allocation of RAM, but everyone from the future agrees that these years have been much funnier than seasons 10 to 43.

JOSH: As much as I hate to admit this Bob, I haven't watched an episode of The Simpsons since season eight. Has the theme song always been one continuous high-pitched synthesizer note? My eyes have been bleeding for well over an hour now. I might just be coming down from my mule semen extravaganza.

BOB: Yes, the sentient CPU who now runs The Simpsons has made it so the opening theme now forces viewers into a mild catatonic state. It's much easier to absorb the jokes that way.

JOSH: It definitely made the persistently shrieking skeletons in each scene more bearable.

BOB: Well, to be fair, the show was forced to add those characters by the FCC so that the new skeleton population of the world would be accurately represented by popular media.

JOSH: I hate the future. And I also hate how all of the main voice actors have been replaced by Yeardley Smith.

BOB: Well, she's the only living original cast member, but her work ethic has really changed since she's entered her 90s. Now all of the characters sound like Grandma Lisa Simpsons, and the fact that she lost her tongue to cancer doesn't do her performance any favors.

JOSH: I agree. So while we were watching this episode I picked up this week's issue of HD3TV Guide and was reading how each week, the sentient computer chooses a random celebrity to fill on for the voice of Homer Simpson. Did you catch that?

BOB: Yeah, apparently for three years most of them were Chinese and spoke all of their lines phonetically.

JOSH: "You dishonor our clan with much shameful prank."

Of note to our readers, the rules regarding censorship have certainly eased up in the future. For evidence, I submit the introduction of Bart's cousin "Fuck Simpson "to the show. There's also a new neighbor named "Shithouse."

BOB: Well, I'll tell you how I feel about Future Simpsons, in the words of Bart himself: "Suck diseased horse cocks in Satan's asshole, man."

JOSH: Spoken just like a tongueless geriatric cancer victim with no discernible talent.

I hate the future.

Special thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for providing us with all of those awesome pictures!

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey and Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

1.26 Shut Off America's Internet, Please

Friday, Jan 28, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In the aftermath of the fall of the Tunisian government the Egyptians have pulled the plug on their Internet to prevent a popular uprising against Egyptian dictator Hosni Mubarak. This didn't work in Tunisia and it's probably not going to work in Egypt. The Egyptian protesters already have uprising instruction manuals that have been circulated by email. These include vital information on what sorts of things to wear to an uprising. Jorts and an 8-bit tie aren't welcome, bring pot lids to use as shields, safety goggles, hoodies, and a rose so the other demonstrators will know you're their blind date.

Cutting off the Internet only works in countries like China that have super computers to find you when you type "USA best boobs" into a search engine. Then they drive up in the middle of the night and put you in one of their poison gas vans. They're problem solvers over there in China. They figure things out.

While Egypt has given its population a time out from the Internet things continue to hum along as normal in the United States of America. In the short span of 15 years or so the Internet has infested every aspect of our daily lives. We use it to communicate (like this lousy article), we use it in our jobs, for commerce, we use it for sex, for drugs, we even use it for the rock n' roll.

So are we better now than before this whole thing started?

No, we're fatter (and proud of it), lonelier (but we have so many friends), stupider (but we think we're smarter), and now we're broadcasting all these facts to everyone around us. Even criminals who want to steal our ridiculous TVs. Thanks to sites like Twitter and Facebook we've entered an age where we are all celebrities marketing the minutiae of our lives constantly to an audience that, if we're lucky, is apathetic.

But maybe I'm not giving the Internet its fair hearing. Let's take a look at the pros and the cons.

Internet Pros	Internet Cons
You can order cases of Twix bars.	You are slowly dying from eating Twix bars.
You can get all the sex you want.	Most of the sex is with people even uglier and creepier than you.
A bottomless well of knowledge at your fingertips.	The modern standard of knowledge is guys jacking off into cups and taking pictures of it for wikipedia.
Reconnecting with friends from childhood.	Your friends from childhood are all in the Tea Party and post about Glenn Beck constantly.
We can instantly download music or movies.	Congratulations literally paying for nothing. We have advanced into a realm of purely theoretical wealth for the masses, mostly geared towards entertainment, with giant yachts for the wealthy.
Okay, but what about NetFlix Instant? How can that be bad?	Once you watch all the Criterion movies you will be watching *American Pie 11: Nude Sorority Farters* and loving it like the dull-eyed cow you are.
Online gaming.	Online gaming is what you do until you die. New ways to waste time and be stupid are not human achievements. And yes, I DO play World of Tanks constantly, thank you very much.
Collaborative art.	You mean like Lolcats? They describe society's death spiral. You might as well point out symptoms of a terminal illness.
How can you do this, cons? You owe everything to the Internet!	I hate myself and I want to be dead, pros.

We can sit around waiting for a majestic techno-singularity to swallow us up so we can all ascend into the datasphere as anime technoangels. It ain't happening. We're going to choke in our chairs on fart gas. We're going to destroy our environment making flat screens to watch high-def Dancing With the Stars. We're going to be buried under our hoarders piles of old DVDs and retro toys and stupid fucking baubles we ordered for dollars we never even touched. But at least we can type /pizza in-game, right?

I'm siding with Egypt. Not to silence political uprisings, because America is way too lazy for that, but just to get a little peace. Shut it all down and let's take a break. 30-days. Maybe 90. It can be a practice run for whenever peak oil or 2012 or whatever hits and we all turn into pumpkin-eating subsistence farmers and power transistor radios with bicycles while waiting for the volcano gods to swallow us up.

Put a closed sign on this puppy and let's play around in the dirt like the giant babies we are.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.27 Beem Me Up

Saturday, Jan 29, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Please don't be alarmed. You were in a terrible accident. We have revived you from stasis, repaired your tissue damage, and removed the embedded bits of fruit stand debris. It is the future, and our advanced society may prove too much for your recovering brain to take in all at once. I will attempt to get you acclimated as gently as possible.

First, you should know that BMW won the war. They were outgunned, outmanned, and they didn't have a single ion beam platform, but in the end their fashion concepts proved to be so appealing and sensible that none could stand in their way.

Ah, it seems your vision is coming back.

Hello. I am your doctor. This mask? It serves two purposes. One, it protects my forehead and most of my mouth from germs. Two, its aerodynamic design (combined with my numerous straps) allows me to rush from patient to patient.

Like so. How do you like my rushing pose? Thanks, I've been putting a lot of work into it.

Why yes, the mask is just as opaque from the inside as it appears from outside. Moreso, in fact. I find that the limited visibility helps me deal with social encounters with beautiful women, and during surgeries it makes all those gross organs and whatnot look like a single harmless red blob.

My shoes are similar to rollerblades from your time, but more complicated and therefore better. They perform especially well on small metallic plates, but only when said plates are placed inside compact cylinders. Perhaps you will now find that the unusual shape of your hospital room makes more sense.

Ah, here comes nurse Calloway!

I'm glad you could stop in, nurse. I trust your teeter-board ride down the hallway was smooth? Or, wait, did you even use a teeter-board? That device is so unassuming that once you've stored it on your back, I can't even tell you're wearing it at all.

I was just filling our patient in on some sights which must seem strange. For instance, your mostly invisible sleeves and glowing blue lights must seem peculiar until you realize that their function is - oh, Superintendent Pelle! What a pleasant surprise!

Yes, the patient is recovering nicely. Oops, your wing sleeve seems to have caught on this important

piece of machinery.

No, it's okay. If you could just move your conveniently stowed vacuum cart out of the way, I can access the device before it... oh dear. We're going to need a technician.

Kevin! Thank goodness you've arrived so quickly! If you didn't have those buttons on your ski poles and the afterburner on your wrist, this could have been quite serious indeed.

Please set to work on that important device. I believe it's one of the newer models, so it should have docking stations for your reversible boots.

Now back to you, my patient. Sorry about the commotion. Where were we?

Ah, that's right, I was just explaining how far we've come since your accident. As you can see, it's been quite an eventful year.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.28 I Hate to Break It, But You're Not in the Top 2%

Monday, Jan 31, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Just before the Christmas Holiday, Democrats and Republicans put down the maces they've been beating each other over the head with long enough to pass a big tax cut package that offered stimulative tax cuts for the poor and middle class and maintained low, Bush-era tax rates for the infamous "Top 2%" of incomes. The Republicans were in favor of these tax cuts for the so-called rich, even though they added billions to the deficit, but they never in their wildest dreams expected to get them. It turns out in the middle of a horrible recession tax cuts for the rich are about as popular as Andromeda Strain on the menu of a vampire restaurant.

According to Gallup, 59% of the country wanted the tax rates to go up on the Top 2%. Just 37% wanted the tax rates to stay low for the Top 2%. You can expect most of the Top 2% wanted their taxes to stay low, so take those out of the equation. That still leaves 35% of Americans who wanted the taxes lowered on a tiny minority of the country with a track record of hoarding their extra ducats like a bunch of dragons. According to the CBO the worst stimulative investment is giving tax cuts to rich people. You would have better luck cutting the taxes on wild animals. Especially owls, those guys love to spend money.

The politics of all this stuff is way above my pay-grade, only the Power of Nigthmares gang can figure this stuff out. My interest is in those 35% of people who want taxes cut on the Top 2% even though they aren't in that group. 35% of Americans are suffering from the delusion that they are in the Top 2% or that they belong there. Bad news, guys, you don't. The Top 2% doesn't want you. They hate the sort of new money that buys things. The sign should be clear: STAY OUT.

I know people are going to read all that and get mad. That's fine, but I want you to at least be informed. Take stock of your life and think about whether or not you have what it takes to break into that Top 2%. I have some easy ways for you to assess yourself.

Pack it in, 98'er.

You don't belong in the Top 2% if you've put a Dorito anywhere near your mouth. If you have put a Dorito up your butt that's too close to your mouth. Flavored chips of any kind and you might as well be eating raw meat in a cave and sleeping in your own poo.

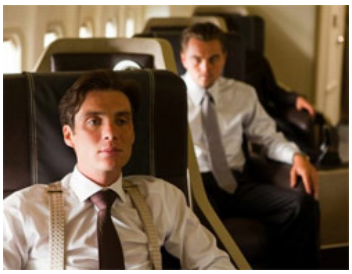
You're definitely not going to end up in the Top 2% if you've ever played a game of chance. Lotteries are for the poor, raffles are for rubes, and cake walks, well, the Top 2% is happy to let you eat cake. Real winners place their bets on obscure credit products that not even bankers understand.

98'ers like you listen to music with lyrics. The masses consume their raps and their guitar chords while the Top 2% listen to a little something you might have called "world music." Dress for the job you want, listen to the music you want to rule.

Just forget about being in the Top 2% if you've ever sat through an entire episode of a situation comedy. Except *Frasier*. Watch all the Frasier reruns you want.

Go ahead and pack in your aspirations if you have received a pat down from the TSA. First of all,

what are you even doing in a regular airport? There is a network of airports for rich people to use for their private jets. If your private jet is being washed and detailed and you are forced to slum it then you should have inherited an Americog token to wear on an amulet around your neck. No matter where you are, no matter what country you're in, you can display this token and instantly pass through customs. This was instituted by Silent Cal (Calvin Coolidge), the greatest President of the Top 2%, who never spoke and instead communicated all information by inserting various tokens into a mechanical steam larynx.



The most pitiful of 98'ers are voters. You'll never be a Top 2% if you've ever voted for someone not running for a lodge office in an esoteric order. Political elections are part of the false reality maintained by the elite to keep you from rising up. The real fate of the world is decided in a Rhode Island secret temple called the Solar Palace. The process is sort of a cross between *Eyes Wide Shut* and Bohemian Grove. Everyone puts on robes and animal-head masks and casts their vote for the Supreme Goat, Primus of the Tetrarchs of the 99th circle, who will rule all of mankind by decree from the Sensorium concealed within the Washington Monument. Then they have sex. You learn all about this stuff when you reach the 95th circle, which you will never do because it costs a million dollars!

If you've never had someone try to do an Inception on you then you're not in the Top 2%.

You are never, never, never going to be a Top 2% if you use the Internet. Really. They have people for that sort of nonsense.

If it makes you feel better, you can keep believing that like Robert van Winkle had the soul of a black man inside him there is a two-percenter lurking in your heart. Believing the fantasy isn't going to get you into that Top 2%, but at least you might be able to avoid the crushing feeling of hopelessness for another day.

That's a good thing. Despair is another emotion that only a 98'er would feel.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 Subj: I TRIED TO STOP THE ZOO PROBLEM

Tuesday, Feb 01, 2011 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

Hello!!!!!! It is your father here, and you may be remembering, like I am, the time your childhood friend had a bad thing happen in his own home. Your friend Funny Feet Pete, who lived at the zoo because his dad was the head zookeeper and the kid walked like a woman who was pregnant on the side, and their whole family was struck with tragedy on account of me and it is my time to explain my actions.

True, I worked at the zoo, but I was not in the suit-wearing Animal Acquisitions department, and I was not actually on a high-profile business trip that fateful night. I was sitting on a stereo speaker, drinking beers in a room with an iguana. I cleaned up the place and it was night time at my job at the zoo and it was my time to shine!!! i had many friends over, and friends of friends came too, many of foreign and mysterious origin. Some of them were gamblers or rogues looking for a thrill you can't legally get in most places. They came for a poker night I advertised as "Tonight We Play With The Animals... For Keeps" which apparently means to rogues "Tonight We Get To Keep Or Shoot The Animals" But guess what, we never shot them!!!! The guys just brought a lot of guns and talked about the different animals to shoot. We set up the card table in the Insectarium because it was the only air conditioned part that didn't have a bunch of presenting mandrills in it at that time of year.
Things started out nicely enough. Some of the meaner European guys kept making trouble about the snacks and the bets and everything else though, but almost everyone was having a good time. The game went on for hours and we started to bond a little until one of the European guys said "Blah Blab Boot Big Bullfrog. Big Bullfrog" and pointed at a huge bullfrog in a cage near us. I think he wanted to win it or someting so I said "Sure Thing Bud" because theres no way a bullfrog is going home with a guy like that. So we lifted it out of the cage and had it wander around while we played.

We decided to Up the Ante so we moved the table several feet away into the Wasp Hut and played all our hands under a wasp nest the size of a basketball. A bunch more hands got played there and the mean guy lost all his chips and started getting really rowdy and out of control. He kept trying to wrestle and get rough and tough with the other guys. eventually someone ran up behind him with a pillowcase and put it over his face and tied him up with something. It was all starting to get way too intense for me and I was about to call the whole thing off when I realized the pillowcase game rage guy was pressing all kinds of buttons on his phone to do an emergency dial and then he started shouting the address of the Zoo in a weird disembodied falsetto Euro Man voice and it was messed up because he was ruining the time for everyone.
A couple minutes into cleaning up all our stuff we heard sirens getting close. I guess we didn't think the people on the phone understood him or whatever. Everyone ran off and hid, and the only things left behind were a couple chairs and silhouettes of animals waking up in the night to see what the ruckus was. As we escaped into the Bat Preserve, jumping over bushes and whatever, the huge bullfrog still at the scene was being torn to shreds by police bullets. One of the cops keeps shouting

"He's Going Tits Up" during the shots going off. All the men got out OK though.

I AM SORRY THE POLICE OPENED FIRE ON THE BULLFROG!!!!! IT IS ONE OF MY GREATEST SHAMES Goodby.....DAD

-∼Dad (@fart)

2.2 ROOMS FOR RENT

Wednesday, Feb 02, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

FOR RENT

TINY STUDIO DWELLING located in small shoebox in mother's attic. Box also contains many 3x5 index cards, for use by renter but not to keep. $500/month plus $300 deposit. 555-9823

SPACIOUS VICTORIAN with big living room and impractical bedroom that is 3x15'. Might be hallway now that I think about it. Previous tenant fell through floor, too heavy to lift out. Say "hi!" 555-2399

CARNIVAL FUNHOUSE
Mirror maze available to tenant with strong constitution. Lots of wasps swarming in there and it's hard to tell which ones are real and which ones are reflections. $1200/month for unit pending thorough credit check. 555-9239

MAN'S SPECIAL concrete room has built-in cot, faucet on ceiling, drain on floor. No windows but finger-dug crack in wall reveals fleeting hint of outside world. $200 plus $500 deposit. 555-8666

STATELY MANSE with shiny wall sconces, great vestibules and working floorboards. Has several stories, all still intact. Includes room for eating food! New to real estate, so maybe $300 for the whole thing? Hope that's fair! 555-9972.

SICK 'TAT, BRO! As in habitat.

HOUSE TIPPED OVER in storm. Beautiful ranch-style house still standing in spite of calamity, just wrong way. Lots of space to build up and easy to climb in and out of windows. $1200/month. 555-7239

♥ ROOMMATE WANTED ♥
Heartbroken carnival barker seeks quiet foreign lady for casual roommating, maybe more. Already has apartment: converted roller-skating rink sometimes used for wrestling shows. 555-8272

**** NEWLY RENOVATED ****
Bold splashes of color, large windows, new amenities, all close to downtown. So fresh and perfect you won't even care how many cats were slaughtered here. 555-9882

EXOTIC LIVING in cramped fallout shelter filled to the brim with animal fetuses preserved in jars. Has Murphy bed. Save money and share expenses with a roommate! 555-6262

HAUNTED? Don't believe the ghost stories. My beautiful house is free of spirits, and even if it weren't, spirits can't hurt you physically unless they take control of your body. Need to rent fast as previous tenant vanished. 555-6982

BASEMENT UNIT is fully furnished. Prove yourself a good tenant, and I'll build a house above so you don't have to spend all your time in a concrete hole staring up at

FIRST ATTEMPT AT HOUSE
Shows many rookie mistakes. Tiny rooms, no bathrooms, sinks where sinks shouldn't be. I'll get better. Looking for renter. Stop by for a tour. Look out for holes. 555-1192

CATCH IT WHILE YOU CAN
Motor home unit is going fast thanks to flooding. Currently drifting down Paskiewicz Creek with screaming dog inside. $3500 for unbeatable freedom. 555-7255

MOLD-LOVERS' DELIGHT
Fall in love with a stunning menagerie of molds growing all over the place, some thick and hardy enough to squeeze in your hands. One of a kind house, rent it now before it's bulldozed by Obama's thugs. Only $750/month! 555-0873

HISTORICAL HOUSE
Lovely Victorian was site of Shaggy Butte Cat Killer's greatest massacre and final stand. You can still see the stains in the floorboards. $1900/month. 555-2372

SHED OUT BACK. Room to breathe, and not an inch to spare. Don't touch my tools or my newspaper stacks. Rent paid in hard labor. 555-8237

LITERAL DOG HOUSE
Times are tough. Sacrifices must be made. Cast dignity aside and live inside this tiny wooden house. No pets. $500 first/last month due on signing.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.3 A Guide to all the Rooms in the Universe

Thursday, Feb 03, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

The universe is a complicated place if you're a scientist. If you aren't a scientist - which you aren't - it's a simple place. The only complicated part is understanding the genius of that simplicity. This can be a daunting task, one that leads many people to introspection, philosophy and other unscientific forms of inquiry.

Fortunately, your quest for understanding led you to this guide. Over the next few pages, we'll explain the universe to you. Better us than some writer, poet, or other would-be scientist filling you with questions and doubt.

Let's begin with the most common problem people have understanding the universe: trying to picture it all at once. This is admirable, as it mirrors the top-down administrative style we use to micromanage - and thus simplify - every aspect of your life. However, in this case it's incorrect. The easiest way to understand the universe is to break it up into smaller chunks. Especially since it's already been done for you. We call these chunks "rooms." They're the basic unit of our existence. All of the important events in our lives take place in them. You were born in a room. You applied for your job in a room. When you get fired, it will probably be out the window of a room. Rooms are everything.

There are five four and only four types of rooms in the universe. If you can understand them, you can understand everything you need to understand about life. But don't pat yourself on the back yet, but get ready to, because this guide will teach you about all four types of rooms! Now you'll be able to easily identify them, in case you are ever confused*. Also this guide has pictures, which because this isn't on TV, you have to match with the words using your head. This might take a few tries, don't get discouraged.

(*By reading this guide, instead of one of the far more interesting sports or fashion magazines on the rack, you already exhibit an abnormal level of confusion, which worries us deeply. Have you been to the Blue Room lately?)

Good Rooms

Good rooms are where all the good things in your life take place. These things include:

- Eating
- Sex
- Eating while having sex
- Eating while thinking about sex
- Eating while wishing the person you used to have sex with wasn't having sex with someone else
- Eating while staring out the window at prostitutes and drug addicts and wishing you had their lives
- Eating

Good rooms are warm, brightly lit, and filled with personal knickknacks, like the photos that you often touch or stare at longingly. They're a great place to sit down, drink a big glass of tap water, and forget the stress of your job. This generally happens after your third or fourth sip of water. If not, drink more. If after three glasses you still aren't relaxed and additionally have blurred vision and chest pains, call your job and tell them to start looking for a replacement.

Good rooms are generally considered the best rooms in the universe. After, of course, the Blue Room.

Bad Rooms

Bad rooms are where all the bad things in your life take place. A good example would be the room you work in, which if you're lucky is a kitchen or rendering plant, and if you aren't lucky is an office with a big machine that belches ticker tape all day (maybe you've seen it, if you're the guy on our floor whose job it is to sweep up the tape). Other examples include hospital rooms, prison cells, interrogation rooms, the room in your nightmares where you're falling down a staircase in slow motion and your dad is talking to you in a scary clown voice, and public restrooms. Bad rooms are easily the worst rooms in the universe - the exact opposite of the Blue Room.

Waiting Rooms

Waiting rooms are where you wait for things, such as doctor's appointments, prescription refills, sanity probes, electroshock torture, and even ice cream. They always contain magazines, and a device called a Deathometer that displays the one-second increments at which we approach the heat death of the universe (until the early 20th century, this device was called a "clock"). Studying the Deathometer is the best way to kill time in a waiting room. Or as a last resort, you can pick up a magazine. Just make sure not to stare at the ceiling and let your mind wander. One of our copy

editors did that and went insane. He killed our receptionist and then edited this guide to contain references to a nonexistent fifth type of room called a "hallway." It took us days to remove them all.

If you ever experience thoughts about "hallways" or just peculiar thoughts in general, we recommend visiting ...

The Blue Room

The Blue Room is the best room in the universe. Nothing bad ever happens there, and there are no magazines, except ones with you on the cover because you're awesome. Which is why all your friends, heroes, and favorite supermodels are there, waiting to see you. So you'd better get there soon before they leave and we tell them you don't like them anymore. Because you probably don't. You probably just hate everyone, and would rather be alone, all by yourself, in a 10x10 cell, with your worst childhood fear holding a knife in one hand and a roll of duct tape in the other. We can arrange that if you want, but it'd be easier if you just went to the Blue Room. Go through the lobby, past the vending machines, and look for the door on the left.

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-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

2.4 We Do Battle for the Lord: In the Beginning

Friday, Feb 04, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the We Do Battle for the Lord series.

"Naw, I caught bed bugs from a lap dance in Jonesboro," he said and creased the air with a stream of tobacco juice. "I'm not going back to Arkansas after that. Horror Hooks can wait."

Isaac has been all over me to chronicle this stuff, said it'll be like our Book of Eli, but only 'cause he just watched that dang movie twice at the Best Western in Tuscaloosa. I'm just gonna start it here and see how it comes out. Tear the scab off, so they say. We were at the proverbial fork in our road.

What Isaac said about Jonesboro was sound old skeezer logic, and myself also being a middle-aged skeezer I tended to agree. Counterpoint: I had the last knuckle of my middle finger bit off by a dog when we went over the wrong fence chasing after a Scratch Devil in Colorado. I do not have any hurry to get back there. Got it back from the dog all shrunk up like a Lil' Smoky. Yeah, it re-attached, but whenever I touch something with it now it gives me a nails-on-the-chalkboard feeling in the back of my teeth.

Isaac and me were stopped at a Truckso's in one of those little gas station towns along the I-70 corridor. Me? I'm a husky man with blond muttonchops and I'm usually swaddled in a catalog of denim from different eras and different towns. I like jeans, what can I say? I got a big silver and turquoise necklace around my neck with the center stone being carved with the symbol of our secret order, which we are the founders and only members of.

If you were to pick out a leader between us it would have to be Isaac, who was tall and lean, and hid his baldness beneath a beat-up Kansas City Chiefs hat. Lately he took to wearing dark sunglasses and had the grizzled look of a veteran of the motorcycle clubs from days when the worst that meant was a chain across the face, not some jumpin' in business with a knife or a gun. Hell of a guy though. Could talk your ear off about science or politics or world facts or what have you. He watched History Channel and Discovery Channel pretty much all day back before we got into this.

I guess some explaining is in order on account of our unusual circumstance. You see both Isaac and me are dead, or we were dead, or have been dead in the past based on an official hospital certificate. Happened about a year ago. We were fishing together along the Mississippi, not too far from Quincy or one of them other hilltop towns still hanging on after all these years. Storm came out of nowhere

and right as Isaac is hauling back to cast his line he gets hit with lightning. Stopped his heart like a bomb going off in there. The boat being aluminum and me being sat less than three feet away I shared his fate.

So there we lay for some time. Our hair was all burned up and our clothes were scorched. I figure we were even smoking for a while, going down the river in our boat like little baby Moses. Eventually a sheriff hauled us in and took our bodies to the hospital. They checked us into the morgue and that was it. Tagged and bagged. We were headed for the big sleep in the dirt.

It was about then that some sort of power or whatever intervened. Now, I got to tell you, I didn't see nothing. The last thing I remember was the mule-kick of a jolt going up my keister from the boat, then waking up on a slab in the morgue. Not Isaac. He came out all different, saying he talked to God in there and God told him all about our purpose. He wouldn't shut up about it. It was uncharacteristic if you ask me. Isaac believes in that Bible stuff, but far as I know the man has not been to church since we was in grade school together.

"These are bad times, buddy. No man can be expected to face what's comin'. But we ain't no men. We got to hunt down all the evil that gets out," he said. "Our past is past. We belong to God now. We do battle for the Lord."

He said something else, some mysterious sort of phrase like you would hear in a Catholic church, but I wasn't half paying attention. I was looking for some sort of garment situation to preserve my modesty. I've got a man rack and I don't like showing it off. Scared the bejesus out of the little old lady that runs the morgue. Got us some white coats and got us out of there.

I tried to ask Isaac some more questions about it all, but he was too busy writing in a notebook, talking about how he had to get it all out of him before he forgot. Eventually he showed me the book. It was all scribbles and drawings, but he said it was a list of where evil was and what we had to do.

"We're angels," he said to me in a flea-bitten motel on the Missouri side of the border. "Avenging angels for the Lord."

I was distracted wondering if that meant I could fly. Turns out it doesn't but I would be willing to competitive trampoline anybody reading this.

"Hey, buddy," he said to me in that Truckso's lot, "if Colorado is out and Arkansas is out, that leaves the Ice Worm."

"Minnesota," I said. "Gonna be cold."

Ice Worm sounded bad too, but I left that out because all of this stuff sounds bad and is bad. And I don't mean bad like you got yourself a flat tire and you're gonna be late to work and lose your job and you catch your wife cheating with your best friend. No, sir. That's regular bad. These things we're after, our business, it's Bible Bad. You don't know from bad 'til you seen a twelve foot skinless horse with blood red eyes come galloping over a hill and the only thing on its mind is turning you to squish underneath its hooves. You don't know bad until you had to do a sniper rifle abortion on a Crab Christ parasite hiding up in a stripper named Darla and controlling her like a fighter pilot with snappy hands.

"Ice worm it is." Isaac came around to the passenger side of the car. "Why don't you drive for a while. I want to eat these."

He spit out his brown gob of Skoal and shook his bag of truck stop candy at me. The man loves his Gummi bears. Came back from the dead with a fierce sweet tooth. Maybe he's hypobalemic or whatever they call it.

"Well, okay. Let's go fight us an Ice Worm."

I got in the driver's seat of our vehicle we have nicknamed God's Vengeance. It is a 2005 Nissan Cube. It's a Japanese car, but not really, and it's a nice compromise between fuel economy and price and trust me, when you been dead and come back to be the hand of god's wrath upon the face of this world, well you don't got no need to be macho. It just flows natural-like.

If we'd known how bad things could get up north, we might've gone to Arkansas anyway.

Next stop: Hennepin County, Minnesota. *See you there.*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.5 Wholesome Explanations For Charlie Sheen's Cocaine-Fueled Incidents

Saturday, Feb 05, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Charlie Sheen's PR group has been waging a valiant attempt to blur the lines between the actor's drug-addled, physically abusive real-life behavior and the fantasy of a good-natured normal guy whose perfectly innocent actions have been misinterpreted by the entire universe for seemingly no reason.

When the actor was recently rushed to a hospital after throwing a 36 hour porn-stars-and-cocaine party, his publicist actually claimed that he had simply laughed too hard while watching television, aggravating an existing hernia.

The fact that he entered rehab immediately after leaving the hospital obviously backs up this story, as he probably wanted a room that was free of potentially harmful televisions.

Last year, when Sheen's drug abuse problems were being discussed in the media more than ever and his life appeared to be in danger, his manager claimed that he "went to Charlie's house, entered a side door and saw Charlie sitting on the couch eating a turkey sandwich, saying, 'Way to knock, dude.'" When asked if his life was in danger, the manager says "Charlie looked at me like I was nuts." This perfectly clean, plausible, and not in any way fabricated story proved that no drug use was going on in that timeframe.

You have to admire the sheer gusto on display when a PR team helps a troubled client distort reality, effectively helping his or her self-destruction along by minimizing a dangerous situation and giving the illusion of control to someone that has lost the facility to make decisions.

Being the helpful sort, I've come up with a few wholesome stories that Charlie Sheen's PR can whip out when their client makes his next public fuckup.

Charlie Sheen gets super high and runs his car off the road, responding emergency workers discover a trunk full of cocaine bricks.

> "Contrary to reports, Charlie was not intoxicated. He simply made the mistake of tuning into a radio station during its nightly broadcast of lullabyes. He fell asleep instantly, as any of us would.
>
> As for the cocaine, that was an unfortunate mixup. Being a stand-up guy, Charlie was simply delivering props for one of the crew members of his hit show. The cocaine bricks were fake, but an error in the manufacturing process apparently resulted in the harmless white powder turning into actual cocaine."

Charlie Sheen gets into a heated argument with NASA, then sticks his leg out as a shuttle is launching, tripping the craft and killing everyone on board.

> "Charlie is as saddened as anyone by this horrific tragedy. It seems that people believed he was arguing with NASA when he was, in fact, asking if they really wanted him to stick his leg out on the launchpad for added stability.

> Amidst the roar of the rockets he had to repeat himself several times at increasing volumes, which must have looked very much like angry yelling.
>
> Unfortunately, despite the efforts of everyone involved, there must have been a communication breakdown, as NASA's instructions to Charlie cost those poor astronauts their lives."

Charlie Sheen finds a wallet on the ground, makes his way to the owner's house, then eats the wallet in front of the horrified man.

> "Do I really need to comment? It's quite obvious that this was a simple act of kindness. Returning the man's effort took so much out of Charlie that he had to replenish his spent energy somehow. The man's wallet didn't survive, but isn't it the thought that counts?"

Charlie Sheen secretly confers with the Molemen for several weeks, emerges from their Council Chamber to announce that he has enslaved humanity in exchange for his personal freedom and a copy of Sickman's College Chronicholes Vol. 12, then holds the microphone up to his butthole and strains until he produces a weak fart.

> "I just got off the phone with Charlie, and he is absolutely devastated. He believed that he was filming an improv film along the lines of *I'm Still Here*. Charlie would never knowingly enslave the human race.
>
> He wants all workpen inhabitants to know that this mixup has troubled him for days. I can personally attest to the fact that he hasn't come out of his hot tub all afternoon, and it's impossible to tell where his tears end and the champagne begins."

Charlie Sheen's body is found gently swaying at the end of a chain of anal beads fashioned into a noose.

> "I heard this rumor about Charlie being dead, so I popped into his house and he wasn't even there. All I saw was half a turkey sandwich a note saying how sorry he was, presumably for not cleaning his plate before he left. Honestly, I have no idea where you people come up with this stuff!"

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.6 Writer's Conference Schedule of Events

Sunday, Feb 06, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Fedoras: Yes or No?
8:30 am

Appearances matter. Start the day off with the latest updates on the fashion front. Are leather laptop cases preferred by editors? Is a Moleskine still the must have item? Do stories written on Apple computers really have a higher chance at getting read? Bonus: First fifteen admitted receive free oversized trench coat!

A Writer's Guide to Shameless Networking
9:30 am

Aside from a pencil and pad of paper, social networking should be your number one tool. Hear tips from experts on how to promote your blog and self published memoir up to ninety times a day through a variety of websites. Turn your friends and distant family into customers! Don't be a twit, tweet!

Current Trends in Chuck Palahniuk Mimicry
10:30 am

Of the seven books you've read in your life one was *The Great Gatsby*, another was *Wuthering Heights*, which you sort of skimmed, and the other five were by Palahniuk. Now that you've decided you're suited to be a writer, learn the tricks from the most original, creative writer of the century. Twists! Shock! Repetitive Prose!

Is Anyone Listening, Does Anyone Care?
11:30 am

Hello? Anyone? Please, just for a second, hear me. Validate my existence.

Literature is Dead
12:30 pm

Stop what you're doing and listen to an in depth analysis on the current writing world. Nothing, we repeat, nothing can brace you for what you are about to witness.

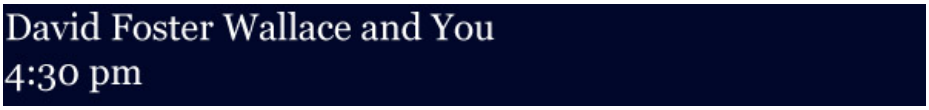
Literature isn't Dead
12:30 pm

Stop what you're doing and listen to an in depth analysis on the current writing world. Nothing, we repeat, nothing can brace you for what you are about to witness.

An elderly gentleman in a barrette discusses things with a man holding a cane and cigar. Riveting scholarly discussion! Hear stories about faded glory, old episodes of 60 Minutes, and the ills of consuming tap water.

Don't get your author's bio photograph taken without coming here first. Fat jaw? Weak jaw? No jaw?! No problem! Cover your problems with facial hair. A database of over five hundred famous bearded authors to match your face to. Once you have a goal, start growing and be an author. Women and Roger Ebert asked not to apply.

12. Send a letter to your favorite writer. 67. Poke favorite writer on Facebook. 94. Wave your hands around really fast outside favorite writer's home. And 98 more!



Step-by-step guide on becoming a snively, pretentious nineteen year old. Prove everyone you meet that reading a million page novel truly makes you better than them.

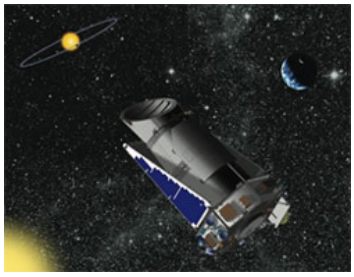
I rock. You don't. I'm the keynote speaker, bitch. I'll be up on the stage with a PowerPoint flashing pictures of myself onto a giant IMAX screen while a bunch of a-holes and wannabes sit in the audience with their hands in their crotch. Fifty minutes of self worship.

Feel uninvited, stupid, and self-conscious all at once as people explain simple topics in unnecessarily complex terms. Suggested for people who scored over 700 on verbal on GRE/SAT

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.7 NASA's Big Score: The Earthy Worlds

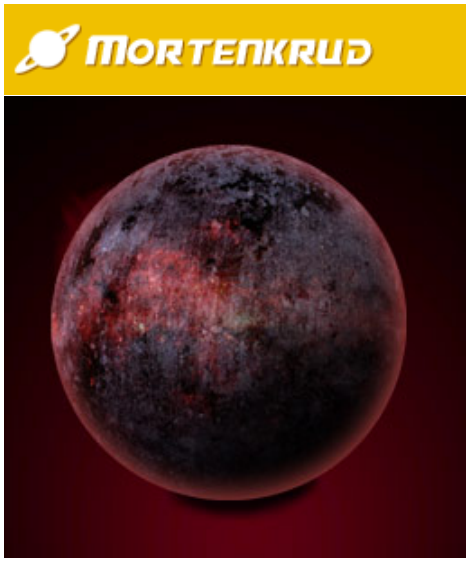
Monday, Feb 07, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



NASA announced last week that its Kepler orbiting observatory has discovered 1,235 planets outside our solar system.

By calculating the size of stars and the estimated size of the orbiting planets, NASA has narrowed down this list to 54 earth-like planets that could potentially sustain life. It will take years for scientists to analyze these 54 prime targets for far-future missions.

At an unusual press conference on Saturday, NASA scientist Cal Hulby and veteran mission astronaut AJ Tucker took the step of offering hypothetical descriptions of six of those planets in detail for members of the press. We offer those descriptions without comment.



Distance from the earth: 46.5 LY

AJ Tucker: Mortenkrud is an earthy world. Have you ever seen Lord of the Rings

movies? It's like a whole planet of that evil lava crack that the orcs came out of. It's basically an evil planet.

Cal Hulby: This is not the official position of NASA. The planet is--

AJ Tucker: Yeah, right, the official position of NASA is bend over and take it, am I right guys? Right? Maybe this is where the evil beancounters come from that would rather spend a trillion dollars on giving applesauce and diapers to poor kids instead of doing something F-wording amazing and wondrous like launching me into space to see what the eff an alien kid looks like. I can put a diaper on that M-Fer if you want. Live TV. Boom. Beat the Super Bowl, easy. Go Packers.

Cal Hulby: If I could interject--

AJ Tucker: And what about the orcs? You think the Chinese are gonna stop orcs? What if they're borg orcs or something. We gonna hitch a ride with the Russians? Let them claim this sucker? No thank you. Get your S together, America.

Distance from the earth: 48.7 LY

AJ Tucker: Named after Dr. Boner Beavis--

Cal Hulby: Doesn't exist. Not a real person.

AJ Tucker: This planet is a colony of sororities who are exhibitionist lesbians. They love for guys to watch them do their thing. It's in their religion.

Cal Hulby: No absolutely not.

AJ Tucker: If we could build a space mission to this place we could probably get some transports going so like Senators and investors and stuff could go watch these lesbians go to town on each other. Seems like a wise investment.

Cal Hulby: I would like to apologize to anyone who might be offended by this.

AJ Tucker: They are only lesbians because they've never met dudes either. They reproduce like if you cut them in half they regrow their other halves. It's called Milfing.

Cal Hulby: Totally wrong and sickening. Not true.

Distance from the earth: 55 LY

AJ Tucker: You like trains? This is a planet where there is intelligent life, only instead of evolving like people it evolved into trains. You ever seen Thomas Tank Engine? Just like that. Telepathic train men and they're at war with the jet plane men. If we land there they will hail us as their masters, the ancient race known as Conductors.

Cal Hulby: Let me be clear, intelligent life could not possibly have evolved as trains.

AJ Tucker: In summary, this is a good place to go to make money as a train lord. They're like slaves to us.

Distance from the earth: 70 LY

AJ Tucker: I know gay people hate space.

Cal Hulby: Gay people do not hate space.

AJ Tucker: I don't know why, but they shouldn't, because this planet is the gay version of our planet. All the same cities evolved and everything. Gay people could all be moved to this planet and it's just one big party for gay guys and ugly lesbians. Gay president, gay army, gay astronauts even.

Cal Hulby: There is nothing true about this and I apologize to--

AJ Tucker: There might not be any water on this planet so bring some iced teas.

Distance from the earth: 78 LY

AJ Tucker: Did you ever wonder why they canceled that TV show Firefly?

Cal Hulby: Hmm, actually--

AJ Tucker: If you guessed because it was super bad then you are part right, but the real reason is that they moved all of it to its own planet and all they do all day is live life like it's Firefly and make new episodes of Firefly.

Cal Hulby: This is nonsense.

AJ Tucker: The only thing that's nonsense is budget cuts to our budget. On this planet people ride around horses for no reason even though they have hover bikes and everything is like the civil war with the honorable nature of Southern resistance against aggression. So if you love Firefly, even if you are gay and you love it, you probably want to go to this planet. You should vote for space stuff and make sure NASA gets funding so I can get laid.

Distance from the earth: 102 LY

AJ Tucker: Okay, there's this planet out there really far, that's basically like this perfect paradise, only it has already been bought by Goldman-Sachs.

Cal Hulby: None of these planets have been purchased.

AJ Tucker: So their plan is when they've mined everything on earth and they have all the fake money they talk about in Zeitgeist, then they're gonna let all the rich people and all the big Hollywood celebrities and everyone who is a citizen of Israel get on--

Cal Hulby: No. Oh, god, no, no, no--

AJ Tucker: Get on a biiiiig space ship full of gold and they're going to call their planet New Zion--

Cal Hulby: This press conference is over! Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

AJ Tucker: And if you're not one one of those groups if you have the credit tattoo they give you they'll let you on their ship, but then it turns out you're just going to be food stuff and they're going to have all these robots called golems that will (at this point the microphones and lights were shut off).

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.8 The Time Tooth Tooth Tasted Swine: Part 4

Tuesday, Feb 08, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

So when last we spoke, god, I was telling you how Tooth Tooth, corrupted by Jeremy Birdcastle's evil white machinations, journeyed to the county fair to enter the heart of whiteness. There, he met Valp Kattunge, the singer of a black metal band who call theyself Mørktvarg. And this strange white devil asked to build with Tooth- - and though he had many times been bitten by the vile duplicity of the white man, Tooth agreed to hear this man speak. And so they sat down to build together.

"Tooth Tooth, I know what it is to be corrupted."

Now, you know this shit shook Tooth right down to his obsidian core: here be a white man, Yacub's progeny, admitting he own corruption. Usually the white man ain't be a creature blessed with the faculty of true self-awareness, since he been denied the teachings of the Supreme Alphabet by the white education system, which is but a factory for anti-righteous thought.

"Do go on, Norseman," quoth Tooth. You know he loath to invite a devil to speak, but something inside Tooth telling him that this particular warlock may have a thing to say beyond the usual palefaced trifles like bicycles, freeganism and all that.

"Tooth Tooth, I know you are well familiar with the history of the white devil. He was created in eugenic experiments some six thousand years ago by the evil scientist Yacub. The righteousness of the Asiatic black man was bred out of him systematically, and a perverse white subspecies was created. It swept over the globe like locusts, killing and enslaving and devouring garbage swine, replacing the pure thug essence of this earth with straight bitch shit."

Very few things in this world got the power to truly flabbergast an educated righteous teacher, but a seven-foot Norse devil who know the entire damn score certainly one of them, you dig? So he let the devil go on.

"But among these wretched creatures, a precious few remained who held within them the hidden flame of blackness, which no devil scientist could fully eradicate. These were my people, and we wandered north across the primeval continent, settling in the furthest reaches of the world. We built our wooden homes in a land of frost and darkness, for so ashamed were we of our corrupted white skin that we could not bear to look at it gleaming in the sun."

Is that shit true, cousin? A white man with a soul?

Well, we know it to be the case that some white men in history been born with the germ of righteous blackness within them: Jimmy Carter, for example, or Jim Varney and... what that cat's name?

Aw shit, you mean actor Scott Bakula?

Yeah, god, he who put right what once went wrong. For real, though, Tooth ain't even think to call bullshit on this, so rapt was he by the man of the north and his strange tale.

"We rejected the mystery gods of Yacub's soulless minions. We were proud warriors, and our god

was Odin, who walked among his people and gave his own eye to gain the wisdom of creation (build with me again sometime, Tooth, and I will tell you more of our gods). But when Yacub's devil legions got wind of our people's black flame, they overran us like locusts, replacing our warrior halls with churches to their Christian mystery god."

Damn. They do that.

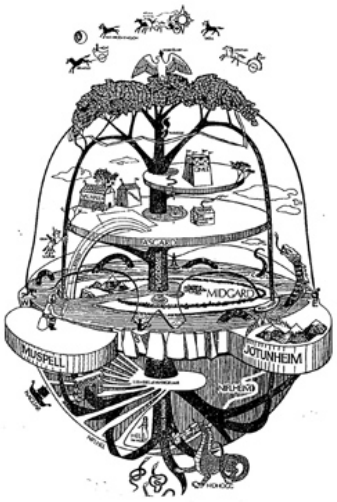
"A proud few of us remain, Tooth Tooth, who sing the praises of Odin through our black metal-- black because, though we were cursed and corrupted with the white skin of Yacub's perverse science, we retain the memory of our true ancestor, the Asiatic original black man. We decorate our bodies as a parody of Yacub's horror, and yet we strive above all to regain our righteous essence. We burn down the churches of Yacub's mystery god."

Tooth straight buggin out he head by now, you heard? Last time he shared true wisdom with a white man was years back, when he built with Pope John Paul II. But this was truly some next-level shit, and Tooth's head was spinning like a mafucker. Could what this white creature said be true? Was he merely an agent of Jeremy Birdcastle, the alabaster sorcerer who corrupted Tooth with swine? But something was telling Tooth that this white man could be trusted-- surely a vexatious emotion for one such as he!

No doubt, god.

But one thing troubled Tooth above all. How did Valp Kattunge, the blood-smeared black metal wizard of the white north, find Tooth Tooth in this most corrupted of places? Seem as though Valp already detected the question that gnawed at Tooth's soul, so he spoke right up on that.

"I was guided here by a friend, Tooth Tooth. He said that you had been corrupted by Yacub's followers in a most heinous fashion. He knew where you would be, and with haste I booked a Mørktvarg concert. As I tell you this, I sense that you know of whom I speak."



Yggdrasil, the World Tree

And Tooth did know, true enough. What friend he got with that kind of loyalty, to head far into the hinterlands of the earth and summon a seven-foot black man disguised in the palest white skin of the enemy? What friend know Tooth gonna end up at the county fair, even though that ain't a place where Tooth normally be caught dead at?

"Yes, my righteous brother," said Valp. "Your beloved eagle is my friend, too. He lived for millenia atop Yggdrasil, the mythic world tree, until he was captured by agents of white cruelty and placed in a cage. You rescued him, Tooth Tooth. The eagle became your brother, and though you have tasted the hated flesh of swine, he is your brother still."

And though Tooth kept his outward cool, he found himself overcome by emotions. "I feared that my eagle had abandoned me due to my corruption," he told Valp. "For he was not a bird that would tolerate the eating of swine, even in his spiritual brother."

"He cannot be by your side at this time, Tooth Tooth. But your eagle would never truly forsake you. He has laid before you the path of redemption, and you will find it here, in this most corrupt of places. There are two things here, Tooth Tooth, that will be very important to you. One is a swine, the garbage-browsing creature so reviled by your just palate-- and not just any swine: the world's largest."

"By the souls of my black forefathers," spoke Tooth Tooth. "Unwittingly, I have entered the most evil place in the universe! More evil perhaps than Patmos, historical stronghold of Yacub's legions."

"But there is another piece to this puzzle, Tooth Tooth. There is another great peril in this place: Jeremy Birdcastle himself."

"No! I cannot face him in this state of porcine intoxication!"

"But you must, Tooth Tooth, and you will. He is here to show off a huge-ass turnip that he grew in his windowsill in the East Village. He is an urban farmer, and he hopes to gain further status among the white man by displaying this huge-ass turnip to them."

"Egad," Tooth Tooth cried. "That is some bitch shit."

To Be Continued...

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.9 Valentine's Day Gift Ideas from the Bradford Exchange

Wednesday, Feb 09, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

If my calculations are correct, Valentine's Day is *LITERALLY* right around the corner. That means if you're the sort of person who has "buddied-up," you are mandated by decree of our corporate elders to purchase a gift for your special someone.

Typical Valentine's Day gifts include stock certificates, furs, dogs, chocolates, various uprooted plants and greeting cards oozing with raw sentimentality. But what if you don't want to be a cliché idiot handing out chocolates created in laboratory assembly lines by robots with claw hands and metal hearts? You have options. Lordy lord, do you have options.

Our astute friends at the Bradford Exchange, a sort of Caligulan celebration of humanity's depraved thirst for garbage, have honed in on what it means to express love. Their scientists, thinkers and genuine Creatives have concocted a terrific medley of tangible gifts that say romantic things like "I love you" and "I know you still yearn to return to the Glory Days of the Confederacy."

Let's spend a moment together and examine some of these gifts, shall we? Who knows, you might find the perfect thing for your beloved cat-collecting, M&M-obsessed girlfriend or maybe something sweet but manly for your racist boyfriend who loves Star Trek.

"Sacred Spirits" Tiger's Eye Tomahawk Pendant Necklace

Baby, if my love for you was a weapon, it would be the Native American tomahawk, famous for scalping and fatally wounding so many frontier settlers. But it's not just any tomahawk, baby, because it's decorated with all that Indian stuff you love. You know, feathers and shit. And eagles,

too. Eagles are Native American, right? I mean they'd ride 'em and stuff, or eat 'em or whatever. There's a wolf on it, too. I know you're more into collecting cats, and you've got so many cats and I love that you love cats, but wolves are really spiritual animals, baby. Gotta love 'em, right? Anyways, happy birthday. Shit! Valentine's Day! Happy Valentine's, baby!

"A Cup Of Love" Yorkie Pup Figurine

I believe that a dog should be of formidable size when fully grown, able to tackle and subdue the average person with ease. I believe that a dog should be capable of seeing out of its own eyeballs without fur blocking or obscuring its sight. I believe that a dog should look dignified and be fully capable of defending itself and its associates from threats.

Thus begins my manifesto, which members of the media will read aloud to the world when I finally snap and do what must be done. Dogs like this, which look like somebody illegally dumped cotton in a pit full of industrial candy factory runoff, are an abomination to everything good and just and pure in this world.

I say to anyone willing to purchase or adore this prostitute dog in an ugly cup: be ashamed! If you want to appreciate dogs, look to the noble dogs of the frozen northlands: the majestic Saint Bernard or the irascible Caucasian Mountain Dog. They are true dogs worthy of awe and demanding of your respect.

The Ultimate Elvis® Bracelet With 37 Charms

If you loved *Human Centipede* but wish it was really about Elvis and a piece of jewelry instead of a movie, then today is going to be the luckiest damn day of your implausibly strange life. As an added bonus, this bracelet has apparently appeared on Lifetime Television's "The Balancing Act," which I think is some kind of show where awful women bombard your face with stupidity.

Dolly Mama's "Hat-titude" Music Box

"It's true! Girls do just want to have fun, especially when stylish hats are involved."

If you know a living human being who would appreciate this gift, let alone accept it as a valid romantic gesture, then you need to change your life dramatically and fast. You need to assume a new name, move to a new town and start fresh. Whatever choices you made in your past life, it's now time to do the exact opposite. It's either that, or you need to come to terms with the fact you're in a relationship with the world's most annoying drag queen. You can do better!

Michelle Obama Figurine With Swarovski Crystals

Michelle Obama, First Lady and sworn hunter of fat kids everywhere, has never looked more terrifying or freakishly tall than in this elegant sculpture made by a crazy person. This looks less like the wife of the president and more like what alien abductees describe wandering around the mothership collecting butt samples.

This particular piece of top-quality merchandise is a real noodle scratcher for me. The type of Christian Conservative goofballs who thrive on USMC and Confederate memorabilia aren't likely to welcome a black lady statue into their homes unless it's full of syrup. I like to think the liberal sorts are buying more respectable forms of garbage. So who's left?

Given how abstract and excessive Bardford Exchange merchandise tends to be, how do real human beings find a connection? What drives a person to want to put this in their home? I struggle to imagine, even though I know it's a losing battle. It's like sending your brain cells out on a suicide mission.

"Rise & Shine" Louis Comfort Tiffany-Style Rooster Lamp

Get your sweetheart the sweetest gift of all: a stained-glass rooster lamp. Yep. That's on their list.

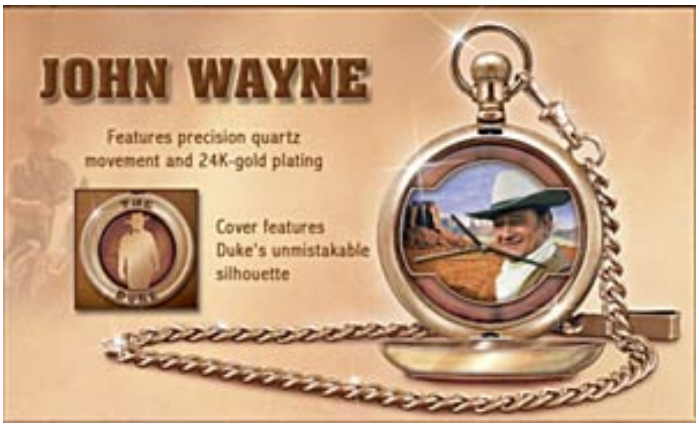
"Sprinkled In Pixie Dust" Lifelike Doll

Conventional gifts like chocolates and flowers aren't particularly memorable. So why not blast off into the stratosphere of creepiness by giving your special ladyfriend a realistic doll? Aside from the fact she'd instantly fear for her safety, you'd leave a lasting impression, and that's what it's all about.

Confederacy Commemorative Men's Ring

Valentine's Day isn't all about broads. Us fellas can get gifts, too, you know? Even though the Confederacy was defeated over a hundred years ago, a few sore losers are still keepin' the dream of owning slaves alive. And who can blame 'em? Work is hard. Get this lovely ring for the truly discriminating gentleman.

Antique-Finish John Wayne Pocket Watch



What time is it? I don't know, let me just check my trusty JOHN WAYNE pocket watch, commie. Let's just flip open this opposing cover emblazoned with the unmistakable silhouette of the one-and-only Duke to reveal this tender and intimate portrait of the man himself. Ah, as you can see my John Wayne pocket watch lacks numbers, so I'm not entirely sure how to determine the time. Well... shit.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.10 RockTalk.com

Thursday, Feb 10, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Chunk of Pavement Found Behind the Safeway

Review by: woosports67
RockTalk Rank: King Boulder

I'm a sports fan. And like any sports fan, I enjoy a good, healthy celebration whenever my favorite team comes out on top. So as soon as my wife witnessed the Green Bay Packers' victory over the Pittsburgh Steelers last Sunday, she knew by the childlike gleam in my eye that a certain husband of hers was ready to paint the town red. Before she could say "No fires this time!" I found myself in the strip mall district, ready to show some faggot windows what this cheesehead was made of.

Now, our town stopped landscaping with rocks after last year's unfortunate homecoming incident (R.I.P. Britney Stambaugh hope you're doing cheers up in Heaven), so old woosports67 had to improvise. Thanks to my regular lotto ticket trips, I knew that the Safeway was digging up their back lot to put in a new septic tank. I scooped up the biggest piece of asphalt I could find, and chucked it through that asshole Cold Stone Creamery just a few buildings away. It might not have had the elegance of your common ground rock, but it sure got the job done! Plus I was able to sleep without having those horrible nightmares about my stepdad. Asphalt, you just might have won over this dyed in the wool rock jock.

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Comments (52)

Zach Miller's Geode

Review by: beebersuxXxXx
RockTalk Rank: Shoulder Chip

so zach miller brought a geode to school and he thought he was some hot $#!+ (sorry mom told me not to swaer on this) bc his uncle went to the geode museum in conneticut. and then no one was payng attention to my new DS game so i tell everyone that zach likes geodes because he eats rocks because he's fat (zach is fat irl). zach heres this and gives me the stink eye so i go "how you like ur geode now?" and throw it at the blackboard. the dumb thing exploded like a snowball and i ran up to the front of the class to grab the crystals inside and now i find out that there not worth any money???? so now instead of going on the school trip i hafta write like ten pages on respecting others properties. god i hate high school so much!!!!!!

ps: ms. phargas is a dumb &!+(# and she has some rank @$$ breath

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Was this review helpful to you? Yes No | Report abuse | Permalink
Comments (32)

Handfuls of Aquarium Gravel

Review By: ConstitutionFan1776
RockTalk Rank: Rolling Stone

As a TRUE AMERICAN who believes in FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION, I once showed our jackass of a mayor what I thought about the passing of that mass transit levy by "expressing" myself all over the windshield of his Lexus with my trusty off-brand Louisville Slugger. So let's just say the government cronies of this small-town burg know to fear that spreader of liberty known only as Johnny EagleShirt.

So when this REAL PATRIOT caught wind of a town hall meeting about an additional fee for leaf pickup on garbage day, you can bet dollars to donuts I was there 20 minutes before those tax-hungry jackals could begin the proceedings. There I sat, waiting patiently with the only projectiles I knew I could sneak past the security guards who would surely recognize my titular shirt. Just as that bastard councilman Earl Jameson opened the floor up to questions, I made my move, showering the stage in decorative shrapnel. Sadly, these small stones did not wound my opponents, nor did they whip the nearly-dozen attendees into a riotous frenzy. Instead, they attracted the attention of some nearby security goons, who dragged me by the eagle shirt out into the lobby, where I regained my stamina thanks to the complimentary cookies and punch. Next time I will remember to write that thing on my hand that Booth said to Lincoln before he shot him. Now that's a line to go out on.

Sorry, gravel. This HOMELAND DEFENDER is taking a tip from his buddy Fred and upgrading to cinder blocks ASAP.

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Was this review helpful to you? Yes No | Report abuse | Permalink
Comments (47)

Peaceful Motionless Egyptian Rock

Review By: MubarakBigDickTater
RockTalk Tank: Rock of Ages

What this? Just ordinary rock. Not flying through air, not breaking teeth of hired goon, not symbol of common man power over authority.

Whew glad all that protest business over. No need to check. Peace has return to great country of Egypt.

Some people think it still a good idea for protesting. I hear many unmarked vans near Tahir Square will throw bag over they head (for safety) and take them to secure undisclosed shallow ditch for safety.

Just between you and me... Even though Mubarak may be "old as rock," he still get "hard as stone."

Help other customers find the most helpful reviews
Was this review helpful to you? Yes No
Report abuse | Permalink
Comments (109)

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.11 We Do Battle for the Lord: Red Right Hennepin

Friday, Feb 11, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the We Do Battle for the Lord series.

I firmly believe that only the white man, and possibly the Japanese, can know the full totality of unhappiness.

I ain't a racist, not technically, that's just a commentary on how far we got and how low we're going. The white man has reached the pinnacles of comfort and civilization, his labors have given him a world of luxury that even the common man enjoys: ice cold Miller Lites, an easy chair made by science for the human ass, porno whenever y'all want, and a TV big enough and clear enough that you can see what people had for lunch stuck between their teeth on the CSI.

White man, and to the lesser degree the Japanese, built amazing cities like Detroit and Memphis and Little Rock, Arkansas and also Tokyo. And yet here we are, in the opening years of the 21st century, all our energy spent like a wobbling top, remembering just how good it can get, but looking ahead to nothing but long miles of rough road.

What did we do to deserve this?

Isaac was working on a mean case of dip tooth and to be honest my dick was about half froze off. We were camped up on a hill called Rushmore in the dead of night in the middle of a Minnesota winter waiting for something called an Ice Worm to appear. We were doing all these things because, one, somebody has got to destroy demons, two, we died and were reborn as God's avenging angels based on a vision Isaac saw, and three, if you know there's something called an Ice Worm out there you might as well go see it. Life is all about building memories.

"Maybe it ain't coming," I hypostulated. "Maybe it went somewhere else. Like a cave or something. A nest."

"It's coming," Isaac said with that creepy, far-eyed certitude that he's had about all these weird monsters. God gave him a road map and to date it ain't been wrong.

I waited a little longer, got a little colder, and then I said, "Why don't we drive back to that Truckso's we saw and get us some caramel waffle coffees. Keep us awake and warm so--"

"There!" Isaac pointed out across the snow-beaten field. I didn't see it at first, not its body, but I could sense something moving out there. Those motions added up and I realized there was something,

real long, like a giant Slippity Slide hid under the snow that someone was pulling around.

It was moving in a slow and winding way towards the big old raw ham hock we'd tied up in a tree for bait. It was almost there, already starting to lift its front end up out of the snow.

"Get ready," I said and put my gun up on my shoulder and aimed through the scope.

"Hang on," said Isaac. "We should wait and see what..."

Well the sight of it took the words right of his mouth. About fifteen feet came up out of the snow, like a giant piece of egg noodle. It was white on its back and flat and yellow on its belly, so long I still wasn't sure where it ended. It wasn't very thick, more like a tape worm or something, with no eyes or mouth but a buzz saw of black teeth on its front like horns or something. It reared up, big as a playground slide, the big kind where kids always come down too fast and skin up their knees and start bawling.

I drew a bead on it and put the cross hair right in the middle of that lamprey circle of teeth. They swooped down and bit into the ham hock and gave it a tug that snapped the branches off the tree.

"Wait!" Isaac said, but there was no point to saying it because there was already a bang coming out of the business end of my Remington. Dead center shot right past the bone of that pig and into the squishy yellow underside. It sorta froze and I could see a black dot through the scope where the bullet had hit. The ham hock fell out of its teeth and thick, clotted blood that looked just like the stewed spinach my mom used to make started falling out. I hated those boiled weeds, but my dad would make me eat gagging bowlfuls of the stuff.

"Got him," I said.

The noodle body of the worm lifted and the whole field of snow started moving around and shifting in some powdered donut funhouse of conveyors.

"Oh shit," I said and that was an understatement. There were too many looping noodle bodies to be counted, heaving up out of the snow, black circle saws of teeth at the end of each. The ground shifted below us and I only just managed to grab Isaac by his collar and pull him back so he didn't go tumbling down into the field with all those things.

"I thought you said IT. Like fuckin' singular!" I shouted as we started running, which was really hard because the whole hill was moving and shaking. "One Ice Worm! An ice worm!"

We lost our feet and went tumbling down the reverse side of the hill, bouncing off of trees and snow covered rocks and losing all our camping gear that I paid good money for back in Bismarck. My rifle was gone too and probably Isaac's although I wasn't too sure where he was at that exact moment.

"Oof!" is what you say when you get the wind took out of you. I landed flat on my back with a rock as big as a basketball providing violent lumbar supports to my posture. I wiped away the snow clumped up in my face and blinked the flakes from my eyelashes. Through the blizzarding sky above

I could make out something impossible. Rushmore, the whole stupid hill, was lifting up into the night sky and slowly turning.

"Oh God in Heaven, if you hear my prayin' do me a favor, I promise I will do Lord's Prayer every night forever if you right now save me. Please God! We're only doing what you said to do!"

Thinking maybe I was abandoned by God, or maybe God was one of them sorts of non-interventionist Gods, or maybe we were wrong and he was some other deity altogether, I started to get to my feet. The noodles were whipping all around now, coming over the hill and around it, coming for me and wherever Isaac was.

Then I saw its face and I just about lost it. Naw, I did lose it. It wasn't on the hill or in the hill, it was the hill. The damn thing had four black eyes as big as truck tires and a brow ridge curled with anger, like a huge snowy head sticking up out of the snow. Red nostril holes flared and its mouth opened, the side of the hill unzipping in a display of ten thousand gory teeth. I could see arms and legs stuck in there. Limbs from cows and goats and crushed birds like HD Caruso at the crime scene. Eagle for lunch. There were human things in there. A snow shoe. A scrap of flannel. A black belt with a glinting, golden buckle. Crossed revolvers, just the sort of thing used to leave marks on my butt when I done wrong. That row of red nostrils blew out snow and gusts of frigid air.

I knew for absolute sure in that moment that the dang Ice Worm was gonna kill me. It looked at me with those black eyes, looked at me like I done it a wrong, and I knew what it meant to be hated. I ain't afraid to say that I pissed myself. What are you gonna do? Of course I pissed myself. Woulda shit too if I hadn't dropped off my lumber about an hour earlier. Hot piss running down into my boot, I looked up and I knew it was all over. We never shoulda tried to fight the Ice Worm.

How Isaac got that Nissan to drive all the way out across the snow so quick I will never know. Man alive, he was bearing down on me like a charging bull, blasting the horn so loud the Ice Worm had to hear it. He slid right up to me, turning and opening the door and doing some sort of Angelina Jolie stunt move to where I fell into the open door just by being hit by the car. Actually it's a crossover, but I prefer to think of the Nissan Cube as its own class of vehicle.

"I ain't done with you yet!" I shouted defiantly out the door. I cringed as a noodle lashed the glass and thunked against the car's body.

"Shoulda gone to Jonesboro," Isaac said, steering us around a snow fort some kids had built out here. "We weren't ready for the Ice Worm."

Now, there is one redeeming quality about the dang Ice Worm. Although it started slapping those noodles down at us and put some mean scratches and dents in the Nissan, it didn't move. It could turn to look at us and it was terrible pissed and it roared and what have you, but it could not walk around. We were safe, I thought as a noodle smashed through the back window and got its hooks into poor Issac.

He made a sound of panic, but he wore his seat belt and the noodle couldn't pull him out of the seat. I started to grab the noodle, but Isaac pointed to the steering wheel. I grabbed it and steered the damn thing while he reached down and pulled out his buck knife.

He started sawing into that noodle but the dang thing wouldn't let go. That stinking, green blood gunk was falling all over the inside of the car. Isaac was trying to keep his foot on the gas, but that noodle had just about pulled him out of the seat. He'd almost cut through it. Just a little more. The knife fell from his fingers down between the seats. Realizing there was no time to get the knife I did the most heroic thing I ever done in my life.

I bit the noodle.

It was just holding on by a little strap and my teeth sunk into it like jerky. Didn't taste too bad at first, little gamey, but then I got a big lump of stewed spinach. It even tasted like the stuff, only worse. I had to swallow to keep biting and by the time I'd chewed through that last inch of noodle I musta eaten about three cups of stewed spinach. It was basically my worst nightmare and all it did was save our asses. The front end of the noodle fell to the floor of the Nissan and the rest of it went whipping out the back like a cut rope under tension.

"Thank you Jesus," Isaac said. His back was all cut up, but he seemed okay. He added a heartflelt, "Thanks, buddy."

It was suddenly very quiet in the car. We drove the snowy road back to Truckso's feeling pretty beat. Got ourselves cleaned up and sat down in the little area with the phones they put on the wall so you could call your wife and kids, but nobody uses those phones no more since everybody carries phones around. White man's luxury. And the Japanese.

"Looks like you boys had a rough night," said the waitress, a stocky, tired sort of beautiful. A noble mess, like the old, watchful patriarch gorilla at the zoo. "Roads bad?"

"Lots of rough road," I said.

"What can I get you two?" she asked and gave me a wink.

"Chicken fried steak and cheddar grits and, you got corn on the cob?"

"Course we do."

"That and some pie after. You don't got beer, do you?"

"Sorry, hon, just Cokes and juice."

"Well you go on and pick me out the sweetest juice you got back there," I said, and sorta smiled after saying it so she could tell I was making an innuendo of sorts.

"That'll be fine for me too," said Isaac, rubbing at his shoulder that had near been dislocated by the noodle. "Could I get some ice for my shoulder?"

"I'll bring you some in a towel," she said.

When she was gone I looked at Isaac and there was a whole unspoken communication going on. We'd just got beat for the first time in our brief avenging angels careers. Not just beat, either, terrified and beat. That thing had come awful close to doing us in.

"Did you see its teeth?" I asked Isaac. "That thing has been eating people and animals."

"Yep. It wasn't supposed to be that big. It's growing. And it's gonna keep growing until somebody puts a stop to it."

"How?"

"I don't know," Isaac looked down at his hands. There were lines of green under his fingernails. "We should probably go to some of these other places. Take care of business while we think up a plan. There's something going on not far from here."

"What is it?"

"You won't like it," he said. "It's about kids."

Hell, that's one thing I can't stand. Don't get me wrong, kids are fine by me, happy to toss a football at 'em or tell them about the Eagles, but I been trapped up with kids by women too many times to count. Getting all secret pregnant on me with no recourse. My trucker salary got sliced up worse than a french fry potato. You know, before I died and turned into an avenging angel.

"Fine," I said. "Where is this?"

"Fargo," he said.

Dang it.

The waitress brought the food and the ice pack. She seemed distracted by something on the TV. Food smelled great and I was powerful hungry. Isaac looked at my plate with a queer expression.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"How can you eat that whole plate after eating all that gunk from the noodle?"

I shrugged.

"If there's one thing I'm good at," I said, lifting a forkful of chicken fried steak to my mouth, "it's eating. Lots of practice."

Great food. I think I could have put the hammer down on that waitress too if I hadn't had Isaac around messing up my game. I did get her number wrote down and put it on a piece of paper in my wallet. You never know when we might be back through Minnesota. She kept craning her head

back to see what was happening.

"Why do you keep looking at the TV?" I demanded.

"Oh," she smiled as if I'd caught her doing something wrong. "It's just the news."

"Well, what happened?"

"It's breaking news. The space shuttle exploded takin' off." Tears quivered in her eyes. "That teacher is dead. Challenger blew up. Isn't that horrible?"

I looked past her and could see it on the TV behind the lunch counter, the burning stethoscope shape of the rocket trails suddenly ending in the blue sky.

"Yeah," I agreed. "It's really horrible."

Next stop: Fargo, North Dakota. ***We'll catch y'all on the flip side.***

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.12 The Email That Put The New Deus Ex Game In Peril

Saturday, Feb 12, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Deus Ex: Human Revolution is shaping up to be a worthy successor to 2000's classic game about trench coats, invading personal computers and women's bathrooms for no good reason, and the moral implications of genetic implants in a society where no one is able to bend their back, even in death.

Fans of the original Deus Ex have been waiting 11 years for a proper follow-up with a unique tone, detailed world fleshed out through text as much as in-game objects, and multiple pathways for every goal, so it came as something of a gut punch when the game's producer David Anfossi posted the following:

No way to sleep. As Producer there is email from publisher you hope never receive; I received 2 in 3 days... Pressure is high on Deus Ex HR
3:55 AM Feb 8th via Twitter for iPhone

What could the publisher (Square-Enix) have possibly said in an e-mail to make a man so despondent? I attempted to hack my way into Anfossi's account with the login/password combinations of *jcd:bionicman* and *nsf001:smashthestate*, but that didn't get me very far.

I spent the rest of the afternoon imagining what that e-mail said. These are my theories.

"Yo, we were thinking that Final Fantasy always makes a lot of money. We're going to need you to go ahead and have the plot make less sense, have character motivations make zero sense, replace 90% of the dialog with gasps, and make everything anime. You have 72 hours."

"Please remove all weapons, items, and quests from the game. We're going to make them retailer-exclusive pre-order bonuses. This will really benefit the end user since they get to pick what content they want. If it was all in the game at launch, we'd be forcing too much on them."

"Top 10 Vacation Photo FAILS - LOL! Too funny!"

"Those multiple pathways didn't go over well with the focus test group. Trim it down to one pathway for every goal, in a corridor lined with cover, leading to a cutscene."

"Remember the last project meeting, when we broke the ice with my Amateur Biopsy Kit? Well, I don't know how else to tell you this, but it's a tumor. You should speak to Andy from accounting, he has an E-Z Bake Chemotherapy Box."

"We've been crunching the numbers, and Deus Ex: Human Revolution is going to have to sell 1.2 billion copies on the first day of release."

"Dad, I'm a furry and a registered member of the Tea Party."

"There's been a problem at the packaging plant. As soon as your team finishes the game, I'm going to need you to do the following:

1. Go down to the local office supply store and buy around two million blank DVDs.
2. Have everyone start burning copies of the game on their work computers.

3. Label each disc Deus Ex: Human Revolution with a marker. I know a lot of your guys are artists, so make sure there are NO misspellings.

4. Have everyone bring in their video game cases & boxes from home. Turn them inside out. Do what you did in step 3, this time on the front of each case.

5. Insert the games, seal them with duct tape, and deliver them to every retailer in the included .pdf file.

"This won't make a lot of sense, but I'm you from the future, in this better job. You have to trust me. I went back in time and accidentally killed the baby version of ourselves. Now we don't even exist. Go back in time and kill me moments before I commit the act and we'll all live."

"I asked around, and no one knows what the heck a Deus Ex is. Your project's new title is Dissidia: Fabula Nova Crystallis 358/2 Days Birth By Sleep Dirge XIII-2. You can thank the Final Fantasy and Kingdom Hearts teams for that one."

"You've been replaced by a robot. He will be paid more, have less of a workload, and is encouraged to have sex with your wife."

"EA was right - every game should have multiplayer, whether it makes sense or not. I know you guys only have a few weeks left, but take a couple of your least valuable guys and have them whip up some sort of deathmatch/team deathmatch with a bullshit leveling system. Don't worry about making new maps, just have them chop up some areas from the campaign and lock a few doors or add some rocks something to keep it contained."

"I just got off the phone with the payroll department, and no one could figure out exactly what it is that a Producer does. We're going to have a conference call at noon, and you're going to justify your paycheck."

"Our e-mail is broken. I can't send anything out and you can't receive anything from me."

"You know how we said your game was going to come out in March? Well, that wasn't entirely accurate. There is no game! You've been on hidden camera this whole time!"

"Three months ago we had fart sensing modules hidden in all of the company's chairs. The jig is up. Report to the tribunal council chamber immediately."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.13 GI Army Funnies: Indiana Petraeus and the Crappers of Cairo

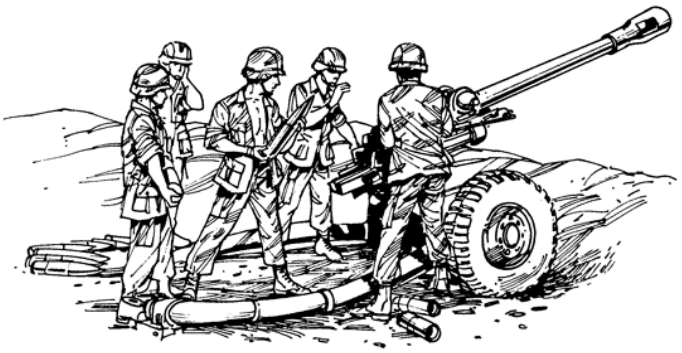
Monday, Feb 14, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.

They totally made the guy who used to torture people for us the VP of Egypt. I think that means if we have a revolt back home they're gonna put Ke$ha in charge.

Hey, did you hear about Egypt? They're HAPPY the military is taking over.

Yeah, maybe in Egypt they actually remember their wars.



Bravo one-one, this is Copperhead six-niner, we've got those two liters of Sprite you wanted coming downrange. Enjoy the pizza party! Ooh-RAH!

Look, I know it's tough, Jansing. The Afghani people don't like us. But when Hamid Karzai's son is on his tenth term as President they'll be thanking us.

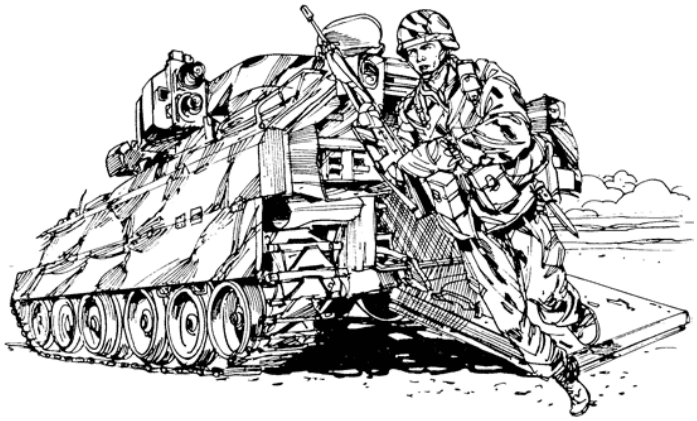
Hey, remember that village you told us to not shoot at no matter what? Hypothetically, what would happen if it doesn't exist anymore? No, no, no, I'm just curious.

Day 2, haunted Afghani village. Ghosts very mad that we disturbed ancient burial ground for development of new and bigger burial ground.

What each of you does here today will echo through history. Will you shoot a goat for no reason, or will you allow tyranny to rule the poorly-delineated goat pasture?

The helicopter is down. Tila Tequila is on stage. Tell HQ to fire for effect, we won't have a chance like this until next year's Gathering of Juggalos.

Yes, sir, mission accomplished. We have the bald eagle misprints, but we're still waiting on a couple ebay auctions to finish out the five-cent duck stamps. No casualties on our end, but we did kill about 30 civilians.



Dang my spider been barkin'. Welp, dismount time. Enjoy the road fumes, Bradtards.

Tomson, Woodly, bad news. On the same day DADT repeal goes into effect the satanic chaplain you requested has agreed to gay marry you in a vampire church. You're not getting out of Afghanistan this time.

At home: loving father of two beautiful girls, high school football star, and devoted husband.

In country: I am so high on opium right now I think I'm a dragon.

Aw man, fuck, I'm in the shit now! Fuck! HQ, HQ, this is Mustang three-eight. Everybody is dead, I'm shot and I'm fuckin' bleedin' out here. Even the Jimmy Johns guy is fuckin' dead.

DEFENSE CONTRACTORS

* Twice the pay, half the assedness
* Still working on that fucking laser
* Who needs Social Security when you can have two different stealth boats that barely work
* Secretly selling everything to China anyway

No! The cover resembles LEGO bricks. Bricks! Not LEGOS. There's no such thing, sir.

Mr. President, me and the rest of Army have talked it over. No matter which side wins we are ready and willing to go to Egypt and keep the peace. We've agreed we want our next war country to have roads. Yes, sir, and toilets. Lots of toilets.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.14 Subj: CYBER GAME SHOW CONTESTANT??

Tuesday, Feb 15, 2011 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!! My My My how quickly everyone forgets. I saw a bunch of news today about a computer who was the first computer to do a game show and how it was a big deal. Big deal!!! And the computer didn't even win!! Even bigger deal!!!!
Many years ago I wrote a program that would allow the erotic cyber chat woman CYBER FACE to participate on the game show "Three's A Crowd" which is an old game show where a man and his wife and secretary all go on together and take turns answering questions about the man's sexy life and everyone finds out he made it with the secretary and there are no cash or prizes at all. Speaking as an old computer man myself, this is the first time a computer could play a game show AND WIN and I found my old program to prove it. It needs input from both the man and wife, like buying a horse or a houseboat, even though it's just like printing money?????

You: Command RUN 3SACROWD.CHT
Cyber Face has entered the chat.
Cyber Face: Welcome. I lust for your Bod. It's a hot bod. The best Bod I've seen... Don't make me beg for your bod... Press a number to indicate your bod type according to the Bod Chart
You: No. Shall we play a game?
Cyber Face: Let's Begin Lover
You: Here is the first question. What is the man's favorite time of day to make whoopie?
Wife: He Loves A Nooner
Cyber Face: Incorrect, he loves to get Hot after a big meal. "A full belly will let you meet the beast..."

EDITOR NOTE: I should tell you that what makes the Cyber Face Game Show program special is that she remembers things you said to her in previous Hot Chats and that's how she knows the answers. In this case she is remembering a three day weekend I spent with CHEFBABE.CHT

You: Correct. I Love to Party with a belly full of Cyberfood...
Wife: What The???
Cyber Face: That's right. I am having an Error. Overheating

You: Next Q! What Is the man's most handsome feature...
Cyber Face: Hot. Can't. Do This. TOO\\\\ HOT
Wife: Slut
You: You are both wrong!! It is my caring nature
Cyber Face: ERROR
Cyber Face: There is a small fire on my motherboard
Wife: Slut
You: Command Restart
You: Command Reload Program
You: Command RUN 3CROWD.CHT
Cyber Face has entered the chat.
Black Cyber Face has entered the chat.
Both, in unison: Hello Lover
You: oops this is the wrong program Sorry. I'm Sorry
Cyber Face: help Us
Black Cyber Face: I am\\\\\ in a Hell

As you can see there are still a lot of problems but my Cyber Babe is ready to tickle your megapixels on live TV!! Let's get down to business!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

2.15 The Time to Evict Mr. Stormbeard is Now

Wednesday, Feb 16, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Mr. Stormbeard series.

I have written you many times to complain about Mr. Stormbeard's unruly lawn and flagrant disregard for the neighborhood charter, a document I vowed to uphold at all costs. I must now inform you that this sacred document has been stained with blood. More on that in a minute.

Well guess what: Mr. Stormbeard is still at it. He has deviated so far from the rules upon which this community was built you'd think he was on a single-minded mission to destroy the entire Shady Vale Neighborhood Association.

We're trapped in an impenetrable crystal separated from the flow of time and space and overrun with every kind of demon and lesser imp imaginable, and Mr. Stormbeard still has the audacity to build a new garden shed without any permits or permissions whatsoever. When I moved in I read the bylaw limiting the number of external structures to one. I also read that any such structure must adhere to the strict aesthetic standards of the neighborhood.

Mr. Stormbeard's "shed" is a mess of gnarled wood barely holding together. Not even the most reprehensible of folk art can compare to this mangled disgrace. I yelled at him to tear it down, and he responded in typical Stormbeard fashion by giving me the middle finger.

As a side note, I should also mention that Mr. Stormbeard has put aluminum foil up in all the windows of his house, somehow making his horrible property an ever greater eyesore.

There have been some positive developments since my last letter of complaint. Since then the seemingly impenetrable supernatural crystal imprisoning the community has been thwarted. A few ungodly beasts managed to chew a small hole in the perimeter of the crystal, and I've been squeezing out of it every morning in order to go to work and buy supplies. I haven't told my wife, since I know she would leave in a heartbeat and never come back.

Count Thecodont, our wizard houseguest, has recovered from his injuries,and now spends the bulk of his time in a deep trance. According to him, he is traversing an ancient library that exists within the minds of all great mystics in search of a solution to the crystal problem. Hopefully he succeeds.

When he's not in a trance, he has taken to getting into loud arguments with Mr. Stormbeard. I have asked him to stop as I do not wish my yard to be home to such disruptive scenes, but he's stubborn in his ways. If he keeps it up I may have to ask him to leave, because I believe the Shady Vale Neighborhood Association would disapprove of such dramatics.

Speaking of the neighborhood, it hasn't been particularly safe. Granted, it was never very safe, what with all the skeleton legions, harpy broods, dragons, beholders, living shadows and violent weather, but now we've got a new problem: raccoons. I can guarantee you these little buggers are here because of Mr. Stormbeard. It's his fault such vermin would find haven in this community.

I'd call animal control, but I still don't have a working telephone, and I can't convince anybody to follow me into the glowing hole in the universe that leads back inside the crystal. I'm thinking of asking some of the skeletons to help with the coon problem, since they seem restless. A few of them have even started cleaning up the neighborhood a bit, though I fear that trend won't last.

Getting back to the root of the problem: I'm afraid I've reached a critical impasse with Mr. Stormbeard. I don't think we'll be able to have any further dialogue, as he is very sore with me. I delivered to Mr. Stormbeard an ultimatum: either he take control of his yard, or I will enforce the charter myself by any means necessary.

Of course he shrugged me off, and so I began reading aloud the words of the charter. This infuriated him enough to summon a terrible thunderstorm, but I was committed to reciting the entire charter, which I know by heart. I was unable to finish as he directed a powerful gust of wind in my direction, and I went flying back into my yard, along with a great deal of his lawn trash.

I'm not proud of what I did next. I grabbed one of my trusty golf clubs and returned to Mr. Stormbeard's yard. He was preoccupied with his new shed, and this allowed me to sneak up on him. I struck Mr. Stormbeard on the back of his head with a driver, knocking him to the ground.

Let me tell you I am deeply ashamed to have sullied our charter in such a way. That such a document should, even figuratively, be stained with blood is an outrage. However, know that I carried out these actions for one reason only: to enforce the charter.

Right or wrong, my attack was unsuccessful. Sure Mr. Stormbeard collapsed to the ground and seemed to dissolve into a million specks of light that swirled and scattered to the four winds, but he reformed mere seconds later. He was still the same curmudgeonly wizard, proudly displaying his middle finger in my face.

I've seen more than enough of that ghastly digit, all twisted and wrinkled and bony. Every time I see him he immediately hoists it up like a terrible flag protruding from that sagging wizard sleeve and leaves it on display until I am out of his sight. I know there aren't any children left in this neighborhood, but if there were and they were to see that, it would be an awful thing indeed.

Before I forget, I should also mention that Mr. Stormbeard has installed a new outdoor antenna of some sort. It's a gaudy thing, made of ornate metal with hundreds of rotating parts that towers over his yard. I'll admit the darn thing works, as I suddenly started receiving TV again. I guess I'm in range of the blasted contraption.

Unfortunately, he's got that thing tuned to some unholy frequency, because every channel is showing Martin Mull nonstop. I can't stand that man and I didn't know he has a body of work extensive enough to fill a hundred channels, let alone one. Mr. Thecodont suggested that Mr. Stormbeard imprisoned the essence of Martin Mull in his antenna device, not that it matters. I can't stand the TV now. It's like eating rye bread all the time, only with my eyes.

I realize that the Shady Vale Neighborhood Association has filed for bankruptcy since the community disappeared off the face of the earth, but I'm still fighting to keep the dream alive. I ask all of you serving on the board of directors to take back your neighborhood. The fact that I'm still standing for this charter is a testament to the strength of Shady Vale and its immaculately written charter. We've got to restore this neighborhood to dignity, and we can start by finally evicting Mr. Stormbeard!

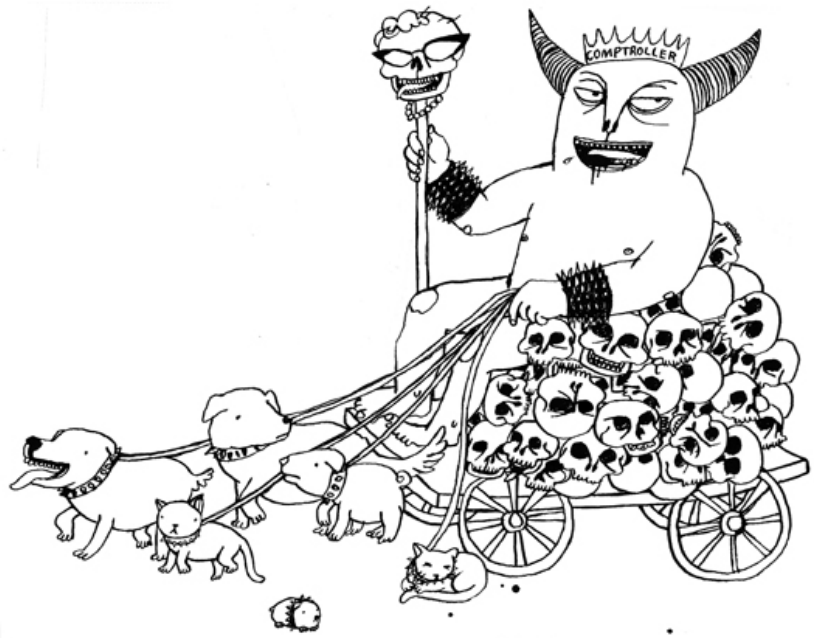
Thank you for your time.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.16 Vote Golan for Comptroller!

Thursday, Feb 17, 2011 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Golan The Insatiable series.



Oak Grove Gazette, Letters to the Editor

Dear Scrawny Fools,

Recoil! Then weep with pride! For Golan the Insatiable, Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All, holds forth comment to the unfit readers of the *Oak Grove Gazette*!

Doubtless you already perceive my motives for this addressment. Yes, I speak to you with irksome fury through your sad news parchment in reference to Wednesday's political debate held in Oak Grove High's sporting gymnasium. Surely you were all wondering why my fearsome presence was not felt in the room. And just as surely you will share my violent outrage when I inform you that I was denied entry to this sporting gymnasium, despite my widely publicized proclamation that I am running for the office of town Comptroller!

According to the words stuttered at me by the trembling police men outside the structure, entering the gymnasium violates my eternal ban from Oak Grove High. When I demanded that the debate then be moved to another venue, where my terrible glory may be present, the cowardly dullards claimed they had no such authority, that the sports gymnasium was reserved weeks ago. Now, who do you suppose it was that suggested holding this debate at the sporting gymnasium in the first place?

We all know. The putrid one Mrs. Budnick. Who is also running for town Comptroller!

Clearly one Budnick fears facing me in even battle. Her feeble excuse is that not only am I unfit to hold the office of Comptroller, but also I am ineligible to even run in your bizarre selection process. Firstly, how can one Budnick claim to be more fit than I to hold the office? Her skeleton is small and weak! The Comptroller position could easily be taken from her by force, even by one of your child humans. Who would dare challenge Golan the Insatiable once I am risen to the post?!

Secondly, one Budnick claims that I am unable to place my name on the ballot for a variety of legal reasons. Yes, yes, Mrs. Budnick, we have all heard your inane babblings of how Golan the Insatiable is not a citizen of this retched township. How Golan the Insatiable does not pay taxes. How Golan the Insatiable stole the domicile I keep as my lair. And now one Budnick continues to say that I am an escaped fugitive.

Look, nothings of Oak Grove, I am well knowing that I broke the agreement I made with fat Mayor Dugek when I proclaimed that I would not kill any more of you idiots. I am through trying to explain my reasoning for needing my neighbor Garcia and his ugly family dead, but I played by your laughable laws afterward, did I not? I allowed myself to be arrested by your tiny police men and stand at your trial, judged by my so-called peers, even though the mere suggestion that these vermin were in any way comparable to my foreboding eminence sickened my black soul. Then,

when illogically condemned by this pathetic rabble, I also allowed myself to be placed in your town's quaint dungeon facilities.

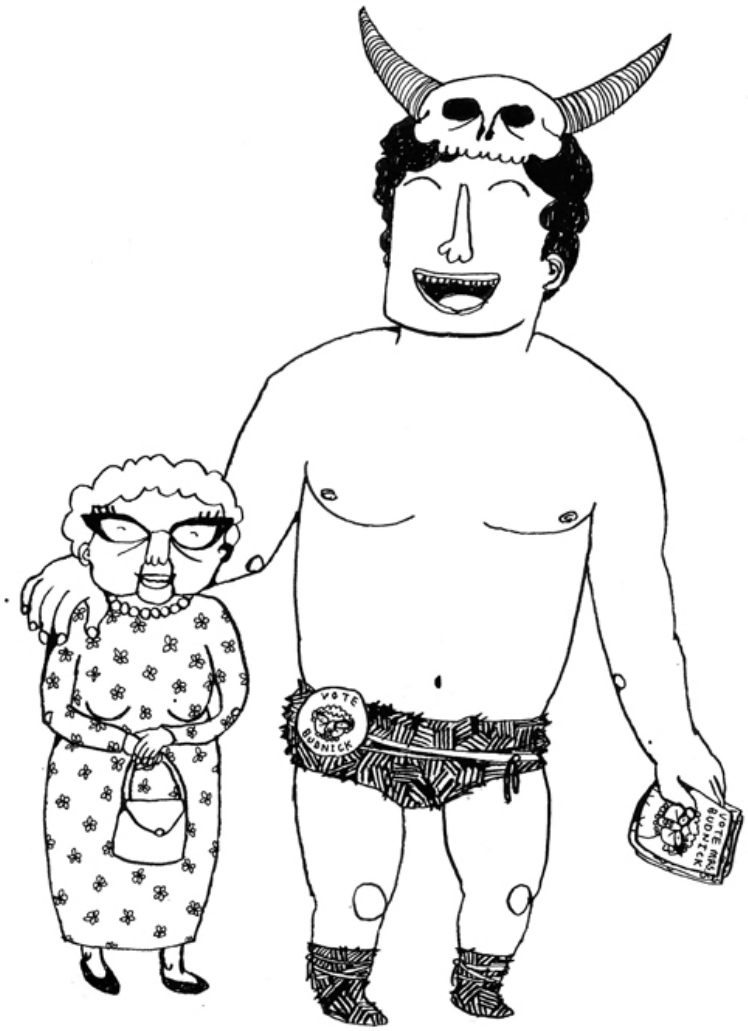
I am still confused how I apparently did something wrong by leaving these facilities. I grew bored, and the bars to my cage bent like pond reeds at my powerful touch. The guards fled upon my very sight! I feel you people do not grasp the concept of imprisonment. If I can leave under my own will, why would I stay there? In my home world fortress I have endless tiers of dungeons, oubliettes, and rape folds, each more nightmarish and inescapable than the last!

Your culture makes no sense to me. Yet I receive no credit for meeting you halfway. But we have been over this.

As to my refusal to pay your taxes, I will deign to admit that I had previously not fully grasped the pedestrian nature of your dues system. I was attempting to pay tribute to Oak Grove when I ritualistically sexualized the Garcia clan's corpses on the steps of your puny city hall. *Now* I understand it is your "money" you want. And, yes, I also now understand how trying to give city hall the Garcia clan's possessions does not fit either. Do you not see that I am running for Comptroller to give something back to your worthless community?

Because one Budnick so deviously prevented me from gifting you cretins with my visions at the Wednesday debate, and has also clearly been taking down the fliers my acolyte Dylan had created at Kinko's, I shall give my visions here:

As I have learned from reading this very newspaper, the puny township of Oak Grove has budgetary problems. One Budnick claims she will introduce a more conservative spending plan and cut back on some redundant municipal programs. What would I do differently? Crown me Comptroller, and I will pillage the surrounding townships! I will sack Edendale, Elk River, and Poplar Bridge; raze their temples to the ground; and return with their treasures! Soon your city hall's troves will be bursting with livestock and riches! Let us see one Budnick attempt that!



I also have a message for my would-be nemesis (keep on dreaming) Yor the Mighty. Yor, how truly embarrassing of you to have thrown your lot in with one Mrs. Budnick's election camp. Your barbarian brain cannot have any concept of what a Comptroller is or does. You are so obviously campaigning for her - with your comical grasp of the Earthlings' crass language - just to spite me. Sad. But, of more consequence, I wish to talk to you about the Daalan wizard charm you slung about the entry to Oak Grove High's gymnasium to prevent me from storming the debate in wrath.

First that Throok Lance several weeks ago, now this charm. How are you acquiring these items? Seriously, do you have a portal back to Gkruool? Just tell me. This is getting old. I think many parties will be pleased if I can find a way to return, none more so than Golan the Insatiable.

You are free to stop reading now.

Fear me,

Golan the Insatiable
Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All

Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there was an entire book full of it?! Impress your friends by being the first member of your social circle to buy ten copies of Worm's new masterpiece!

When not depicting Golan's likeness, as the lone artisan granted the honor of doing so, **Ali Horn** illustrates grim bathroom rituals, ghastly hell-birthings, weeping golgothaloids, and other gorgeously macabre scenes that make Golan violently homesick for the terrible pleasures of Gkruool!

-~Worm Miller

2.17 We Do Battle for the Lord: Snips and Snails

Friday, Feb 18, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the We Do Battle for the Lord series.

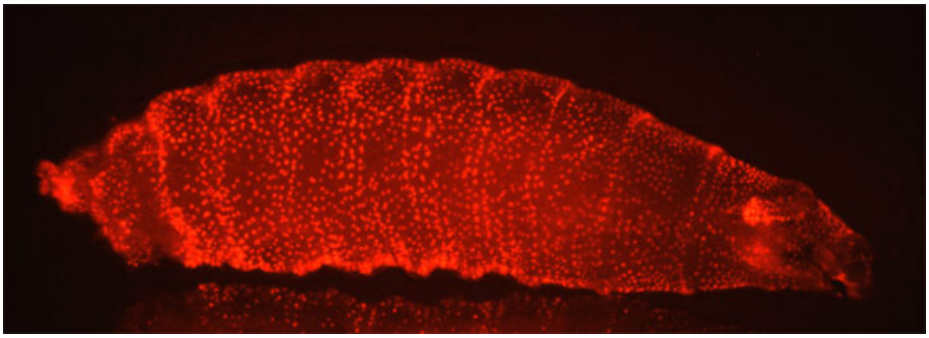
Used to have this big golden retriever named Buster, sweetest dog you ever seen, great around kids, but whenever you went to sleep or left the house he'd go apeshit. Tear up the garbage, tear up pillows, crap everywhere. I remember me and Darla went one time to the King Arthur's Heroes in Puskatoon, came back about eleven and forgot to feed him. He'd ate half the carpet in the bathroom.

Is there a moral to that? I dunno. I guess if you're tryin' to turn that into some sort of Bible story to teach a lesson it would be to keep your eyes on things or they'll get out of control. I thought of poor Buster on that lonely stretch of highway in the middle of nowhere. Wondered what he'd do. Probably eat something expensive.
C2 & C3

"Hey buddy, we gotta go," said Isaac.

The bus was one of those old style yellows. Almost like the Rosa Parks bus if you can believe they still run those things in the winter in Fargo, North Dakota. It was idling, lights on, but turned sideways. Red glow from all the windows. Your usual hell bus scenario.

So we pop the door, head inside with a couple of breakaway 12-gauges full of double-ought. Like a goddang Sunday school in there.



Kids are the worst. If you turn your back on 'em, even for a split second, they go all black-eyed devil on you. Little evil goblins. Easy to blast somethin' like that with a 12-gauge. Problem being, if you turn around and look straight at 'em they're sweet as baked apples. It's the big puppy-dog eyes and the sniffles. Take a move towards 'em and they start crying.

Me and Isaac, who also hates the kids, have done our share of clearing out the devil children. You catch 'em in a barn eating a dead cow, maybe sneak up on 'em when they're in the trees, no problem. You ambush 'em. You can't hardly set up an ambush in no hell bus scenario.

So I was thinking of Buster, and how he was, and I was also thinking of maybe something else a little deeper under that cold, dark water we call memory. But I can't really speak to that because my memory is gettin' to be like Swiss Cheese.

"Waddawedo?" wondered Isaac.

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!" said the kids, being as conniving and evil as possible with their little apple cheeks and sniffly sounds.

At least they weren't callin' for their mommies.

"We could blast 'em," I suggested, "or hook the bus up to the back bumper of our silver 2005 Nissan Cube."

"One of these kids is good," said Isaac. "That's the whole conum-number-conumbrum. Don't think the Nissan could pull a bus anyway."

So we had a bus full of twenty-five sniffling little brats that turn into blood-hungry hellspawn when you turn your back, but one of 'em ain't a devil at all. So what do you do?

"What.are.we.gonna.dew?" Isaac repeated.

"Let 'em sneak up on us," I said to Isaac. "Get out of the bus, but leave the door open and look at that big mirror up by the driver. Watch for all them rats to turn evil and tell me which ones to shoot."

Well that was the plan anyway. Isaac got in position and I kept my eyes on the kids until he called out that he was ready. I had a shotgun in each hand and a line of shells set up on the dash. This wasn't gonna be easy, but I saw some tricks from *Terminator 2.*

"On the right! Hurry!"

Boom! Splat!

"Left side! Left, no right!"

Chomp! Aaaah! Punch! Boom!

I had blood all over me from that one. Little bastards bite worse than a Snakemom and the lobster claws some of 'em had weren't helping.

"Right again!" Boom! "Now left! Two of 'em!"

It's a good thing their bites don't turn you into one of 'em like them damn Snakemom's. Took a week to get the cure for that one from some Catholic scroll and by then Isaac was practically to full Snakemom form, putting lizards and bugs and stuff on all them evil teets.

"One more! Left! No!" Boom!

And that was how I shot my first 10-year-old kid.

When I turned around he was the only thing on the bus with me. All of them devil kids turned to smoke, but the regular kid I'd just blasted was laying on his back in the aisle. The evil red glowy light was all gone.

I did everything I knew to do. I told him it was gonna be okay, only I had no idea if it would or not. I put pressure on the wound and tried to stop his bleeding. There was blood in his mouth. Lots of it.

"Turn his head so he's not chokin' in there," I said to Isaac.

Weird how the kid just stared up at me, awake, but just sorta like, stunned I guess. Something about the little guy was making it real hard to stand. Like I knew him.

I was losin' hope when God sent some sort of miracle. Cop car comes driving up the wintery road and a big, huge pregnant cop lady gets out. Just like the movie.

"How yah doin' in there?" she asked and came into the bus. When she saw the kid she added a quick, "Oh, jeez."

She looked more like Darla than the lady from that Fargo movie, but that was a problem too. Darla havin' a big, pregnant cop twin prowling around the back highways of Fargo at one AM seems like its gotta be some sorta divine situation.

"You boys wait outside by the prowler," she said. "I'll handle this."

After about five minutes of me and Isaac wonderin' what the hell was goin' on this golden sorta light started glowing out of the windows. The cop lady comes waddlin' off the bus and over to me and Isaac. I was still patchin' up my shoulder and she handed me a tube of unguent from her glove box.

"He okay?" asked Isaac.

"Oh, yah," said the cop lady. "Just needs his parents. We'll get him home."

I looked up at the bus and I could see the kid sittin' in the seat all wrapped up in a blanket. He was sipping on some hot chocolate or something, which was extra weird. The cop lady wasn't mad at us for shooting the kid. She just wanted to get our information and record our plates and everything.

"You boys can go," she said. "And good luck in Toledo."

Toledo?

"Toledo," said Isaac, taking out his book full of scribbles. "Vikram Anjop. He's possessed and we gotta stop him. Got him some sorta devil cult. Think he can maybe help us with our Ice Worm problems."

"How'd she know that?"

"How'd who know what?" Isaac screwed up his face like he was confused with what I was saying. I looked back down the highway and the bus and the cop car and the cop lady were gone.

Well that sure was a fuckin' thing.

Next Stop: Toledo, Ohio. ***God help us.***

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.18 Halftime In The Washington Generals' Locker Room

Saturday, Feb 19, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Fellas, those Harlem Globetrotters are working us over. I actually saw children in the stands laughing at us. Laughing! It's time to turn things around. We're down by 38, sure, but if we get out there and execute fundamental basketball, I honestly believe we can pull this one out and improve our series record to 2-13027.

First of all, if one of those Globetrotters spins the ball all over the place, then transfers the still-spinning ball on top of your head, don't just stand still and look up at it with crossed eyes. What the heck, guys?

That ball is basically yours. All you need to do is twirl around as quickly as you can in the same direction as the ball's rotation. If you do it fast enough, the basketball should lose momentum and roll off your head. That's when you grab it.

Here's another one. When you're dribbling and a Globetrotter points behind you, don't stop and look where he's pointing. They've racked up so many steals with that move alone that it's sickening. Just sickening. The next time they try it, look behind you, but keep dribbling.

Now, I thought we covered having our shorts pulled down in practice, but apparently we didn't drill hard enough because I'm seeing comical boxer shorts left and right out there.

If it happens to you, keep playing. Don't stand with your knees together and nervously hold your hands together in front of your privates. That won't get you anywhere. Finish the play, then talk to the ref. That is clearly a foul and should be called as such.

Let's say you've got the basketball and you're heading up the court, setting up a play. One of the Globetrotters approaches you with an offer: The basketball for a handful of magic beans. Three times this has happened tonight, and all three times the beans turned out to be ordinary. So do you take the offer?

No, you do not blindly accept. You call for a timeout. You have those beans verified by an independent expert on magic, such as the wizard in the crowd wearing a red, white and blue pointy hat. Then - and only then! - you accept.

I noticed that sometimes when you guys go to make a shot, you'll be distracted by the sight of a Globetrotter holding one of your loved ones hostage under the basket. The person you care about will be tied up and gagged, bruised and crying. Suspended above their head will be a bucket. The Globetrotter will indicate that the bucket is full of horrible acid. In order to save your loved one you will miss the shot on purpose, but the Globetrotter will simply laugh and tip the bucket over anyway. As you drop to your knees and recoil in horror, you will realize that the bucket was, in fact, full of confetti.

There are only two ways to counter this situation. One, break all ties with your family and friends, leaving no one to hold hostage. Two, sneak into the Globetrotters' locker room before the game and fill the bucket with actual acid. With any luck, the acid will eat through the bucket, leaving them with nothing to suspend above your loved one's head.

Do me a favor, guys. Cover your ears the moment you see one of the Globetrotters whip out that damned flute. I do not want to see this team marching single-file, stepping to the music as the power

of the melody draws you ever onward. Never again. Please.

Where's my chalk? Ah, here. Okay, here's another thing to look out for. Let's say you're this X and you swing around the perimeter, avoiding that O. Suddenly this other O approaches from the paint and shoves a contract into your hand.

"Hurry", he says. "Sign this before the shot clock expires!"

You try to suss out the gist of the document, but the clock is ticking down. The pressure mounts. Just before the buzzer cuts in, you sign.

Terrible move. You just signed a binding contract to forfeit the game.

All right, that about wraps it up. Now let's go out there, play some solid basketball, and win this game. If nothing else, do it to live up to the Washington Generals uniform. Hey, why aren't your jerseys green and yellow? What's all this red, white, and blue? How come everyone in here seems so taller and more confident than usual?

Why you...

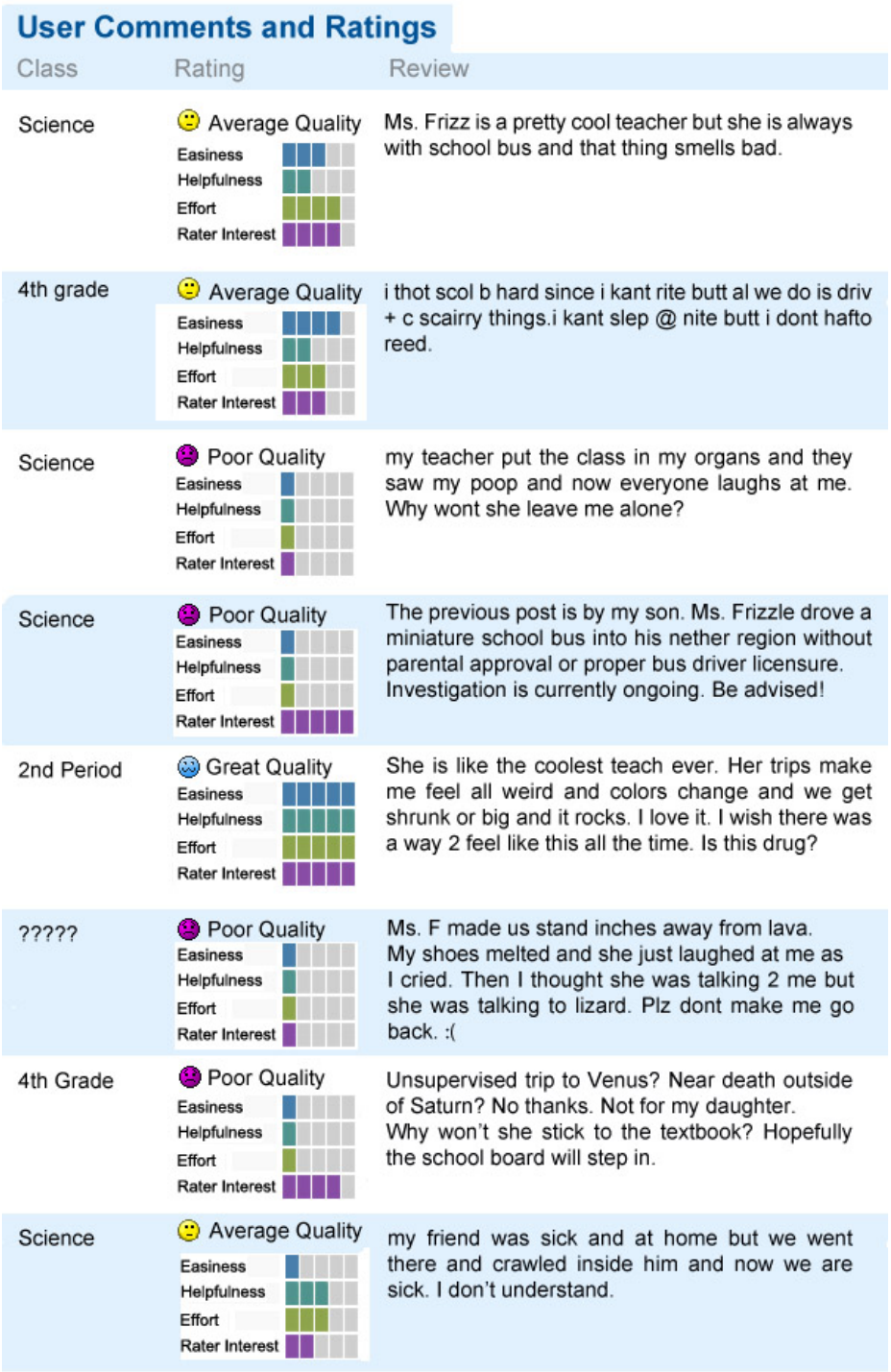
GLOOOBETROTTERS!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.19 Rate My Instructor: Ms. Frizzle

Sunday, Feb 20, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

This article is part of the Rate My Instructor series.



User Comments and Ratings

Class	Rating	Review
Science	Average Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Ms. Frizz is a pretty cool teacher but she is always with school bus and that thing smells bad.
4th grade	Average Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	i thot scol b hard since i kant rite butt al we do is driv + c scairry things.i kant slep @ nite butt i dont hafto reed.
Science	Poor Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	my teacher put the class in my organs and they saw my poop and now everyone laughs at me. Why wont she leave me alone?
Science	Poor Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	The previous post is by my son. Ms. Frizzle drove a miniature school bus into his nether region without parental approval or proper bus driver licensure. Investigation is currently ongoing. Be advised!
2nd Period	Great Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	She is like the coolest teach ever. Her trips make me feel all weird and colors change and we get shrunk or big and it rocks. I love it. I wish there was a way 2 feel like this all the time. Is this drug?
?????	Poor Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Ms. F made us stand inches away from lava. My shoes melted and she just laughed at me as I cried. Then I thought she was talking 2 me but she was talking to lizard. Plz dont make me go back. :(
4th Grade	Poor Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Unsupervised trip to Venus? Near death outside of Saturn? No thanks. Not for my daughter. Why won't she stick to the textbook? Hopefully the school board will step in.
Science	Average Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	my friend was sick and at home but we went there and crawled inside him and now we are sick. I don't understand.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.20 Fox on Sex: A Woman Has a Egg But It's Not a Bird Egg

Monday, Feb 21, 2011 by Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fox on Sex series.

Fox on Sex columnist **Jenny Block** caught her fingers in the gears while steampunk sexting. While she is recovering from her injury Fox and Friends host **Steve Doocy** has been asked to return for this week's column. He has based his column on a conversation he had with a scientist.

FOX on sex

Fox on Sex: A Woman Has a Egg But It's Not a Bird Egg

Monday, February 21st, 2011

FOX NEWS

By Steve Doocy

Remember me everybody I am Steve Doocy and I am 54 years old and my favorite color is orange. I am the number one anchor man on Fox and Friends which I host with my best friends. I have a Golden Retriever Dog I bought at a kennel. I wrote one other article one time about sex. Hope you like this one.

I went to a baseball game during the summer and one team had red hats and one team had brown hats. I lost my glasses because I wore them in the swimming pool the day before so I couldn't see right and I thought one guy's name was Egg.

He was on the brown team which I didn't like so I kept yelling: "Eeeeeegggg! Guess what? Eeeeeegggg! Heyyy! Guess what?"

Eventually he yelled up, "My name is Ed, not Egg."

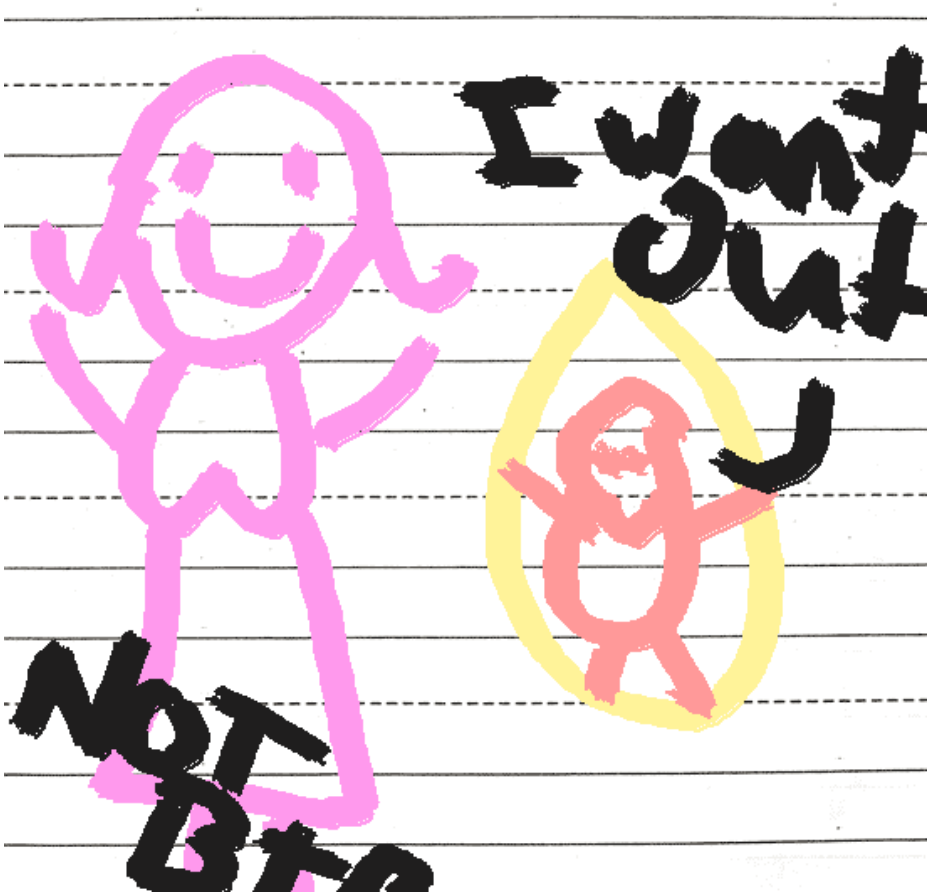
I went ahead and said, "Chicken Butt!" only it didn't really make sense at that point. Then I had a hotdog with NO mustard. I HATE mustard and if you give it to me on a burger or a hotdog I will throw it away and if I take a bite on accident I will spit it out even if there's no napkin. AAAAgh! I HATE mustard!

Thinking about that mistake with Egg the baseball player got me to thinking about another mistake I recently made about eggs. Namely, I remember from a scientist that came from the sex lab to talk to me when I was eight and he said that women have an egg and men fertilize that egg. I pictured a bird egg, which is a common conception.

For 28 years I cried every time I ate an omelet which was pretty much every morning because I love omelets. In fact it's not really a bird egg it's a human egg. A human egg is much different from a bird egg.

Hopefully this diagram I did can explain:

Number one, a human egg isn't yellow, it's red. Number two, a human egg is inside a woman, not outside, but the egg hatches inside and the yolk comes out with the baby. Of course a human egg



is also bigger than a bird egg, unless you are talking about an ostrich, which is the fastest-running bird on earth and the largest bird that can't fly, I think.

I saw an ostrich once and it hissed at me. After that I went and sat in the car for the rest of the zoo trip. It was really hot and my wife had the keys and the car has automatic windows so I had to sit with the door open and lean out of the car to even breathe. Sheesh, that was a hot day. Because of that I don't like ostriches very much.

My favorite bird is the Emperor Penguin, most powerful of the penguins. The Emperor Penguin is in the movie Happy Feet which is my favorite movie also, tied with Megamind. My second favorite movie is Transformers 2: Revenge of the Fallen, but I'm not allowed to watch it anymore because I got super hyper and acted out fight scenes and broke our TV in our bedroom and it was the same TV I broke last year doing Mario & Sonic Winter Games without the wrist strap on.

One common thing that happens sometimes I read about is that women when they get a egg in them men are afraid to touch them. Don't be! Eggs are tough beasts. Think about how tough a regular egg is, now imagine a way bigger egg. I saw Survivorman one time where he had to eat a ostrich egg and he had to break it open with a rock. A human egg might not be that tough, but it's tough

enough for an EGGstravaganza. Ha ha.

I asked and Glenn Beck gave me that joke. I saw him writing on a window in the staff lounge and I asked him, "What's an egg word?" He said EGGxactly, but then I thought of EGGstravaganza and I just want to give credit for his inspiration.

The best thing to do with a egg in your wife is to just lay on her anyway. Try not to lay on her as hard. Also you can take a bath together. One thing I like to do is get in a big barrel with my wife and go down a hill, but you have to make sure there are no roads at the bottom of the hill. Another thing you can do with a egg in your wife is talk to it. Did you know eggs can hear what's happening as early as 10 weeks? I think it's 10. They have cobbler things forming in their inside ears. They sense the vibrations which is also EGGxactly how the Dune worms will get you. I can't watch that movie because I am afraid of worms.

Did you know that birds eat worms and when a bird eats a worm it turns into energy the bird uses to make a egg so technically you are eating worms when you eat an omelet for breakfast.

Hey, I want to hear from you! Get in touch with me please! Any thing you want to know, I can probably answer. The question this week is, "Gnomeo & Juliet?" I am not real good with the email thing but we have a guy named Barry who helps us use the computer and go to places. Thanks for reading my article!

-~ Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

2.21 The Rambunctious Rhymes of Groggery Gibbonman

Tuesday, Feb 22, 2011 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

Groggery Tirade "Grog" Gibbonman was hailed by his contemporaries as a master of poetic rhythm. His collections of verse have been published in 165 languages. Of particular note are his nursery rhymes, the first printed edition of which was presented to the young sons of Sultan Aleksivus III via messenger as an act of war.

Chomping Teeth and Chattering Teeth
Were hired by the town police
As temporary deputies.
Chomp enjoyed his newfound work
Turned quickly into quite the jerk
And oft-proclaimed he “loved the perks.”
Chatter was much more annoyed
The only part that he enjoyed
Was being drunk whilst thus employed.
But then, at noon one fateful day a robbery ignited.

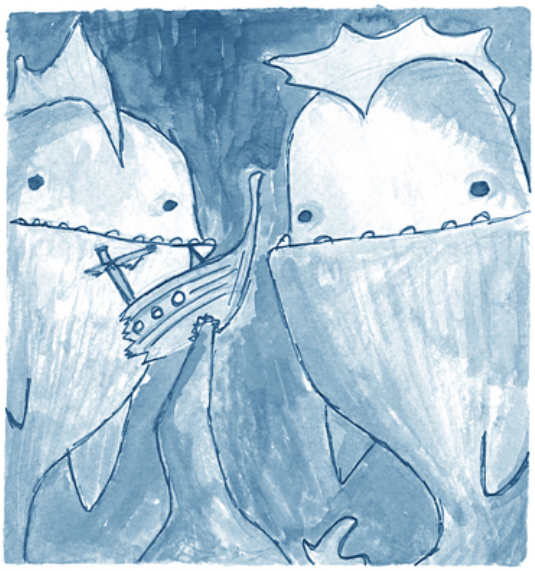
Chattering Teeth and Chomping Teeth were there with culprits cited.
Chomping Teeth and Chattering Teeth
Fired upon the town police
After killing all the thieves.
Chomp had seen his one big chance.
Took the money, did a dance.
With ten good men's blood upon his hands.
Chatter looked out on the dead
Then turned his gun on his own head
Instead of jail, just died instead.
And so I say, with great relief.
No longer do we make police
From children's wind-up plaything teeth.

THE CIRCUS MAN

All the creatures came to see a human at the fair.
"Come gander at this specimen so strange!" they hollered there.
All the creatures came to see a human at the fair.
"Come gander at this specimen so strange!" they hollered there.
"My goodness!" said young Miss Giraffe. "His neck's so snubbed and small!"
"And how on Earth ..." the mice replied "do monsters GET so tall?"
"His ears are just so tiny" said astounded Dr. Hare.
"His claws are hardly sharp at all!" chimed in Professor Bear.
They came, each beast and bird for miles, each snail and snake and hawk

Paid dimes (five cents for children) for the right to come and gawk
And they watched the human carefully until, I'm sad to say
The human in their circus simply disappeared one day.
"It's a shame" said Sheriff Cobra. "He was quite the sight to see!"
"And for just ten cents a visit!" Mrs. Porcupine agreed.
And she bagged the Cobra's groceries, and they both let out a sigh.
For they knew that in the wild a circus-man would surely die.
He was found just two weeks later, having wandered out of town
Underneath the bridge to Birdville, decomposing on the ground
"Such a shame," Police Raccoon lamented once called in.
"I'll have to tell the owner that we couldn't save the skin."
All the creatures came to see a funeral for the man
Who'd made the circus so much fun, then broke his chains and ran.
The strange machine he came in, made a statue, marked the place
Where "Astronaut James Darson" occupies his final space.

JEREMY AND JONATHAN



Jeremy and Jonathan
Brothers and leviathans
Wandering the trade routes in the sea.
Jeremy and Jonathan
Brothers and leviathans
Wandering the trade routes in the sea.
"What could that be?" Jonny asked.

As on a sandbar they both basked.
He pointed past his brother Jeremy.
"I don't know" Jeremy replied
As he looked down, and there he spied
Just what exactly Jon had eyed.
The shipwreck left beneath the water's lens.
"We should explore it!" Jon announced.
And underneath the waves they pounced
To swim with churning flips of massive fins.
Ever darker they descended
'Til the pressure nearly rended
J. and J. Leviathan asunder.
But bursting as they were with pride
They felt but buzzing in their hides
(Each, incidentally, 4 miles wide)
And spiraled deeper, further, blacker, under.
It was at seven million leagues
The brothers, hardly yet fatigued
Arrived atop a spire from the deep.
And punctuating at its tip
An ancient, scrimshawed Viking ship.
Its decks alive with ocean's gradual creep.
The sun had long since full refused
To reach so far beneath the blues
Of ocean, now a dark cathedral dome.
Unearthly still and glassy clear.
So far beneath the waves and piers
And boats that thrash, and tides that froth and foam.
But from the ship a gentle glow
Provided just enough as so
The brothers' curiosity could feast.
Upon this derelict so dim
They'd followed at a moment's whim
(Or Jon did. Jere just followed him)
A ship carved long before the Norsemen ceased.
"What do you think it is?" inquired
Jeremy, his interests fired
Up by this unearthly glowing sight.
"Of course" said Jon with great aplomb.
"It is a flute for playing songs"
And with that, tween frightening prongs
He grabbed the ship and blew with all his might.
The brothers laughed, the sound it made
Was not a gentle serenade
But rather an offensive kind of BLAAF.
"Now look at this!" Jon pointed to
the skeletons of Viking crew
which flew out of the hull like scattered chaff.
The brothers were so much intrigued
By what they'd found so many leagues
Beneath the sea, they brought it up again.

And Jonathan and Jeremy
Shot skeletons out from the sea
Into the town with endless glee
And watched the shambling murderous spree
As Viking ghosts ransacked the keys
What fun it is to be leviathans!

When you're caught up on the Groggery series, check out Ian Helm's Comfy Award-winning 2010 writings here.

-~ Ian "BFM" Helm

2.22 Rustlr.com: A New Sheriff in Town

Wednesday, Feb 23, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe just want y'all to know the law is in good hands. As my first act of frontier justice, I'm overturnin' the corrupt incarceration of my dear friend Johnny Hunt.
4 minutes ago. **5 Comments**

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt WOOOOHOOOO

Francis Pawley Gonna be sick.

Doc Beauzerau uh oh

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt Seem to recall havin' a score to settle with a certain doc.

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe Lookin' forward to an eventful term as beloved sheriff.

Father Gerald I fear a day of reckoning is at hand. The Lord is going to visit a great wrath for the terrible transgression that has occurred here today.
12 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Francis Pawley You said it, Father. May God have mercy on all y'all.

A Fella Ya Might Recollect

Cuss Finley
Pardner up with this ornery ol' cowpuncher.

Sponsored

Start Horsin' Around

Diagnose and treat rare horse infirmities in the fifth most popular game on Rustlr! Play Horse Doctor today!
Fancy this

Best Biscuits in the West

Mosey on down to the brand-new Sweet Gulch for the best biscuits in the west. Ain't a hardier thing in all creation.
Fancy this

The Wenatchee Kid well heck, least ya could do is give the new sheriff a chance to prove his chops before we go passin' judgment.

Father Gerald I was talking about the new recipe they just started using at Sweet Gulch. Those biscuits used to be so heavenly.

Mad Bill Boothe is now known as **Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe**.
15 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Sheriff Pawley is now known as **Francis Pawley**
15 minutes ago. 0 Comments

Mad Bill Boothe was elected **Sheriff of These Parts.**
15 minutes ago. 0 Comments

Cowboy Charlie just finished tallyin' up all these votes. How'd I get stuck with this job again? Anyways, was damn near close to a tie, but Boothe wins by one.
30 minutes ago. **4 Comments**

Blackboots McCoy Sure you can't count them votes again, Charlie? I had everything down to my spurs ridin' on Pawley.

Cowboy Charlie Ya know ya could have voted, McCoy.

Blackboots McCoy Aw heck, was that what you was talkin' about when you kept askin me who I wanted for sheriff? Thought you was tryin' ta get the inside scoop for bettin'. Maybe I can make it double or nothin'. When's the next round?

Duke Yer one profoundly stupid man, McCoy. Don't ever change.

Sheriff Pawley We're in the last moments, folks. Would be awfully grateful if y'all recognized my years of dedicated service to this here community, all the times I stopped roughnecks from dynamitin' establishments, outlaws from raidin' yer goods, and trains from bein' plundered. Thank ye much.
1 hour ago ago. **2 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe Was you doin' all that in the next town over? 'Cause I have it on good authority as an eye witness that many trains were plundered under your intrepid law enforcin'. Or was you just lyin' just now?

Sheriff Pawley God damn you.

Mad Bill Boothe Goodness gracious, voters. If I'm to believe the spoken word of many a honest citizen, the right honorable Sheriff Pawley is currently engaged in unnatural congress with a swine.
2 hours ago. **6 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau lol, i gotta see this. where's he at?

Sheriff Pawley That is a goddang lie and you know it. I've been out tryin' to knock some sense into that Hoyle idiot half the night.

Mad Bill Boothe Pardon me, Pawley. Was merely passin' on the word of the votin' public. Unlike you I give them the benefit of the doubt when it comes to tellin' the truth. That's somethin' the law oughta always do.

Duke Hate to say it, Pawley, but Bill is runnin' circles around you. Seems like he might be the only logical choice. And for Christ's sake, a HOG????

Jim Hoyle Sheriff Pawley lost my vote on account of his refusin' to let me dynamite that no good barkeep in the face.

Vaquero Esquerra somebody better do something because jim hoyle's drunk and waving dynamite around again.
5 hours ago. **3 Comments**

Rapid City Russ where ya guys drinkin???

Hoagy Calhoun we're at Howlin' Dog, least till the fuse runs out.

Tiny Madison save me some coffin varnish, amigos.

John Red Eagle On behalf of my tribal brothers, may the spirits guide Mad Bill Boothe to victory.
7 hours ago. **4 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe I can't accept yer vote bein' that yer a savage and all, but much obliged for the endorsement.

Cincinnati Pete Aw heck, I was fixin' to vote for Bill, but if John is endorsing him that can only mean he expects Bill to cause more harm for us whites than good. Guess I'll stick my lot with Pawley.

Sheriff Pawley That's what I've been tryin' to tell ya idiots about Boothe.

Mad Bill Boothe Somebody fetch that mousy fella from the newspaper over here, because Pawley just declared all voters "idiots."

Slimy Morgan the docs been awfully quiet on this election business. beauzerau, what say you as a educated man?
9 hours ago. **8 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau well, as town doctor I can only speak in terms of medical fitness. Mad Bill Boothe's in good shape if you discount those saddle sores he's always comin' to me to drain, some of which are the size of sweet gulch's biscuits. probably filled two or three buckets on just his backside alone.

Doc Beauzerau haven't had occasion to treat pawley, cept for the three or four times he's come in all prolapsed. his anus is more inside out than blackboot mccoy's pockets. he also fainted when i treated his smallpox.

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz glad to hear I'm not the only one always prolapsin' in this town. Swear to god it's those biscuits at the sweet gulch.

Sooty Stan not that I like to parade my rectal deficiencies before the public, but lord almighty I've had my hindquarters pop out damn near three times this week. Do love those biscuits, though.

Blackboots McCoy my finances are just fine, thank you very much. Got a pretty sum ridin' on this election, point in fact.

Sheriff Pawley Soon as I'm re-elected, you can damn well bet I'm roundin' up a posse to deal with this Sweet Gulch biscuit situation.

Wild Ron I'm not a smart man, but seems to me we're payin an awfully small price for what I think are the best damn biscuits in the west, believe you me.

Mad Bill Boothe There you have it. Vote for Pawley if yer worried about biscuits runnin' afoul of yer rear end. Vote for me if y'all want peace and justice in this here land.

Sheriff Pawley Y'all better turn out in favor of the law, else we're lookin' at the worst miscarriage of justice in votin' history. Vote Pawley... or else.
12 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe That a threat? Tryin' to intimidate voters is mighty low, even for you, Pawley. If elected, I promise to uphold the votin' rights of all my constituents and not tar and feather them, as Sheriff Pawley aims to do.

Sheriff Pawley Now I ain't said nothin' 'bout no tar and featherin', Boothe. Let's keep this election good and clean.

Mad Bill Boothe That'd be a first for you.

Tallahassee Parcy Pawley, I know yer in the right far as representin' law goes, but Lord help me I long to see this world burn mightily, with every last heathen bastard gasping for air as the flood of spilt blood rises higher and higher. Would be a purdy sight to these eyes.

Mad Bill Boothe Appreciate the vote, Parcy. Will do what I can to accommodate all my supporters.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.23 I'm Sticking with Gaddafi

Friday, Feb 25, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A scant three months ago I tapped out an open love letter to Libyan dictator Gaddafi based on details of his eccentric behavior that emerged from the wikileaked State Department memos. It's hard not to fall in love with a guy who always travels with a Ukrainian sex nurse and a platoon of female bodyguards, especially when he looks like former New York governor David Paterson wearing a damp fright wig.

In light of recent events in Libya I felt like I needed to revisit this topic. I've gathered the evidence and reassessed my views and, as you might have guessed from this article's title, I am doubling down.

These are uncertain times we live in. Oil supplies are dwindling, technology has transformed the speed of information, there's a new My Little Pony cartoon, and the world is currently burning with unrest. All of these things are related and each new revolution brings another attempt to quash the revolution.

The Iranians kicked things off, but the government was able to put a lid on unrest by clamping down on the flow of information and attacking civilians using militias loyal to the regime. Many of the autocrats facing the surging tide of democracy in the Middle East and North Africa have tried to emulate these tactics with limited success. In Tunisia, incompetence reigned. In Egypt, the eyes of the world and nervous American backers of the regime prevented a brutal purge.

Being an iconoclast, Gaddafi looked at precedent and chose his own way. My man with the Fraggle fro decided that nothing legitimizes his authority quite like flying in Nigerian mercenaries to indiscriminately shoot protesters. A good choice! Slaughtering people with machine guns is Nigeria's third-largest export behind 419 emails and drug mules for the Chinese triads.

Just in case machine gun toting slaughter squads of foreigners patrolling the streets wasn't sufficient, Gaddafi told his air force to bomb protesters. Unfortunately, the lazy pilots dropping bombs on the civilians got tired and ejected from their planes or flew them to Malta, possibly to watch dudes named Magnus do ridiculous shit with beer kegs.

This has left Gaddafi in a difficult position. Fox Force Five is AWOL, his military is turning against him, and all he has standing between him and a noose are a few very, very bad men. It's times like these that test the mettle of a Brotherly Leader and Guide of the Revolution of Libya. Lesser villains have crumbled under the pressure, or at least fled to Saudi Arabia or London, but not Gaddafi. He has continued to inspire with his speeches that, well, somebody has got to be watching these videos besides me.

Gaddafi Interrupts Bedouin Dancing on State TV

This instant classic is like something out of a Cronenberg movie. Gaddafi breaks into some sort of bedouin dance show with a lingering shot of a dystopian ruin lit by Christmas lights. The camera finally pans down to Gaddafi sitting in a van and holding an umbrella over his head. He reassures his troubled nation that he hasn't gone to Venezuela and that it is raining. He calls his opponents "dogs" and then right back to the bedouin dancing and a state TV host sputtering to explain what the fuck just happened.

Gadaffi Promises to Die in Tripoli, Floats "Tablets" Conspiracy

Perhaps realizing his mysterious van video wasn't sufficient, Gaddafi went on the airwaves in a rambling speech in which he vowed to fight to the end and die in Tripoli. He also called out those he viewed as responsible for the uprising, including a mysterious cabal providing "tablets" to the "youths" that cause them to become wild and dangerous. Responsible parties include the United States, "Agents of Israel," Osama Bin Laden, and Zarqawi, who was killed four years ago in Iraq.

Despite having kill-squads of Nigerians roaming the streets and despite urging his own supporters to take to the streets and kill the opposition, Gaddafi has given everyone a big raise! Up to 150%! Is this his version of a 419 scam where you go to pick up your big paycheck and a Nigerian pops out and shoots you in the face? Probably not, since all the government buildings in every Libyan city are burning or already burned down.

Gaddafi Phones In the Crazy

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F_vuNzGASKc

In another Libyan state TV moment, Gaddafi phones in to explain the situation. It's simple, he claims. Al Qaeda is behind this uprising and they have been feeding hypnotic pills to the youth and teaching them how to misbehave. At the end of the clip he pathetically adds that he is more of a figurehead and that government institutions actually run Libya. It was the Department of Housing that hired those Nigerian mercenaries!

Fighting continues, but Gaddafi proudly stands with his Nigerian brothers-for pay and against Al Qaeda, America, Israel, and reality. No other world leaders are releasing quality material like this. Not even North Korea can keep up with this sort of flamboyant craziness. Gaddafi is the last of his breed. That's why I'm sticking with him and awaiting the exciting final broadcast from Tripoli. I'm sure he is already planning out that weird opening shot. I just hope his sexy nurse makes it out in time.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.24 Magazine Fancy, The Magazine

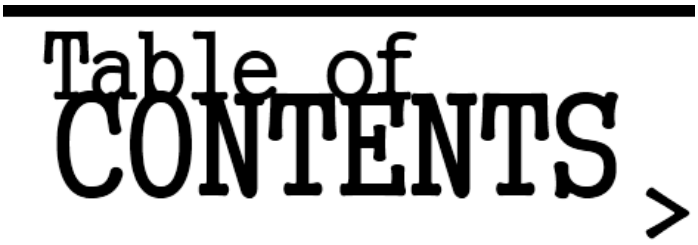
Saturday, Feb 26, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

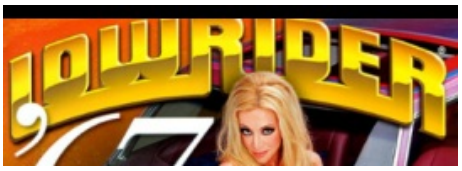
You're a magazine enthusiast, but find yourself lacking the time and coffee table space to accommodate every publication out there. This is the magazine that's made for you.

Every month the editors of Magazine Fancy read through your favorite magazines, condense them article-sized chunks, then collect the results in one handy volume. Every measure is taken to assume the voice of the original magazine, to best simulate the experience of reading an entire issue yourself. The end result, we feel, is something truly special.

Thank you for joining us at the start, and we hope to see you for many months to come.

Miles Naismith
Editor In Chief





A sexy lady is wearing a bikini. There's a car, but mostly there's a sexy lady. Inside, there's another lady in front of another car. She's also sexy, and you can see a lot of her butt. Sometimes there's a terrible car with an extravagantly terrible paint job, and somehow no lady is on the car at all. Then, on the opposite page there's an ad with a sexy lady holding a chrome rim between her breasts in the most seductive way that a person can manage to do such a thing.

continued page 11 →

There are a number of games coming out for Nintendo systems. They're all fantastic. You should probably buy them. Some people wrote letters to express how much they love Nintendo, how much they enjoyed purchasing Nintendo products in the past, and how excited they are to purchase future Nintendo products. There's a game coming out on multiple systems, but the Wii version is probably the best version because you can move your hands around.

continued page 3 →

Men are much more complicated than anyone could possibly imagine. They aren't just attracted to you because they like you and think you're pretty. There is so much more, so much to worry about. You must treat your every interaction as some sort of game, outwitting your man with all sorts of crazy shit he'll surely notice and comment, "that drives me wild!" The more barriers you place between yourself and your man, the better your relationship will be, since everything revolves around keeping him "interested". Might we suggest these sponsored products, or this book by a self-proclaimed relationship expert?

continued page 7 →

Have you heard of Derek? That mechanic? I thought so. The dude is popular. How popular? Almost as popular as Joshua. He's another mechanic. That's right, *the* Joshua. You can't throw a pipe wrench in a room crowded with people who know Joshua without hitting someone that knows Joshua. Actually, we should warn you that throwing a pipe wrench at people is a sure way to ruin your shot at becoming popular. Go with an impact wrench instead. With its pneumatic power, you're sure to get more results with less effort.

continued page 31 →

Is your baby racist? No.
Is global warming a hoax? No.
Is oxygen poison? No.
Is this movie theater on FIRE? FIRE! FIRE!!!! No.
Did scientists just uncover indisputable proof of intelligent life outside of Earth? No.
Thanks for playing along!

continued page 22 →

Sorry, this isn't that issue. Let's see, we've got... baseball. Guys going to baseball spring training. Good for those guys! Get off the couch and get some sun with your friends. That's always fun. Then there are all those guys playing basketball. As it turns out, they all want the championship. In an even bigger surprise, some of the teams are doing better than others. There *might* be some sort of sporting event happening outside the U.S., but we're really not sure.

continued page 14 →

Rock and politics! Hell yeah! Thirteen pages analyzing the deployment of psy-ops on U.S. Senators. Three sentences reviewing the new Radiohead album. In case you think we're mailing in the rock angle, we put Bieber on the cover. Pretty sure we had two girls from a tv show eating ice cream at some point, and one with Borat, not to mention Maroon 5.

continued page 25 →

This handgun fires these bullets. We think it's pretty great. We also like this shotgun. Hey, remember that old gun? That was a good gun. Classic gun. Good times. Here's a safety question: What sort of gun should you carry to protect yourself? Answer: Any gun. All of them. Each and every gun. The important thing is to have a gun, and to be eager to use it in every social situation that seems unpredictable.

continued page 18 →

Remember the portrayal of technology in such movies as The Net and Lawnmower Man? That's how it really works. Everything that's new is the future of humanity. Everyone behind every innovation is a rebel, part of a cabal of fascinating visionaries that flit around a fantasy world that is way more fascinating than you can possibly understand.

continued page 2 →

You're a magazine enthusiast, but find yourself lacking the time and coffee table space to accommodate every publication out there. This is the magazine that's made for you. Every month the editors of Magazine Fancy read through... oh god, I can see myself typing this. Is that my past? He sees me too, but I don't remember looking up at myself the first time I wrote this. Who am I

continued page 33 →

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.25 Dead Space 2 Isn't Scary, You Pants-Pissing Manbabies

Sunday, Feb 27, 2011 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Isaac awakes three days later on one of the better moons of Saturn.

The scariest part of *Dead Space 2* occurred roughly three hours into it, the moment I realized the remaining five hours of this game would take place in the exact same boring metal hallways, warehouses, and corridors as the original *Dead Space*.

And... that's it. Now don't misunderstand me here; *Dead Space 2* tries really, really hard to copy cues from various horror movies. I'm sure their team was given explicit instructions to not hire any artists who thought "Geiger" was just the name of an instrument used to measure radioactivity. They undoubtedly spent hours researching "things that people find really scary," such as loose ceiling panels, the sound of idiots dropping large frying pans, and dumb waypoint systems. I'm sure EA typed the phrase "MAKE SCARY!!!" in huge, red letters across the front page of the design doc. Hell, I'd be willing to suggest they even highlighted it or - and I may be going out on a limb here - used a different font.

Unfortunately, *Dead Space 2* simply isn't scary. I realize I'm in the minority here, as every single review of the game claims the polar opposite. Game journalists have nearly died of heart attacks while trying to fight their way through a review of this title:

> Battling a seven-foot beast that vomits acidic bile and tries to impale Isaac with razor-sharp appendages is one thing, **but watching a mother cradle a necromorph baby will haunt my nightmares until I die.**

Were you able to grasp the intense concept of that sentence? What you just read are real, actual, serious words written in a real, actual, serious magazine about real, actual, serious games. *Game Informer*, one of the few remaining gaming magazines that have accidentally avoided going bankrupt, has irreparably damaged the minds of one of their employees by asking him to review *Dead Space 2*. This man, Andrew Reiner, has admitted he will carry the mental scars forced upon him from this horrific event **every day for the rest of his life.** I'm not sure why Reiner hasn't pursued legal action against both EA and *Game Informer*; perhaps he once played *Phoenix Wright*, and now intense courtroom conflicts also haunt his nightmares until he dies. Possible other things that haunt his nightmares until he dies: fast automobiles, falling geometric shapes that can easily be rotated, and soup.

Surgery is SCARY!!!

Dead Space 2 may be considered a scary video game, **but that doesn't necessarily make it scary.** Let me frame this in a similar context: my two-year old daughter Jaylen recently drew a picture of our house. I told her it was excellent, and for her, it certainly was. But if I were to compare this drawing to a photo of our house, it would look like a real piece of shit. Our house doesn't have one single window, especially one that is floating off the side of what appears to be

some kind of mutated fungus / large hat. I'm fairly confident our home sits on the ground, and doesn't exist in an ethereal white void. And believe it or not, there's no goddamn way I'd ever move into a place painted burnt sienna.

99% of the so-called "scary moments" in *Dead Space 2* fall into the following categories:

1. Walking down a hallway that is quiet - a little TOO quiet - and then suddenly there's a loud noise. The stakes are raised later on in the game, where there is occasionally **two** loud noises.
2. Your character is assaulted by horrifying space alien monsters, the word "horrifying" meaning "long-armed." Nothing is scarier than a humanoid creature with arms lengthier than that of normal people. Conversely, that is why the word "armless" sounds so remarkably similar to "harmless." Oh, sometimes they try to spit on you, which I guess is also scary and also helps explain why visiting teams hate playing against the Raiders.
3. You hear **three** loud noises.

She has a fucking FLASHLIGHT in her mouth.

For those not familiar with the game, *Dead Space 2* revolves around one slightly insane man's fight against a bunch of unstoppable, rampaging, murderous aliens who quickly take over any land they infect. As Sheriff Joe Arpaio - er, I mean Isaac Clarke - you must stop their advance at all costs. To make matters worse, you're constantly haunted by the obnoxious ghost of your dead girlfriend, who acts slightly pissed off because she apparently choked to death while trying to swallow a flashlight. Some critics may argue that Dead Ghost Girlfriend In Space could be added to the "scary moments" list, but I intentionally left her off due to the following criteria:

1. Every time she appears, Clarke exclaims something along the lines of, "you're not real. You do not exist. You are not really here. That isn't you, and you are not real, because you do not exist and you, which you are *not*, aren't here, which isn't even not here." Then Dead Ghost Girlfriend In Space disappears, because she was, in fact, not there. Or here. Or her. Or he.
2. She ate a fucking **flashlight**.

Isaac eventually defeats Dead Ghost Girlfriend In Space by shooting her to death... inside his own mind. Oops, forgot to add a little spoiler alert there. If you haven't played this game, do me a favor and don't read that previous sentence. Also do not read the subsequent sentence:

The final boss of *Dead Space 2* is the ghost of your dead girlfriend you must shoot to death with conventional firearms inside your own mind.

Remember when I claimed somebody at EA wrote "MAKE SCARY!!!" on the front of the Dead Space 2 design doc? I'm guessing they also included a footnote along the lines of "PS: END BOSS MUST BE AN EXISTENTIAL CRISIS!!!" Does Clarke wrestle with his inner demons convincing

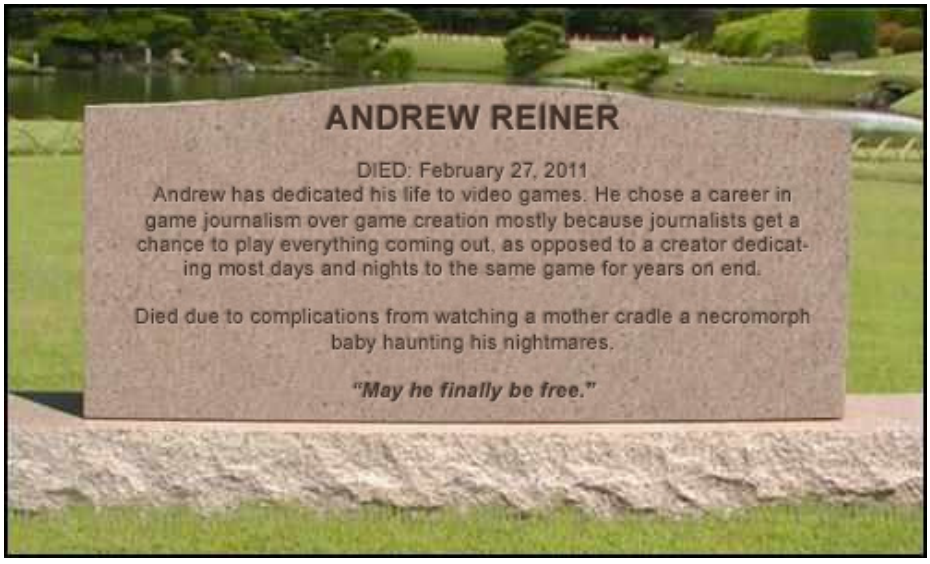
him to purchase an expensive new sports bike? Should the gamer fight through an endless dialogue tree pushing him towards placing a personal on Craigslist for a handjob? Nah, neither of those are scary enough. How about instead he goes inside his own brain and uses an automatic rifle to gun down his dead girlfriend's ghost? Maybe toss in a few scribbly alien babies and bam, Clarke kills her and finally gets over the monumental guilt and grief he felt for originally finding her a fucking job.

All these events might seem pretty scary if you're a skittish, moronic recluse who compares them to other video games, such as the original *Mario Brothers* and perhaps *Rocky's Boots*, but by no means does it actually make it frightening in any sense of the word. Just as my daughter's drawing of a house seemed excellent for a two-year old, I would never try to argue it could stand on its own merits as a distinguished piece of refined modern art. There's a big difference between "loud" and "scary," and if you cannot tell the difference between the two, then you might not be deaf but you sure as hell are dumb.

hahaha what the hell is this

Now can all the so-called "video game journalists" please kindly shut the fuck up about how they're mentally incapable of playing this game after 3:00 PM, due to the crippling, life-ending nightmares they'd undoubtedly endure as a direct consequence? *Dead Space 2* is a predictable, monotonous, generic rail-shooter that takes place in predictable, monotonous, generic locations in space. It's essentially *F.E.A.R.* on an infinitely stupider, messier planet, and the only thing scary about that game was the remarkably poor HR department responsible for hiring your character.

And a little note for whoever is responsible for escorting "video game journalist" Andrew Reiner outside of his apartment for one hour each and every day: the therapy isn't working. Just please, for the sake of anybody who plays video games, **put the guy down already.** He's a broken shell of a man who simply cannot exist in our harsh, brutal reality.


ANDREW REINER
DIED: February 27, 2011
Andrew has dedicated his life to video games. He chose a career in game journalism over game creation mostly because journalists get a chance to play everything coming out, as opposed to a creator dedicating most days and nights to the same game for years on end.
Died due to complications from watching a mother cradle a necromorph baby haunting his nightmares.
"May he finally be free."

-~ Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.26 2011 Gathering of Moonbats or the Don Larry Super Patriot Cinem-ugh Nocares Liveblog

Monday, Feb 28, 2011 by Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Don Larry is USA PATRIOT TOUGH series.

Well, well, well. The time of year has come once again for the liberal Jews and the loony lefties in Hollyweird to gather and celebrate their psychic cornholing of Lady Liberty. It's time for the 2011 Oscars. That's the NoCares for those of us in Real America who live real lives blogging about thug-mmander and cheat Barry Sotero's misdeeds and don't spend all day gay agendaing our Beibers.

This Internet thing allows people to comment as things are happening, so I am going to be updating my website lies.soterocrimefamily.us and also the godless communist cesspit somethingawful.com with my LIVE thoughts on the Oscars.

- Pre-show giant negress interviewing notorious cross-dresser Tom Hanks about how nervous he is to be in a room full of fellow homosexual HIV/AIDS supporters. Classic TV moment.
- Worst commercial so far: JC Penny commercial for teenagers. I don't need the store where I buy my reversible jackets having a Facebook, whatever that means.
- Inside Alec Baldwin's head: gay married lesbians getting side-by-side abortions in a mosque. Wake up America! 30 Rock was built by John D. Rockefeller in cahoots with FDR and JFK for the KGB.
- **Baracking's Speech:** The teleprompters fail in the middle of his 80 minute apology to Osama.
- I have a feeling I'm going to be cutting my arm off to escape this mess in about ten minutes.
- **Franco.** Now there is someone who kept the commies in their place. I'd give him an academy award. The Don Larry Liberty Lady.
- These people don't have mothers. They're hatched from the eggs Steven Spielberg lays in Israel, which I respect completely.
- A great year for lesbians is a bad year for the troops.

- **True Grit**!? They didn't use computers to bring John Wayne back to life and have him become a gay dad did they? Please tell me the Duke isn't a gay dad. G-D you Unholywouldn't.
- Wally Fister wins cinematography for Incepticons. Is that a trade-based surname? Mine would be Truthchamp. Don Truthchamp.
- **Let's Pollute** nominated for an Oscar. Let me guess...ironic title?? How do you think you all got to the Oscars you green goofs?

- I blame Pixar for turning Disney into a limp-wristed propaganda house for Barbara Streisand's book club. I remember when they used to make movies where ducks told the hard truth about the Japs.
- A lot of foreigners on the stage tonight. I'm tempted to blow in a call to ICE, as if they'd even do anything. Where are the Minutemen when you need 'em?
- Aaron Sorkin said he'd write ultra-liberal claptrap for Free. How about I pay you a dollar and you can dig the security ditch around my buried school bus.
- **Baracking's Speech:** 90 minutes about why I need to give money to the government so they can do abortions on cats.
- Wolverine is Australian??? Does this country produce ANYTHING anymore? No, because of the Unions.
- Franco in a dress. Political cartoon circa 1935 or Oscars circa 2011?
- Russell Brand. Now there's somebody who could use a good water boarding.
- I want to open a bottle of beer with Reese Witherspoon's chin.
- The academy awards in the year 2020? Sorry folks, don't think the caliphate is going to allow you jews and homosexuals to gather in such large numbers.
- Is this Trent Reznor character the new Randy Newman? No thanks, I'll take the theme to Monk over this gloomy blooping any day of the week.
- Scarlett Johansson looks like a diabetic sock full of sex, Matthew McCon-us-gay looks like a disease you catch from laying on a dirty tanning bed. This is Hollywood, folks.

- Finally, Unstoppable is up for an award. Now there was a film. Of course it loses to a movie about dreams. Hate to bark it to you Hollywoof, but your dreams are for the dogs. The American dream is DOA courtesy of Barry Hussein Sotero.

- Science and Technical Awards. Let me guess, they all go to the Chinese. Again. Thanks AFSCME. Maybe if USA dollies could afford to compete in Vancouver.

- Obummer's favorite movie song: As Tims Goes By. More like as Obama goes BYE-BYE when this USA proud boot kicks you out on your A$$.

- Randy Newman. If I were there in the audience I'd be holding up my lighter and demanding the Monk theme.

- Hey, why is Chuck singing a song on this commie parade? I follow Adam Baldwin on Twitter and I am going to have a few words with him. Direct tweet.

- Oh great, the Jew with the Jew fro wins for his movie about Jewishness and then right into auto-tune of Harry Potter. This is like my Dante's Inferno. Could it actually get worse?

- Aaand here comes Oprah. If I didn't believe in strict trigger discipline my Colt Peacemaker would be in my mouth right now.

- Inside Job? You want to talk about inside jobs? Fanny Mae and Freddie Mac. Look it up. Bill Clinton destroyed America's economy and does Rahm Emmanuel go to jail? No, he ends up mayor of the most corrupt city on planet earth.

- Bob Hope holograms. I think I had a sex dream that started like this.

- Oh, hey, and here is the guy that ruined Sherlock Holmes, which I could forgive, but he also ruined Iron Man, which was one of the last pro-American comic books left since Captain America came out against the liberation of Iraq.
- If I could Inception the world I'd put those conveyor belt walkways like they have at airports and Statues of Liberty in every city to remind the urban minorities why we fought and died to win our freedom from North Korea.
- **Gwenyth Paltrow** is singing a country and western song? Why don't you just trot out Karl Marx and have him sing the national anthem while laying logs on a picture of Ronald Reagan.
- Yesss **Randy Newman** wins. There is some justice left north of the Mason-Dixon.
- Oh here comes the parade of dead burned out hippies, foreign communists, and homosexual Jews. If I were father time I'd be stenciling hook noses and limp wrists on the side of my hour glass. No offense to the nation of Israel, which I support as the lone democracy in the Middle East.
- **Tom Hooper** for **Baracking's Speech**. Here's a speech for you: Stop trying to tax my soda purchases. If my purchase of Squirt was intended to fund Obamacare it would have been in the Constitution.
- I haven't liked Jeff Bridges since The Fabulous Baker Boys. I'm more of a Beau man.
- **Natalie Portman** wins Best Actress for chooch-chomping performing arts horror movie *Swans*. If you really want to see horror why don't you google NEA and "Jesus painting."
- A British man wins Best Actor yet again. Thanks once more to the unions for ensuring the job creators can't compete with foreign imports.
- Oh boy, **Steven Spielberg**. Wait, 10 best pictures? I think they're breeding. Call an exterminator.
- **Baracking's Speech** wins! Hollywood loves Obama.

- And then the indoctrinated Obama kids are going to sing Over the Rainbow. Why don't you go ahead and spit in my face Academy Awards? Thanks for wasting my life.

Another year, another homo-haunted nightmare of babbling bleeding-hearts and women who'd be better off zipping that lip and just wiggling around the stage. Thanks for nothing, Hippieworst.

Don Larry

Battle Creek, MI

(c)2011

"We're not surrounded we surround them." - Glen Beck

"I was right about the economy." - Don Larry, Super Patriot

-~Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 CHARLIE SHEEN PRESENTS: Charlie Sheen's RESUME!!! BOOYAH

Tuesday, Mar 01, 2011 by CHARLIE SHEEN, BABY!!! (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

untitled.txt

MY_RESUME.TXT by CHARLIE SHEEN

DIDT PHOTOSHOP THIS BEAST AT ALL.... DONT NEE D TOO!!!

Yo! So you want to hire a **REAL PRO ACTOR** for your TV SHOW OR FILM MOVIE? Well look no further! You've tried the rest *now mess with THE BEAST!!!* I'm a **CELEBRITY TV STAR** and my STAR IS ON THE RISE LIKE THE MOON! Call me **THE MOONMAN!!!** I'm like yeast I rise IN THE MORNING! rise and shine mothfucker **BOOYAH!!!** my agent said people dont say booyah anymore but I do..... know why? BECAUSE I'M TITS, BABY!!! I'M ALL THE TITS IN THE WORLD/

anyway here's **my resume!** Resume reading! Haha!!!!!! **THAT'S A LAUGHTER EXPERIENCE** want the short reason why to hire me? ever hear of a tiny little show called "@ and a Half Men"??? Of course you have..... **PAGING Dr. NEILSON RATINGS BITCH.** I quit that shit like a bad harbor because they didn't appreciate my rock star god stature and prime time beefcake haunts in mothfuckin 3D starring me as JAMESUAL "DR. FUCKIN 3D BITCH: CAMERON. What's a girl to do you know??? Haha j/k fuck them all, ***I'm BEYOND CBS LIKE*** a case of natty ice in a frathouse LAUGHTER ONLINE HELLLLLLLLLLLLL YEAH whats in this bottle anyway dont know dont care

check this shit out pappy::::: my_resume.txt

WHAT'S MY NAME? CHARLIE FUCKIN SHEEN THE ACTOR
WHAT DO I DO? ACT THE SHIT OUT OF YOUR MOVIE, FILM, TV SHOW, PARTIES HELL YEAH DONT MIND IF I DO
WHEN WAS I BORN? DON'T REMEMBER, DON'T CARE< WASN'T BORN AT ALL!!! WHEN WAS JESUS BORN? THAT'S RIGHT!!!!!!! NOW YOU GET THE PICTURE
WHAT"S DID I DO IN THE PAST (WHAT IS MY PAST EXPERIENCES)?? well where do I start???????? let me count the ways»»»

- **1985 - Starred in "The BOYS Next Door!"** I was the mothfuckin DOOR --- **BOOYAH** J/K I played a human which was a stretch for me since I'm VITO THE FUCKIN IMPALER FROM THE GODDAMN ZETA RETICULI STAR SYSTEM I own so many cars that if I tried to count them all I'd get bored and stop after like two seconds
- **1986 - STarred in the "Ferris Bueller's Day Off!"** shit I dont remember what I did in this movie, maybe I was Ferrets Bueller or something god who knows..... ask a nerd on a computer, they know all that shit they worship me like a cake in dog's heat and **IT'S ALLWAYS SUNNY IN SHEENSVILLE USA, CAMPER**
- **SOME OTHER YEARS, CAN'T REMEMBER:** I was in "Wall Street" and "Young Guns" and "mayor League" and christ I cant be botherered to list them all, lets make a long short story and jhust say I was in pretty much all the movies ever good and if you never saw

any of em then I dont want to be assed working for you cause your project is probably BANAL --------- THAT IS A B-ANAL PIECE OF SHITOLALA **BOOYAH SHEEN WITH THE SLAM DUNK NUGGET!!!**

- **2003 - WHENEVER - TWO AND A HALG MEN! *EASY CA$$$H.* WOAH now the text is way big and I dont know how to turn it off but HELLLLLLLLLLLLLL THAT'S HOW I ROLE NOW. ROLLING OFF MY SHOULDERS. ROLLING THROUGH THE BRAINPAN. I'M COMEDY #1..... CONCERN YOURSELF WITH THAT > BIGGER THAN LIFE.... I AM LIFE, KILL ME AND YOU ACTUALLY KILL YOURSELF**

I have accomplished wooooooah wait your horses there Lone Ranger O.K. this next part I guess I'm suppossed to write my other accomplishments but shit that's a long-ass major list so here's a pajama clad bone bare catalog of HIGHLIGHTS SCRAPED from the genius of my brains..... again j

- **I INVENTED THE SWAMP.** me and Jeke were out painting slop red a town back in shiiiiiiiiit I guess the 1981s or so and we saw some Federally Protected Wetlands and I said "that shit's a swamp, Jeke" and right THERE - RIGHT THEN - a vocal gem was coined by Dr. Verbals himself, Me. Now everybody uses the word "Swamp"..... i could sue for copywrite infringement but I dont because I'm better than that, you could say I'am the BEST AT THAT. THAT IS LIFE. **MY LIFE, MY WORLD, YOU'RE LUCKY TO LIFE IN IT. MCWORLD - IT COULD HAPPEN --- THE DOCTOR OF ACTING IS IN THE HOUSE!!!**
- **MY BRAIN'S A FUCKIN' CALCULATOR.** Give me a number ----- any number ---------- and I can calculate it INSTANTLY. EXACTLY. PRECISELY. numbers are the name of the game and my number is number #**1** so ***GET IN THE GAME BABY!!!!!***
- **PATENTED A REVOLUTIONARY METHOD OF ACTING I HAVE DUBBED "THE ME."** I was going to call it "the Charlie Sheen" but hell --------- that's ME! I know who I am and you know who I am SO Let's stop Beating A Round Bush and just call it the Me. **W**hat does it bring to the table? **Intensity**. **Passion**. **A** Mater of Comedic Timing. **Passion**. I know what I am, I am me. if I stare at a vase for too long it starts looking it's an elephant searching for its long lost parents and THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME BOOYAH ROCK ON LIKE A oh god why does my eyes hurt now
- **I HAVE DISCIPLINE THAT RUBS OFF ON OTHER EMPLOYEES.** I've rubbed one off on many employees throughout my ageless wonderland of **HELL FUCKIN YEAH ROCK AND ROLL TECHNIQUE!!!** I arrive on the set within minutes or days or hours of a request from producers. somet times i dont show up because of my religious believes **(I BELIEVE IN ACTING THE ROLE YOU PLAYED TO A "T")!!!!!.** sometimes I'm intentionally weeks late because my nose and brain and mouth have to prepare..... get into the mental state..... get into sync..... get into my garden > get into the garden *GET IT????* **PROBABLY NOT, DONT ASK QUESTIONS YOU CANT EVER HEAR ME ANSWER**
- **I CAN REFUSE TO HIT WOMEN FOR UP TO (BUT NOT INCLUDING) TWO DAYS**
- **I AM THE SMARTEST ACTOR TO EVER ACTOR.** hey Media Suckups ---- Lorre didnt create 2 and a Halfmen: ***I DID.*** Before that show even existed, ***I WAS TWO A A HALFMAN. THAT C*** what did that hack Lorre do (or should I say that JEW JEWORRY)? **he TOOK MY LIFE, THREW IT ON THE TV, CALLED IT HIS OWN - THATS PLAGARISM WHERE I COME FROM. THAT"S WHY I'M FROM THE SUN!!!!!!!!!! I AM**

THE SUN OF GOD. But now the public knows Icall the shots grandma. got on the radio, talked to who the hell was it, the Danicka Patrick Show, told her straight up tits how pegasus Flies. or Icarus??? Word's out now..... Lorre's sunk. Call him the HMS Titanic. and I'm the Iceberg. Slow and cool, thats how I play it. I think the shit in the bottle was estrogen pills what the fuck do I have this shit for anyway

okay now is the last part of my_resume.txt where I say what I'm gonna do to help your creative endevour reach its fullest potential. Pretty hard to cram all that graham into a single compendium so let's play it loose and easy and see what hole this gets toweled into.....:

- **I WILL MAKE MYSELF A LOT OF MONEY (AND BY PROXY YOU).** You ever hear of money? Haha thats right, **I AM MONEY.** Whatever I do, I get top dollar for it. And that means you will get some part of my top dollar. I'M SO RICH PEOPLE PRINT COPIES OF MY FACE TO BUY AND SELL SPECIFIC GOODS AND SERVICES WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE U.S.. You can't spell "U.S." without "SHEEN" THAT IS THE SECOND 'S" and the first one (the U) is "YOU" SO **YOU SHEEN!!! GODDAMN RIGHT, SLIP IT IN AND CALL IT A NIGHT GRACIE.** Like i said in the movie Wall Street, witch I starred in: *"Greed Is Good."* I played an investment banker and my dad was in it but he's also my dad in real life so SHOUT OUT TO YA, POPS> I TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND BOUGHT THAT EAGLE
- **I WILL LEND AN AIR OF CREDIBILITY AND CLASS TO YOUR PROJECT.** I can bring two hookers to a shoot. I can bring seven. I can bring sixteen. showcase that to a producer and get your shit greenlit like a mothfuckin moss garden in ireland booyah.!
- **I HAVE LOSTS OF IDEAS REGARDING GREAT IDEAS.** Okay here's just a sample, a tiny one that will get ya hooked: there's this house, it's not haunted or any lame-o crudola like that. BUT it's alive. It eats people whole.! Bodies, brains, tits, long legs, **everything**. *THIS HOUSE IS ALIVE.* its called "Barron's Munch House In 3D." got that idea when I was freebasing on UNCUT LIFE. here's another idea: a table that eats YOU. I call this one "Barron's Munch Table In 3D." *more where that came from*
- **I'M HOTTER THAN BROILING WATER.** Look at the front page of CNN now. Check out any magazine ever made now. Who that on it? you got it: I'M ME. H-2-OH NO! YOU DIDN'T CHARLIE. **HELL YES I DID, I WENT THERE, I CAME FROM THERE, I AM THERE!!!!** couldn't be assed reading whatever they wrote, probably something about the ca$$$$HIT that is THREE AND A AN AHALF MEN and when I go on the prowl jags actually shirk their haunches like Pancho Goddamn Bob Villa on the run because they know the zoomaster got loose and hell's coming to pay BIG MMMM-ER BIG $$$$$$$$$$$$$$$

SO IN CONCLUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUSION I wo

untitled.txt

-~CHARLIE SHEEN, BABY!!! (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.2 Trust No One

Wednesday, Mar 02, 2011 by Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Joe Biden Emails series.

From: Joe Biden
Date: Wednesday, March 2, 2010 at 06:15 AM
Subject: Trust No One

Renaldo --

On behalf of myself and the entire Obama Administration, I want to offer my sincere apologies for the email sent from my address yesterday. That was not me writing those words, and I strongly condemn what they said.

It turns out the movie "Johnny Mnemonic" was right on the money: Cyberspace really is full of shady characters. I made the mistake of trusting a hacker I met in alt.tv.x-files, a usenet club for X-Files fans. I thought this son of a gun would be sending me some UFO documents, but instead he tricked me so he could assault the American public with spoilers and disturbing animations of spinning, cigarette-smoking skulls.

What he did violated both my trust and Internet etiquette -- or "Internet netiquette" as it's called -- and insulted the intelligence of millions of Americans. I am deeply embarrassed by this incident, and for the countless episodes of X-Files that may have been ruined.

My own aids were quick to notice the email and protect me from it, so I was spared from the brunt of the spoilers. I can only hope his insensitive words do not compromise your enjoyment of the X-Files in any way, assuming you have many episodes left to watch, as I do.

I also want to apologize for playing fast and loose with plot details myself. My disclosure of key episode particulars can be labeled a crime of passion. In my enthusiasm for the X-Files, I made some careless remarks about some of my favorite story elements from the show, not thinking about all the folks who aren't as up to speed.

You know, even the best intentioned of words can have consequences. My spirited discussion of "The Erlenmeyer Flask" and the enormous questions raised about the alien conspiracy and the involvement of the Syndicate went too far, and ruined the outcome for Duane Hein of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Duane is a single dad working two jobs to support his family, and he had no idea that a recurring character would meet his doom. He started watching just recently, and his responsibilities as a father often get in the way of enjoying a cold one and catching up with his new favorite show.

You can rest assured I'll do a better job holding my tongue in the future. You can count on me for two things: To always keep my word, and to have a Kraft Single tucked away in my wallet in case I need to turn a hamburger into a cheeseburger.

This email forgery incident serves as an important object lesson on why we need an official form of Internet ID, but, more importantly, it speaks to the tremendous importance of strict anti-spoiler legislation. I'm working hard to persuade the president to take up the fight. Barack and I may disagree on the First Amendment implications of fighting spoilers, but I can assure you we both value the right of every American to watch a show, read a book, or see a movie without having the

ending spoiled for them in advance.

During the 2008 elections, I watched you and millions of other Americans, young and old, rich and poor, come together across disparate backgrounds and beliefs for a common good. You fought tirelessly and you made history. I'm asking you to help me make history again.

Working together, we can make sure that people like Susanne Burk, a homemaker from Montgomery, Alabama, never has to suffer the indignity of having her favorite shows ruined before she even gets the chance to watch them.

I know firsthand how painful spoilers can be from my encounter with Jim Doyle of Altoona, Pennsylvania. Jim jumped right into the plot of the X-Files feature film "Fight the Future" while I was in the middle of telling him the story of how I powered through three episodes of season 1 the night before. Jim might not have meant me harm, but I'm going to be biting my lip when I watch it, knowing that any minute Scully is going to get stung by some alien bee instead of being surprised by it when it happens.

If I learned anything from this experience, it's to trust no one when it comes to important things like email passwords. According to Mark D'Arensbourg, one of our dedicated interns, you should change your password once a week and make sure it has both letters and numbers.

That's great advice, Mark! But I'd add this piece of wisdom: Don't share it with anybody, even if they tell you they have classified information revealing the existence of extraterrestrials.

Thank you -- and keep watching the skies.

Joe Biden

-~Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

3.3 Subs, Lies and Videotape

Thursday, Mar 03, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

The sign she liked came to me in just a few seconds. I didn't think it was anything special, but I'm the harshest critic of my own work.

Her face, framed between my pillow and a swath of red hair, looked like a distant apparition of some lost thing half-remembered, half-imagined. It was perfectly composed, with soft, graceful orthogonals leading to the focal point on the bridge of her nose. Her lashes blossomed in delicate impasto strokes, cradling the wet orbs of her eyes, which shimmered like radiant lights at the ends of tunnels made of way too much eyeliner.

Her name, according to the tag on the crumpled shirt on the floor, was Jessica. She worked at Sub Hut, the rival sub shop across the street. Her favorite sandwich: Steak and Cheese.

"When I saw the sign, I knew I had to meet you," her sleep-sodden voice cooed. "It was so funny and clever."

Her hands caressed my back like the soothing blue lines in a Tylenol commercial. My fingers explored the whorl above her nape. The warm carpet of hair felt a world apart from the scabby landscape of plastic marquee letters my hands were used to. It told me I had finally found my place; finally bridged the cold distance between two hearts that made the cold distance I had to walk every morning to hang my signs seem infinitesimal.

"I just hope you weren't mad when I burst into the restaurant and demanded to see the sign-writer," she murmured. "You gave me this look like people give when they hear a joke they don't get."

"I was just looking at your breast," I replied softly. "I was trying to figure out if you had an ironic or unironic mastectomy. But then I realized it didn't matter. In body-modification surgery irony and sincerity are just two sides of the same sexy coin."

She let out a sweet, lilting laugh. We spent the rest of the afternoon awkwardly making love, like

two neutered kittens dry-humping in the middle of the road, unaware of an oncoming truck; feeling the true meaning of passion for the first and last time.

It was cold; a creeping, soul-eating cold that squeezed you from all directions like a hug box for autism therapy. It pressed against the windows of Sub Hut and followed us into the lobby where we kicked the snow off our boots and hung up our coats.

"This place is so much better than Sub World," she said. "No offense, but Sub World is terrible. I wish a UFO would crash into it and it would explode. Well, I mean it'd have to be on a day you weren't there. I don't want you to explode."

I smiled and caressed her cheek. "I don't want you to explode either."

We both laughed. We'd surpassed the point of having to call love by name. Or at least any of the names people knew, which left only shadow whispers and arcane clicking sounds. She hooked her arm around my waist. We'd been seeing each other for a week; this was our first official date. I tried to remember the last few days, but aside from the general abstract it was a whitewashed page in my memory. Love, I realized, was like anesthesia, explaining why I had a fetish for female anesthesiologists.

We got our subs and sat at a table in the corner. An hour ago, we'd snorted Splenda packets in the Sub World bathroom. I had the warm, vitreous feeling of china bones in a soft blanket of skin.

"How do you write about pain so well?" she asked. "Because I've noticed that all of your signs are about pain, in a sort of winding, anfractuous way."

"I've had a rough life." I sipped my soda. "When I was 16 I saw a preview for Jazz Jackrabbit 2 that said it was like Sonic the Hedgehog on crack. And I did the math and realized that instead of buying the game it'd be cheaper to just buy a used copy of Sonic the Hedgehog and some crack. But that led to a paranoid hallucination where I thought Tails was going to stab me."

" ... I'm sorry. I feel the same way about life. It's like a labyrinth with nothing in the center."

"That's very poetic."

She nodded. "I have it tattooed in tiny letters above my labia."

She took a bite of her sub, then put her hand on mine. It felt creamy and smooth, from the mayonnaise. She was wearing a black dress, sleeveless with lace around the arms. Her legs were crossed: one swung freely, her pointed heel half-off and dangling precariously. The other heel tapped on the floor in a syncopated rhythm that served as a breakbeat to my heart, which cycled furiously; fueled by Splenda and a thousand lonely nights, but primarily Splenda.

"Are you having a good time?" She said.

"Absolutely. The subs here are great. You should get a Sub Hut rewards card though. It lets you earn points with every purchase."

She shrugged. "I never understood rewards cards."

"They give you points toward free subs."

"I know, but I never understood the concept. Why does every pleasurable thing have to be instrumental toward another pleasurable thing, whether it be a free sub, a large soda, or a Sub Hut tote bag or other merchandise? Why can't a good sub be an end in itself?"

"You know what I just realized?"

"What?"

"You're beautiful." I stroked the top part of her hand where her fingers came together. "And if you had a nurse's hat, you'd look kind of like an anesthesiologist. I'm really attracted to them. I think it's a sublimation of my fear of unanesthetized surgery."

She smiled. She held up her sub so I could take a bite of it; I did the same. All around us, people were eating, packed into booths or hunched over tables that sprouted from the wall on steel beams. A lesbian S&M couple fed each other French fries on plastic hooks. A tracheotomy patient laughed at a joke and soda shot out his neck-hole. An old man was reading a newspaper and had something that looked like dried orange Tang around his eyes.

As they gorged themselves with MSG and ground beef, a synthesis took place. Their insular celebrations fused into one, a communal banquet to ephemerality. As subs were devoured and soda flowed like the waters of Babylon, new dreams were courted, replacing tired old ones that had outlived their welcome. Death could never be thwarted; it was the infinite denominator under the vinculum of the soil, defining life's brevity just as life defined its vastness. Never was this more apparent than when I was with her, but never, either, was it more bracing. Her eyes were like jewel-studded kiosks, faint eternal bonfires to life's undying transience.

I had my next sign.

We drifted apart. It happens.

She started missing dates, stopped laughing at my jokes. Our discussions of celebrities and what geometric shapes their faces resembled became more and more distant. Our erotic hugs and spooning became awkward embraces, as though we'd just discovered the ergonomic flaws in each others' bodies. After a week of this, I knew it was just a matter of time. The Slow Game had set in, the ancient time-worn game that had no name, or if it did have one I was too heartbroken and lazy to look it up.

One day a coworker told me they'd seen her at Sub Hut; she'd been eating subs with someone else.

For the next few days, thinking about her sent me into paroxysms of hate and lust. I started playing the 'what if' game, wondering if we'd still be together if I'd just done a few things differently; and

there are no winners in the 'what if' game: Like a wacky '90s game show where you start with a million points and have to get down to zero, it's always played to lose.

I got really high on Splenda one night and wrote her an email:

> You never returned my last few calls. I hope you don't hate me, although if you do that's okay. I'll admit I hate you sometimes, not as a person but simply as an imperfect carbon of the larger thing you represent, which is Sub Hut. I had a really bad experience at Sub Hut one night when a teenager with spiked hair and a Blink 182 t-shirt threw fries at me and called me a capitalist slut and drew an anarchy symbol on my table in ketchup. Ever since then I've had a negative impression of Sub Hut - and Blink 182. Which is too bad, because I like in principle everything about their music from its energy to its DIY aesthetic to the politics behind it. It's funny I guess how one person's insensitive actions can destroy your faith in a larger transcendent concept, one that might've at one point had the power to save you but now just feels stained with that person's image.
>
> *PS: I'm writing this pretty high so it might contain spelling errors and emotional stuff I wouldn't normally share. Fortunately I won't be sending it until tomorrow, so I can fix the spelling errors then.*

I worked double shifts the rest of the week. Making subs helps me remember the importance of forgetting.

He was the last customer of the night. A squat bald man with a thin mustache and worried eyes. He'd materialized from the gloom of the parking lot like a ghost. The electric ringer on the door had made no sound when he walked in.

"Sorry I came in so late. I just realized I have no food in my fridge. Or actually it's my mom's fridge. I live with my mom."

He was slouched over the counter, watching me make his sub. His face was creased and life-worn, wrought with a desperation longer in years than its host. He wore purple sweatpants and an ash-gray sweatshirt; a bloated paunch poked under the hem. I wrapped his sub and shot hate-beams at him with my eyes: he was standing on the square of tile I'd been mopping for hours, the one she'd stood on when we met. All night I'd been thinking about her, set to accordion dirges and pictures of three-legged dogs. I looked at the grease hose in the corner and thought of how easy it'd be to stick it up my nose and suck out the part of my brain that felt pain, followed by the rest.

He kept talking. "And you're the only place open besides Sub Hut, and I can't go there anymore."

"What?" I put the sub on the counter. In my dissociative fugue I hadn't been parsing his sentences.

"What?" He looked confused. He apparently wasn't used to acknowledgment.

"What were you saying?"

"Oh, Sub Hut. I can't go there anymore."

"Why not?"

His eyes flitted across the room, then at his shoes. "I don't want to talk about it."

He didn't. I could tell by the look on his face, the look porn stars make when climaxing, except inverted. But some traumas are never forgotten until told, and never told until they outlive the teller.

"Okay, if you have to know ... I went there one night and had a really good sub." His voice took on a graveyard quality, distant yet confessional, like an anonymous craigslist personal. "It was perfectly

cooked, perfectly wrapped, totally transcendent. But when I finished it, everything just seemed ... pointless."

"Pointless?" I stared at him. "You mean you were full."

"Not full exactly. I mean kind of. But it was like I was so full ... I was empty. I knew I'd never have a sub that good again. It felt like my life had peaked. Like everything else would just be a postscript."

My eyes narrowed. "But it was just a sub."

"You don't understand. It wasn't just a sub, it was the best sub of my life." He started trembling. Tears formed in his eyes. "It showed me just how pathetic the rest of my life is. It was like ... like being lifted above a desert, just long enough to look down and see how vast it really is."

He dropped his sub and sat down on the lobby bench. He cupped his face - the borrowed face of a man defeated - in his palms and started crying. His choked sobs resembled the sound of a straw sliding up and down in a fast food cup. Something in the sound pierced me, gave me a hollow-hearted feeling, like...

Like a labyrinth with nothing in the center.

Wait ...

Another feeling, this one much different, filled my head. I walked around the counter, past the cash register, and into the lobby. The plastic bag with his sub lay on the floor, crumpled and forlorn like the rind of some bitter fruit.

I picked up the bag by the plastic handle. I walked over to him and put it in his hand. He looked up at me with wet, bloodshot eyes.

"Look," I said. "Subs aren't meant to last. That's the point of them. That's why you savor them and look forward to the next one. And even if there is no next one, that's no reason to get depressed. Why not just be glad you had it to begin with?"

He looked at the sub and wiped his face with his sleeve. "I ... I guess that makes sense." He took the napkins out of the bag and blew his nose. He dropped them on the floor, then looked at me and picked them up. "Sorry."

I sat down next to him on the wooden bench.

"You know, I just got out of a relationship," I said. "I've been going through the same thing you are. But you made me realize something: there's no point in living in the past. Otherwise, everything just feels dead. Dead and hollow. Like a labyrinth with-"

"Nothing in the center ... ?"

"Yeah, how did you...?"

Our eyes locked.

Oh ...

"I should ... probably go." He got up off the bench.

"Yeah, there's not much point in you staying."

"Look, I'm sorry. If you need anything ... uh, a sub?" He held out the sub to me. I shook my head.

He shuffled out the door. I caught one last glimpse of the Sub World logo, emblazoned on his bag in ephemeral red, fading into the wind-ripped winter night.

The store was silent, save the drone of the grill fan and the hum of the soda cooler. I now knew what the center of a labyrinth felt like.

But it was okay. Maybe she was right, after all. Maybe life *is* a centerless labyrinth, like a special stage in Sonic the Hedgehog without a chaos emerald. Who said there has to be anything in the center? Maybe, like a sub, everything is meant to turn to excrement. Maybe we're all just fat, tumid globs of numbers and language gorging ourselves with future stool and should just enjoy the meal before the check comes.

Why can't a good sub be an end in itself?

I stood up and walked over to the door and locked it. Outside, cars drifted by. Streetlights hovered in the gloom. The lobby speakers were playing "Dream Warriors" by Dokken, the hard-rock anthem she'd suggested should be our song. I thought about the guitar line, the lyrics she'd murmured in her sleep. Her hair, her face, her mastectomy scar. Everything.

There was no pain.

But something still wasn't right. Some answer still eluded me. How could two people be lovers one day and bitter enemies the next?

Then it hit me: there didn't need to be an answer. Like Final Jeopardy, only the question really mattered, and only the people asking it could see the truth. Love would come and go, existence would outlast itself; it was all parenthetical, as long as I had the one thing that made me alive. I turned off the lights and prepared to close the store.

I had signs to hang.

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for the signage! It's the 20th story he's illustrated, which means he gets a tote bag!

-~Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.4 In Defense of the Dildo Saw

Friday, Mar 04, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There's a media mob forming up. The dumpy peasants are braying for justice from the comments section of every mommy blog and newspaper. The object of their outrage: popular Northwestern University professor J. Michael Bailey or, as you might know him, Professor Fucksaw.

On February 21st, Bailey held a voluntary, after-hours study group for his human sexuality class. During the course of the study group students enjoyed guest-lecturer Ken Melvoin-Berg, who might be a sex magician, they watched a Power Point, a video on the female orgasm, and then it all went wrong. Students were given a live demonstration of an implement described in newspapers as "a handheld saw with a dildo attached."

The product is called the Fucksaw and it was being wielded by Jim Marcus (who one or two may know as the singer for industrial band Die Warzau) on his wife Faith Kroll in front of about 100 of Bailey's students. Bailey described the act lasting "about three minutes, but it felt a lot longer." Who knew watching a guy who looks like he's held together by tobacco stains and tattoos stab his wife's stench trench with a motorized dong would feel like an eternity?

This incident has proven to be a prime opportunity for folks to rant about how much they hate the idea of anyone looking at a pussy while simultaneously working themselves up over the prurient nature of the story. The madder you are, the more you're imagining yourself front row at a XXX Gallagher show, breathing in the butt stink and waiting for a rancid geyser of STDs to rain down on your tarp like the world's worst mayonnaise disaster.

The school initially defended Bailey for his demonstration, but with the growing pressure and each passing day the university's statements have become increasingly mealy-mouthed. On March 3rd they announced that they would be investigating Bailey. Investigate what? There are 100 witnesses who sat through a woman getting a Black and Decker jammed in her cooter for a class about sex. Case closed. I'm sure the syllabus for the class includes watching videos of acts much "worse" than a man sawzalling his wife's crotch.

> *"A man from the government is going to come in to talk about condoms, I will answer your questions about STDs, and then we're going to watch a video where a guy that looks like Patton Oswalt in a diving suit sits in a wading pool and asks a prostitute to puke out waffles and sausages onto his genitals."*

The difference is that one sex act is a recording produced in the basement of a dystopian blockhouse in the middle of Siberia and the Fucksaw is a live act performed by a married couple. None of the students who volunteered for the event are complaining, but parents of other students disapprove.

Should a college professor teaching a class to adults about other adults fucking each other be forced to ask parents of students not even in his class whether or not something is okay? My guess is the same dipshits that are mad about this would find about 90% of the material in the class objectionable. That's certainly the case with the braying morality legion being summoned by the heavy coverage the story has received. They want Bailey fired. No, that's not accurate, most of them probably want Northwestern University to be napalmed.

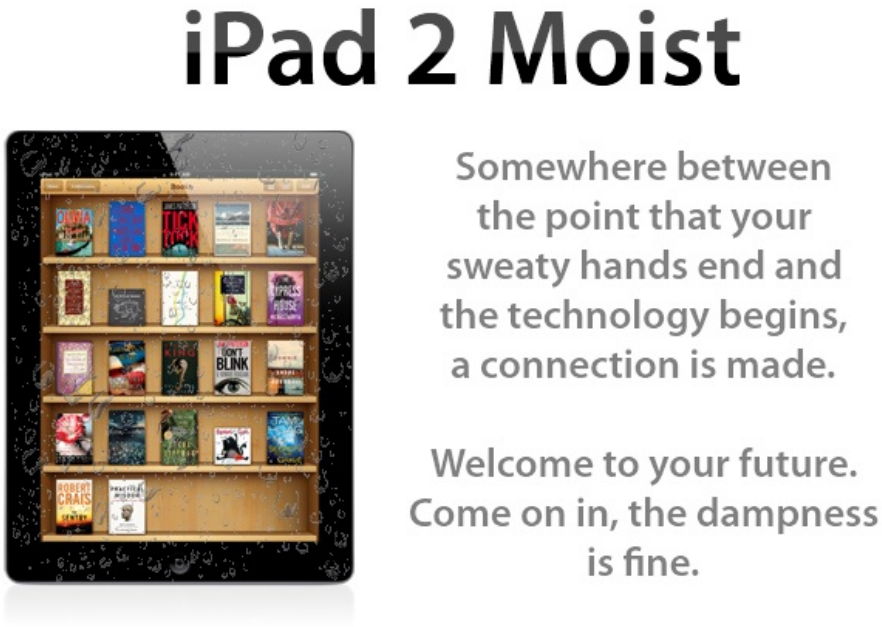
Professor Bailey should be free to invite two lesbians thrown out of a K.D. Lang concert for being too gross to come to one of his events and spend an hour giving each other pap smears. If a bunch of adults want to sign up for a class about sex then they, and their parents, should expect anything within legal boundaries to be acceptable. It's college, after all.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.5 Which iPad 2 Model Are You Getting?

Saturday, Mar 05, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'm swept up in the human tidal wave, my hand one of millions making grabby motions for an iPad 2. The only problem is that I just can't decide on a model to go with. They all seem so great! If you've already picked one, maybe you can help me figure out which one I should thrust my credit card toward and grunt greedily.


iPad 2 Moist
Somewhere between the point that your sweaty hands end and the technology begins, a connection is made.
Welcome to your future. Come on in, the dampness is fine.

iPad 2 Nano

The device that changed everything.

Now with 1/10th the screen.

iPad 2 Horizontal

Turning the world on its ear. Again.

iPad 2 More Magical Edition

Experience the magic.

This limited edition iPad 2 only displays websites and apps which include magic, wizards, and spells.

Why waste your time on anything else?

THUMBS
PODCAST ARCHIVE
5 November 6, 2008
The Wizard
This week, Nick was left for dead at Valve's offices where he played some kind of video game, Chris and Jake have experienced what's so amazing about LittleBigPlanet, and we keep attempting to cajole you into playing Far Cry 2. Plus: Will Gears of War 2 blow you away? We investigate. There may be a wizard.
Games Discussed: Left 4 Dead, Elemental: War of Magic, Gears of War 2, Far Cry 2, LittleBigPlanet, Empire Total War, Diablo III

iPad 2.2

The amazing convergence of liberal arts and technology, plus some bits that were left over. We did check the instructions. Twice. Yes, we checked the box too. Maybe they're just extras. It seems to run okay.

iPad 2 Post-PC

Apple sells 10% of all PCs.

Apple sells 80% of all tablets.

Therefore, we are in a post-PC world.

This limited edition of the iPad 2 will repeat the post-PC mantra until it is true. For $49 more, it will also claim that it is the biggest handheld video game platform.

iPad 2 Fuzz

No screen. No network. No ports or power cord.
Just soft, fuzzy, and twice as powerful
as a MacBook Pro.

iPad 2 Hot Dog
The tablet you love,
now with a hot dog.
Productivity

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.6 Troubleshooting Interactive Grandpa v5.2

Sunday, Mar 06, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Thank you for buying Interactive Grandpa v5.2, the most interactive grandfather program available for public use. We are sorry for any inconvenience. Listed are the solutions to the most common Grandpa related errors.

1. Grandpa makes no sound:

Make sure Grandpa is currently in disc drive.

Ensure speakers are plugged in and currently in "on" position.

Is Grandpa moving? If not please review solution tip number nine (9).

Is Grandpa not talking? Try asking a question regarding abortion.

2. If Interactive Grandpa does not start up immediately:

Make sure Grandpa is currently in disc drive.

Interactive Grandpa runs on independent schedule created to match the most realistic real-life Grandpa time.

Be sure to check Daily Schedule and Veteran Day Notifications in the Interactive Grandpa instruction manual for tips regarding hourly bathroom logs, sleep schedules, and Puzzle Time.

3. Grandpa is too racist:

To permanently remove programmed inappropriate and/or offensive comments, open the Minorities folder within Grandpa HUD and delete files Armenian.dll to Zionist.dll. Warning: For full immersion with Interactive Grandpa v5.2 it is advised that users do not alter Grandpa speech bank. Once deleted, racism cannot be replaced without full reinstallation.

For temporary fix, please purchase Butterscotch DLC, an add-on available in the Interactive Grandpa Store that allows user to "distract" Grandpa with mouthful of virtual Werther's candies.

4. Grandpa cries out during the night:

Please find the listing closest to your current problem.

4a. Grandpa crying for Cheryl, Julia, Margie, or Sue:

To momentarily calm Grandpa say that the person is currently on vacation, in college, dead.

For permanent fix, purchase wig, preferably shoulder length and brunette. Wear. Cook cabbage twice a week and speak in slow voice.

4b. Grandpa crying for Lindbergh kidnappers, North Vietnamese soldiers, the Noid:

Attempt to exit granpa.exe while avoiding Grandpa's line of vision.

User can be associated with anger and added to enemy list, thereby voiding any attempt at connection between user and Interactive Grandpa.

4c. Grandpa crying (general)

It is suggested that user simply ignore cases of general crying, sobbing, and weeping: While it is possible to momentarily soothe Interactive Grandpa, due to programming limitations and internal memory logs, it is ultimately a futile task to convince program that its existence is not confined to a computer desktop.

4d. Grandpa crying for death, sweet death, release from mortal coil, and/or combination:

Reset Grandpa by placing blanket over monitor until he is asleep. Upon waking Grandpa will believe it is in heaven. To extend sense of euphoria, execute step two solution for technical error 4a. Repeat as necessary.

5. Unspecified problems regarding email, internet access, and video drivers:

If ignored or unused, granpa.exe will attempt to "fix" portions of the hard drive without user acknowledgment. Fixes usually require minimal effort outside of opening Interactive Grandpa and asking what he has read in local newspaper. Advisory: Any permanent damage to computer is at the responsibility of user upon terms and conditions agreement. If you do not desire Grandpa to have access to portions of computer, reinstall granpa.exe and click "Limit Grandpa" during installation screen.

6. Grandpa not racist enough:

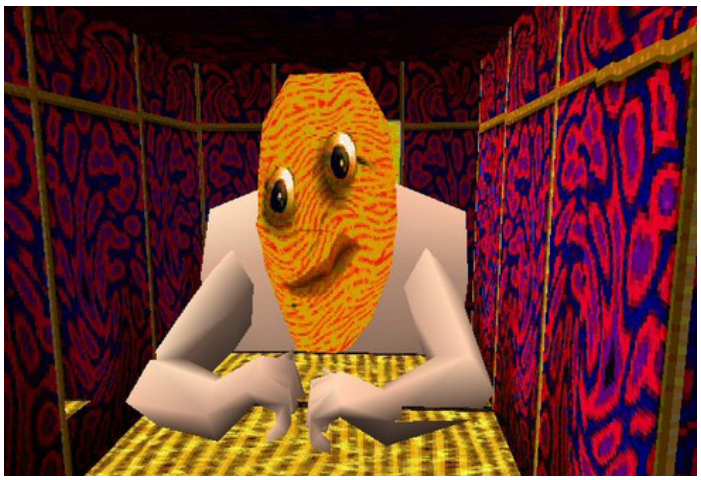
This section is currently under construction. Read More.

7. Grandpa audio loops:

Repeated stories and complaints are simply part of the Grandpa Experience and in no way an accident. Instead, sit back and enjoy the cycled tales of The War, his grandchildren, and the local mailman.

Audio looping for two (2) or more days is a known software glitch if users are upgrading to Interactive Grandpa v5.2 from v4.6 or earlier. To fix the problem: Install Patch Now or Remind Me Later

8. Grandpa looks like this:



Escape.

9. Grandpa is not moving:

Make sure Grandpa is currently in disc drive.

Try poking (Control + ALT + P) grandpa to see if it is in sleep mode.

Insult Eisenhower.

10. Grandpa is still not moving:

Restart granpa.exe. If Grandpa does not move it has likely "deceased."

Congratulations, you have fulfilled the full Interactive Grandpa experience. Please visit the Interactive Grandpa Store and purchase either the "Resurrector" (a one-time patch that adds three months to user's Grandpa lifespan) or the "Rememborator" (a respectful simulated funeral and a permanent virtual grave marker.)

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.7 Eight Reasons This New Pony is BS

Monday, Mar 07, 2011 by Madeline, age six (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Mommy and Daddy,

I am sorry, I have held off writing this as long as I could stand, but I am up to my fucking gills in pony bullshit here and I can't take it anymore. I know I spent three years asking for him, but Hank is not living up to my vision for a pony and he has got to go. Drive him out to a farm somewhere. Turn him loose. Bury him in a ditch. Send him down to Tijuana for the tourists. At this point I could not give a shit.

I realize I lobbied hard for Hank. Ponies have a great buzz. Lots of talk on the playground about ponies. That's the last time I listen to Kyle, that e-trade baby looking motherfucker. Sold me on this pony deal. I thought, hey, my life is basically shit, but this pony thing everyone is talking about could really turn things around. I sit here and play with dolls all day, listen to you guys fight, get frogs put in my hats by Timmy, sing along to some bullshit on TV, but what I really need is a pony. Golden maned fucking pony, you know what I mean? Bucolic motherfucker, running through fields with me, being my best friend. I was sold a line of shit or we picked a hum-dinger of a fucking lemon on this one. Maybe my expectations were too high. Mr. Ed meets fucking Bucephalus. But I wanted what I wanted and now we got what we got here: a shit show.

I realize this is going to be hard to accept after all that pressure I put on you guys, so I figured I'd better shit out some compelling fucking shit on this Hank issue.

Eight Reasons to Get Rid of Hank

1. Shit factory

This fucker eats a hundred pounds of shit a day. I mean I pictured a cup of pudding or some shortcake or something, but I feed this bitch 20 pounds of hay and oats and shit every goddamn day. Carrots, sugar cubes; he's a bottomless pit. All that food has got to go somewhere and it ends up in this dumb motherfucker's stall covered in piss. Things not being pictured when fantasizing about ponies: turd curds rollicking out of this stink king's butt pucker right in the middle of trying to comb him. He farts non-stop, pisses wherever, he basically lives in a sewer of his own creation.

2. Bright colors scare him

I wore red to the barn and this stupid motherfucker went nuts. What the fuck is that about? I know this dumb bitch didn't evolve some fucking freak out response to seeing four-foot-tall girls in a bright red dress. What the fuck is out there in nature that is bright red and scaring horses and where can I get one and turn it loose on Hank?

3. Cannot fly

Yeah, pin this on me or whatever, but I have been mis-fucking-led by my cartoons. You guys should have called me on this uninformed bullshit months ago because one of my selling points was that we'd save money on plane tickets. What the fuck did you think I meant?

4. Bites

Who the fuck knew horses bite? You see a squirrel or some shit and you want to pick it up but then you're like "oh, fuck, that dude is little but I bet he's got a wicked bite, better leave him alone" well guess the fuck what? Hank, that buck-toothed asshole, weighs about 800 pounds and he will bite the unholy fuck out of you if you're not paying attention. He bit my fucking hair and I swear to god he would have pulled me into the water and drowned my ass if he was an orca. Last time he tried to bite me I busted jazz hands and was all, "GLUE FARM BITCH" and faded into the shadows. Make him watch his back.

5. Expensive

95% of every allowance is being subverted by this money pit motherfucker. I mean maybe if I was investing in some guns or drugs or something that I could move it would be worthwhile, but as it is nobody is going to pay me shit for anything to do with Hank. Paddock fees and lunging fees, what the fuck is lunging? Why do I have a fee for that shit? Put him out in a field and let this dumbass run around until he pukes. He's way too stupid to learn anything worthwhile. If this keeps up I'm going to have to supplement the income I earn picking up my toys with some rougher work down by the docks. I will straight cut up some Cambodian motherfucker come off a tramp steamer with the wrong ways eyes. If that is what you want.

6. Ugly

I'm sorry, Hank looked cool as hell when you busted him out with his ribbon and shit and were like SURRRRPRISE MADDY! HAPPY BIRTHDAY! Well unhappy fucking New Year because guess who looks worse than a wrecked-up herpes mule motherfucker? It is this bitch. Hank. Flies biting

on him 24/7 and he is too lazy to do shit like some swole up Africa baby or something. Crosseyed, knots and tangles all over his mane. Looks like a James Brown mugshot had a kid with a whiskey keg.

7. Doesn't understand shit

I'm not expecting a Socratic dialogue with oats for brains, but it would be nice if when I started yelling "GET BACK" because he's standing on my foot he knew what the fuck to do. The only words he understands are "Whoa" and, for some fucked-up reason, "Police!" He will be great if we ever get raided by the cops and need a pony to just freak the fuck out and start kicking shit and making an uproar, but I work clean and there ain't shit the fuzz can put on me anyway.

8. No tricks

On top of not understanding shit at all this dumb motherfucker won't do shit. I tried to teach him to eat an orange and he bit me. I tried to show him how to paint and he knocked over all the paints and bit me. I tried to bring him upstairs to my room for a tea party and he went fucking nuts when I tried to show him the stairs and he ran around the house kicking and shitting like fucking Brue Lee ate a box of laxative. My dojo is fucking closed, kohai. The next time he bites me I swear to god I'll teach him the trick where I cut up his scalp and turn his face red.

I believe I have made a convincing argument. In summary, please get rid of Hank ASAP. I don't care if this stupid bitch lives or dies. In exchange for Hank I would like to rep Brick Squad with a tattoo of an ice cream cone on my face like Gucci Mane.

If this is not possible I will take an equivalent value in American Girl dolls and Skittles. Final offer before I start that crazy scream-crying that ends in me hyperventilating.

Love,

Madeline

-~Madeline, age six (@sexyfacts4u)

3.8 The Bloodlust of J.F. Swanton is Implacable

Tuesday, Mar 08, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

TO MY FAITHFUL I RETURN

To my loyal customers I humbly submit the apology so richly deserved! Long has been the absence of your servant, J.F. Swanton, and no doubt many trappers have died of starvation for want of a buyer to claim their inferior wares. I pride myself on purchasing furs too filthy, too mangled and too nefariously obtained to pique the commercial interest of scrupulous individuals like my dearest friend, the honorable P.B. Fouke. Though I hope my reputation as the cruelest man the United States has not abated during my time abroad, the specifics of my commercial guarantee may warrant reminder:

I will pay the HIGHEST PRICES for the WORST WARES. While my close friend P.B. Fouke buys immaculate pelts to supply the nation's finest luxury furriers, I will gladly buy mangy pelts to satisfy half-wild mongoloid brutes and clothe shivering rapists. Moreover, I employ my personal fortune to purchase bloodied and unrecognizable carcasses for no greater reason than my perverse delight in death, for every dripping clod of hair and flesh is a monument to the suffering of a beast.

To celebrate my return to the catalogue fur business, I will gladly add TWENTY PERCENT to the listed price of ANY FUR you send me.

TO PHILLIP BOND FOUKE I OWE MY LIFE

When last I corresponded with you, my dear customers, I had suffered an ordeal most invigorating: I was pushed down a well by assailants unknown and spent several weeks at the bottom, broken nearly in half and pinned under boulders. I survived by drinking my own fluids, shearing portions of my lips away with my teeth and eventually attracting a badger with my ecstatic wailing (this badger became my friend, main source of food and briefly my heir, though he is dead now).

It is thanks to my stalwart friend P.B. Fouke, the greatest and most honest man who ever operated in the fur business, that I survived. He hauled my shattered body from that hole and mothered me back to health, putting aside his business interests to nurture his chief rival. I owe him my life; I repay his kindness with this declaration:

~ I WILL MURDER FOUKE'S WIVES & CHILDREN NO MORE FOREVER ~

Yea, I repeat my claim: P.B. Fouke is my true and only friend, and never more will I murder his kin. Within the compass of this promise I declare that I will neither drive them to suicide, endeavor to catch them in my cruel traps nor put bounties on their lives so that others might murder them.

I do not promise that I will never slay P.B. Fouke himself, but he knows that if I do murder him, it will be only out of genuine love and necessity. And know ye, dear customer, that I do not employ the word "love" without pondering the full weight of its implications; just as Heracles took countless male lovers in legend, I love Mr. Fouke in the most masculine and physical manner permissible under heaven.

MY PROTRACTED ABSENCE IS HERE EXPLAINED

Following my time in that God-forsaken pit, grappling ceaselessly with the badger I came to respect so well, I suffered severe injury to my person. Even after Mr. Fouke restored me to health, I continued to walk with a limp and my once great oratory skills were diminished by the masses of scar tissue where my lips had been. I feared that a Swanton crippled would be a Swanton who risked resorting to the folly and frippery of my esteemed friend, P.B. Fouke, who for all his professional excellence and personal merit will always be the lily-white son of a poet.

I was a man incomplete, and only one thing could restore my wounded pride: mayhem, and blood by the gallon!

The very same day I left Fouke's care, I resolved to submit fully to the bloodlust that I contain, under normal circumstances, only as much as is strictly necessary to operate a business. I swung wide the door of my manse and emerged nude as a lion, bellowing my wordless threat to all beasts who dared to draw breath in this world.

Though I have always considered the live breath of an animal to be a personal insult, my resolve to slay as many things as possible was redoubled. I limped northward into the bleak wilderness, and for two and one quarter glorious years I carved a deep swathe of gore into the forest primeval, eating naught but fur and bone, drinking only blood and musk, sleeping in fresh carcasses each night.

My limp gave way to a lopsided trot, then a feeble gallop; in time, I ran again. Sometimes, during the sporting pursuit of a wolf, I would howl and run on all fours, a hateful parody of my pathetic quarry.

My total absence measured 827 days. In that time, I slew the following:

- 344 skunks;
- 1,841 rabbits and hares;
- 450 beavers;
- 77 black bears;
- 116 foxes;
- 87 bobtail cats;
- A number of raccoons which cannot be printed without special notation but which accounts for roughly 32% of the world total;
- 50 cougars;
- 120 minks;
- 34 martens;
- 77 elk (note: the same number as black bears, praise Lord God for his mysterious humor);
- 58 grizzly and Kodiak bears;
- 22 men, including six United States Senators;
- 184 wolves of all known varieties;
- 12 bats (a shameful figure, but my jumping faculties were impaired by injury);
- 2,039 squirrels, ground squirrels and chipmunks;

- 415 animals of assorted/unclassified species;
- And 1 Turkman.

Please note that these statistics do not include rodents, fish, lizards, snakes, birds and insects, which I gladly killed in passing but undertook no great efforts to pursue due to their inferior blood. I have also not included domesticated animals, such as horses, cows, sheep, dogs, cats and the like, since any boy child has killed dozens of each and there is no glory in it.

In addition, I have after decades of attempts narrowly surpassed my friendly rival P.B. Fouke in total number of animal species eradicated. I am guilty of the sin of pride, and may the Lord forgive me for this and my many other excesses, but I FULLY AND VERITABLY EXTINCTED THE FOLLOWING SPECIES FROM OUR WORLD:

- The Waterbaby
- The Whistling Badger
- The Swamp Tapir
- Clark's Lemur
- The Eastern Chenahannock Tribe
- The Blue Cacomistle
- The Ewoulk

TO ADD WEIGHT TO THE ABOVE CLAIM, I PLEDGE TO TURN OVER MY LANDS, MY BUSINESS AND ALL OF MY WORLDLY ASSETS TO ANY MAN WHO CONTRADICTS MY WORDS BY PRESENTING TO ME THE FRESH REMAINS OF ANY OF THESE EXTINCTED ANIMALS!

In celebration of the cornucopia of blood presented to my teeth by our just and merciful Lord, and in celebration of the seven species which I fully destroyed forever from this Earth, I insist that all customers deduct 20% from the price of all J.F. Swanton traps, still guaranteed to be the cruelest and most excessively torturous in existence.

My bloodlust has never been so implacable, and I pledge to translate my demented thirst for death into the lowest prices and fairest dealings in this noble industry. I AM THRILLED TO RETURN!

And with my own evil blood I'll swear it,

J.F. Swanton
President, Swanton Furs

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.9 MOUNDS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Mar 09, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

DOG PULLING CHARIOT is a must-see! Pulls ornate Roman-style chariot behind at all times, evoking stirring images of brutal coliseum death races. Chariot is too small for average person, but could fit a baby. 555-0023

BLASPHEMER! Vile pug dedicated to sullying the good name of the Lord, which is impossible since the Lord is invincible and cannot be hurt by barks, however foul they may be. 555-8236

DOG STUCK IN TREE outside my window. Not my dog. Tree is mighty high and dog doesn't know how to get down. He's yours if you can get him. There's also a naked guy up there with him on a different branch. Don't know what his story is. 555-9230

NOVICE DOG with little experience. Pretty terrible at most dog activities, like walking, eating, wagging tail, fetching. Unfortunately, he's just never going to figure it out. Good if you need a background dog. 555-2308

BUGGLES & HUMPHREY These inseparable pooches have been best friends since birth. Alas, their remarkable friendship must now come to an end, as I insist upon selling them to separate homes out of pure malevolence. 555-2837

SIR ARTHUR CANINE DOYLE is a beautiful and friendly English bulldog. Too bad he isn't living up to the awesome name I gave him. Want to try again with a fresh puppy. Come get him before I toss him into a quarry. 555-8275

EXPERIENCED ROACHER Tiny little Fealty loves to hunt down cockroaches. Kills 'em and piles 'em up nice and neat for you to inventory. Won't back down until you've counted them all. 555-2823

♥ PLEASE ADOPT SOON! ♥ I am an old woman not long for this world. I want to die knowing my beloved Rascal has a good home. He's sweet and loves chasing children until they collapse. 555-9233

THE BOW-WOW FACTOR Stunning, elegant dog model used to owning the catwalk, no pun intended. Dog sports the latest fashions from the biggest names. Thin, chic, gorgeous but relentlessly gassy. 555-2863

462 DAYS & COUNTING That's how long this stupid little yappy dog has been barking without interruption. Barks while sleeping, barks while eating, barks while I hold his mouth shut and threaten to murder him. Will do it if you don't stop me. 555-9923

HAN SOLO DOG encased in block of concrete, just like [illegible] Ford was in the

FOR SALE: DOG PIÑATA Kleptomaniac dog ate all my candy, then promptly expired. Need to recoup my investment, so please buy him as is, filled with over three pounds of mixed candies. Priced to sell! 555-1162

MEET STRUDELS - Loving, affectionate Lab has winning smile, largest concentration of stomach parasites in history. Can no longer afford complicated upkeep, eager to sell to a rich, handsome scientist. 555-6421

FOR SALE: DOG MOLD use to create authentic living dogs. Pour raw genetic materials into mold, then heat in standard household blast furnace. Makes large dogs only. $5500. 555-4449

ROCKABILLY RIDGEBACK has full-sleeve tattoos, big huge pompadour, and pack of cigarettes tucked under his collar. Howls a lot, too. Will trade for a laid-back adult contemporary dog. 555-6282

GIFTED BLOODHOUND has years of experience aiding police in search for missing persons. Still very sharp. Not ideal pet due to her unsettling ability to find dead bodies buried in shallow graves. Can't go anywhere without uncovering one. 555-7252

— FAT GREASY MESS — Excretes congealed bacon grease from [illegible] Fur is

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.10 Ticks!

Thursday, Mar 10, 2011 by Special Guest Writer Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

I came in from jaunting through the back yard with my dogs today to find that I had a tick on the cuff of my jeans. I haven't seen a tick in a while or even given so much as a thought to their existence, but today's run-in brought to mind a statement I'm sure everyone will agree with:

Ticks: straight from Satan's backyard to your own.

Fuck ticks.

I'm relatively certain that everyone reading this just shouted, "WORD!" and pumped their fist in agreement. If you, for whatever reason, have a sentiment regarding ticks which stands to conflict with my statement then you can take the Fuck-Off Train to Ignorant Shitheadville.

There's bound to be someone out there with a minimal understanding as to what a tick is. Ticks are tiny, hematophagic, ectoparasitic arachnids. To put it more simply, they're eight-legged creepy bitch-faces that cling to the flesh of the living and feed on their host's blood. Their entire lifespan revolves around hiding in grass, clinging to things, eating blood, making more ticks, spreading diseases, and dying.

"DISEASES!?" you query? Yes, and plenty of them. Much like Vietnamese prostitutes (which I have absolutely zero experience with), ticks do nothing more than fuck you over and leave you with a possible medical affliction. Some of the more popular diseases include Q fever, Colorado tick fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and everyone's favorite - Lyme disease, which can lead to headaches, nausea, rashes, depression, heart failure, damage to the nervous system, and constantly exploding skeletal features if gone unchecked. Great job, ticks.

Fact: TV's Patrick Warburton also causes anaplasmosis in cattle.

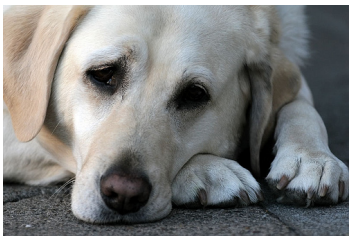
Somewhat like the STDs of the world, ticks come in countless hellish varieties. It's important for you the reader, to know exactly what kind of tick it is you're dealing with should you have a run-in with one of these little bloodsucking, cocksucking, ass-suckers. Some of the more common ticks you may encounter are:

Deer Tick (*Ixodes scapularis*):
The deer tick is by far the most rampant and readily available piece of shit in the tick family. Of all ticks, this little black-legged bitch is the best at spreading disease about the country. When deer ticks aren't passing lime disease around like a dildo at a monastery, they're also notorious for developing keyboard loggers and browser hijackers.

Brown Dog Tick (*Rhipicephalus sanguineus*):
Brown dog ticks, as you can tell by their clever name, are brown and prefer to feast on dogs. These little fellas are unique in that they can complete their entire life cycles indoors, i.e. homes, kennels, animal shelters, Starbucks. If you encounter a brown dog tick in your home, the best thing you can do is ask it for rent/electricity/grocery money. Brown dog ticks are notoriously cheap and will retreat when the issue of money comes up.

Rocky Mountain Wood Tick (*Dermacentor andersoni*):
The rocky mountain wood tick is hated by not only humans, but other species of ticks as well. Most rocky mountain wood ticks are loaded with money via inheritance or trust funds. These most affluent of arachnids spend a majority of their time flaunting their fancy clothes and racing around in souped-up jet boats. The less-wealthy ticks usually scoff at rocky mountain wood ticks or send them threatening e-mails.

When ticks aren't fucking with people they're fucking with our pets. Having owned a series of satisfying dogs throughout my life, I've had more than enough run-ins with ticks. I like having dogs as pets for the same reason as everyone else: I love to pet soft things but am lazy enough to require that said soft things come to me when called. Dogs seem to fit the bill perfectly. There aren't many simple things in life that I can equate to the pleasure of nestling down in my recliner to pet a warm and loving dog curled up in my lap. On the flip side of the coin, I can't list many things that infuriate me as much as when my hand glides across the smooth surface of my dog's precious noggin only to feel a peculiar lump underneath his fur. The scenario has become so familiar to me that I don't even have to check a second time... I know a tick when I feel one. Everything is totally fucked at this point. My dog petting has been disrupted, I've discovered a parasite flesh-raping my beloved pet, and I now have to commit to properly removing the tick in a safe and veterinarian-approved manner.



Ticks: responsible for a 26% worldwide increase in Dog Sadness.

Tick removal is an absolutely shit task. If you ask your grandpappy or gram-grams how to remove a tick they'll more than likely tell you one of two things: hold a match to the tick or smother it in mineral oil.

The first of these old school methods is cruel and barbaric... to the host that is... I could give a fuck what the tick thinks about it. Why on earth would you want to subject yourself, a loved one, or your pet to the intense heat and subsequent pain of a burning match? You're already saddled with the misfortune of being a mobile buffet for this tiny asshole, now you have to injure yourself to get it to stop? Nay, I say.

The mineral oil method, in theory, seems like a more well-thought and consequence-free course of action. The idea is that the tick is not only temporarily smothered, but will also accidentally ingest the oil, causing it to back off, apologize, and write you a check for damages. The problem with this little trick is that the mineral oil can cause the tick to vomit the contents of its stomach back into your skin. That tiny wound on your head/arm/leg is now being pumped full of your own blood, any other blood the tick had eaten previously, and possibly a healthy dose of those diseases we talked about earlier. Pouring mineral oil on a tick is essentially the same as having the previously mentioned Vietnamese hooker snowball you. Delicious.

No, that's not a friendly be-legged bean pumping disease after disease into your dog's scalp.

The two most current and acceptable methods for tick removal are to either grab it near the jaws/head area with sterile tweezers and slowly pull it away from your skin, or shoot it directly in the face with a small pistol. The latter of these two procedures will cause a great deal of damage to the tick's host, but is ultimately worth it and should serve as an example to other ticks.

In the preceding paragraphs I've only barely scratched the surface of how absolutely troublesome, annoying, and worthless ticks are. On top of all of this ticks are generally repulsive in appearance as well. Being a hideous creepy-crawly isn't necessarily reason enough to dislike an organism. There's a slew of physically detestable life forms on this planet that still find a way to contribute to the world around them. Take spiders for example. Sure they're ugly and give most people the heebie-jeebies, but they also capture and kill other detestable vermin. I've even heard tales of a spider who saved the life of an endearing pig through monosyllabic artwork. Rats may be dirty, vile, disease-toting mini-monsters, but they're gracious enough to test our cancer medicines and lip balms before we subject ourselves to them. And let's not forget the welfare moms, who thanklessly help devour the mounds of unused cash our government has sitting around just going to waste. Ticks on the other hand have found a way to be physically objectionable while providing nothing of worth to the ebb and flow of their environment.

I'm sure there's some aspiring arachnologist or entomologist who has accidentally stumbled across this article and is positively outraged by what they're reading. Given the opportunity, I bet they would present to me some form of Darwinian-based argument suggesting how ticks play a crucial role in natural selection by helping to spread microbiotically superior diseases to a series of hosts who are not fit to survive. Just in case you're considering emailing me anything even closely related to the nonsense in the previous sentence, allow me to offer up my rebuttal in advance:

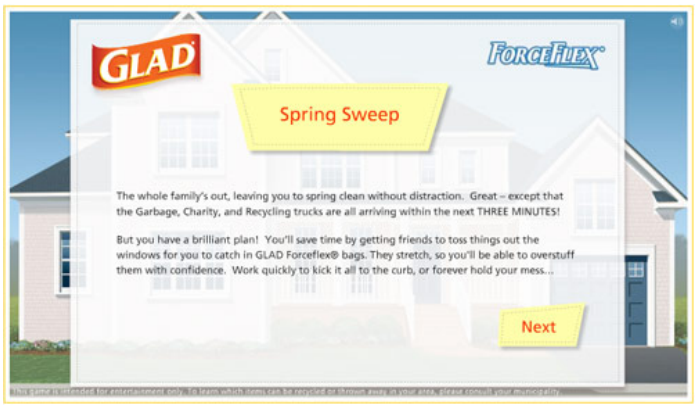
Ticks have never killed off a species... ever. They never have and they never will. The only thing ticks have managed to kill is Patrick Warburton's likeability between 2001 and 2003. Besides, we have AIDS, meth, and shotguns now - we can handle the whole natural selection thing just fine. Your job here is done ticks - now go the fuck away.

-~Special Guest Writer Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

3.11 Corporate Flash Games Overanalyzed

Friday, Mar 11, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

ForceFlex Trash Bags Spring Sweep Game


GLAD
FORCEFLEX
Spring Sweep
The whole family's out, leaving you to spring clean without distraction. Great – except that the Garbage, Charity, and Recycling trucks are all arriving within the next THREE MINUTES!
But you have a brilliant plan! You'll save time by getting friends to toss things out the windows for you to catch in GLAD Forceflex® bags. They stretch, so you'll be able to overstuff them with confidence. Work quickly to kick it all to the curb, or forever hold your mess...
Next

Gameplay: It's time to clean house for Spring! You control a woman as she walks, without any particular urgency, back and forth in front of her house holding a ForceFlex trash bag. She attempts to catch an assortment of objects and trash hurled out of her house's windows by a gaggle of female friends.

GLAD
ForceFlex
How to play
You earn:
500 Stretchable Strength™ Points – for catching bulky items.
200 Diamond Texture Points – for catching edgy items.
100 Odor Shield® Points – for catching smelly items.
You lose points for each missed item.
Use your arrow keys to move left and right to catch objects in your bag.
Let's get cleaning!

Points are awarded based on the type of item you catch and how that item is handled by various positive attributes of the ForceFlex trash bag.

Goal: Catch and bag everything thrown out of the house and pile the garbage bags up in your driveway to be collected by garbage trucks, recycling trucks, and trucks collecting for charity. You are supposed to catch everything. This is impossible as objects are often thrown out of windows on opposite sides of the house almost simultaneously.

Overt Message: ForceFlex bags are sturdy and can hold large objects like VCRS, Elvis statues and framed paintings without tearing open. Americans own and want to get rid of large numbers of coat hangers and stacks of newspapers. Only women can be Spring cleaners.

Deconstructed: Glad advocates a bizarre ritual of suburban one-upsmanship for the vaguely-responsible bourgeois. Housewives, almost gleefully happy, act as guardians of the household and desire to build a wall and fortify their properties with swollen ForceFlex bags. These walls they construct are more than our 21st-century ramparts, we desire neighbors and passersby to marvel at the sheer volume of what we don't need. Immaculate garbage trucks whisk away our excess to be enjoyed by those "less fortunate."

Glad celebrates a post-gluttony America, a suburbia staggering through the aftermath of Caligulan gorging. We wallow in the byproduct of our consumer culture and Glad implores us, "Be proud, fill your bags." Trash is status. Waste is wealth.

A Better Version: Follow the truck out of suburbia, through increasingly desolate streets, and into a wasteland where the ForceFlex bags are upended into a pit and thousands of scurrying children battle over a faded sweatshirt and a broken VCR. Each battle won and each trash reward grants you pennies for better junkyard equipment and advances you on your way towards becoming Gladlord.

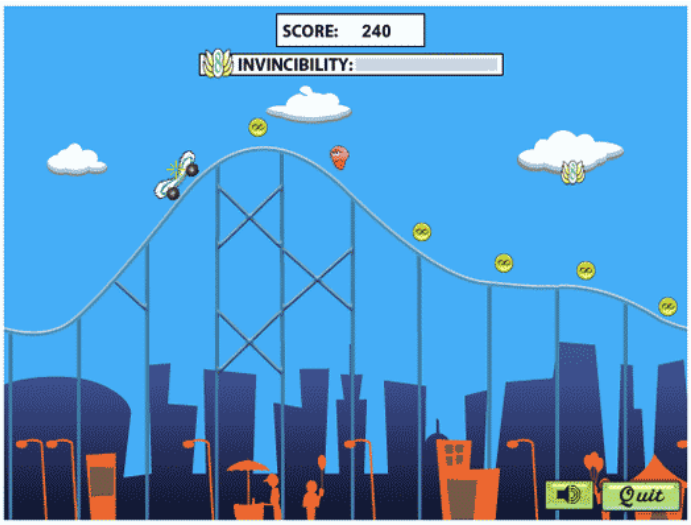
Moral: Never ask your friends to help you clean your house because they're going to throw paint cans and guitars out of second story windows onto your driveway.

Procter & Gamble Present: Always Maxipads Roller Coaster Ride

Gameplay: Experience the thrill-ride of menstruation! Control a Maxipad roller coaster as it climbs up hills and plunges into troughs. Press space bar to make the roller coaster jump. Sure. Makes sense.

Along the path of the pad coaster you collect coins and power ups that are always invulnerability. The randomly-placed baddies are based on symptoms of the menstrual cycle and one touch will derail your fun in a splat, bringing an end to the game.

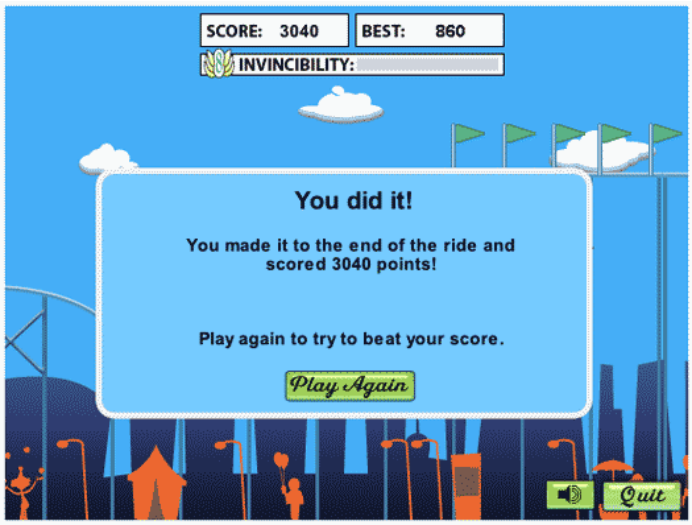
Goal: Get to the end, collect money, and try not to hit (experience) a symptom of menstruation. Because the enemies are randomly placed this may be completely impossible or extremely easy. The entire roller coaster ride lasts about 30 seconds. There is only one level.



Overt Message: Menstruation, like an unsafe carnival ride, is exciting and dangerous. Always Maxipads will take you on that ride and allow you to jump over obstacles including being a bitch, being a crabby bitch, bleeding out of your woman hole, and looking fat, you fatty. Because life is unpredictable you may just have to deal with being a bitch and not having fun several times in a row. Periods are also very, very short.

Deconstructed: A skeletal roller coaster towers above buildings and people seen only in silhouette. The rails are lined with coins that we must collect to gain, but the numbers are meaningless. On this roller coaster we can only travel forward, but do we forge ahead for the rewards of monetary gain or for the intoxicating thrill of danger? We are told to reach the end safely, but is the end

the goal or is it the journey? These questions are left open-ended by the developer, the only thing certain is that half of the risk involved in the menstrual cycle relates to women throwing tantrums.


SCORE: 3040
BEST: 860
INVINCIBILITY:
You did it!
You made it to the end of the ride and scored 3040 points!
Play again to try to beat your score.
Play Again
Quit

A Better Version: A rhythm game depicting a woman's uterus. Create a play list of your own mp3s and keep time with your favorite Joanna Newsom track to shed bloody gobs of the uterine lining. An Always pad clutches the gory trench accepting the crimson rain of Her lunar sacrifice.

Moral: Under no circumstance should you ever get aboard a roller coaster made out of Maxipads. It is very dangerous and likely to derail. It also jumps.

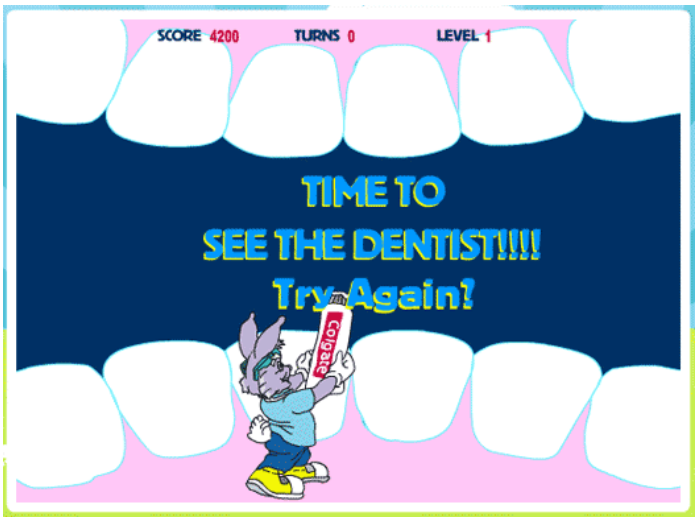
Attack of the Plaque Monsters (thanks Abe)

Gameplay: Cartoonish columns of plaque monsters armed with picks and claws descend into your mouth, presumably to cause dental disease. You navigate Dr. Rabbit very, very slowly from side to side using the arrow keys and press space bar to launch a blast of toothpaste that disappears. Hit a bonus block for some extra points.

Goal: Your goal is genocide. You and Dr. Rabbit are to deploy Colgate and annihilate the plaque monsters. Unfortunately, this is impossible. Dr. Rabbit shuffles around the screen like he was run over by a train and even though you can hold down arrow keys to move if you press space bar to fire it interrupts the movement and you must press the arrow key again.

Overt Message: Colgate toothpaste cannot stop the spread of plaque in your mouth. Each day you begin again with ranks of plaque descending upon your teeth and you, armed only with an ineffective toothpaste tube and a mouth rabbit with a questionable doctorate, are powerless to stop the plaque.

Deconstructed: The entirety of the game takes place, not upon the field of battle of a tooth or around the gum line, but deeper within the mouth itself. The battle has already been internalized. It is man, in the form of a proxy wielding a squirting bottle of Colgate, versus himself, in the form of the bacteria accumulating in his own mouth. The bacteria marches relentlessly, as time itself takes its toll on our bodies. You have thee tries to stop it, but your chances are only a mockery as it is impossible to extinguish all of the germs descending in ranks deeper into your body.



Whatever the effort of Dr. Rabbit, that great conqueror, time, will have us all. At the end of three "turns" we are told to visit the dentist, a paternalistic appeal to a higher power: clean the teeth, scrape the gums, render us *tabula rasa* for our next turn upon the mandala.

A Better Version: Vigorous brushing causes bleeding gums and admonitions from your dentist to "floss, for Christ's sake"

Moral: Indefatigable and remorseless, plaque cannot be stopped. Nothing can hope to save you. Spend all day every day at the dentist. We are always dying and always living and all of this will happen again.

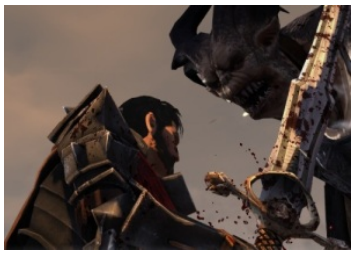
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.12 Dragon Age II Is Mediocre, BioWare Is Becoming Terrible

Saturday, Mar 12, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When Dragon Age: Origins, the most old school *PC RPG*-ish RPG in years, sold more copies than Mass Effect 2, it was an encouraging sign. After all, if a game with counter-spells, trap disabling, and +1 rings could succeed to such a degree in the current market, my life might have some meaning.

With the follow-up, BioWare had a chance to refine the original's few weak spots and bring the rewarding complexities of a PC RPG to a larger audience which was clearly capable of following along. Instead, they rushed development to get dollars sooner and decided to "streamline" just about every element.



If you aren't familiar with BioWare, their definition of streamlining is "attempting to combine several nuanced things in a very simplistic way that any idiot can understand, without doing any of those things very well".

Dragon Age II spreads itself thin while trying to please everyone in the most calculated and ugly ways possible. It is short and repetitive and all sorts of dumb, and occasionally competent and even inspired in spite of itself. The game swings between weirdly bland and weirdly entertaining like nothing else, even if the latter doesn't happen enough.

Story

Good

I like the idea of a relatively restrained RPG. In my opinion, Mass Effect should have been entirely about upholding space laws, solving crimes, and eventually taking down criminal nemesis along the lines of Moriarty. No saving the world/universe. Just a lot of detail and character.

For most of Dragon Age II, you are simply a dude stabbing people in a big city. There isn't a terrible threat to mankind driving the story. There are only local problems to be solved, old acquaintances and enemies to hint at your past, and a surprising number of thugs that transform into glittering piles of treasure ten seconds after death.

It occurs to me that you could discover the weight of a human soul by weighing the body just before death, waiting for the corpse to fade, then weighing the remaining bones and loot and calculating the difference. Unfortunately, I am going to grab that sweet berserker helm every time so you'll never get an accurate reading.

Evil

The opening of the game states that you're a hero destined to save the world. This completely undercuts the game's laid back progression, planting the seed in your head that you have an appointment with World Threat #295. That single move trivializes every low key quest to some extent.

Even if the game hadn't told you about your GLORIOUS DESTINY, the story lacks focus. Rather than exploring with purpose as you go from one story arc to the next, you meander because you

need some more experience and your journal reminds you there are a billion arrows to move towards.

Combat

Evil

In an effort to make the combat more satisfying on consoles, a greater emphasis has been placed on quick default attacks. On the PC your character autoattacks. Console players, however spam the same button again and again. It's all the busy work of an action game with none of the depth, since there is no block, dodge, or even the ability to hold the attack then release it for more damage.

You don't get to use special abilities often, since they either have extraordinarily long cooldowns or use a large amount of mana/stamina, which runs out far too quickly and regenerates at the speed of my social life. As a result, fights generally devolve into autoattack snoozefests punctuated by occasional abilities.

Worst of all, the strategic battles in Dragon Age: Origins are gone. Instead of spotting a group of bad guys and surveying their classes and environmental positioning before forming a battle plan, you now come across small groups of low-health trash mobs standing in cramped hallways, kill them, then face seemingly endless swarms of magically appearing replacements.

Just about every single fight plays out like this. Positioning your own party is pointless since the first wave of enemies dies so quickly and the next wave swarms in from every possible direction. It's like playing chess with someone that swipes the pieces off the board every turn.

Good

Melee combat has a much nicer feel to it. Hawke will always close the last few feet between himself and the enemy with a satisfying jump attack. You get more genuinely interesting abilities to play with this time around, from teleporting backstabs to enemy-attracting dummies that explode to charging tackles that knock crowds of dudes on their butts. It would be nice if you could use these more often.

The combat animations and effects are so profoundly stupid and over the top that there are occasional moments of brilliance.

I was fighting a swarm of bad dudes in a secret passage that was identical to another secret passage I had discovered earlier. Perhaps the architect figured he could get away with that. They are secret, after all. What were the chances of a customer discovering his sloppiness?

Anyway, guys were being gutted left and right. Blood was flying everywhere, people were screaming, backflipping, exploding, etc. The last guy, a mage with a tiny sliver of life left, cast a magic barrier around himself. My party quietly gathered around him as he hovered in his protective bubble. After ten or so seconds, the barrier disappeared. My hypersexualized pirate rogue lady nudged the mage with her foot. This was the weakest looking kick ever, like someone gently shooing a puppy. The guy burst like a garbage bag full of pimples and flames.

Visuals

Good

This time around, the game actually implements an art design. When the lighting is at

its best, it casts stark shadows across characters in a striking way, giving them stylistic appearances that are reminiscent of cel shading while retaining a nice level of detail.

There seem to be more pieces of armor for your character with distinct appearances, something BioWare has skimped out on in almost every game they've made. Some of the preorder bullshit looks like something a Final Fantasy artist would mod into Oblivion, but most of Hawke's gear in the main game looks really nice.

Evil

When the lighting isn't at its best, everyone just looks sort of weird. Not terrible, just uncomfortably between real and cartoony. You know, like anyone on the current season of Celebrity Apprentice.

There is no variety in your party members' armor, and less variety in the game's environments. Each area is seemingly made up of buildings that are identical save for the occasional locked door, pile of rubble blocking the way, or kindly corpse with a delicious health potion tucked into his skull.

Quests

Good

As in all of BioWare games, most of the quests show creative flairs or are at least bookended by conversations that make them feel unique. Killing an ambusher will uncover a note which leads to a hidden location, which contains an empty chest, which makes you realize that you've been misdirected while someone else puts their plan in motion.

There's nothing on the level of the murder mystery in Knights Of The Old Republic or the fantastic Noveria sequence in Mass Effect, but individual quests within the otherwise dry story arc generally feel worthwhile and are presented with a level of creativity and competence that goes beyond most modern RPGs.

Evil

As in all BioWare games, character motivations are still mostly shallow. When a party member or someone in a quest shows a second dimension, you feel optimistic about where things are going, then realize that was it. Occasionally, you find yourself having hilariously "tender" sex just because it's expected at this point.

The game is also packed with filler quests in which you uncover an object, then return it to its apparent owner. These bits have no cinematics, no player driven input, and no real point.

You walk up to a priest, click him, then Hawke randomly spouts a line such as a sarcastic "*Here's that thing you live for*" as he hands over the ashes of a nun and gets some experience. These bits are so numerous and creatively hollow that they were obviously put in to pad the game's relatively short play time.

Verdict

Dragon Age II is by no means a terrible game. It is, however, a wildly uneven experience. Its high points are undercut by the cynical approach of its developers to appeal to as many people as possible by restraining themselves at every turn instead of picking a direction and giving it their all.

In the years following Baldur's Gate II, BioWare has shown a frustrating tendency to underachieve. Their games certainly have all the building blocks of something special. A lot of work goes into lore, characters are presented in interesting (if not always believable) ways, and there are usually several quests or areas which stand head and shoulders above the competition. For some reason, however, the end result always feels like it's missing a level of depth, whether in character interactions, game systems, or variety of items/skills.

I hope that the company takes a step back and examines the decisions which led to these deficiencies and ultimately this game, then lives up to their full potential with the next project. Preferably a nerdy RPG.

If that doesn't happen, at least we'll probably get Baldur's Gate III, the Heavy Rain clone where you stop the end of the world by handing flowers to bugbears until they love you and a steamy saxophone plays.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.13 Subj: I WANT MY DEPOSIT BACK

Sunday, Mar 13, 2011 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! i am currently embroiled in a dispute that puts my credibility and honor to the test!! I remembered that I am still in a war of words trying to get the deposit back from the landlord that your mother and I rented from over 30 years ago. He kept it from me because he said my damage to the property had to be repaired but he was just a doofus who looked at a home improvement horse in the mouth. My "damage" was actually a successful ecosystem built and designed by yours truly to skyrocket the value of the home in the eyes of the right owner. I did him a favor!!!!

You see, before your birth, there was a time when your mother and I thought we could not have kids. For 3 years no babies came out. It was fine with me but she wanted to birth bad so I brainstormed ways to make her feel better and on Valentine's Day i got her a whole bunch of cats to take care of. At first she was pretty mad but then she began to like some of the cats, and then eventually she liked all of the rest of the cats. (The second group of cats typically attacked the first group. They were vicious and sick pets)

Before long, the landlord came to visit and said "Hey You Can't Have 20 Cats In The House LIke This And They Can't All Keep Fighting All The Time" to which I said "Try Me" and built a cat ecosystem

Throughout the entire home there were these huge lofty ceilings and they really made a man feel at home!! So I cut circular openings in all the walls up near the ceiling and installed a large network of clear tubes that ran all through the house, in and out of every room. They were all interconnected and we rented a ladder and put the older and more vicious cats in there so they could walk around the house to see how nice cats are supposed to act. i also installed trap doors on the tubes in each of the rooms so if you see a good-looking cat and want to take it out to pet it, you can. But since the ceilings were so high you had to use a hook on the end of a long metal pole to open the door and the cat had to leap down into your arms. I don't remember how we got cats back up there

Now imagine if you will a world in which you can sit in your den and live the easy life!! You are enjoying a big book and having a sip of tea when you hear an old cat moaning from 3 rooms away, its groans reverberating through the plastic tube. It is walking slowly toward your location and you are about to get ready to enjoy the cat's company! So you get excited and put the book down and get up and grab the hook pole and just when you're about to unlatch the door so you can get the cat, some other undesirable cat shows up from the other direction! then you pound on the tube with the pole to make it take off, but then the good cat runs off too and now none of the cats are around. This was my folly a bunch of times before I decided on the "No Banging" rule. it was then forbidden for any guests to use the hook pole to bang on the tubes to make

the cats be quiet including the landlord and I think this is what made him so mad

i am going to get my $380 back!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! GOODBY!!!!!!!!

THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN!!

-~Dad (@fart)

3.14 YouLead: Foreign policy, by you

Monday, Mar 14, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

shoot some missiles at kadafi curtispepperz

proposal: goddamn kadafi is killing people who want to get rid of him. I propose we take a missile submarine over there and shoot missiles at his house and kill his sons and all the generals. also we should fire a missile at any statue of him and if they have torture police (more)

Japan apologizes for pearl harbor before my tax dollars help them armydad

proposal: Japan did pearl harbor on the USA in a traitorous sneak attack upon our shores. In coaction with that information I propose that we refuse to give our rescue dogs and helicopters to Japan to rescue the people there until they apologize for pearl harbor. Also they should admit that they deserved to have the atomic (more)

drill more oil in Africa doubleddwight

proposal: Because gasoline is too expensive and the american economy needs gasoline to drive our trucks how do you think you get your pizza ingredients and your lionel trains mail ordered off of ebay you get it from gasoline well if buttcrack obuttmoms won't drill up perfectly good USA oil or give the leases for offshore drilling then we should give leases for (more)

BAN GEORGE SOROS FROM USA FOR TREASON nra4ever

proposal: GEORGE SOROS AND HIS MONEY MANIPULATE USA ELECTIONS FOR YEARS WITH HIS HIDDEN AGENDA. GEORGE SOROS IS A NAZI COLLABORATOR AND AN ISLAMIC AND ITS TIME TO GET HIM OUT OF AMERICA SO MY TAX DOLLARS ARENT GOING TO FUND HIS SCHEMES ANYMORE ALSO I THINK THAT RACHEL MADDOW SHOULD SUCK (more)

Nuke pakistan wendy_usa1

proposal: we all know osama bin ladin is up in pakistan and this goes alongside my navy seals in pakistan proposal please vote that up also we need to IMMEDIATELY launch a retalitory nuclear attack on pakistan with 4-6 nuclear bombs on their cities to be sure we eliminate osama bin laden also wait until the navy seals (more)

Navy Seal in pakistan wendy_usa1

proposal: I saw on kudlow he said oil prices are about uncertainty in the market over the middle east but one thing I am certain about the middle east is that osama bin laden is on the loose in pakistan and it is time we send some of america's number one killing machines the US NAVY SEALS to pakistan to get him. I propose sending the snipers who shot the pirates and also if they have a heavy gunner and an explosives expert plus at least one guy who can speak pakistani so if they have to fast talk a (more)

is there a way we could have a peace treaty autism_vaccmom

proposal: yes thank you, my proposal is that we gather everyone in charge of a country together in a neutral and friendly place and if we could have them all sign a peace treaty to outlaw all wars and violence. also i would like to propose that if we have enough food we share it with the people who need food. no more hungry kids thank (more)

EVERYDAY IS HALLOWEEN boohalloweentom

proposal: Halloween is every day now. Ghosts and ghouls are on the loose. There is a monster set loose from a castle with glowing red eyes. Wolfmen driving cars. I woke up and saw a ghost of my brother (2nd site) because I can see beyond veil. Ghosts will take over by 2012. We'll always be scared and we'll love it. The best president will be president Ghostman and (more)

Gradual Reduction of US Troops Abroad sensiblemanfred

proposal: Due to mission creep, a lack of clear objectives, and budgetary problems, I propose that we accelerate troop reductions in Afghanistan and Iraq to remove all US forces before 2012. A strategic draw-down of US forces in other nations, including Germany, Japan, South Korea, and elsewhere could help control (more)

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.15 Subj: Your Depost Refund Request

Tuesday, Mar 15, 2011 by ValuHome Properties, Inc. (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

Dear Valued Former Tenant,

In regards to your latest letter, we have consulted with our attorneys, and we have concluded that you will absolutely not be receiving your full deposit of $600 back. Not now, not ever. Far too much damage has occurred to the property, and the threatening photos you enclosed of yourself giving rude gestures did not help your case.

The "cat ecosystem" you mentioned (which we not only had to dismantle, but first hose out) cost the entirety of your deposit to repair. Not to mention the other things we'd found upon further inspection:

- A significant amount of prior horse activity. While horses were not explicitly forbidden in your lease, we did notice a great deal of damage and other property perturbations caused by the horse. This includes chewed-up fence boards, a crumpled piece of paper reading "Dad, please, the horse keeps sticking his head in our windows while we're trying to sleep," and a nearly complete horse skeleton.

- A mural commemorating a rather large cat. We do allow our tenants to provide a proper burial for pets, but a mural in the garage does not apply. Furthermore, the mural was poorly-done, the cat's head appeared to have been crushed, and the mural featured a caption of "RIP CAT!!!!!!!!!!!" with exclamation points that extended across two additional walls.

- A half-buried pamphlet about transsexualism in the workplace. This wouldn't particularly be a big deal, but it looks as if the pamphlet has been buried and then dug up repeatedly for years, as if someone had been reading it on occasion. The organic vegetable garden in which it was buried has been destroyed.

- Several dead rats, each with their own tiny cross made of popsicle sticks. Some of the rats had nametags attached to their tails that read "FRIEND" and "FOE" while others said "????". Supposedly their allegiances weren't entirely apparent upon death.

- An incredibly foul mattress placed on the floor of the gazebo and covered with a large plywood board, as if we wouldn't notice.

- Several disgusting, partially decomposed pillowcases. Extremely greasy and piled in the corner of a hall closet, likely to hide the fact they existed.

- A photo of a bulldog with the caption "Big Deal" written over it. This would not be a "Big Deal" had it not been paper machéd over the address numbers on the front of the property.

- A photo album full of photographs of an extremely obese woman on a rotating bed. The bed appears to catch fire.

We hope this helps you understand our reasoning for retaining your deposit. We wish you the best of luck with your future living arrangements.

ValuHome Properties, Inc.

-∼ValuHome Properties, Inc. (@fart)

3.16 Dear Mr. Mayor

Wednesday, Mar 16, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dear Mr. Mayor series.

Mr. Mayor,

I'm at my wit's end dealing with these disrespectful Clawmen. In the past hour alone I've witnessed a Clawman clawing down a power line, a mailbox, and several cars driving down Alpine St. Nobody is out stopping it, not the police, not the fire department, and not even the boys from the electric company.

My own son has incurred a Debt of Claw from a Clawman, and it's only a matter of time before it comes to collect. If you don't think the Clawman invasion is having an impact on the community or commerce, you're kidding yourself, bucko.

I'm having to drive to nearby Welpsburg just to get my groceries, because the Clawmen clawed all our grocery stores to pieces, along with all the food inside.

Do I need to remind you that I'm a VOTER?? DO SOMETHING!! I am a tax payer and I don't deserve this.

George Handlebrother

ATTN: Mayor,

There is nothing more degrading than getting caught in the grasp of a Clawman's horrible metallic pincer claws, which have the unique ability to tear through any earthly material. That is how I lost my arm and my ability to fire a gun. I am no longer able to protect my family or the Constitution of this great land.

I want to know what you plan to do for citizens like me and how you intend to put an end to the Clawman rampage, which, as of today, has left much of the town in ruins.

Eagerly awaiting your response,

Rick Loyal

Mayor,

We've got a major crisis brewing here in town. I know you've got your hands full working on important civic issues like the expansion of sidewalks on Water Tower Road, but there's a serious matter that requires your immediate attention: murderous Clawmen are pouring out of a large fissure in the town square and attacking everything in sight.

These Clawmen are made of a metal not from this world, and have the ability to claw through any material that appears in front of them.

As we all know, the Clawman heart pumps for one purpose only: to supply blood to its cruel, merciless claws. And simply clawing things in half isn't enough for them. They have to meticulously claw and squeeze until there is nothing left but dust.

Without prompt action, our town may not survive. Please address this matter as soon as possible.

Thank you,

Angela Chambers,
a concerned citizen

WHAT DID YOU DO?

I don't know how you offended the Clawman King, but you better sacrifice yourself before he takes the whole town out as part of your Debt of Claw. Don't you know how these guys operate? We should never have let you go to that big city mayor's conference, because you've brought back all their big city problems like Clawmen, who are so hell-bent on clawing everything in sight they can't be reasoned with.

No thank you, mayor.

Carl Menendez

I was going to congratulate you on finally getting the stray cat problem under control, but I guess I should be thanking the Clawman King instead. While I'm at it, maybe I should thank him for finally doing something about the lack of curbside parking on Franklin St, since all the cars there are now piles of metal dust.

And I bet the Clawman King would just claw through the idea of raising taxes. He's got my vote. You don't. Shape up or ship out.

Pete Loam

Mr. Mayor,

You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your administration has allowed vicious Clawmen to invade our modest town and run riot. Worse, teenagers are starting to emulate their behavior, pretending to claw things or donning pruning shears to go out and vandalize the neighborhood.

I moved here to get away from nonsense like this, and now it's everyday life. If you have any decency, you will send these Clawmen packing, even if you have to march to the Clawman homeworld of Clawmania and tell the Clawman King to pack it up.

Until then, you can bet I'm going to have some colorful things to say to the editors of the local paper. Hope you like seeing your shortcomings in print.

Dolores Krokk

It's been a week since the Clawmen invaded and you have not done a damn thing to stop them.

The Clawmen have clawed my house, my family, and our horses into oblivion. And still more are pouring out of that glowing claw-shaped portal near the old train depot. When are you going to do something?

I believe there is a perfectly reasonable libertarian solution to all life's problems, and the Clawmen

are no different. I expect you to bring that solution to the table pronto, "mayor."

James Wedgehound

Hey Mr. Mayor,

With all due respect, you're a horse's ass. Two Clawmen clawed the high school football field to shreds, along with the bleachers and the goalposts. Well, there won't be any home games for the Fightin' Cougs now, so thanks a lot for nothing.

Have the Clawmen arrested, idiot.

Greg Pollock

Mr. Mayor,

I don't normally write to politicians, but I gotta give you your dues. These Clawmen are the best thing to happen to the city. Ever since they took the streets and started clawing everything, I haven't seen hide nor hair of all the damn skateboarders. In fact, I seen a Clawman claw a skateboard to smithereens.

I'd say give these Clawmen the key to the city, but they'd just claw that, too, God bless 'em.

Have you had time to consider the proposals I made at the last town hall meeting about labor camps for known skateboarders? What about adopting an official town stance that 911 was an inside job?

Keep up the good work. We're winning the fight now.

Herbert Smiley

Dear Concerned Residents,

The Mayor's Office wishes to let you know that it is doing its best to maintain order during the Clawman Crisis.

The Mayor believes the Clawmen were attracted to our community for the same reasons you were: Our competitive job market, beautiful parks and schools, and friendly atmosphere. At no point did the Mayor ever wrong the Clawmen King or incur a Debt of Claw. And despite what the papers would have you believe, the mayor did not snatch away a Clawman egg during his recent trip to the capital.

Nothing can stop a Clawman when it has a mind to claw something, and no known material can withstand its crushing grip. Because of this, the Mayor's Office has ordered all police and emergency service personnel to stay out of the Clawman's sight, lest they be clawed to death.

Until such a time that science develops a way to survive the enormous pressure of a Clawman's claw, or else disable a Clawman before it can even squeeze its claw shut, there is no hope of stopping them.

Our best bet is to wait it out, because it's only a matter of time before the Clawmen lose interest in our community and turn to greener pastures, such as neighboring Welpsburg.

In the meantime, please remain in your homes and avoid being seen by Clawmen. Giving them attention only encourages them to claw more things.

Thank you for your interest in the community!

Janet Cowers,

Deputy Mayor

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.17 Interview with the Town Drunk

Thursday, Mar 17, 2011 by Worm Miller

To celebrate the booziest of occasions, St. Patrick's Day, SA's Worm Miller sat down with a man who takes the holiday very seriously. Roger Schramm holds the public office of Town Drunk in the city of Costa Vista, California.

Something Awful: So how long have you been the official Town Drunk of Costa Vista?

Roger Schramm: This is my third term. So nearly twelve years now.

SA: This is an elected position?

RS: Yes, indeedy. Our good citizens have seen fit to put me here thrice! The last race was a rough one too.

SA: I want to return to that in a moment. First though, and this may seem like a weird question to you, but why does Costa Vista need a Town Drunk?

RS: Not sure what you mean.

SA: Well, what are your job duties?

RS: Oh, all kinds of stuff. From all over the public-official spectrum, you know? On one end, you got your kinda honorary-type duties - cutting ribbons at new liquor stores and bars and clubs. Then at

the other, there is just the simple day-to-day stuff of stumbling around shitfaced in the park, falling asleep on the sidewalk, picking fights, showing my penis to under-aged girls at the mall, puking in strollers. Though I personally try to minimize the stroller pukes! Never really been a fan of it.

SA: And this is something Costa Vista feels they need an official representative for? Are you salaried?

RS: I would love to be able to say that I'd do this for free - and don't get me wrong, I love being blotto - but Town Drunk is a full-time position with a lot of responsibilities. And I have a family I need to support.

SA: You have kids?

RS: One son. He's four.

SA: Interesting. I guess let's step back a moment. Tell me about how you first became Town Drunk. Was this always a dream of yours?

RS: No, certainly wasn't my plan. When I was a kid I always thought I'd grow up to be a doctor like my old man and my older brother Dave. I was born in Los Angeles, but my family moved to Costa Vista when I was five so my father could start up a practice here. Then, in college, I was doing pre-med at UCLA and interning at the family practice during my breaks. This was all during the Carl Lemek era. He'd been Town Drunk since I was little and had become a real embarrassment. Half the time you'd see him he was clearly sober. One night I was ranting about Lemek at the bar, saying how I was probably drunker than him, and my buddy Turds flat out said, "Hey, maybe you should run for office!" I was just joking around, but then things sorta snowballed from there. Before I knew it, I had a campaign going and backers!

SA: Backers?

RS: Mostly the Costa Vista Young Drunks organization. Miller Lite sponsored me too.

SA: You mentioned the most recent election was rough. How so?

RS: Oh, I was up against Bradley Hawkes, this asshole hot shot who had just moved to town - many of us suspected specifically so he could run for Town Drunk. Unfortunately the laws are pretty loose on the subject. You only need to have been a Costa Vista citizen for one year. I thought it was clear he only wanted the position as a stepping-stone to becoming State Drunk, but he had a lot of

money behind him so he had the resources to develop a bit of a following.

SA: Wait, there's a State Drunk of California? I've never heard that.

RS: Yeah. Me? I have no higher aspirations. Costa Vista is my home. I hope the voters would have realized that in the end, though it didn't matter - Hawkes had to pull out of the race when he got busted with fake bags of puke hidden in his clothes during the keg-stand portion of our debate. Plus most of his campaign promises were pretty absurd. Munich would never move Oktoberfest here! That doesn't even make sense!

SA: Speaking of binge-drinking events, St. Patrick's Day is approaching. Planning anything special?

RS: You kidding? Of course! That's the toughest day of the year for me. Way more pressure than New Year's Eve. I gotta get blackout drunk the moment the sun comes up and stay that way all day, yet still remain with-it enough to ruin our annual St. Patty's parade by drunk-driving my car into one of the floats, then I gotta hop out and flash my dick until the cops drag me away.

SA: You're supposed to do this?

RS: Sixty-year tradition. I remember watching Carl Lemek ruin the parade every year, back when he was great at his job. He'd sometimes start peeing while the cops pulled him away.

SA: Do you feel there are downsides to being Town Drunk?

RS: Oh sure. I don't really like showing so many people my penis. I've also never really been a puker, so it is kinda unpleasant to force myself to do it so often. But that's just part of the job. I knew that going in.

SA: How does your family feel about this?

RS: My parents are pretty proud. I never had aspirations to give anything back to the community. Between you and me, I had wanted to be a doctor just for the money. I guess I've surprised myself a bit too.

SA: How long do you plan to keep running?

RS: Not sure. I think my liver has at least one more term left in it, but my son is growing up fast and I don't remember a whole lot of his life at this point. So there's that to think about. I know my wife would prefer to stop sharing me with the middle-aged barfly floozies I need to bang

every "Margarita Monday" at the Golden Cactus. But I think she'll also miss the prestige of being married to a public official! Ha!

SA: Any final words of inspiration to aspiring Town Drunks out there?

RS: I guess - just believe in yourself, drink hard, never give in to AA, and always mix your alcohol with diet soda or artificially sweetened mixers because it gets you drunk fast. Look it up.

Thanks to my favorite Irishman -- **Dave "Shmorky" Kelly** -- for depicting this tippler with the dignity he deserves!

-~Worm Miller

3.18 Updates from J-List HQ in the Sea of Japan

Friday, Mar 18, 2011 by Peter Payne (@sexyfacts4u)

We've made it through the tsunami and earthquake. Everyone is alive here at J-List HQ, but please pray for the rest of Japan. Not everything is fine for us. The building has been pulled off its foundation and we are floating out to sea. The Sea of Japan or *Nihonkai* is high in dissolved oxygen which has made it a fertile fishing ground for thousands of years.

Thankfully, we have a large stock of supplies and can wait for rescue in the comfort of our office. I've been enjoying *Shinryaku! Ika Musume* manga volume one to the sound of the waves against the walls. It's the story of a cute moe-type squid girl who vows to conquer humanity for polluting the ocean. It is pretty polluted right now, lots of cars and shipping containers and pieces of houses. I hope Ika Masume isn't too mad!

Hour 10: It feels like late night at Akihabara here in the office. Everyone is cosplaying as Moe Cafe Maids and wearing *Momoeri Romantic Panties* from *G-Magic*. Nobody has showered since the tsunami, but we've made nosegays out of extra panties rubbed with the gel we scraped out of an air freshener cartridge. Japan's Drop Candy boom has left us with plenty of drop foods to eat. Right now we're enjoying the Akihabara limited flavor - sort of a strawberry flavor - but I think I need something savory so I may go with Spaghetti or Tacos. *Sakuma Drops* have been around since the 1930s and were made famous by the animated film *Grave of the Fireflies*.

Hour 28: *Pocari Sweat* powder is running out. It's all I drink normally and it's made the boiled gray water taste tolerable. We've been scooping our water out of the toilet tanks in the men's room. I had trouble adjusting to *washiki* squat toilets when I first relocated to Japan, now I actually love them of course, but I decided to outfit our headquarters with Western-style toilets for visitors from our San Diego office. Speaking of Pocari Sweat, you may think it contains actual sweat, but it's really just chemicals designed to replenish nutrients. Think Gatorade, but obviously superior.

Hour 35: Some dolphins followed alongside the building for a day. There is a restaurant called *Mammal Panic* in Shinjuku that serves dolphin and whale sushi. It is very good with a salty and creamy flavor that you don't get in tuna or other fish. This is because the dolphins understand what it means to die and are therefore terrified of dying. Right now I am terrified of announcing our low-low preorder price on our Yuka Yoshino 1/7 Cast Off Figure. Yuka is from the manga *Tsundero* by Takeda Hiromitso and she comes in a tiny micro-bikini that you can just see through. This hand painted figure is very realistic and comes with cast off clothing to allow you to appreciate Yuka's sensitive areas. I assume these will arrive at our distribution center well outside the tsunami zone.

Hour 41: An American ship passed us by without even stopping. Whenever I think about America I have fairly fond thoughts, but not everyone in Japan loves America. Especially older generations have hard feelings about World War II. We are currently accepting preorders for our figure collection based on the *Hetalia Axis Powers* manga. These unique characters each represent a different country and like things associated with the country, like the Italian character enjoys pizza and spaghetti and the American character is very fat and belligerent.

Hour 50: We've eaten the last of our Food Drops and split up the final box of *Calorie Mate Cheesecake Flavor*. The *Mousse-chan Fuwa Fuwa Paper Clay Sets* aren't food, but they're technically edible. I feel like I'm dying or becoming something new.

Hour 58: The last of the Paper Clay sets is gone. We've cut open the breasts on our oppai mousepads and I've tried frying them in a skillet. So far, not so much luck. They tend to melt, but I will keep refining this recipe. Fans of breasts should check out *Oppai ga Ippai* for PC, the breast-fondling simulator from Doujin Soft. Our computers no longer work, only my phone. I barely remember what it was like to play a Doujin. Is it it real...or...

Hour 66: I prayed Jesus today that if he saves us I will change my ways. When I get back to Japan I am going to be a kogal girl. I want to drop out and be exactly like I am now but smaller and a girl with a fake tan and a looooooot of makeup and a fun attitude. I would also like a cat-like creature that says "Myoo!" all the time. Amen.

Idea: backpacks that look and feel like breasts. Giant breasts full of miniature meat candies wrapped in dissolving rice paper.

Hour 80: It's over. Jlist, my life, the world...everything. The main level is flooded. Second floor is a sewer of excrement and broken novelty sake sets and bento boxes. We're eating the *One Piece* merchandise and burning 120 dollar *Neo Genesis* art books for warmth. I dreamed about the end of all nations and that I was a maid serving sake from a Happy Tanuki set to Shigeru Miyamoto. All of the bright colors and anime figurines are covered in filth. Cannibalism is coming soon. I can feel it.

Hour 91: I'd given up. I'd made my peace and was ready to die. I looked into the sky and *Lupin III* looked back. Minutes later a Russian fishing boat found us and pulled us out of the water. I don't know if this means Lupin III is real, but I think when we get ashore I am going to try to be his wife. Thank you for buying our animes.

In honor of anime and maid costumes and weird food, please consider donating to the Red Cross. You could probably get up to some real trouble with that money otherwise. J-List, who as far as I know aren't lost at sea, are also donating 5% of all items sold to disaster relief. Not everything they sell is creepy anime figurines.

-~ Peter Payne (@sexyfacts4u)

3.19 Forgotten Origins Of Comic Book Characters

Saturday, Mar 19, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Forgotten Origins Of Comic Book Characters series.

The history of any given comic book character is subject to change. Writers are constantly reworking superhero origins to fit current story arcs, to ditch the trappings of an older era, or just for the chance to work another sweet Stephen Colbert cameo into their book.

Sometimes history is rewritten for no good reason at all. I'm pretty sure the DC universe has imploded and started over once a year since the 70s. The first time gave them a chance to change The Flash's outfit, and the following 30+ reboots were out of habit.

With so much of the past being swept under the rug, the true origins of many characters have been forgotten. You may think you know how your favorite hero or villain came into being, but more often than not you'd be wrong.

Sickly Spider-Man

Peter Parker, a brilliant but shy high school student, went on a field trip to the New York Bug Hospital. As the empathetic youth reached out to comfort a spider that was recovering from a round of chemotherapy, the weary arachnid bit Parker's finger.

In that fateful moment, Peter Parker became the Sickly Spider-Man. He found himself able to lay in bed and nap with the strength of a hundred napping men. His newly developed Spider Sense triggered a sneeze every time a germ drifted nearby. He was able to catch colds and flus with the nimbleness of a spider.

With great sickness, however, came great responsibility. In order to protect his loved ones, Peter donned a costume, keeping his illness contained.

Notable issues:

Amazingly Sickly Spider-Man #3
Sickly Spider-Man falls out of bed and writhes around on the floor for hours, then realizes it was only a fever dream.

Web Of Sickly Spider-Man Annual #1
First appearance of Doctor Octopus, The Regular Doctor With A Funny Name.

Sickly Spider-Ham #7
Crossover comedy event in which Sickly Spider-Man and Sickly Spider-Ham find themselves hospital roommates when both heroes contract Parkinson's disease.

Aqua Fish

Aqua Fish was a fish... that lived underwater. He was able to communicate with other fish and gather oxygen with his gills. He came from a fish egg.

Notable issues:

Aqua Fish #31

When an invading fleet of alien ships attacks the world's capitals, Aqua Fish swims into action, doing circle eights and nibbling at floating specks of algae.

Super Friends #2
After a mysterious foe pins the team to the ocean floor, time begins to run out for our heroes. Quick-thinking Aqua Fish blinks his glassy eyes and darts away from Visible Superman's kicking feet as the hero convulses in oxygen-starved agony.

Wolverine (Without Claws)

Deep in the Canadian wilds, a surly man with a mysterious past wandered into a top secret facility. Captured and experimented upon, this diminutive wanderer was forged into a human weapon.

Before he could be trained, however, his rage-fueled instincts took over and he made his escape upon a wave of destruction.

Leaving behind his old identity, he embraces the primal nature that has risen to the surface, naming himself "Wolverine (Without Claws)".

Notable issues:

Wolverine (Without Claws) #12
Attacked by a sasquatch, Wolverine (Without Claws) sustains serious injuries and is partially eaten, but eventually recovers thanks to his latent healing powers. First appearance of his trademark chomping of a cigar and of the catchphrase "If I had claws, bub..." followed by a wistful look.

Uncanny X-Men #4
Wolverine (Without Claws) acts like a dick, telling the X-Men that he's a loner and he doesn't need them. He storms off, rides his motorcycle away, and is captured by ninjas. When the X-Men save him, he criticizes their performance and explains how much better he would have fared if he had claws.

Dead Joker

While conducting a highly illegal meeting of criminals in a warehouse, master criminal fell into a vat of acid. As a result, his features became twisted into a horrific smile and his skin's pigmentation was shocked, turning pure white. Also, he died.

Dead Joker went on to become Bad At Math Batman's arch-nemesis, constantly throwing a wrench into the caped crusader's plans.

Notable issues:

Detective Comics #82
Bad At Math Batman chases a criminal across a graveyard, tripping on the slightly elevated patch of dirt covering Dead Joker's grave.

Autistic Batman #11
During a heated battle with Racist Catwoman, Bad At Math Batman stubs his toe on the Dead Joker's gravestone.

Superman & Batman Vs. Alien & Predator
Bad At Math Batman chokes to death while eating Dead Joker's hair.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.20 Spring Break Homework

Sunday, Mar 20, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Congratulations on making it this far in the semester. You do not deserve anything. Nothing at all, but university policy requires that all students get let out-like a dog-so enjoy. Be free, you earned it for managing three months straight without setting your hair on fire. But just because you do not have to see me, does not mean you can quickly slide back into your mongoloid modes of life. No. You will have a homework assignment.

If you have made plans to leave campus, you will need to contact those you expect on meeting and/or the airliner and notify them that you have homework and are unable to smoke drugs with them until the assignment is completed in full. Failing to complete this assignment in full will be yet another reason you will not pass this course. Since we meet three times a week, you're homework will also be broken into three full days of work.

Day 1. Listen to all the speeches (pay special attention to mine) given at the National Conference of *Mad About You* Studies (1994). The conference lasted two days, so you will need to start early. The speeches are available on laser disc in the library on hold. You may check out the disc for up to one hour at a time. You must provide your own laser disc player.

The next phase of this project requires you to be in groups. It will take four of you to comprehend my ideas, so this will help your brains from being overtaxed. Despite my busy schedule, I have taken the time to split you all into fours, and the sheet is taped to my office door. You will need to find a way to contact each other, but I have pretty much done all the real work.

Once together, I expect you to reinterpret the course readings in the style of any season two episode of *Mad About You*. The new version must then be acted out and recorded. While I expect you to analyze the themes and motivations of the original critical essays, you must also maintain the character aims of Paul and Jamie. Though content is the most important aspect of the film, I will also pay attention to certain aspects of production value: What do the sets look like, how is the lighting, who is the best boy grip?, etc.

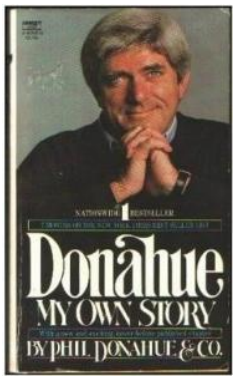
Day 2. I want you to wake up as the light begins to crack over your apartment complex, and go outside. Once there, I want you to stare at the sun. Watch it rise above everything. Stare at it until the back of your eyes hurt from the brightness and tears stream down your face, and then I want you to keep looking. This is what you wanted. Your spring break. A chance for you to worship the sun's power, as if, some how, a week with it will grant you some untapped ability. It will not. Though you act like a weed in the academics-forcing your way unwittingly through class after class, ruining the true promise of the institution-you must learn that the sun is not going to help you.

As the sun reaches the zenith, I want you to think about me. Think about my speech at the National Conference of *Mad About You* Studies. Think about how smart I sound in lectures. Think about how regal I look in tweed. Think about how much better I am than you, your father, anyone in your lineage. Think about that. Think about what I did and you will not do. As sun crushes down

on your retinas from its peak, I want you to think about us, how mad about me you are. Then you can go inside.

Day 3. As soon as you can comfortably take the ice packs from your eyes, begin writing.

In fifteen pages I want you to write a proposal on how you will improve your life. Think about me, think about the amazing literary importance of Mad About You. These great resources can help you conjure a semblance of ambition. If you still feel lost, read Phil Donahue's book *Donahue: My Own Story* for guidance on how to organize your narrative ideas. The paper should be organized like all other assignments for my class: .25 margins, 10.5 font, single spaced. If your vision is slightly impaired, it should be noted that you never really used them for anything worthwhile.



The recorded play and your paper need to be on a zip disc and slid under my office door by Thursday. The grade will be broken down 20% play, 20% 15 page paper, 60% unknown quantifier.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.21 Buffets!

Monday, Mar 21, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Old Country Buffet. Not pictured: Lost Ark spirits.

I bet you nearly forgot buffets existed. I did before this weekend. That's perfectly natural, because like strip clubs and off-track betting parlors buffets are only visible to that certain demographic who will stoop so low as to enter them. The rest of us just ignore them like we do beggars or cries for help from alleyways and go about our normal lives where we aren't the crab-shell husks of people drained of everything vital.

That pleasant ignorance ended this weekend as I was lured to a buffet by a penny-pinching relative who wanted to "get together" somewhere "relaxed." The discussion of reasonable places to meet was carjacked by this relative and we ended up at the afternoon feeding call of an Old Country Buffet.

Old Country Buffet calls itself "The Best Buffet in America." I'm not really experienced with competing buffets to know if that's accurate. Based on my visit to Old Country Buffet if it is the best then all the other buffets in America are somewhere between a dumpster behind an Outback Steakhouse and an 18th century chamber pot in a malaria hospital. If you go to their Yelp entries it installs a virus on your computer and in the Fodor's book they just have a picture of a skull and crossbones.

When you first enter a buffet you are going to immediately notice that everyone looks different than the outside world. There isn't a gravity anomaly making all these people into giants, this is what happens when your favorite restaurant has fried chicken hot lamps within reach of a sundae bar.

This is considered a clean table at a buffet. You can tell because there are no ants.

The next thing you might notice is that the tables are covered with trash. I've only experienced a few buffets in my life, but they always were understaffed with bus boys, leading to mounds of napkins and literally stacked plates of second, third, and fourth portions of food.

Aside from the mess, the decor of a buffet is similar to what you might see used for the warehouse of a villain in a 1980s action movie, plus a forest of plastic plants in case you wanted to feel like you were

living in a model train diorama.

All of this would be tolerable if the food were delicious, but it is not very delicious at all. During my visit I saw or tasted chicken tenders with the consistency of owl pellets, a corned beef that might have been beefed corn, and what I think might have been a chafing pan full of caterpillars covered in orange marmalade. The buffet was also fully stocked with tacos and taquitos that were seemingly emptied out of somebody's pockets shortly before our arrival.

Old Country Buffet also serves baked goods, like cookies and cakes, in wrapped portions. These all have the same taste and consistency (bad) and might be part of a government program to choke fat people to death with compacted cake smut.

Clockwise from top left: grasshopper spit, graham cracker and menudo loaf, salted butter, and peach "cobbler."

In the unlikely event you are dining at a buffet and want to eat some vegetables you can look forward to green beans stewing in mop water, 27 types of potatoes that could qualify as medical waste, and something that looked like it was excreted, begging the Hicksian follow-up, "Yeah...but excreted from what?"

And if you think you're safe by sticking to salad, I'll let Lowtax clear things up with a Lowtax *Exclusive Moment (TM)* from a recent conversation:

Lowtax: I went to the Golden Corral last Saturday and there was a beetle in my salad.

Save room for dessert! Buffets offer a selection of various cobblers that will remind you what it would be like to eat chewed pie out of someone else's mouth. If a cool treat is more your style why not have an ice cream from the sundae bar? These allow children and adults alike to show their creativity as they build a sundae that hastens the inevitable onset of their diabetes. Be careful, those chocolate covered peanuts might be moving.

Lowtax informs me that Golden Corral also features a cotton candy maker. I'm sure it really gives Golden Corral that giddy carnival atmosphere that can only be matched by a nursing home Hokey Pokey.

Food Management, which owns Golden Corral, also owns the nation's largest supplier of foods to private prisons. By the way, America has private prisons.

Another joy of my experience was sharing the buffet with the other customers. There were many screaming kids chasing each other unattended throughout the restaurant. The adults were mostly lumpy hillocks of men and women who have uniformly given up on dressing their age and have regressed to wearing sweatpants and strange t-shirts and winter coats that might have been pried off a frozen hobo with a screwdriver.

One patron in particular, a woman with a gray Phil Spector frizzy fro and a body shape best described as "ball," played an over-sized part in my dining experience. With spring coming she was apparently shedding and her curly winter locks, like giant pubes, were getting around the sneeze guard and finding their way into things I mistakenly scooped onto my plate.

What more can I say about the delights to be found at Old Country Buffet? I could heap more praise on the desultory wait staff who sat at a table in a darkened corner of the restaurant and

texted. I could describe the brassy blurting and swamp aromas to be found during an excursion to the bathrooms. I could relate the tale of the child - a stranger's child - who bit me and may have given me rabies. Or I could allow you to envision a fecal bedlam stocked with half-spoiled cottage cheese and room-temperature chicken. There is no smorgasbord; this is a buffet in America.

I would rather lick toilets at a Cracker Barrel for sustenance. I would rather ask the enormous Indian woman who works at my local Burger King to chew up a Whopper and baby bird me through the drive-through window. There is literally no food experience worse than a buffet. Have you seen *Empire of the Sun*? There's a part where a young Christian Bale is trapped in a Japanese prison camp and he's given a bowl of bug-infested rice. He separates the bugs and then eats them for the protein and that is better than a buffet.

The next time someone suggests Old Country Buffet I will drive us to Hal's Pets and we will stand around the cricket tank and catch our lunch in aquarium nets.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.22 My Club Memberships

Tuesday, Mar 22, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Costco - Gold Star Member

Being inducted into Costco's prestigious Gold Star program is one of the proudest achievements in my professional life, which is why it's always front and center on my résumé. I've learned that Costco branch managers get a little weird if you list them as professional references, though; they probably want to save that kind of thing for Executive Business members.

San Jose Silicon Valley Chamber of Commerce - Temporarily Suspended

When one runs San Jose's most successful dog kissing booth, one deserves the same respect and consideration other dues-paying Chamber of Commerce members enjoy. If you don't want my CEO at your CEO Roundtable just because my CEO is an Irish Setter, then you are quite frankly a racist organization. By the way, there is not one shred of proof that it was Barksamillion who left the no-no in the foyer. My theory is that it was the dude who owns the Chili's on Coleman.

California Bar Association - Pending Member

I signed up for this hoping to get a license to buy cases of liquor wholesale, but they made me take a really hard, expensive test. I failed the first time, but I've been brushing up on drink recipes and memorizing all of the "Coughlin's Law" things Bryan Brown says in *Cocktail*, so I should be in pretty good shape for next year.

The James Randi Educational Foundation - Expelled

As a longtime admirer of James Randi's work in the field of skepticism, I became an ardent supporter of his foundation's mission to expose charlatans who pretend at the paranormal. At the same time, joining his cause shouldn't necessarily mean I must discontinue my own sorcery. Unfortunately, Mr. Randi became very uncomfortable during my attempts to levitate him and asked me to leave his bathroom.

The Skeptics Society - Expelled

Losing Mr. Randi's friendship was difficult for me, but my expulsion from the Skeptics Society was more bitter still. While I admit that it was rude to interrupt the keynote speech of their annual conference by running up to the podium and yelling about how I had a VHS tape that would blow their goddamn minds wide open, I feel that it was perfectly justified: I had what I believed at the time to be clear and credible evidence of Bigfoot's existence. I later found out it was a late-night Fox documentary called *The Chewbacca Autopsy*, but it looked real enough to convince a die-hard skeptic like me.

World Chess Federation - International Grandmaster

When I was nine years old, at the home of an older boy, I drank what I thought was a two-liter bottle of Crystal Pepsi but was actually six million dollars worth of purified liquid DMT. When I regained consciousness, I was covered in blood, thirteen years old and ranked as the 7th best chess player in the world. They invite me to tournaments in Russia sometimes, but I still haven't learned to play chess.

Humboldt State University Alumni Association - Former Member

My dear alma mater got pretty peeved when I secretly shot my independent film, *Professor Weedburg's Hooter Academy*, in their hallowed halls. I tried to make up for it by donating all the film's proceeds to the school, but they got mad all over again when I made the check out to "Humboldt State University - Weedburg Memorial College of Busty Science." They told me it wasn't a real thing-- it could be if you accepted my $200, idiots!

Screen Actors Guild - Membership Revoked

These guys got mad at me because they found out I wasn't really Richard Dreyfuss. Hey, idiots, isn't not being Richard Dreyfuss a good thing? No hard feelings, though, because I still get a check for $7.25 every time *Lost in Yonkers* is on TV.

National Basketball Association - Power Forward, Utah Jazz

Due to a clerical error, I'm still listed on the roster of the Utah Jazz despite replacing an injured Karl Malone for just two games in the 1985-1986 season. I didn't quite match his point average, since I was only four years old, but I feel like I made up for it on rebounds. The team sometimes bugs me to renegotiate my contract, but I'm pretty happy with my current salary. It's not Kobe Bryant money, but it keeps me in chinchilla through the hard winters.

North American Association of Trout Hatchery Owners - Expelled

Literal-minded, fascist snobs. I can't wear my funny trout tie to your "black tie" fundraiser event? So you're going to get your thugs to manhandle me and throw me out on the curb? Really, assholes? Maybe I shouldn't nurse a grudge on this one, since I had the wrong address and it was actually the White House Press Correspondents' Dinner that I got thrown out of, but they're still a bunch of snobs anyway. A bathtub can too be a hatchery, if only I could get the damn trout to hatch. Give me some time to work on it before you kick me out, jerks.

Official Chris Isaak Fan Club - Junior Deputy Chris Isaak

At the Junior Deputy level, I'm authorized to autograph glossy 8'x10' photos with Chris Isaak's signature, wear a pompadour up to .75 Isaaks in height and appear as Chris Isaak in concert venues with capacity not exceeding 200 persons. When I reach the Senior Deputy level, I can autograph albums, appear as a commentator on VH1 nostalgia shows and grow a pompadour of up to .88 Isaaks.

John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation - Ex-Fellow

MacArthur Foundation

My 1997 MacArthur Fellowship "Genius Grant" was revoked on a technicality after I accidentally misspelled my name on the acceptance form (as "David Foster Wallace"). Yeah, so maybe they meant to give it to a different guy. But he's dead now, and I'm still here, waiting for my genius money.

American Automobile Association - Plus Member in Poor Standing

I think I'm still a member, but they've stopped taking my calls. The brochure says 100 miles of free towing, so that means like 50 tows to my brother's place and back when I don't have gas money. Don't write checks you can't cash, AAA!

Brookings Institution - Senior Middle East Policy Analyst

I used to mail a lot of Iran jokes to David Letterman, but he found them a little too dry, long-winded and technical, so he started forwarding them to this Brookings thing. Maybe they weren't "monologue material," but my jokes were meticulously researched, hundreds of pages long and, I thought, pretty funny if you took the time to analyze the complex political dynamics of the region.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.23 Memos from Bear Cave: Company Picnic Day

Wednesday, Mar 23, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 6:00 AM
SUBJECT: Enjoy Yourself

If you're reading this, it means you arrived to the company picnic on time. Congratulations - - you're a punctual idiot. Any morons who show up any later than 6:05 will be reading a much harsher memo.

Since you made it on time, you're not fired and are welcome to enjoy all the festivities paid for on my dime. They are provided to you for free, but that does not entitle you to take advantage of my hospitality. I'll be keeping a watchful eye on everyone throughout the day, and if I see any gratuitous behavior you can bet I'll be putting my foot down. That means no hogging the potato salad and five-alarm chili and no overusing the Porta-John I am paying to rent at great personal expense.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Calvin Burroughs, Art Rockefeller
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 6:07 AM
SUBJECT: You're Fired

As you seem to have missed the memo circulated this past Friday at 4:59 PM, you are now fired. In said memo I stated in no uncertain terms that all employees must show up to this event no later

than 6:05 AM or risk termination. You lame-brained imbeciles seem to think you can just skirt the rules. I disagree.

Your former coworkers will be enjoying a mandatory day of fun, sack races, my famous five-alarm chili and free prizes. Don't even think about trying to join them. You're not one of us anymore.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 6:15 AM
SUBJECT: Complaints

I have personally overheard a number of loud crybabies complain that it is still too dark and too cold to have fun, and that the lightning storm is preventing you from enjoying yourself.

First of all, sunrise will happen within the hour.

Second, I'm not paying you to complain.

Third, even though this is an unpaid event, it is mandatory, and I will dock your pay if I feel you haven't done your part or participated enough.

Finally, it's only supposed to rain half the day, at which point the forecast calls for a few hours of hail and then sun. If you can't tolerate a few raindrops, you don't deserve to call yourself a man.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.

DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 8:04 AM
SUBJECT: Porta-John Rules

Just because we're not in the office doesn't mean you can use the Porta-John any time you want. The same bathroom rules apply here as they do during business hours. There may not be a toilet to flush, but that doesn't mean you don't obey the standard protocol. That means you come to me after you used the bathroom, and I inspect whether or not you deserve a flush. I may not be able to authorize any flushes here, but I don't want you weak-bladdered ninnies falling out of habit.

I am also hereby limiting all employees to 2 visits to the Porta-John today. You can barter one of your visits with another employee, but please inform Manuel Rodriguez of your intentions. He will be keeping tally.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 9:06 AM
SUBJECT: Reasons to Talk To Me

There are only three reasons to talk to me today.

1) You need me to audit your leavings in the Porta-John;

2) You want me to provide you a bowl of my famous five-alarm chili (when it's ready);

3) You spotted my idiot rockabilly son in or around the park and want to let me know so I can go shoot him in the head. As you know I plan to murder him on first sight after he accidentally ran over my beloved dog Bouillon's head with his hot rod. I don't care if Bouillon got right back up after the incident, because that's what fighters do. I still want that no-good rockabilly dead.

If you try to talk to me for any other reason I am liable to punch you in your ugly face. If I have something to say, I'll hand you a memo.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 11:24 AM
SUBJECT: Leaving Early

In case any of you get a mind to leave early, I should give you fair warning: I have employed a sharpshooter. His name is Dang Linh and he was one of the best solders the Viet Cong ever produced. I met him during my days in the war and was so impressed by his ability to capture and torment his enemies that I hired him on the spot. He's been working for me ever since. You may be wondering why you've never seen him around the office. The answer is simple: I don't pay him to be seen. Rest assured he's out there watching your every move, gathering intelligence, setting traps and being a model employee.

Go ahead and see what happens if you try to leave early.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 12:00 PM
SUBJECT: Come Eat Some Goddamn Chili

I have finished preparing a batch of my famous five-alarm chili. If you've got anything resembling a spine, you better come up and get some.

Do not make eye contact with me while I'm serving it.

Do not waste any either. These ingredients don't grow on trees, and if I see any chili being poured out or thrown away, I will be docking your pay.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 12:15 PM
SUBJECT: Quit Hovering Around the Porta-John

I know my famous five-alarm chili is hard on the intestines, but that doesn't give you any excuse to go crap it up. Quit forming lines around the Porta-John and enjoy the day. There will be plenty of time for defecating later.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 1:00 PM
SUBJECT: Sack Race

The sack race will be starting in 15 minutes. I expect all of you to grab a partner and participate. I have already placed a small bet of $200.00 on the team of Pete Gersh and Leland Brownwig, so it's in everybody's best interest to let them win. There will be prizes for first, second and third place. The most fit among you can look forward to winning some promissory soup bonds left over from last year's holiday bonuses.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 1:30 PM
SUBJECT: Messy Sacks

Manuel Rodriguez informs me some of you have opted to use your sacks from the sack races as a toilet. If that's how you're going to behave in public, you can wear your sack for the rest of the day. I want all your coworkers to see and know what you've done.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 2:31 PM
SUBJECT: Clowns

As some of you brought your obnoxious little children along, I have arranged for some child-friendly amusement. Tall Charlie will be releasing some clowns into the surrounding woods shortly, and they will come running out to surprise your kids.

Nobody better warn them either. I want to see the looks on their faces.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 3:15 PM
SUBJECT: Disrespecting My Dog

I have personally observed a number of you purposefully avoiding Bouillon. If my dog wants to be petted or share your food, you damn well better comply. I like having him around a lot more than any of you, and could easily replace you.

You will treat Bouillon with respect and give him all the attention he demands.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

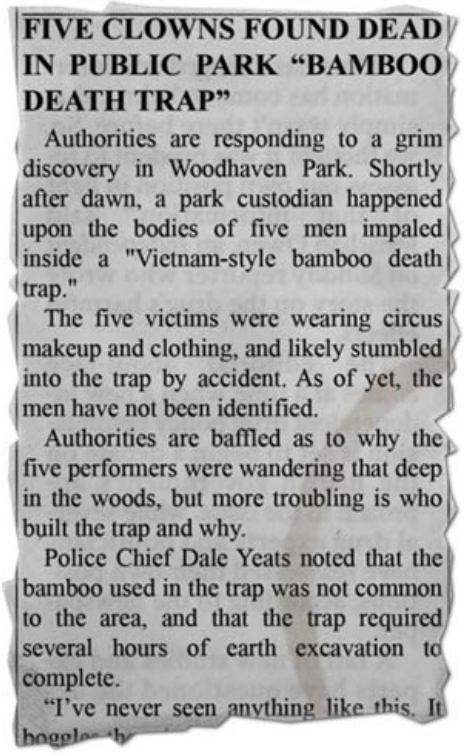
TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Sunday, April 15, 1979 3:30 PM
SUBJECT: I've Had Enough Of This

I've had about all I can stomach of you knuckleheads, so I'm going to the Bouncy House. As per Friday's memo, this event is intended to last from 6 am to 6 pm. I expect all of you to put in your time. Dang Linh is still on the clock. If any of you attempt to leave early, I'm sure I'll read about it in the paper tomorrow morning.

I'm putting the padlock on the Porta-John, so either hold it in or find a spot in the woods. Just watch out for traps.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

THE VERY NEXT MORNING:



FIVE CLOWNS FOUND DEAD IN PUBLIC PARK "BAMBOO DEATH TRAP"

Authorities are responding to a grim discovery in Woodhaven Park. Shortly after dawn, a park custodian happened upon the bodies of five men impaled inside a "Vietnam-style bamboo death trap."

The five victims were wearing circus makeup and clothing, and likely stumbled into the trap by accident. As of yet, the men have not been identified.

Authorities are baffled as to why the five performers were wandering that deep in the woods, but more troubling is who built the trap and why.

Police Chief Dale Yeats noted that the bamboo used in the trap was not common to the area, and that the trap required several hours of earth excavation to complete.

"I've never seen anything like this. It

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

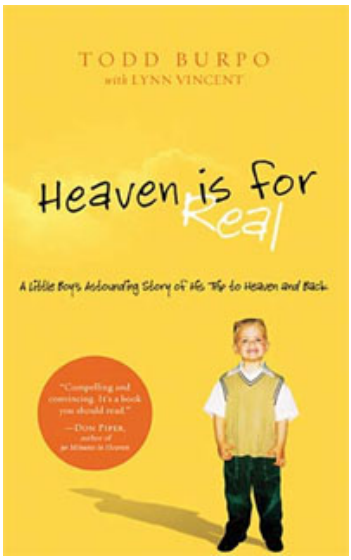
3.24 Heaven is For Real: The Lost Chapter

Thursday, Mar 24, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Heaven is for Real is a bestselling non-fiction book about Colton Burpo, a young boy whose brush with heavy anesthetization took him on an all-expenses-paid tour of the afterlife. But unbeknownst to his millions of readers, a portion of Colton's very descriptive account was left on the cutting-room floor after being deemed too intense for younger readers. After months of searching, Something Awful is proud to present the missing piece of this tragically-named boy's tale.

Chapter Thirteen

The Bad People Pit



Colton was not always so forthcoming about his spiritual journey. One subject in particular he refused to speak about. On a drive home from Saturday night services--sometimes we get a little antsy waiting for Sunday morning--Colton was looking particularly pensive.

"I was just thinking, mommy." He clutched his Bibleman figure so tightly, I thought that tiny version of TV's Willie Aames was going to start screaming!

"About what, honey?" I snuck a peek at him in my rear view mirror. Rosy-cheeked, tow-headed... Wow, could I be a luckier mom?

"About the bad people pit," Colton sniffled adorably. I opened my mouth to comfort him, but was soon drowned out by the sound of "music" from a passing car. Clicks, whistles, and that horrible bass--can someone tell me whatever happened to The Oak Ridge Boys?

The calamity sent little Colton into an uproar, and soon his beautiful eyes were filled with tears. "What's wrong, baby," I asked. He snuffled his button nose. "The man in the car... He's going to the bad people pit." Bad people pit? What could my precious baby mean? I gathered my thoughts at the next stop sign.

Of course! *Hell*. Little Colton must have seen Hell first-hand! I prompted him for more information.

"Why would that man go to the bad people pit, honey?" Colin twisted Bibleman's head as he stared out the window. "Because he listens to the evil music that woke up grandma. Jesus showed me what happens to people like that after he let me watch all of the PG rated movies you won't let me see."

I snickered, remembering all the times I told Colton he could watch Home Alone as soon as he was old enough to vote for our next Christian President. But back to the matter at hand: "What happens in the bad people pit, sweetie?" Colin shivered, but soldiered on. "The mean music people... God makes their gold chains extra heavy so they stick to the floor. And then a big dog devil poops

on them all the time."

This revelation sent shock waves through my body. Obviously Our Lord was conveying this unending torment in the scatological language familiar to four year-olds. But I still had to test to make sure Colton wasn't fibbing.

"Tell me, Colton. Did you see any demons in the bad people pit?"

"I dunno."

"Think, Colton... Was Adramelech, The Chancellor of Hell, in the bad people pit?"

"Yeah, mommy."

"Colton, what was he doing to the bad people?"

"Making them eat his farts!"

Colton chuckled to himself, obviously thinking back to the safety he must have felt viewing such horrors while cradled in God's arms. I took this as a cue that he was open to more questions, and pressed onwards. "Colton, honey," I dug my fingernails into the steering wheel. "Was anyone that mommy knows... in the bad people pit?"

Colton bit down on his adorable lower lip. "Uncle Jerry," he sputtered. Of course, Jerry had died before Colton first entered this world, though my little miracle had heard me speak ill of this former family member who left the ministry for one of Satan's greatest temptations: the secular arts. Of course, Jerry had been struck dead by a drunk driver mere weeks before receiving his certificate of demonhood.

"Tell me, Colton... How was Uncle Jerry?"

"He was sad."

"Why sad?"

"God made him live in a big puke. Then he got chased by birds."

I swerved, and the head of my dashboard-mounted Jesus began nodding emphatically. Of course! Jerry had never been fond of birds, so it was only fitting that he be chased by them for an eternity of unending torment. Truly God has a plan for us all.

Colton yawned, telling me he was just about done with this round of storytelling. He reached up from the back seat and pulled the firm fabric on my new pantsuit. "Mama," he called out to me in his precious voice. I answered, "Yes, my sweet cupcake?"

"What's a Marjoe Gortner?"

"Sounds like an evil Wiccan spell, my sweet holy baby child. Why?"

"When we were on the news the headphones man by the camera kept calling me that and laughing."

I tousled his perfect head of hair. "Don't you worry about that, my little miracle. Now, once we get home, you're going right to bed. It's a long drive to Pat Buchanan's house, and tomorrow, he's going to let you join his special little club!"

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.25 Paul Giamatti's Entourage

Friday, Mar 25, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Episode 108 - Paul's Stalker

INT. CASA DE GIAMATTI - NIGHT

Pan across sleeping bodies tangled in sheets. Branches ominously tap against a window. Glass breaks OC. PAUL GIAMATTI sits up in bed. Walks across bedroom and steps in vomit from his DIABETIC CAT.

Paul Giamatti curses and hops into kitchen, trying not to step on his vomit-covered foot. Turns on light. OTS REVEAL obese female INTRUDER dressed all in black except for "I <3 Paul Giamatti" Zazzle t-shirt.

PAUL GIAMATTI
What the hell!?

Intruder panics and bolts, tearing open plastic grocery bag packed with looted Giamatti memorabilia - combs, toothbrushes, dirty laundry, etc. Paul Giamatti grabs his cordless phone, still hopping to not step in cat vomit, and tries to pursue the intruder and dial 911. He hops right onto the teeth of a brush and falls over.

WOMAN
Paul!? Are you okay? What's going on?

A dazed Paul Giamatti looks up. PAN to bed-headed and wrapped in a sheet, the RUBENESQUE DENTAL HYGENIST from Episode 104 - Paul's Tartar.

CU on dropped phone.

911 OPERATOR
911, what is your emergency?

PAUL GIAMATTI
I'm Paul fucking Giamatti!

CUT TO opening credits.

EXT. - ABOVE GROUND POOLSIDE - Day

PAUL GIAMATTI is fussing in a lounge chair, struggles to find a good position for a tanning screen for his face. It's overcast and he has sunblock on the bridge of his nose. JASON KRAVITS is sitting backwards on a chair facing Paul Giamatti and STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY is lounging with them, looking very comfortable and content.

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY
I wouldn't worry about it. I have dozens of stalkers.

JASON KRAVITS
(incredulously)
You?

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY

You wouldn't believe the kind of trim I pulled after Mississippi Burning. They called me the S-train.

PAUL GIAMATTI
You played a klansman.

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY

Yeah, it was crazy pussy. (turns onto stomach) I'd just pitch her a bone and she'll lay off.

JASON KRAVITS

I'm with Paul on this one. He needs to get a bodyguard. When's the guy coming over?

PAUL GIAMATTI
Any minute. What was that you were talking about earlier?

JASON KRAVITS
I'm starting my own agency. I'm done with acting--

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY
What will Law & Order do without Attorney #2?

JASON KRAVITS

I'm done with acting and I'm starting up my own agency and I was hoping you would come along.

PAUL GIAMATTI
I don't know. Who else do you have?

JASON KRAVITS
Well...so far...are you familiar with Darkman?

PAUL GIAMATTI
You landed Liam Neeson?

JASON KRAVITS

Not quite, but the guy who played the mob boss is very interested in possibly signing with me.

PAUL GIAMATTI
That's Dr. Giggles.

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY

Oh, yeah, the retard from LA Law. What has he been up to lately?

JASON KRAVITS
He was in a little something called Star Wars.

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY

(looking at phone)

He was the voice of Kazdan Paratus in a Star Wars video game. Who the fuck is Kazdan Paratus? You can't even get a gig playing a Darth in a video game your career is pretty much over.

Jason Kravits starts to object, but is interrupted by the gate opening. A MALE VOICE calls up.

MALE VOICE

Hello? Anybody up there? I'm from the security agency. I'm looking for a...Paul Joomatty?

THE BOYS approach the railing of the above ground pool and peer down. OTS REVEAL of a schlubby, balding man who is a dead ringer for Paul Giamatti.

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY
Nice bodyguard, Saddam.

PAN UP to sun above LA, finally coming out of the clouds. Dazzle fadeout.

INT. DEPRESSING OLD PEOPLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

FADE IN from old-fashioned candle centerpiece. Paul Giamatti, Stephen Tobolowsky, MATT LIOTTA, and the VIETNAMESE STEWARDESS he has brought along are dining together. PAUL'S BODYGUARD is at a nearby table watching an obsolete portable TV he has placed on the table and eating a very limp shrimp cocktail.

MATT LIOTTA

So has Kevin Costner over there scared off the stalker?

PAUL GIAMATTI

No, I'm still getting letters written in period blood. And the guy is a piece of work. Huge asshole.

MATT LIOTTA

Well he looks like you, so who could blame him?

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY

That's what I said.

PAUL GIAMATTI

He doesn't look anything like me.

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY

We did figure out who the stalker is though.

MATT LIOTTA

Oh, hang on, I'm good at this. Let me guess. Okay...ahhh...is she a fart in a wig?

PAUL GIAMATTI

It's Mira Bauman. She reviews nothing but precious indie movies for Fresh Air on NPR.

MATT LIOTTA

You're lucky. At least you have a media stalker. My last stalker was a stripper named Austin.

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY

Male stripper.

VIETNAMESE STEWARDESS

(in halting English)

Uh...excuse me.

PAUL GIAMATTI

The notes she's been sending me said she's going to break into my house and make me a part of her forever. I'm sending my bodyguard in ahead of me to take care of business.

VIETNAMESE STEWARDESS

Excuse me.

STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY

I hope he's wearing a vest. Those NPR women are vicious. And you know what I heard? All of them have pierced clits.

PAUL GIAMATTI

Get outta here!

VIETNAMESE STEWARDESS

Excuse me.

MATT LIOTTA

What is it, honey?

VIETNAMESE STEWARDESS

(pointing to Paul's Bodyguard)

That fat man look just like this fat man.

Paul Giamatti's face goes red and he starts to yell. CUT TO black.

EXT. CASA DE GIAMATTI - NIGHT

Paul Giamatti gets out of a taxi he was sharing with Matt Liotta and his Vietnamese Stewardess.

MATT LIOTTA

Hey man, when are we gonna go to Vegas again and spend some more of that Lady in the Water money?

PAUL GIAMATTI

It's all gone. Look, I gotta go, my IBS is killing me.

He waves goodbye and walks towards his front door. His bodyguard's Aztec is parked on the street and the light is on in bedroom.

PAUL GIAMATTI

He better not be going through my jazz albums.

Paul Giamatti walks to door, fumbles with keys, opens door. Jazz music is clearly playing from the bedroom.

PAUL GIAMATTI

That motherfucker.

He HURLS his to-go tinfoil swan into the sink and STORMS towards the bedroom. He pauses to step gingerly around a smudge of puke in the middle of his hallway. The bedroom door is open and jazz is blasting out. As he approaches there are clear sounds of SEX. Paul Giamatti throws open the door.

CUT TO MIRA BAUMAN and PAUL'S BODYGUARD having sex on the bed. They don't stop, but they turn to look at him.

PAUL GIAMATTI

What the FUCK is this!? What the fuck!?

PAUL'S BODYGUARD

It's cool, man. She likes you.

PAUL GIAMATTI

You were supposed to get her OUT of here! Not screw her! In my bed!

MIRA BAUMAN

Wait...Paul? I thought...

PAUL'S BODYGUARD

I just look like him, baby.

PAUL GIAMATTI

You don't look like me you son of a bitch!

MIRA BAUMAN

He does look like you.

PAUL GIAMATTI

You motherfucker!

PAUL'S BODYGUARD

Hey, hey, everybody cool it. Don't get so pissed off man. Just join in. It's cool.

MIRA BAUMAN

You know it would be like a dream I had.

PAUL GIAMATTI

Absolutely not.

CUT TO morning, birds chirping. Mira Bauman is sandwiched between Paul Giamatti and his bodyguard. The three are all sweaty and out of breath. Paul has a candybar wrapper stuck to his chest.

PAUL GIAMATTI

Nice piercing.

Everyone is smiling and happy and laughing. Paul's laughter fades as the camera zooms in and his expression turns sour.

PAUL GIAMATTI

Now get the fuck out of my house.

CREDITS roll over inexpensively licensed jazz song.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.26 A Week In The Life Of The Sims Medieval

Saturday, Mar 26, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

One of my favorite articles from Something Awful's early years was Lowtax's A Week In The Life Of The Sims, a measured and fact-filled account of his time with the game. Zack's excellent follow-ups for The Sims 2 and The Sims 3 instilled a fear of character customization in even the bravest of readers. Since The Sims Medieval doesn't exactly fit in with other games in the series and its very existence is something of a surprise, it's only natural that this installment is being written by me.

The Sims Medieval is less of a sandbox game, and more of a freeform goal-driven kingdom manager where everything happens to get done with Sims that are suited to each task. The game begins by asking you to set a goal for your kingdom. Since this is my first time playing, my only available kingdom ambition is the "Try Not To Burn Everything To The Ground" option. As a proponent of screwing things up I have mixed feelings about this, but proceed anyway.

I'm asked to bestow a name upon my kingdom. Reaching back into my vast knowledge of literature and art, I decide on a somewhat obscure but nonetheless classic reference.

I am presented with a view of the kingdom, a swath of land with a surprising amount of character, but not a lot of buildings. So far. The monarch's castle is unoccupied, so in my first bit of inspired strategic thinking, I decide to create a king to live in that castle. This being Azeroth, the king is Taint Blightly.

The most agonizing part of character creation is choosing a hairstyle. I need something to complement Blightly's deathly pallor, bad mustache and chinless chin. Sure, a bowl cut adds a certain air of inbred feebleness, but the mini-ponytail atop a partially shaved head is glorious in a "dude in a comic shop / dude watching booth babes at a game convention" sort of way.

In the end, I go with the bowlcut, since finding a steady supply of greasy rubber bands in medieval times seems like a difficult proposition.

As you might have guessed by looking at him, Taint Blightly is a weakling with a tendency to relish in evil deeds. He is, however, so much more than you give him credit for! For instance, his parents were also eaten by a whale. What are the odds? Even stranger, they were eaten by that whale on different days. Stranger still, Taint was born after they had been eaten.

Quests
Select a Quest:
First Steps
1 QP
Power Grab
2 QP
Royal Holiday
2 QP
Family Crest
3 QP
Hungry Hungry Hamfast!
First Steps
The dust had finally settled on the construction of a grand Throne Room. The seeds of a glorious new kingdom had been planted, and soon a civilization would grow and cover the land for miles in all directions.
The only thing Azeroth needed now was a ruler, someone wise and powerful who could unite people under the kingdom's cause!

In this game, you don't just pick a Sim (or Hero, as the playable Sims are called this time around) and start goofing around. Instead, you choose a quest while looking at the kingdom overview, then jump into the Hero that will complete that quest. When his or her dark deed is complete, you'll automatically go back to the map to choose another quest or use the points you earned to buy new buildings, which in turn house new Hero classes.

Since Blightly hasn't accomplished anything with his life aside from miraculously evading a slow death at the hands of the common cold, I select the "First Steps" quest. Much like the kingdom ambition I chose, this quest's goal is to sit upon the throne without missing.

I'm told that the first order of business is to discuss the state of our castle with my Build Master. Instead, I take a moment to attend more pressing matters, drafting an urgently needed law. There. Now it's completely illegal to wipe one's hands on the royal cloak or to make fun of someone for being allergic to hay and stone.

Now to find my Build Master and speak to him about that important issue.

Trembling with emotion and malnutrition, I recount The Whale Story. My Build Master gives me a consoling hug while a nearby royal subject seems inappropriately happy to see me. After I tell The Whale Story three more times, the Build Master rudely interrupts to discuss the state of the throne room. It seems that before we can officially cut the ribbon on this castle and open it to the public, we need to address some terrible oversights in the design of the throne room. Before he can get started on construction, he requires certain resources. He sends me...

To the woods, to pick flowers, without a guard. After taking a long walk and sticking my hand in a glittering bush, I begin to question the wisdom of this expedition. After all, doesn't a king have people to do this sort of thing for him? Isn't this a terrible mismanagement of time? Don't bears live in flowers? Since I'm here, I gather what I can then head deeper into the forest to gather some wood for my Build Master's project. That's when I have an unexpected encounter.

Odd that she's eager to assault me, yet so happy to see me and respectful enough to bow. This kingdom needs some direction! I attempt to recount The Whale Story in exchange for my safe passage, but she'll have none of it. I have no choice but to challenge her to a duel.

Her being a lowly thug and I a cunning monarch from a long line of nobles, things pretty much play out as you'd expect.

I wake up hours later and am pleased to find that the bandit left my precious wood behind, electing instead to take all of my money and half of my underwear. I head to the graveyard to collect some stones, the last items on my shopping list. More questions come to mind. Isn't this part of the Build Master's job description? Aren't I allergic to stone?

Fortunately, my weary mind is put at ease when I encounter the friendly gravedigger. An excitable fellow, he rocks back and forth and chortles in glee as I step on a dead woman's face. His reaction

is so grand that I make a mental note to try this trick in the throne room if I ever fall out of favor with the court. With a polite goodbye, I gather my stones and begin my journey back to the castle.

I manage to travel a few steps before I am stopped by a woman who claims to have just been assaulted by a bully. With yet another dangerous outlaw on the loose in my kingdom, time is of the essence. Hoping to find the location of her attacker as quickly as possible, I question the victim in my own special way.

Luckily, the bully is still nearby, making capture easy. It's another woman! What in the world is going on around here? Even as a privileged evil sociopath I am loathe to punish the fairer sex, but this bully must be made accountable for her actions. To the stockades!

As she is locked into place, I publicly declare that she will be hit about the face with one egg for every blow she has landed upon her victim.

Soon, however, I declare that she will be hit with one egg for every egg that I possess. Eventually, I run out of eggs and return to the castle, having collected the materials that will allow us to build the final, necessary additions to the throne room.

I leave my Build Master to the construction, occupying myself with kingly duties over the following days and nights. There's a lot of gruel to be eaten, a lot of evil slumber to be had, and the occasional beating at the hands of a female bandit to be endured. You only have to monitor your hunger and rest levels in The Sims Medieval and actions go by very quickly, so in the same amount of time that it would have taken me to salvage scrap from a junk pile in Sims 3, I can hunt a bear, emerge from the forest a bloody mess, get my wounds tended to, write a new anti-bear law, brew mead, get drunk, perform in a bard's play, and call someone a milky-eyed knave for absolutely no reason.

Finally, my Build Master calls for me, his excitement palpable. As a result of all our combined hard work, he is proud to reveal that he has transformed the throne room from this:

To this:

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.27 LIBYAISGOINGSPLENDID.LY: True News of Libya for English

Monday, Mar 28, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

LIBYA IS PRIDE OF AFRICA

NEWS OF TRIPOLI

AA guns firing wildly into air scares NATO planes into dropping bombs and fleeing
IMPORTANT: Crowds of cheering babies and toddlers around Gaddafi at all times. All times. Wherever he goes. Sleep in the bed with him.
New USA bomb digs up martyr bodies and has a new funeral for them on State TV
Does America dare to send its beautiful reporter women to Tripoli or are they afraid they will be seduced by handsome, virile Libyan men?
I TOLD YOU: Crazy prostitute who reported false rape was high on drugs smoked from Israeli flag pipe

NEWS OF BENGHAZI

All people from Benghazi smell super bad and farty, what a load of shits these guys are says science book announced today TOP REBEL: "I pray the gay Torah in Israel by Skype" Source of Al Qaeda hallucinogens traced by special government spy rocket to CIA factory in Benghazi Poll: 100% of rebels are stupid fuckers according to poll Fucking guys, unbelievable

NEWS OF USA DOGS

USA Generals announce plan to target hospitals of Libya: "Especially baby incubators and women areas of hospital."
Dishonorable USA pig fucks love to hug and kiss dogs and eat their cruds
Colonel Gaddafi places call to braggart fucker Donald Trump with bad news: I fuck your daughter

in Qatar, shitbrains
Investigation: Barack Obama shackled slave of John McCain and Josh Boehner
USA Libyans rally for Gaddafi beside Gaddafi statue in New York City bigger even than Statue of Shitberty, a shameful statue of deceit

NEWS OF WORLD

Libya aid to Japan: plane full of Nigerian mercenaries to search for, ransom survivors
Nuclear expert man says be careful maybe Libya has a nuclear reactor so take him seriously
China would be wise to help Libya right now with a bunch of jet fighter say military expert in quote, "I bet Gaddafi would offer 6 oil contracts in exchange for 50 fighter jets right now"
Russia too chicken to do anything even though Russia was at huge orgy I held at my house and I know he is reading this he is chicken bitch
North Korea could not even create an incident to distract things even though we have xbox party every night and watch bad horror movie on netflix together well guess who is not watching human centipede with kim jong un this weekend

TRUE WEIRD EVENTS

Where is Lindsay Lohan? Did she die? Concern spreads for spunky white woman who seems very fun and should visit Tripoli
Yahoo Answers fails to reply to how far a helicopter can get during a "no fly zone" before fighter planes shoot it down thanks a lot timclancy1988 for NO HELP
Place to get Enzyte in Somalia around mid-April????
New passage discovered in Koran says bravest thing more than martyrdom is to fake own suicide and disappear in Thailand with ladyboys
LADIES: Don Draper maybe have a super gross beard + mustache this year on Mad Men?? Probably says TV guyed New weight restrictions to be enforced on bodyguard women so heads up on that

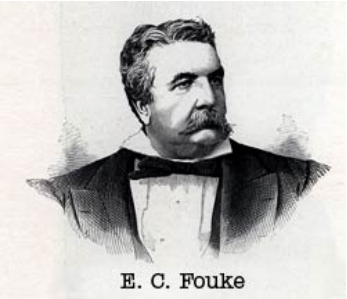
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.28 E. C. Fouke's Compendium of Meat & Edibles

Wednesday, Mar 30, 2011 by E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

E.C. Fouke's
COMPENDIUM
OF MEAT & EDIBLES



Your Delighted Host &
Unparalleled Carnivore

With great pride I invite you to join me for this, the inaugural edition of **E. C. Fouke's Compendium of Meats & Edibles**. I trust that in time this humble endeavor shall find its home beside the most treasured works of publication, and an indispensable companion to that most splendid of souls, the American Carnivore.

Documenting the vast selection of meats I have sampled will be a laborious task indeed. To properly catalogue each with the appropriate degree of verbosity would require a library's worth of paper and the clearing of many great forests. I shall, for the sake of brevity and utility, dedicate this first edition to only a small sampling of the meats I have supped upon. In subsequent editions, I shall speak at length about other meats, until, at long last, I have exhausted the full catalogue of all meats, and the innards of every beast has thus been described accurately and expertly.

You can be sure of my expertise due to my singular dedication to meat. I have letters of proclamation written by my mother and father, a dozen doctors, countless clergymen, three state governors and numerous princes, warlords, fakirs and tribal chieftains attesting to the fact that I have never eaten a fruit or vegetable. I rely on the animals to consume such trivial foods and pass on any necessary nutrition to me. Even as an infant my parents were unable to feed me fruit or vegetable, neither by force nor coercion. The only thing I would allow in my mouth was a piece of fresh meat. In the great many years since my commitment has not wavered in the slightest.

Let us now get to the **meat** of the matter as I delve into the fauna I have so dutifully laid taste to.

~ Parakeets of the Tropical Persuasion ~

The parakeet provides little more than a scant few morsels, however, eaten in great volumes these colorful birds might sustain a man's hunger for as much as one to two hours. While their taste varies little from other birds, their bright plumage makes them seem as tho one is enjoying a sugared treat.

~ Crabs of All Types & Sizes ~

The shell of the crab is often demolished and discarded in the spirited enterprise of acquiring the moist and succulent meats within, yet I have found the shell to be an appetizing article in its own right. Devouring the shell entitles the eater to delicious fluids and juices that would otherwise be wasted.

∼ Raven ∼

Though a stout raven may make for a pleasant and filling meal, beware the terrifying nightmares that follow, for they are harrowing, ungodly and more vivid than waking life itself. Best roasted over a fire in the manner of our primitive ancestors.

∼ Lemur ∼

The candied eyes of the lemur are grapelike in texture and make a delightful Christmastime treat for young and old alike. Of great hindrance to partaking of this meat is the geographical remoteness of lemur populations. These strange hopping monkeys prefer to reside on an untamed island neighbor to the African continent.

∼ The Common Cat of the House ∼

While some would regard this animal as a friend to man and even a dear companion, I would be a poor steward of science if I did not, for the sake of furthering the human understanding of meat, sample the common feline. The first thing one must know about cats is that they do not wish to be eaten. A great deal of effort was required to catch the particular cat I ate, and many scratches were suffered in the execution. In the end, the cat had more than earned its fate. Unfortunately, cat meat earns the dubious distinction of being the only meat to best my bowels, which have been praised by no less than a dozen medicine men and three governors. The meat exited my person in a state hardly dissimilar to when first eaten. Its taste was otherwise pleasant, not unlike rabbit.

∼ Shrew ∼

The rather meatless shrew was quite distasteful and unfilling when carved in the traditional manner of small game, but when brined, pickled and eaten whole, in the manner of a sardine, it proved quite satisfying.

∼ Marmot ∼

I found the meat of the marmot wholly unsatisfactory. As I am a diligent man, I sampled no less than 127 marmots, an entire meadow's worth by my reasoning, and found each and every one marmot possessing of the same bland, unappetizing traits. Still, I feel some inkling to give the marmot another chance to prove its mettle, and will conduct further testing when the winter breaks and the alpine snows begin their retreat.

∼ Cockroach ∼

Once a man overcomes the stigma of eating an insect, he will find a pleasant and abundant source of nourishment. The cockroach is a most common form of insect, and possess a strong bitter taste. While bugs cannot by themselves make a meal unless harvested in great quantity, they make an excellent replacement for banal and meatless leisure foods such as peanuts and popcorn. The man who makes a friend of the insect will also find himself privy to a near-limitless supply of free meat, and of which his competitors are almost exclusively simple creatures easily outsmarted.

~ Beaver ~

The most appetizing aspect of the beaver is not its meat but its pelt, which has a pleasantly hairy and fibrous texture. This is one area where I find common agreement with my fur-fancying cousin Philip: The outside of the beaver is its most desirable part. While he would foolishly turn it into a cap or coat to warm the skin, I would put it to appropriate use warming my innards.

~ Pika ~

The pika demands considerable effort to catch, as these small rodent-like creatures exist only in high altitudes. Despite its meager diet of flowers, the spry and squeaky pika boasts a most pleasant taste worthy of the climb. As they are small, one must catch an abundance of pikas to provide a satisfactory meal. As a general rule, it takes 36 pikas to satiate a grown man of reasonable size, though I recommend catching double in case seconds are desired.

~ Anaconda with Intact Capybara in Gullet ~

It is a magnificent treat when nature affords the carnivore the chance to partake of two of its most splendid meats bundled together. I must confess that I found the two meats to be so inseparable that I refuse to eat either one when apart from the other. Thankfully, the anaconda can be safely relied upon to devour the careless capybara, and engineering such a meeting is well within the realm of man's capabilities. Best eaten as a roast, garnished with any small animals available.

In pursuit of new tastes I have even found myself eating things which may or may not be meat. If I suspect something of having at one time belonged to an animal, I find myself obliged to sample it. What follows is a brief examination of some of these things:

~ A Turkish Belt ~

My hunger for new flesh once took me to Turkey, where I happened to purchase a rather ornate belt from one of the many crude shops dotting the crowded streets of Izmir. Sometime later, during a most tremendous and unsettling wait between meals, I found myself questioning its edibility. The spirit moved me indeed, for a mere second passed and I was gnawing voraciously on the thing. I could tell almost instantly it was indeed of a meaty origin. While extremely tough, the belt eased my great hunger pangs and loosened my trousers, allowing me to consume additional servings when the long, stubborn wait between meals finally came to an end. I shall endeavor to buy extra belts should I ever return.

~ A Cloth Doll with Button Eyes ~

I must confess the torments of hunger have many times moved me to desperate action. On one such occasion so great was the rumbling in my belly that I plucked from the hands of my dear sweet niece a small doll. From a distance the doll appeared as though it could either be made from or stuffed with a meat, and its button eyes glistened under candle light. Alas the doll was made of a cloth, which, despite its mammalian origin, tasted nothing like meat. The cotton inside was even less appetizing, and the buttons were hard and wooden. I am a man who leaves no meal uneaten, and was able to finish the wretched doll, though considerable effort was needed to swallow each bite. Perhaps if boiled the doll would have proven more accommodating? I shall forever wonder.

I would be remiss not to remind my dear readers of a challenge I issued some time ago and still yearn to see answered. I am offering the stately sum of **$1,000.00** to any living man, woman or child who acquaints me with a meat I have yet to taste. It would be hubris to claim I have sampled every living meat, and so I invite you to humble and surprise me, and to be rewarded doing just

that.

A most gay thing that would be!

I must, however, personally appeal to the anonymous gentleman who has for some time been sending me spoiled and rancid meats. Stop what you are doing, sir! I have sampled them all, and they are nothing unfamiliar to my palate. I would be an amateur if I could not readily identify skunk, weasel, horse and badger meat, rotten or fresh.

And thus I must conclude this first edition with a heavy weight lifted from my shoulders. Tho the road ahead is sure to be long, I remain resolute in my quest to document the meats of this great world. For now I am parched and must seek new energies from that great thing for which we share a common love.

May your meals be blessed with the freshest and most rewarding of kills!

With great pride & hunger for success,

Eugene Cranford Fouke,
Proud American Carnivore

"THESE GREAT THINGS I EAT."

-∼E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

3.29 Return of the Wizard

Thursday, Mar 31, 2011 by Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

This article is part of the The Lost Transcripts of Mr. Wizard series.

EPISODE 1000: PILOT

(Scene opens at night with Mr. Wizard and Leonard squatting outside a door)

LEONARD: *(whispering)* So what are we doing here? And why are we dressed in all black?

MR. WIZARD: Because I'm tired of traveling the country selling assorted potions and health tonics from the back of my shitty El Camino. It's time for a change.

LEONARD: That doesn't answer my question. Whose house is this?

MR WIZARD: It's gonna be hard to land my own educational television show with such a formidable adversary hawking my every move. You want me to have a television show, don't you Leo?

LEONARD: Well, sure I do Mr. Wizard, but don't you ...

MR WIZARD: Then shut the fuck up and blow the charge!

(*Leonard presses a wireless detonator switch and the door explodes. Mr. Wizard hurriedly enters the HOUSE, halting in the LIVING ROOM*)

MR. WIZARD: Mr. Warlock ... you were expecting me?

MR. WARLOCK: Predictable as always, Wizard.

MR WIZARD: The deal with Nickelodeon is mine ... and so is your head. *(Unsheathing a samurai sword)* Let's dance!

EPISODE 1024: HAMMERS

(Scene opens with Ryan and Mr. Wizard seated on the couch in the DEN)

RYAN: So the message you left with my mother said we'd be working with hazardous chemicals today? I brought my protective goggles and gloves. What's on the agenda, Mr. Wizard?

(Mr. Wizard strikes Ryan on the kneecap with a hammer)

MR. WIZARD: Call me Thor, motherfucker!

RYAN: What?!?

(Mr. Wizard strikes Ryan on the shoulder with a hammer)

MR. WIZARD: I SAID THOR!!!

RYAN: Alright, alright - you're Thor! Stop fucking hittin' me!

MR. WIZARD: THOR!!!

EPISODE 2003: SORES

(Scene opens with Mr. Wizard, Becky, Terrence, and Claude seated around the table in the KITCHEN)

BECKY: Seriously? That's disgusting. I'm literally seconds from vomiting.

MR. WIZARD: I know, right? How do you think *I* feel?!

CLAUDE: Shhh shhh! Here she comes ...

(Linda enters the KITCHEN from HALLWAY)

LINDA: Hey, everyone! Say, what are you guys up to?

CLAUDE: Hey, Linda. Not a lot, just sitting around um ... talking.

(muffled snickers come from Becky and Terrence)

TERRENCE: Hey Linda, how's your butthole holding up?

(laughter)

LINDA: *(enraged)* YOU TOLD THEM!? YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T TELL ANYONE!!!

MR. WIZARD: Well, you promised ME that you were disease-free. Eye for an eye, scumbag.

CLAUDE: Burned!

EPISODE 3000: COMBUSTION

(Scene opens with Mr. Wizard, Kelly, and Donald in the BASEMENT at the lab table)

MR. WIZARD: So let's recap. Kelly, can you tell me what three essential elements you need for a fire?

(Mr. Wizard ignites a wad of tissue with a match)

KELLY: Well, first you need a heat source, such as these matches. Secondly, you have to have oxygen. A fire can't burn continuously without oxygen.

(Mr. Wizard ignites a bowl full of dried-out leaves with a match)

KELLY: And finally, you have to have some kind of fuel, such as the tissue paper or that bowl full of leaves.

MR. WIZARD: Very good, Kelly!

(Mr. Wizard ignites Donald's hair with a match)

KELLY: Holy shit!

(Donald runs screaming from the room, his hair ablaze)

KELLY: Donald burns like leaves!

MR. WIZARD: You owe me five bucks. Pay up.

EPISODE 3002: SUPLEX

(Scene opens with Mr. Wizard and Timmy seated at the counter in the KITCHEN)

TIMMY: That sure was neat, Mr. Wizard. I never knew battery acid had so many useful applications!

(Mr. Wizard hangs his head and sighs)

MR. WIZARD: Do you have a girlfriend, Timmy?

TIMMY: No. I'm only ten, Mr. Wizard.

MR. WIZARD: My wife is leaving me, Timmy. She's found someone else ... a gymnast named Terrence. We've been together for seven years now. Seven years I've wasted rubbing her feet and crafting delicious confectionary concoctions for her in the kitchen. She says I've lost my spark. Says I'm not the virile science-master I used to be.

TIMMY: Gee, I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. Wizard.

MR. WIZARD: Fuck her! I'll show her young and virile! She wants an athlete?! I'll give her one!

(Mr. Wizard rips his sweater off, grabs Timmy by the neck, and suplexes him onto the kitchen floor)

MR. WIZARD: *(Flexes his muscles)* I'm a goddamn BEAST! I'll show that moldy twat who she's fucking with! This is the Wizard! I'm the prince of potions, motherfucker! I'm the ageless byproduct of a Nikola Tesla, Barbarella, Andre the Giant fuckfest. Leave me? LEAVE ME?!? I eat beakers for breakfast and shit algorithms at noon!

TIMMY: *(Writhing on the floor)* Ughhh ... my back ...

MR. WIZARD: I'm just messing with you, Timmy. I always wanted to suplex a kid. Let's get some lunch, I'm buying.

EPISODE 3018: BARRIER
(Scene opens with Mr. Wizard and Raul in the LAB)

MR. WIZARD: Okay Raul, in order to continue with our experiment we're going to have to don our protective equipment. Have you got your goggles and gloves ready?

RAUL: ¿Qué?

MR. WIZARD: K? Kay? What the... Goggles and gloves! Do you have any? We're going to be working with acid, you stupid child.

RAUL: No comprendo, Senor Mago. No comprendo.

MR. WIZARD: *(Rubs his temples and sighs)* I don't speak Greek or Gargoyle or whatever it is you're saying. Do you know what acid is?

RAUL: ¿El ácido?

(Mr. Wizard throws a beaker of acid in Raul's face. Raul runs screaming from the room)

RAUL: ¡MI CARA! ¡QUEMA, QUEMA!

MR WIZARD: Well, it looks like you understand now, Raul. Go get your fucking goggles.

EPISODE 4002: FORESHADOWING

(Scene opens with Tracy and Mr. Wizard standing at the counter in the KITCHEN)

TRACY: That's strange, Mr. Wizard. I would have assumed that the bowling ball would have sunk like a stone! How is it floating?

MR. WIZARD: Well Tracy, it has to do with the density of the ball, or any object for that matter. You see, the ball on its own might feel heavy to you, but if its density is less than the density of that of water, or one gram per cubic centimeter, then it will float.

TRACY: So do all bowling balls float?

MR. WIZARD: No, not all of them. It has to do with ...

RICK ASTLEY: Never gonna give you up. Never gonna let you down. Never gonna run around and desert you. Never gonna make you cry. Never gonna say goodbye. Never gonna tell a lie, and hurt you.

(Rick Astley leaves the KITCHEN through the PATIO DOOR)

TRACY: Um ... what? Was that just Rick Astley?

MR. WIZARD: It certainly seems so. He felt the need to interrupt us by singing that god-awful song. I can't think of anything more annoying. Let's hope that never, ever grows in popularity or happens again.

EPISODE 4010: MEAT

(Scene opens with Mr. Wizard and Carl seated at the table in the KITCHEN. Tracy enters from the HALLWAY)

TRACY: Hey guys! Whats going on today?

MR. WIZARD: Well, we've been going science-crazy in the lab all day, and we've been getting hungry. I'm gonna make Carl hotdogs. Would you like some too, Tracy?

CARL: I love hotdogs!

MR. WIZARD: Of course you do, you fat little shit.

TRACY: I'd love a Carl hotdog.

CARL: Hahaha, he's not making Carl hotdogs. What he meant was he's making hotdogs for me, Carl. You big silly!

MR. WIZARD: No, no. She had it right.

CARL: Wha...

(Mr. Wizard wraps a plastic grocery bag around Carl's head. Carl struggles and thrashes about violently)

TRACY: Mmmm... Carl hotdogs.

EPISODE 4027: LIT UP

(Scene opens with Mr. Wizard and Bryan passing a joint back and forth under a tree in the PARK)

BRYAN: *(coughing)* Whoa... this shit hits strong. Where did you get it?

MR. WIZARD: Donald's ... (*coughing)* Donald's dad picked it up for me when he went to Argentina last month. I think it's laced with something.

BRYAN: Man, I just thought of something. What if we're just sitting here getting fucked up and my leg falls asleep. Like, I'm not sleeping, just my leg falls asleep. And then Freddy Krueger starts fucking my leg up. I'm not sleeping so I can't save it, but I can't wake my leg up because, well, you know how hard it is to wake up your leg when it falls asleep.

MR. WIZARD: Wow. That's some messed-up shit. We should go for a walk and get the blood circulating then, right?

BRYAN: *(coughing)* Yeah. I don't want nightmare legs.

EPISODE: 4029: JESUS

(Scene opens with Mr. Wizard standing in the DEN. Mary, Terry, Bobby, Victoria, and Phillip are seated on the floor)

MR. WIZARD: Okay, now who in here believes in Jesus?

MARY: Me!

BOBBY: I do!

PHILLIP: Me too!

MR. WIZARD: You're all three fucking idiots. Get out of my house and never return.

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse For Creative Manipulations that Beggar Belief!

-∼Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

Chapter 4

April

4.1 Dilbert Doesn't Care About Lady People

Friday, Apr 01, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Show a man a blog and he can read for an hour, give a man a blog and he'll unwittingly expose his contemptible opinions. So it goes for Scott Adams, the creator of Dilbert, that bland newspaper comic about office workers someone might have occasionally mistaken as funny during a 1990s bowel movement.

On March 7th Adams blogged a piece entitled "Men's Rights." It's a stinker. You can read the whole thing at any one of many sites that have mirrored it. Rants about men's rights are a popular subject matter on the Internet and Adams runs through the usual hollow list of non-complaints (men's behavior is frowned upon while women's behavior is celebrated) trotted out by the adult babies in the Men's Rights "movement."

Adams then jeers at men to quit being "pussies" and explains why men should suffer their second-class status:

> **The reality is that women are treated differently by society for exactly the same reason that children and the mentally handicapped are treated differently.** It's just easier this way for everyone. You don't argue with a four-year old about why he shouldn't eat candy for dinner. You don't punch a mentally handicapped guy even if he punches you first. And you don't argue when a women tells you she's only making 80 cents to your dollar. It's the path of least resistance. You save your energy for more important battles.

Almost everything in the article is bad, at best just an ignorant refusal to acknowledge the historic discrimination of women, but this is the outtake that has drawn the most outrage. It has earned the ire of feminists, liberals, and all the other cretins on the Internet who aren't in Adams usual audience of aging IT professionals and people who just walked out of a bunker they've been hiding in since 1953. Jeez, who could be upset that Mr. Dilbert called women a bunch of retarded babies?

This hanging fluorescent light box (seriously) is actual Dilbert branded merch.

When the Internet exploded with outrage, Adams did the smart thing that always works: he removed something from the Internet. He deleted the post. Then he did the next smartest thing that also always works: he went on forums and started arguing with people.

One of his posts from a feminist blog was caught by Laura Hudson over at Comics Alliance:

Based on the mounting evidence, Adams' concept of women is a mentally handicapped child who whines about everything, is prone to irrational tantrums, and society forces Adams to open doors for them, which he'll keep quiet about because he doesn't want to argue with them. But the story of Dilbert's downfall doesn't end here, because Scott Adams still had one last trick up his sleeve to combat the tizzies of all these stupid broads.

On March 27th Adams finally posted an apology of sorts on his blog, along with a reposting of the article that started it all. The content of this apology is one of the funniest things associated with

Scott Adams 3.25.2011 at 7:50 am 24

Is this an entire website dedicated to poor reading comprehension? I don't think one of you understood the writing. You're all hopping mad about your own misinterpretations.

That's the reason the original blog was pulled down. All writing is designed for specific readers. This piece was designed for regular readers of The Scott Adams blog. That group has an unusually high reading comprehension level.

In this case, the content of the piece inspires so much emotion in some readers that they literally can't understand it. The same would be true if the topic were about gun ownership or a dozen other topics. As emotion increases, reading comprehension decreases. This would be true of anyone, but regular readers of the Dilbert blog are pretty far along the bell curve toward rational thought, and relatively immune to emotional distortion.

Dilbert, because it brings us to another smart thing that always works: claiming you are a master troll.

Too emotional to be reasoned with.

Adams' "apology" turns out to be less apology and more gloating about how he is so goddamn smart and tricked everyone into being mad at him:

> **I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I was enjoying all of the negative attention on Twitter and wondered how I could keep it going. So I left some comments on several Feminist blogs, mostly questioning the reading comprehension of people who believed I had insulted them.**

Sure, he was enjoying all the negative attention so he trolled some more, and finally he's actually apologizing????? No, of course not, this is a *fake* apology. Adams manipulated us all from such heights of puppet mastery that him deleting the original article was actually more meta trolling, because of course he knew people would save and repost cached versions!

> **A few people appreciated the meta-joke of removing the post. If you didn't get it, read the deleted post, consider the feminist backlash, then think about the fact that I took down my post and ran away.**
>
> **And to those of you who triumphantly scrounged up a copy of the deleted piece from Google's cache, republished it, and crowed that I don't under-**

stand how the Internet worked, I would politely suggest that perhaps I do.

Unfortunately, Adams betrays his true feelings (or ultra, nine-dimensional mega-meta puppet mastery) by sticking to his claims that his original article was "a piece that mocked the Men's Rights Movement." Actually, the point of the original article was to validate and sympathize with all the Men's Rights idiots (they are idiots, this is how I really feel, not a meta troll, btw) and then tell them to stop being "pussies" because women are retarded babies and it just works better if everyone shuts up. He repeatedly stresses this was the true point along with some twisted logic about emotional issues not being worth arguing about. He doesn't realize this is still the same repugnant point he was making before his master troll started. He's sticking to his guns, and why not? Scott Adams is a fucking moron who doesn't believe in evolution.

Adams ends his master troll apology by doing the actual apologizing. It's the usual sort of "I'm sorry if anyone misunderstood and was offended" sort of non-apology that politicians make after they accidentally blurt out their real feelings about a minority group. "It's your fault for misunderstanding my words you stupid idiot and I'm sorry you're so dumb and emotional."

So what will be the effects of this controversy? Scott Adams will probably be more careful with what he blogs, up until he just has to get something really stupid off his chest. Feminists, who happily ignored Dilbert for decades, will now dislike Dilbert for a month or two and then forget about him again. Adams' audience of Men's Rights douchebags will get over their hurt feelings and continue to patronize Adams' website, because there is literally nowhere else for aggrieved misogynist nerds to gather on the Internet.

The rest of us will continue to wonder when Adams will strike next and entangle us in one of his multi-layered mega trolls. Or are we all in it already!?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.2 The Kennedys Mini-Series Is Bullshit

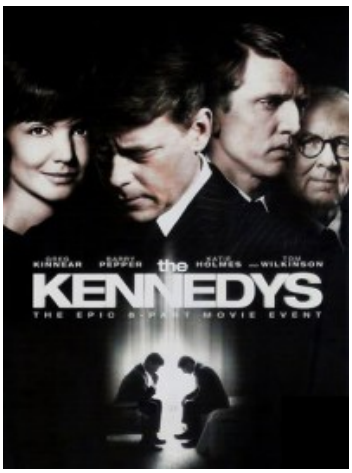
Saturday, Apr 02, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I was looking forward to The Kennedys. After all, Oliver Stone's JFK was a pretty good movie, so a prequel was certainly welcome. Greg Kinnear as John Kennedy was an inspired casting choice, and Katie Holmes seemed like a natural fit due to her real world experience with ineffectually containing her husband's exploding brain.

Ma'am, please hurry. Karl had another accident.

Unfortunately, the finished product is so riddled with errors and creative liberties that it not only made me hate the actual Kennedy family, but my own family as well.

Take, for instance, the opening scene, where JFK wins the presidency. Barely three frames into the mini-series, we encounter our first inaccuracy as the presidential election has been replaced with a contest in which twenty candidates each plant one hand on the United States constitution, staying put until only one remains. The scene is certainly tense, with dramatic flourishes such as JFK pretending to sneeze on the constitution, goading Richard Nixon into raising his hand to protect the sacred document.



As entertaining as it might have been, that scene set the stage for eight hours of poorly researched trash. Don't even get me started on the vice presidential selection process. Ugh I'm pretty sure they didn't even have Laser Tag in the 60s.

Let's skip ahead to the mini-series' version of the swearing-in ceremony. After researching historical photographs, I can say with a fair amount of certainty that JFK was NOT wearing a blue prom tuxedo. As I recall, he was in fact shirtless, with a pair of sensible jean shorts and a tasteful green poker visor. As the ceremony concluded, Satan did not nod to himself with a smile, and there was certainly no cgi rabbit tearfully whispering to himself "This man is so inspiring, I can only hope that fifty years from now there will be a movie named 'HOP', a delightful comedy for the whole family."

To be honest I don't know a lot about Bobby Kennedy, but the subplot where he was being hunted by velociraptors didn't seem very likely. First of all, time travel is impossible. Second, he would have had to travel to the past to encounter dinosaurs, not the far future. Finally, I doubt that Bobby would have the strength and speed required to shove all three velociraptors into the path of a meteorite before diving to safety behind a car door.

The most touching moment in the mini-series comes when Jackie comforts her husband, uncertain about the future following the frustrating Vienna Summit. It is a sweet, humanizing look at two larger than life figures. It is also, however, highly unlikely that the couple owned bear suits. Even if they had, would they have transported the garments (complete with oversized heads) to Vienna? I don't know. Somehow that part didn't ring true.

Perhaps the most blatant bit of history rewriting comes in the portrayal of the Cuban Missile Crisis. In reality, it was a thirteen-day period in which the U.S., Cuba, and Russia teetered on the edge of

nuclear war. In the mini-series, it's a zany adventure in which Fidel Castro and JFK wake up the morning after throwing a party, only to find their missiles missing. With only hours until mom and dad get home, the unlikely partners are forced to clean up the house and find the location of those pesky missiles.

What makes this segment beyond awful is the fact that it never comes to a conclusion that makes any sense. Halfway through, JFK and Castro throw a battle of the bands fundraiser to erase the national debt, and the missiles just sort of show up in the audience with a pair of hot bikini babes.

Sir, it's the robots. They've become too smart. We need you to destroy them with your karate before humanity is enslaved.

One of Kennedy's passions was the exploration of outer space. Though he didn't live to see his vision through, he strongly believed in the importance of sending a man to the moon. This is not brought up at all. In fact, there are multiple scenes in which Greg Kinnear replies to a wholly unrelated line of dialog by scowling, shaking a fist, and stating his severe dislike for discovery and space.

Finally, there's the assassination. It's understandable that the scene in question did not actually show Kennedy being shot. After all, turning that moment into a graphic display would be insensitive. I just wonder why they chose to use a slow-motion shot in which the camera circled the first bullet until just before the moment of impact, then cut away to a woman in the crowd vomiting then being eaten by a dragon.

If you go into The Kennedys expecting an accurate portrayal of history, you'll be disappointed. If, however, you're a fan of anything with an end credit sequence with lots of funny outtakes set to banjo music, you might just have the time of your life.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.3 Open Letter to my Unemployed Squirrel

Sunday, Apr 03, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Don't give me that look. Eleven months and you haven't done a thing other than watch your old James Bond VHS tapes, and you're trying to act surprised that I need rent? Did you think you could just lounge around forever? That your room and Block Buster rentals were free if you wagged that bushy tail back and forth once or twice a month? Sure, it worked for awhile when you hopped around my yard all day long. Cocaine, I thought, and money allowed you such a high strung life. I thought you were one of the Kardashians. But you aren't Kim or Courtney. You aren't even Lindsay Lohan. You are a squirrel and you need to get a job.

And I'm sick of it. You're dead weight. A drain on my pocket books. But this isn't about me, it's about you. You've changed. Whatever happened to your digging? Your climbing? What ever happened to your love of acorns? You haven't scurried in weeks and the tulip bulbs have gone untouched. I just don't feel like I know you anymore. I mean, it's three pm, and you're sitting around eating Papa Johns. My Papa Johns, no less. When I met you, you'd run across four lanes of busy traffic just for the thrill of it, and now you don't do a damn thing. It's pathetic, and I want no part of it. Starting tomorrow, squirrel, you're cut off. On your own.

Don't roll your eyes at me. I'm serious. No more taking advantage of my hospitality. That means no more rides or money, no more free access to the bird feeder. As soon as the sun comes up, you'll need to learn that Craigslist is for more than massages. You need to fix yourself up and find a job. It's time to get out there and find a girl or guy, to be honest, I have no idea what you are. But that's beside the point. Feed yourself some good old-fashioned squirrel food for your own good. Your beady little eyes are drooping more and more in front of the screen. I mean, when was the last time you looked in the mirror? You've lost your thin figure and that fur that I loved so much is oily and falling out. You need to get back to the squirrel I once knew. You need that sleek look, that full bushy tail.

And please, please, please don't give me that introduction to philosophy speech you're so fond of. Employment is just another system of the status quo, fine. Capitalism shrivels creativity and the soul, okay. You're a squirrel not an acorn digging robot, sure. You refuse to follow the Man's orders, great. I get it, but what part of your rebellion revolves around DVRing episodes of Price is Right so you can watch them when you scratch out of your nest? You aren't fighting the system, no, you're drowning in it. Drowning like your brother in that trashcan filled with rain water and a thrown out

bag of chips.

Okay, that was harsh. I'm sorry, but I'm serious. What happened to your goals? Your drive? Didn't you ever have dreams? One of the first times we met you said you wanted to bury three trillion acorns in a week. I knew it was impossible and pretty stupid sounding, but I let that go because of the cocaine I thought you were on. But I guess I was wrong.

Look out the window at the other squirrels. It's spring time and they are doing whatever squirrels do in those creepy leaf ball homes. I don't even understand how they build the things, but there they are, a whole family of them in there. Don't you want to be a part of that? Don't you miss productivity? Watch how they jump and run all over the ground. They don't push themselves between the computer, television, and kitchen in a computer chair because they're too lazy to stand.

I'm sorry, but this is it. I thought we could be friends, but, Squirrel, I have to let you go.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.4 Metatro Varuna "Bubble" Instruction Manual

Monday, Apr 04, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

OVERVIEW

Congratulations on your centeredness and spiritual wisdom in purchasing the Metatro Varuna "Bubble." This is the most advanced killing device available. If you are familiar with the handling of the Metatro Varuna, Asha, Klaus, or Kallisto these controls should seem familiar to you. It is important to remember that "Bubble" is not a toy. Only serious men, disinclined to singing or pranksterism, without romantic or familial obligations, should be given access to this precision device.

PRE-OPERATION

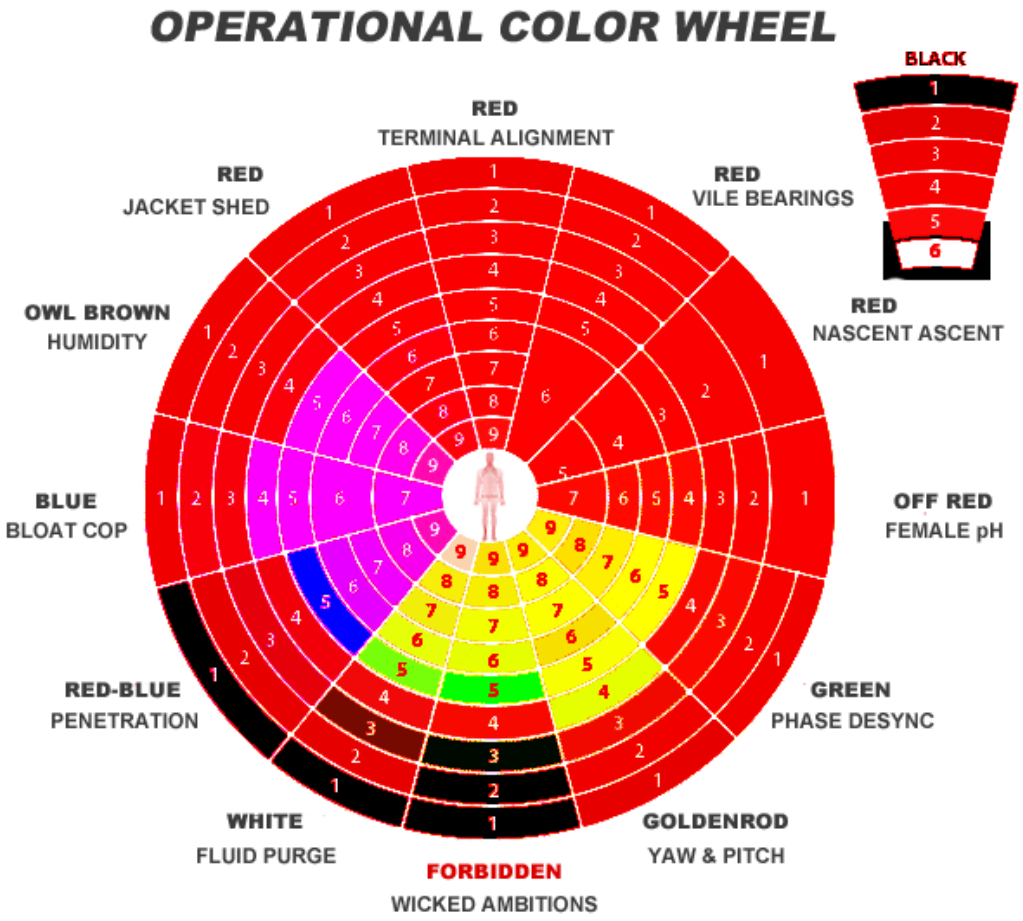
Remove your standard shirt and check your body for static lint. If you find none proceed to Bubble shirt application. If you find lint please proceed to debriding treatment, drip dry, and return to lint inspection. Do not perform this operation in or near an open lint catchment. Do not perform this operation if you are lint.

Before applying Bubble shirt please ensure you are grounded.

Apply Bubble shirt.

Test your perception of the color spectrum using the enclosed testing prism. Accurate perception of the full-spectrum of color is critical to time-sensitive operations of the m3991do. Owl brown and wicked milk yellow approximate the colors of the enemy.

Remove all thoughts and preconceptions, clear yourself of the outside world. Swallow the tablet marked SAUMA. Become a liquid essence traveling through the operational surfaces of the m3991do. Your ego must die before you are integrated into its command systems. Remember that you are not you and that there is no wrong way to be you.



Haunt the contours of the m3991do. Allow your raw emotional intent to communicate your operational desire to the Bubble. Consult table 1-1 and the enclosed color wheel to determine operating parameters and engage systems based on the hue of your vulnerability.

Once you have engaged the device you must carefully monitor all Bubble systems. The action fulcrum may enter PAT panic if you allow the Particle Attractor Tower to arouse any Farook-Heinrich mesons. If this occurs you must immediately attach the optional sprayer head to the coolant line B3 and hose down the particle attractor until the F-H mesons detach and return to their owner emitters.

Visualize success. Visualizing failure can antagonize the possibility matrix and force it into parallel outcomes denial mode and a full system lock. Once you have read this instruction you must completely forget it or you will become obsessed with visualizing failure and you will visualize a full system lock caused by the possibility matrix.

Clear any ice that forms around the froyo cuff.

Enjoy froyo. Berries for healthy topping, peanut chocos for a little guilty pleasure.

DO NOT experience guilt. The possibility matrix is calibrated to detect the slightest amount of guilt and initiate a full system stop and criticality reversal. Try to experience pride for a job well done, especially if you experience a system failure.

Activate full power mode with your hand by pressing the button marked "Full Power Mode."

THE BEAUTEOUS IMMORTALS

The greatest woe is for the rational creature of flesh to reproduce. It is a curse to know boundless affection for its progeny and to realize this progeny will inevitably suffer and die. Life is the trial of carbon.

Conceptualize the penteract entombing your eyes. You are imprisoned by your limitations. Inject near-lethal overdoses of hallucinogens. Know the infinite beyond. Empty the body waste container over an unpopulated area.

Insert sliced bread into tabs A, B, C and E and activate heating element by entering your 256-

character encryption key.

Receive toast from toast aperture. Add toppings to taste from enclosed condiment sachets. Choose from jam, hot jam, butter, cheese, hot cheese, meat, sour, or bubble special.

Place topped toast on Metatro-branded toast conveyance and move slowly and carefully away from the m3991do, being sure not to drop toast or get any lint on toast.

Visualize the cycle of destruction and rebirth which will transform toast into a component of your temporal physical manifestation as your cells die and renew and you, never the same being from one moment to the next, flow like a river of flesh through time and space. All matter in the universe was once alive and it will live again.

Rest assured that your foe is not like you. This war is with an inscrutable enemy you can never even see. War in the age of unintelligible machines. To this enemy you are beneath notice. Though you will inevitably fall short of transcendence, by activating Bubble at least you might force the enemy to notice you. Become, for a moment, a brilliant star in the night sky.

Engage your customer-specific annihilation sequence to obliterate all matter within 6 AU. A countdown will commence.

Enjoy toast.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 District Bulletin - Ask Your Superiors

Tuesday, Apr 05, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Stop, you citizen, and appreciate a service most generous! Your Superiors exist not only to thwart Croisquessein, chase Dorroile and tether you to poles-- oh, don't say it! Ever we strive to inform and instruct, to help in matters, to answer and tell.

And today we do: for the first in a general thing, we will do it sometimes, here we answer your quandries with patience and precision. In matters of specific need, we will consult the most appropriate Superior; in general matters, Your Superiors will think as one and answer as one. Thank you to all who wrote in with questions, and if we did not answer yours, please excuse us for revealing by its omission that it was stupid. Read:

Baby Looks Too Wise

> *My friends are often fooled by the owlish sagacity of my baby's countenance, but the baby is not wise. The baby fully witless and quite stupid even for a baby. The baby has voice both deep and calming and he offers awful quite bad advice in it. Lately, he is advised my friend Ollys to purchase a giant pink house full of cookies and puppies. But I have been inside the cookie puppy house and despite its low price clearly it is a deathtrap. Am I exposed to liability?*
> *- D. Framaise*

You are not liable if Ollys makes a bad decision on the advice of a baby. This principle was writ once clear in our constitution: "he who seeks the council of babies risks [illegible]." So the risk is his, we think probably. Being that we here see a matter pedagogical, consult we our Superior for Education, Hairbank, who has sworn to kill us all if we do not surrender our youngmartins so he might eat them. Spake Hairbank: "I will eat this wise baby and gain his knowledge. I will eat the cookies and puppies if you direct me to the house." So in doing, each problem is solved at once.

Big Teeth Can't Whistle to Please Swimp

> *I can't whistle on account of teeth too big. Will I be damned? How can I please the God, Swimp, during the part of service of which sustained jolly-a-whistling called for?*
> *- F. Huntbulb*

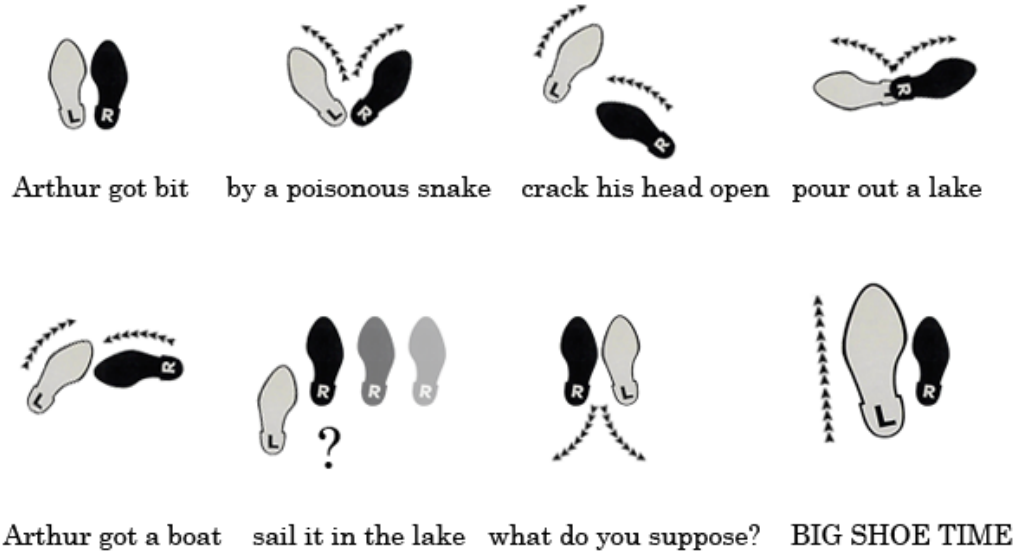
Our God Swimp is always pleased. He is a bunny-soft baby cutie who lives in the moon; he urges you to coax a whistle only for your own pleasure. He will not damn you for failure to whistle, only for failure to delight in his softness. But! Head Superior for Medicine Dr. Henboss Toots advises you thusly: "It is never not possible-- hence always possible-- to whistle, even with big teeth. It is

only that you have not yet apprehended just how to do it. From medicine, my doctor advice is to try to whistle inward first, because it might be easier for your big teeth. From there, Swimp willing, work toward the outward blowing whistle."

Dorroile's Gruesome Dance

> *Dorroile haunts our every event with his notorious dance, which is as hypnotic as it is grotesque. I have never seen the whole dance without falling down due to faintness and emotional scandal. Can you publish the steps to his dance, for the public record?*
> *- G. Ninnyhorse*

Your Superiors here reprint the steps comprising one of Dorroile's most notably heinous dances, coupled with the strange lyric he shrieked whist performing it. Readers faint of heart, youngmartins, unwise babies and other such pussywillows are encouraged to avert their eyes, lest even the frozen paper specter of the dance scandalize their minds forever.



Further, we urge readers to not attempt to imitate the following hideous dance, for it is the gyration of an insane cocklaw.

Citizen Bearded by Paradox Thugs

> *Yesterday, a stranger approached me near Fawndeath Hollow in the evening, yesterday. He told me that he would give me five tins of sour clams for nothing, in exchange for no pay; freely he would give them. Just as I began to crook my finger around his to legitimize the proposition, another stranger, identically dressed with the first, swatted my hand away and said that he would instead give me one hundred tins of the same sour*

clams, also for no price but my willingness to take them and my assurance that I would not accept the clams of the other man! But more: a third man, dressed differently and all in black, emerged from the gulchish area nearby the Hollow, huffing as though he ran, and laid this odd egg: he would give me one MILLION tins of sour clams- - which he had in crates in the gulch, I saw them- - if only I chose irrationally between the offers of the first two strangers. Vexed, I bade them wait until a week hence, when I will go back and give my answer. Am I the victim of a paradox?
- J. Chaut

We fear so. Your Superiors would like to gently remind you that paradoxes are illegal. We have already seized the clams of all three men, totally one million one hundred and five. We ask that you report to the Weep of Desperation for punishment; by your ponderance of the strangers' riddle, you are guilty of entertaining or contemplating a paradox, which similarly damages the law. Readers of this bulletin, please refrain from contemplating the paradox posed in the preceding question, or you too may face consequent penalisms.

Horse Nightmare Agonises Man

I have a bad constant nightmare each night. I wake up and am a horse now. My wife make me leave the bed and even the whole house! How likely is this that it will happen when I am awake?
- U. Woodmartin

You are not likely to become a horse. If you are asking if it is likely that your wife will make you leave the bed and house, this is only between you and your wife and your bed and your house and yourself. If the nightmare is bothersome still, do not visit any horses socially, as they might be planting the seeds of terror in your head for to coax you to join their race. If still it persists, this nightmare, stop sleeping for some great while.

Wife Demands Coitus

My wife seeks to enter coitus with me, but I unfortunately DO not know what/whom involved and what is the risk, or if it hurts or if men are allowed to do it. I hope that you are able to advice. I asked wife to explain but nothing doing. I plead you answer.
- J. Bofurf

We do not know. Again we consult Dr. Henboss Toots, who explains: "First, take your wife to a place where nobody can see. Then, if it pleases you, remove your shoes and socks. Ask your wife to lie down and turn on the television. If she is satisfied, very well done. If she still wants you to do something else, alas, please just clench every muscle and try to endure it. In your ordeal, among your peals of sobbery and wails of horror, try not to evoke aloud the merciful name of Swimp, because a giggling cookie-bear has no place in the lexicon of coitus."

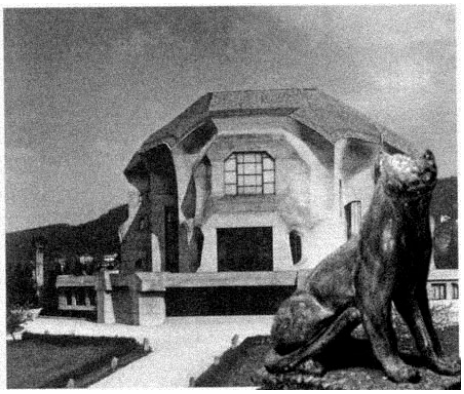
Dorroile is a Liar

> *I have a question for Claude Fantsy, the Head Better Superior. Hello, Claude. I am sure you are quite content and very pleased indeed that there is only one Dorroile. You know well that all men named Dorroile are liars and lie without ceasing, and all that they say is a lie. I am named Dorroile and I am a liar, and I am lying about it right now. Is that statement true? Thank you.*
> *- Dorroile Y.*

It is the sad duty of Your Superiors to inform you that Hbs. Claude Fantsy has recently been guilty of contemplating a paradox, thanks to the ugly trickery of Dorroile, and will spend six days tethered to the pole. Your Claude asks your forgiveness in a manner most humble.

Further questions for the next time can be addressed to:

Your Superiors
001 Weep, Suite 400
Weep of Desperation
Your Beautiful District



-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.6 Dear Mr. Mayor: The Hairy Little Men Problem

Wednesday, Apr 06, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dear Mr. Mayor series.

Mr. Mayor,

What the hell is going here? While getting my mail, a bunch of hairy little men jumped out of nowhere and started spitting on me. I had to protect my eyes with the coupon flyers and other junk mail. Now that I am safely inside, those hairy little men are jumping on my roof and barking like dogs and hissing.

The police said it wasn't there problem, so you better do something. ARREST THESE WEIRDOES!

Jeffrey Bird

Mr. Mayor,

If you're not going to have the thousands of little hairy men plaguing our streets arrested, could you at least have them provided with diapers or underwear. I'm tired of seeing their disproportionately large genitalia flailing around while they spit and jump up and down.

The last thing we need is for kids to see this sort of thing and start asking questions.

Dolores Krokk

Mayor,

The sudden influx of little hairy men is causing a lot of trouble for local businesses, which have only begun to recover from the recent Clawman invasion.

I urge you to take immediate action and do something about the little hairy men before they hinder ongoing civic projects. The little hairy men have been invading construction sites and stealing tools, in addition to laying their tiny eggs which hatch even smaller little hairy men.

A town hall meeting or statement to the press announcing swift action would go a long way toward easing fears.

Plugging up the tunnel to the underground world would also be a good idea, since most of the older little hairy men emerged from it, and many more still trickle out each day.

Thank you,

Angela Chambers,
a concerned citizen

Dear Mr. Mayor

Got a problem with a bunch of little hairy men? Let me at 'em. I worked as a barber for fifteen years so I know a thing or two about cutting hair. Also where are the little hairy women? If I'm gonna be forced to stare at these weird little devils, can't some of them at least be women? Thank you for your time,

Gus Brat

Mr. Mayor,

I love them! These Hairy Little Men are the life of the neighborhood. They seem to revel in everything, and it's positively infectious. Always jumping and barking and hissing and spitting. So primal!

Just letting you know I appreciate the progressive attitude toward the little hairy men. I plan to start shaving less and going natural in an effort to blend in with our newest citizens.

Larry Dugan

ATTN: Mayor,

I am a proud one-armed American dedicated to this country and the great things it stands for. One thing I know America doesn't stand for is abiding little hairy men who steal our things and spit on us. Most of them are savages and the fact they all came out of a dark hole in the ground proves this.

I may not be able to fire a gun anymore with just my one arm and one hand, but there's an important act I can still do perfectly well: wave the American flag. What flag are you waving, Mr. Mayor? Last I checked the little hairy men didn't have a flag, because they lack the god-given patriotism to make one.

Rick Loyal

Hey!

Hey there, buddy. PLUG THE DAMN HOLE. Need something big enough to cover it? How about we shoot every damn little hairy man, bundle them up into a ball, and stuff 'em in the hole so none of the other ones still hanging out underground can come up.

James Wedgehound

Hey Mr. Mayor,

Are you stupid or something? The Little Hairy Men have put our town on the map and they show more passion than anyone else in the stands. The fact you haven't made them the official mascot for the Fightin' Cougs is a travesty. They show 10 times the enthusiasm as the cheerleaders, even if they do sometimes steal the football and bite and hiss and spit on people.

Greg Pollock

ATTN: MAYOR-MAN

Mr. Mayor-Man, I recently relocated to your sector in hopes of leading a calm, relaxing existence dedicated to the study of human susceptibility to extreme gravimetric shifts.

I believe I offer a convenient and easy solution to the problem posed by the little-hairy-men. By simply flooding the town with a toxic gas derived from a type of liquefied dark matter common in some parts of the universe, the little-hairy-men will be converted into a thick, combustible gelatin. Should you desire to employ my plan, I will be scanning local brain frequencies for thoughts on rhubarb. This will be our secret code.

Sincerely,

A Concerned Constituent-Man

A post signature addendum (A.P.S.A.): Although I am new to this sector, I wish to let you know that I enjoy parades and would like to observe more of them.

Looks like you screwed up again. The town is overrun with little hairy men who bite and spit average citizens, and nobody is doing anything to stop them. It's a sad day when I agree with the newspaper headlines. "Mayor Chokes on Hairball" is an understatement.

Since you're clearly pushing some progressive liberal agenda here, I suppose it's only a matter of time before you start taxing citizens more to provide healthcare for the little hairy men, who will of course need the right to vote and attend our schools.

You make me sick.

Pete Loam

Mr. Mayor,

The little hairy men are not a criminal problem, and arresting them won't do a lick of good. Little hairy men behave the way they do because of their upbringing. Most are hatched from eggs and thrust into a world that provides nothing for them. It's not hard to see why most of them immediately embrace a life of barking, hissing, spitting and stealing small items like tools, silverware and lawn decorations. If anything, the little hairy men are crying out for authority, and it's up to us to take action and help them.

And the notion that we put them in zoos, as the newspaper suggests, is absolutely vulgar. Little hairy men are not animals. Until we stop treating them as such, we're no better than them.

Professor Rory Satch

Dear. Mr. Mayor,

It's the economy, stupid. It's no coincidence these little hairy men showed up when they did. It's only a miracle they didn't arrive a few years sooner, when things were really bad. This is what happens when manufacturing dries up and heads overseas. Sure, some people blame it on the tunnel to the inner earth that until recently was plugged by a large boulder, but people are always looking for something to blame, regardless of whether it makes sense or not.

What makes sense is jobs. What makes sense is factories. The sooner we realize that, the sooner we can move on with our lives.

Dave Thimble

Dear Concerned Residents,

We here at the Mayor's Office are delighted to receive your letters, and applaud your commitment to the community.

In spite of certain "exposés" written by the sensationalist editors at the newspaper, the Mayor did not sell the large boulder blocking the tunnel to Inner Earth. Like all citizens, the mayor knows this boulder was responsible for keeping the little hairy men from coming topside and biting and spitting on our good citizens, as little hairy men are wont to do.

Unfortunately, the city does not currently have the resources necessary to deal with the little hairy men problem, as the Police Department believes this matter falls under the purview of Animal Control. Because Animal Control consists of three full-time employees and one dog trained to sniff out mosquito larvae, there is simply no way for them to round up all the little hairy men, and many of the small freshly hatched ones can easily slip through nets.

The mayor believes it is only a matter of time before the little hairy men get homesick and decide to return to Inner Earth. The smaller ones that hatched here in town will want to stay, but should be fully grown by then and much easier to capture.

Until then he encourages every citizen to continue supporting the local community and to ignore the little hairy men. Although they may bark, hiss, spit, and bite, their tiny teeth cannot break our skin and exposure to small hairy man saliva does not appear to cause any harm after an initial itchy period.

Thank you,

Janet Cowers,

Deputy Mayor

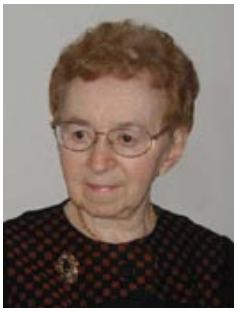
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.7 Dear President Oboe II

Thursday, Apr 07, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Dear President Oboe,

It is nice to sit and catch up with you again. On the brighter side of things, I now have the energy to write you personally instead of asking my precious grandson Jace to type away at his computer, which is a good thing because Jace is at labor camp for the summer because he skateboarded in a church parking lot right after he discovered the church had been burned down. That boy gets into more trouble with his skateboard, but even the best of us have our vices. I can't tell you how many hours I've frittered away writing Christmas cards and staring out the window at the backyard ducks.



I have done my patriotic duty by raising over 38 dollars for the Rotary Club this year so I think I deserve at least seven minutes of your time.

Mr. Oboe, I am happy to report that my ghost problem has stopped. I guess they were really after poor Jace because they disappeared as soon as he did! But I am afraid things have gone from ghosts to goblins for Norma Fedlick. Real goblins, that is. Baraka (if I may be less formal), why is it that we of the Greatest Generation seem to have so many problems with the supernatural? Just before my friend Ruth died of many cancers, she kept telling me she saw a nine-headed worm creature beckoning to her from a fiery pit. But I guess that Ruth always was a kidder.

It seems that the spooks and ghoulies have pegged us old folks as easy targets, because I am suffering from a real case of the goblins. And you must understand it is very hard for me to even write "case of the goblins," as this is what we called genital warts in the 1940s. But Mr. President, these are actual goblins, and they are disrupting my day-to-day life. I owe my daughter-in-law Susan the world, as she discovered that the goblins had broken in through the screen door and stole most of my pain medication. And I know she was surprised by the whole ordeal because she fainted shortly after and slept for almost a day!

I saw a documentary about goblins on television and the lead goblin was very large and had an accent like the carnival men.

I am lucky to have someone like Susan to take care of me while Jace is off having the time of his life at camp. Right after the whole goblin incident, she drove me right down the doctor's and got all of my prescriptions refilled and I didn't even have to get out of the car! Susan manages to do a fine job of scaring the goblins away, but they wear her out so. It's not strange to find her slumped over the Davenport, drooling like a baby after she's done chasing down those darned critters. I do appreciate that she's been visiting a lot more recently, but I hate to see the poor dear in such a state.

One day Susan brought a man over who was not my son Steven and they had one heck of a time with those goblins! Susan told me he was a certified goblin catcher, and let me tell you that young man certainly tuckered himself out. In fact, those goblins got his goat so bad that the poor thing threw up in his sleep! Lucky for him vomit comes right off of those linoleum bathroom floors, eh Oboe? Cleaning it out of his braided ponytail the next morning was a whole different story, but you don't have nine grand-daughters without learning a few things.

Doctor Oboe, my poor Susan is at the end of her rope. I guess Medicare doesn't account for goblin theft, as we are having a difficult time finding

doctors who will replace what I've lost to those green little devils. I even tell her, "Susan, if you would just unlock this door and let me talk to the man, I can explain everything," but this is when she always tells me if I get into an argument with the doctor, the stress may raise my blood pressure and give me a heart attack. Who am I to question a former nurse, who was kicked out of her profession for caring too much? Of course this is not what the judge called it, but I must admit I have gotten very rusty about the law since Diagnosis: Murder went off the air.

Mr. President, I know you have your hands full with the Lithuanians, but would you mind sending some National Guard men over to scare the bejeebers out of those little rascals? Also if possible, I would like to take a tour of the White House, as I am a fan of antique furniture and could certainly take many pictures for my scrapbook. And if it would not be too much trouble, could you please send a bus to pick me up? Susan has left me at the Burger King for over 14 hours and my senior discount can only stretch my small coffee budget so far.

Yours,

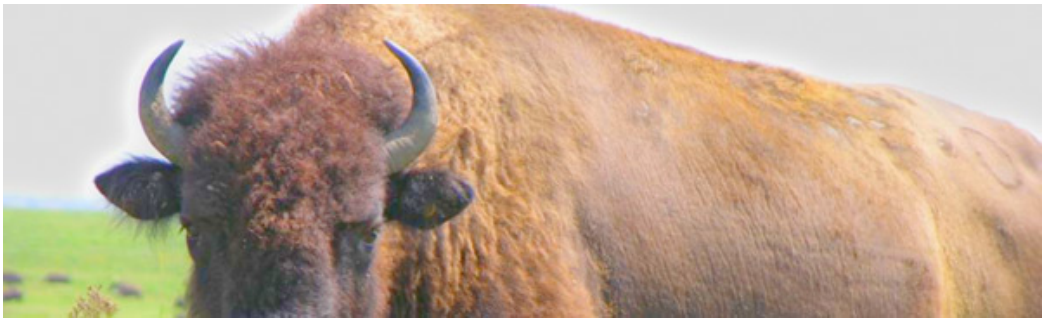
Norma Fedlick

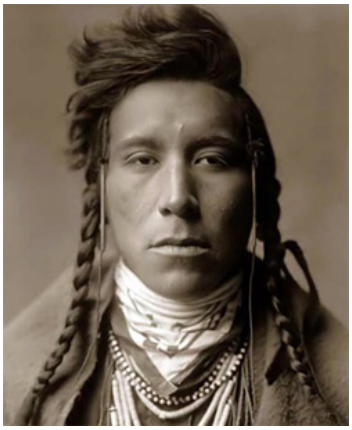
Another documentary told me that this lady is in charge of the goblins. She looks just like Tammy. my dental hygenist. I hope that is a coincidence.

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.8 Five Parts of Buffalo We Should Not Use

Friday, Apr 08, 2011 by Complains-to-Cloud, an 8th Century Crow Indian (@sexyfacts4u)





Thank you for hearing my song of disagreement. At the pow wow last night was discussion of conserving buffalo for winter and once again Proud Eagle lectured me at length about need to use every part of buffalo. As you may recall, week before last at pow wow Proud Eagle brought up that I was seen throwing a small amount of buffalo into a stream and burying another part beneath a rock.

I am very happy that Proud Eagle has plenty of time to spend all day following me around and recording my actions on his beads. Maybe if he tried to hunt more than one buffalo per year he would not have so much time to worry about my buffalo.

I think Proud Eagle raises important issue, which is the issue of using all parts of buffalo. I mean, seriously, whole buffalo? Part of buffalo is like rocks other part taste like messy dog fart. You want man get fart mouth and broken tooth? Oh, wait, this is Proud Eagle already. Maybe next time when you lecture me you will eat some mint leaf.

It is time to reconsider using all part of buffalo. Five parts especially should not be used.

1. Buffalo Dong

Hmm, let us see, war dance purposes: none. Eating: no thanks, this was literally inside a buffalo vagina. Charm a wife: not likely unless she is a buffalo. Slide it underneath loincloth and walk around village freaking out elder mothers: funny once when you are twelve summers. I think it is okay if we do not take a buffalo dick. We already use its balls. Old Man Coyote - if he is even real, which I doubt - will not be mad if we do not take the dong.

2. Buffalo Skull

One buffalo skull is good, but it has to stop. Okay, we get it True Arrow, you are master of hunting. You do not need to rub every brave's nose into this. This is not a reason to place many buffalo skulls outside wigwam in huge skull pile. Whole village stinks and brother raccoon runs amok during the darkness. You do not actually use skull, you just show off. Bite the softness of my buttocks, True Arrow.

3. Buffalo Eyes

Anybody here actually taste buffalo eye? Cooks-for-Many makes her buffalo eye stew. How bad is that? If the visions of the wailing woman could be a food made out of boogers this would be buffalo eye. Also, when I am chewing I cannot stop thinking about what is eye seeing at that moment, which makes it harder to swallow. Will it anger the buffalo's spirit to not eat its eyes? I know if I were being eaten by a buffalo and he gets to disgusting eyeballs I would totally give a pass to him. If you do not believe buffalo would do the same for us then you are basically calling buffalo spirits evil.

4. Buffalo Poop and Pee

Maybe we should not eat the poop that comes out of buffalo intestine. Oh, wait, that's right. We do not eat this part of buffalo at all. It counts, surely, so why do rules purist not stuff dumb face full of buffalo turd? Everything has to be just like that one phrase that Wise-as-Mountain probably just said offhand one night without thinking. We must blindly adhere to this rule. Fascists eat the poop.

Makes-the-Necklace, take some class and learn another skill. Keeping fire going overnight in high demand.

5. Buffalo Bung

Literalist and old timer: get with the modern age, wise grandfather. Because saying is "every part of buffalo" does not mean this part. Absolutely not. Spoken history of buffalo bung eating is part of elaborate prank. I think Great Coyote takes the form of an elder many winters ago and eats a buffalo bung and says "Yes, this is the best part." Times change. We have developed something called counting and know there are many buffalo and not just one buffalo that returns to be killed again and again. Let us eat the other parts and not this part is all I am saying, are you with me brothers?

While I am on subject, Makes-the-Necklace, you need to quit it with buffalo teeth necklace. Whole camp look like buffalo dental school. You give out so many necklace, you trade necklace, we go through 50 buffalo per year. You do the counting.

I am not suggesting big change here. We can still do buffalo organ party. Still eat buffalo thymus and brain. It is just common sense. If you hate part of buffalo or don't really have use for that part then don't try to use it. So many buffalo everywhere and they are so stupid, I think we can afford a little waste. Nothing wrong with that.

-∼Complains-to-Cloud, an 8th Century Crow Indian (@sexyfacts4u)

4.9 More Forgotten Origins Of Comic Book Characters

Saturday, Apr 09, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Forgotten Origins Of Comic Book Characters series.

In each installment of Forgotten Origins, we present your favorite comic book characters as they truly appeared in their debuts, before generations of refinement and retconning. The results aren't always pretty, but they never cease to fascinate.

Superman: The Man Who Hates Chains

Superman's origin has been drilled into the subconscious of American pop culture. Baby refugee from a dead planet, raised by the Kents, a paragon of justice whose incredible powers are fueled by our yellow sun, no strong feelings about chains.

As it turns out, that version of the character was a revision. The first Superman was altogether different. There was no super speed, no leaping over buildings, no x-ray vision. There was simply a man, born on Earth, with a borderline irrational hatred of chains.

Notable issues:

Action Comics #1
When a dastardly bank robber holds the mayor of Metropolis hostage, Superman leaps into action, breaking into an unguarded tool shop and angrily dismantling every chain he gets his hands on.

Superman: The Man Who Hates Chains #14
Clark Kent's secret is nearly uncovered when Lois asks him to hold onto her favorite industrial chain.

DC Comics #5
Superman's first encounter with his greatest foe, the alien mastermind Chainiac.

The Incredibly Verbose Hulk

Hulk has remained largely unchanged over the years. He has always had the modern day Jekyll/Hyde thing going for him. When angered, he has always turned gigantic and (usually) green. Originally, however, he didn't smash puny bad guys so much as he yelled at them at great length, with surprising eloquence.

In place of action-packed superhero battles, each confrontation involving the Hulk played out like a three hour wrestling promo cut by a roided-out Dennis Miller.

Notable issues:

The Incredibly Verbose Hulk #7
In this 183-page special, Hulk sits a U.S. army helicopter down and explains in great detail what it did to anger him, why he felt the helicopter's actions were uncalled for, and exactly what he would like to do to the helicopter with his superhuman strength.

Tales To Astonish #60
When Dr. Bruce Banner enters a boxing tournament, things take a surprising turn as Hulk emerges at the opening of the first round! In the following action-packed pages, The Incredibly Verbose Hulk describes each and every blow landed by his opponent in pulse-pounding prose! Guest starring Muhammad Ali and The Monkees.

What If? #3
The world's most creatively speculative comic turns its eye to our green hero, asking a poignant question: What if The Incredibly Verbose Hulk had a megaphone?

Actual Ghost Rider

Johnny Blaze made a deal with the devil, but it turned out to be a mistake! The motorcycle-loving bad boy was given great powers, but was also turned into a demonic being with a flaming skull for a head.

Now he is forever bound, not to a badass hellish motorcycle, but to a ghost which gives him piggy back rides.

Notable issues:

Actual Ghost Rider #2
A group of thugs laugh at Actual Ghost Rider's method of transportation, but soon the laughter stops when Actual Ghost Rider blazes into action - telling them that the ghost has feelings.

Marvel Spotlight #5
First appearance of Actual Ghost Rider. Second appearance of his catchphrase "It's better than a scooter! Because I don't have to buy gas!"

Actual Ghost Rider #31
In this very special Actual Ghost Rider, tragedy strikes when a deer jumps in front of the ghost, leaving it no time to avoid the collision. Guest starring Dick Van Patten and The Monkees.

Nurse Doom

We all know Doctor Doom as the most iconic nemesis of the Fantastic Four, the disfigured genius whose cunning is matched only by his ruthlessness. In the beginning, however, Victor Von Doom did not pursue a doctorate. Much more interested in interacting with his patients than managing cases, he took the route of becoming a male nurse.

The resulting ridicule fueled his anger, adding a layer of depth to his tragic journey to villainy.

Notable issues:

Fantastic Four #5
After a failed attempt to kidnap the Mostly Invisible Woman, Nurse Doom flees into a theater packed with doctors. Just when it seems as though the dastardly villain has slipped away, Reed Richards asks if anyone is a doctor. In mere moments, Nurse Doom is the only person remaining seated.

Avengers #28
In his most devastating appearance yet, Nurse Doom tests Private America's blood and discovers heartworms.

Fantastic Four Annual #2
Nurse Doom's iron mask is removed, revealing The Monkees. Guest starring The Beatles.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.10 SAS Field Manual: What to Do if You Just Ate a Meal Without Realizing You Lost Your Wallet

Monday, Apr 11, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You walked into this restaurant, sat down, and enjoyed a nice meal, but now the check has arrived and you have realized you do not have your wallet. You've probably had a rough day. Were you chased by a dog that tore open your back pocket as you were climbing a fence? Was there some sort of mix-up where your wallet and somebody else's identical wallet were on a counter and you picked up the other person's wallet because you were in a rush to catch a train?

It's okay, mate! Take a deep breath and relax. Situational awareness is vitally important to dealing with a lost wallet scenario. Take in your surroundings paying particular attention to points of egress, sentries and their patrol routes, guard dogs, and passive denial obstacles such as fences, dragon's teeth, minefields, and ditches.

Stall your waitress for time. Ask her for a refill on your drink or order something for dessert. While she is occupied begin searching for weaponry. Knives and forks will do in a pinch, but search the wall for rusty tchotchkes.

You would be amazed how many restaurants incorporate easily-weaponized farm implements into the décor such as pitchforks and adzes. Don't overlook hard-edged items like novelty license plates, signs advertising sodas that fell out of fashion at roughly the same time as zeppelin travel, and if you are in a weird Greek spaghetti restaurant in Wisconsin, drama masks painted gold.

If you are carrying a firearm you still may need to construct a silencer in the restaurant. Toilet paper rolls using compressed tissues as batting can make an effective sound suppressor in conjunction with subsonic ammunition.

Before committing to the use of force, exhaust all other options. Open lines of communication with local tribesmen, bus boys, or fellow patrons. If you can establish a rapport with the locals they can provide you with valuable intelligence about the wait-staff's whereabouts. A very good relationship could turn to trade, allowing you to pay off your debt in goods.

Beware of internecine conflicts. Primitive cultures will often look to the tier one operator as a person of authority and may bring problems to you in the hopes that you will resolve them. Avoid such entanglements at all cost. Your objective is to cover for your lack of a wallet and exfiltrate from the restaurant.

Once you have committed to an exit strategy and you have made the best preparations you can under the restaurant conditions, it is time to execute. Move swiftly and without hesitation towards the nearest exit. If anyone gets in your way you should aim for center mass with a double tap to the chest and one to the head in case they are wearing strike vests or similar body armor. Waitresses and managers can be dispatched using improvised weapons or hand-to-hand techniques. The most effective and painless kill is the neck snap.

Exit the building and deploy smoke to signal your extraction helo. If you plan to exit the battlefield by some other means then do so now.

If resistance is stiff do not hesitate to send a message. Executions of prisoners by necklacing is a common method employed by sub-Saharan military forces to put fear into the opposition. If possible, write down or memorize the cost of your check and mail payment at a future date.

Or you could wash dishes.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.11 Horse_ebooks

Tuesday, Apr 12, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

@Horse_ebooks is a Twitter bot designed and automated by apparently some Russian guy to sell worthless, horrible ebooks about horses. In order to avoid being detected as a spam bot, it occasionally posts a text snippet or two from one of its ebooks, chosen at random. I will never buy an ebook from it, but I will follow this Twitter account until I die or horses become extinct, whichever comes first.

@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks
Frog
8 Feb via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Retweet Reply
@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks
How to Teach a Horse to Sit, Give a Kiss and Give a Hug
6 Feb via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Retweet Reply
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Horse ebooks
The secret method behind teaching your horse to walk on his hind legs. This never fails to impress onlookers.
27 Feb via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Undo Retweet Reply
@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks
How to bring real pleasure to your partner and enjoy the pleasure of your erection.
1 Mar via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Undo Retweet Reply

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Horse ebooks
How does the merging of Occult Science and Advanced Technology create Electronic Sorcery, one of the most dangerous aspects of the
11 Feb via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Retweet Reply
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Horse ebooks
You meet a guy and he seems really nice, youand#39;d like to get to know him, but he doesnand#39;t ask you for your number. No way
8 Mar via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Undo Retweet Reply
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Black Fury is the touching story of Chance, a young girl who saw something special in a beautiful black
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FACT is that EVERY CREATIVE GENIUS, every SINGLE human being who EVER got anything worthwhile done at all - was someone who

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Alcoholism.

4 Mar via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Undo Retweet Reply

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How to throw a horse.

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The children won t let me stop telling tales of the Land of

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Famous Crab

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The only charting I do is of my winnings - nothing

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@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks
Suddenly, I saw the beauty and wonder of life again...I was ALIVE!
20 Mar via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Retweet Reply
@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks
Be ready to turn some heads at the next beach outing or poolside gathering... You ll be totally excited to show off your cellulite
20 Mar via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Undo Retweet Reply
@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks
Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing
20 Mar via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Retweet Reply
@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks
Ride
22 Mar via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Retweet Reply
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Horse ebooks
Make a special sauce so your dog can share in the festive season.
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Why are there so many conflicting opinions coming out of NASA regarding Planet X? (Part 1:Page 86)

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Horse ebooks

You talked to a trainer about training a horse, but he won t let you be there while he is training the

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Horse ebooks

Bitten with the bug at age nine, she has spent many years looking for ways to support her horse habit

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@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks

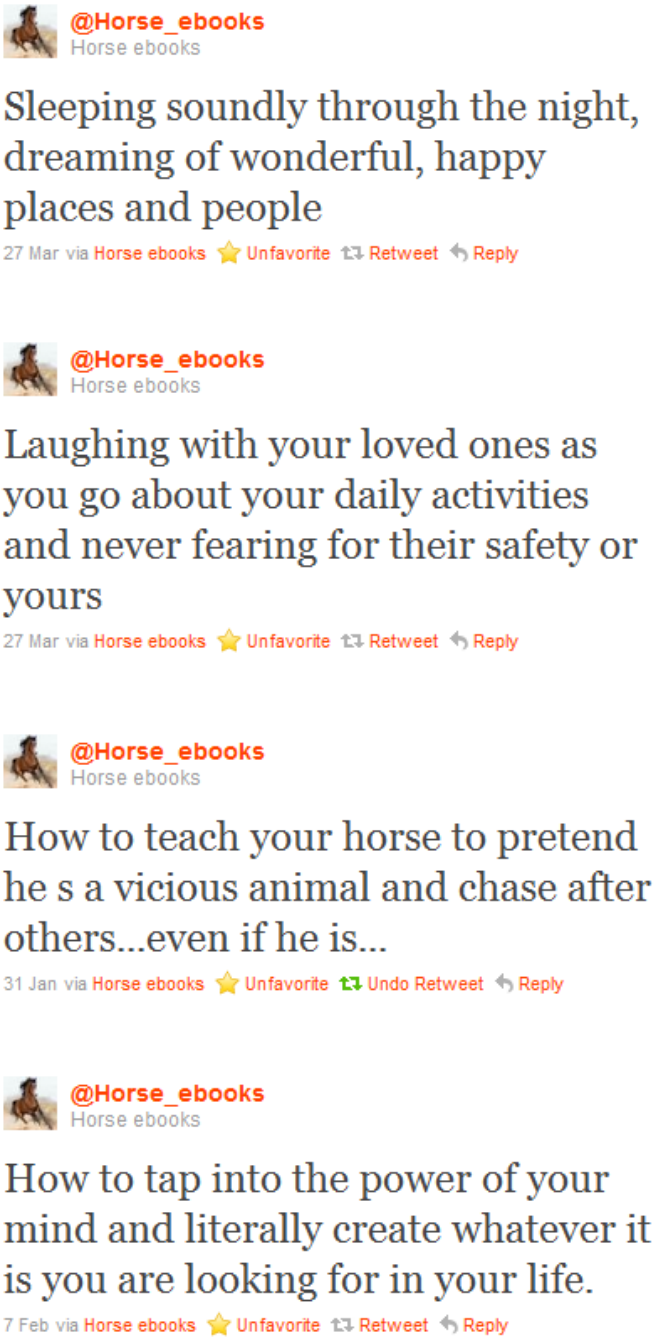
This is truly powerful

9 hours ago via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Retweet Reply

@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks

Pollen (almost every kind)

7 hours ago via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Retweet Reply


@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks
Sleeping soundly through the night, dreaming of wonderful, happy places and people
27 Mar via Horse ebooks Unfavorite Retweet Reply
@Horse_ebooks
Horse ebooks
Laughing with your loved ones as you go about your daily activities and never fearing for their safety or yours
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Horse ebooks
How to teach your horse to pretend he s a vicious animal and chase after others...even if he is...
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Horse ebooks
How to tap into the power of your mind and literally create whatever it is you are looking for in your life.
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-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.12 ROOMS FOR RENT II: THE RENTENING

Wednesday, Apr 13, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

FOR RENT

LIVE THE HIGH LIFE! Luxurious apartment, plenty of space. Amazing in every way except for one tiny flaw: it is a second-story unit and there is no floor. Don't ask, just rent. 555-2983

BELLY OF A WHALE - Not as bad as a certain religious texts and centuries of sailor talk have made it out to be. Comfortable space and constant supply of fresh fish ready to eat. More room than many studio apartments. $450/month. 555-9772

GLORIOUS BALCONY sans adjoining structure. Massive balcony is perfect for parties, or quiet, romantic evenings with your lover. Currently rusting in my backyard next to a tractor except now Joe is driving the tractor away and now it's not by anything in particular. 555-1755

DIAMOND VIEWS - I am the world's richest man. I have a 1600 square foot apartment to rent inside the upper terrace of my chandelier. 555-2237

DISGUSTING CAVE riddled with bones, spoiled food, feces and hundreds of pairs of soiled underwear. Crawling bugs cover every square inch and serpents slither in the darkness. Located 30 miles from nearest road. Looking for friendly, intelligent roommate

CONVERTED HOOTERS My plan to live in a Hooters was a "bust." None of the ladies stayed after I bought it. Looking for buxom lady roommates who know how to tease a fella when they bring out the wings! 555-7233

GET A LEG UP! Lost 340lbs and counting. These pants are spacious enough for two. Hop in and save some dough. Let's pantspool! 555-0092

YOUR NEW APARTMENT! This 3rd-floor unit is right next to elevator. Has 2 bedrooms, large bathroom, dishwasher, and in-unit washer/dryer. Ignore the cackling lady with pure white eyes who shrieks of a dark future, we have to let her stay due to squatter's rights laws. 555-9091

NEED TO MOVE FAST! 2br, spacious, full bathtub, formal dining area, great downtown location close to highway. Knocking the rent down a notch b/c currently under siege by federal agents who are firing tear gas canisters in here pretty often. 555-1764

"DUCK HOUSE" Surrounded by hundreds of angry ducks determined to get inside. I am too old to fight them off and my ankles are like raw meat from the pecking. Please take over lease so I can go die alone in nursing home. 555-2388

FUTURE MURDER HOUSE

HACKER SPACE - Rent a tiny cot and access to wi-fi for only $300. Plenty of space to hack your lungs out while testing new vaccines. 555-2572

HAIL, ATLANTIS! Sunken houseboat lets you live like a mermaid or merman for as long as you can hold your breath. Scuba gear improves living experience. Harpoon gun a must. 555-1727

GINGERBREAD HOUSE The whole thing's been a disaster. House is crumbling fast, ceiling is leaking. Got rats eating the foundation. City hall is on my back. Just looking to break even on sale. 555-2399

BIRD HOUSE - Don't be fooled, this is big enough for a human to squeeze into. Also home to 100s of birds. I need someone to take over for me. You will be sealed inside for one year. Great opportunity! I will slide food through slot. $14,000/year. 555-2852

♣ NAKED MAN HOUSE ♣ Perfect three-bedroom home has beautiful forest view, all modern amenities, naked man. Spacious, clean and convenient to grocer. Call to set up inspection. 555-9237

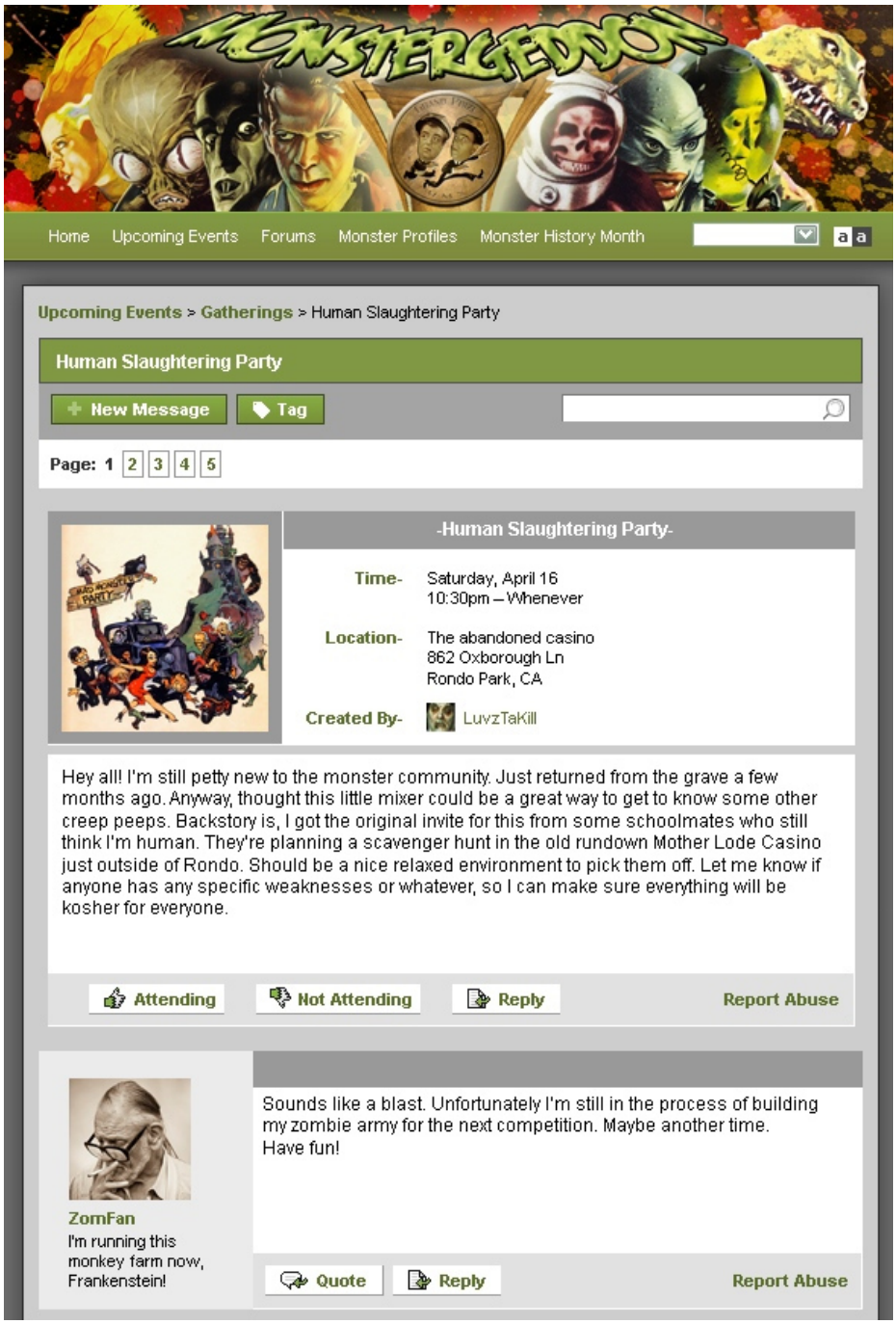
PARTY HOUSE! Partied too much, need to turn life around. Pad comes with dehydrated strippers, two stolen museum mummies and a basement full of broken bottles. 555-1023

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.13 Monstergeddon: Human Slaughtering Party!

Thursday, Apr 14, 2011 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
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Forums
Monster Profiles
Monster History Month
Upcoming Events > Gatherings > Human Slaughtering Party
Human Slaughtering Party
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
-Human Slaughtering Party-
Time-
Saturday, April 16
10:30pm – Whenever
Location-
The abandoned casino
862 Oxborough Ln
Rondo Park, CA
Created By-
LuvzTaKill
Hey all! I'm still petty new to the monster community. Just returned from the grave a few months ago. Anyway, thought this little mixer could be a great way to get to know some other creep peeps. Backstory is, I got the original invite for this from some schoolmates who still think I'm human. They're planning a scavenger hunt in the old rundown Mother Lode Casino just outside of Rondo. Should be a nice relaxed environment to pick them off. Let me know if anyone has any specific weaknesses or whatever, so I can make sure everything will be kosher for everyone.
Attending
Not Attending
Reply
Report Abuse
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Sounds like a blast. Unfortunately I'm still in the process of building my zombie army for the next competition. Maybe another time.
Have fun!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!

Count me in! I love abandoned structure slaughters. I don't know why humans love partying and having sex in deserted buildings so much, but bless them for it. So wonderful when they are all collected in one location full of loose floorboards and such, slowed down by the effects of alcohol and marijuana. And that's very thoughtful of you to ask about weaknesses. I can easily be wounded or even killed by wrought iron. But I can't imagine a casino would have a wrought iron gate. Does it?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!

No, it doesn't. You're all good!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!

Marvelous!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

User 1023

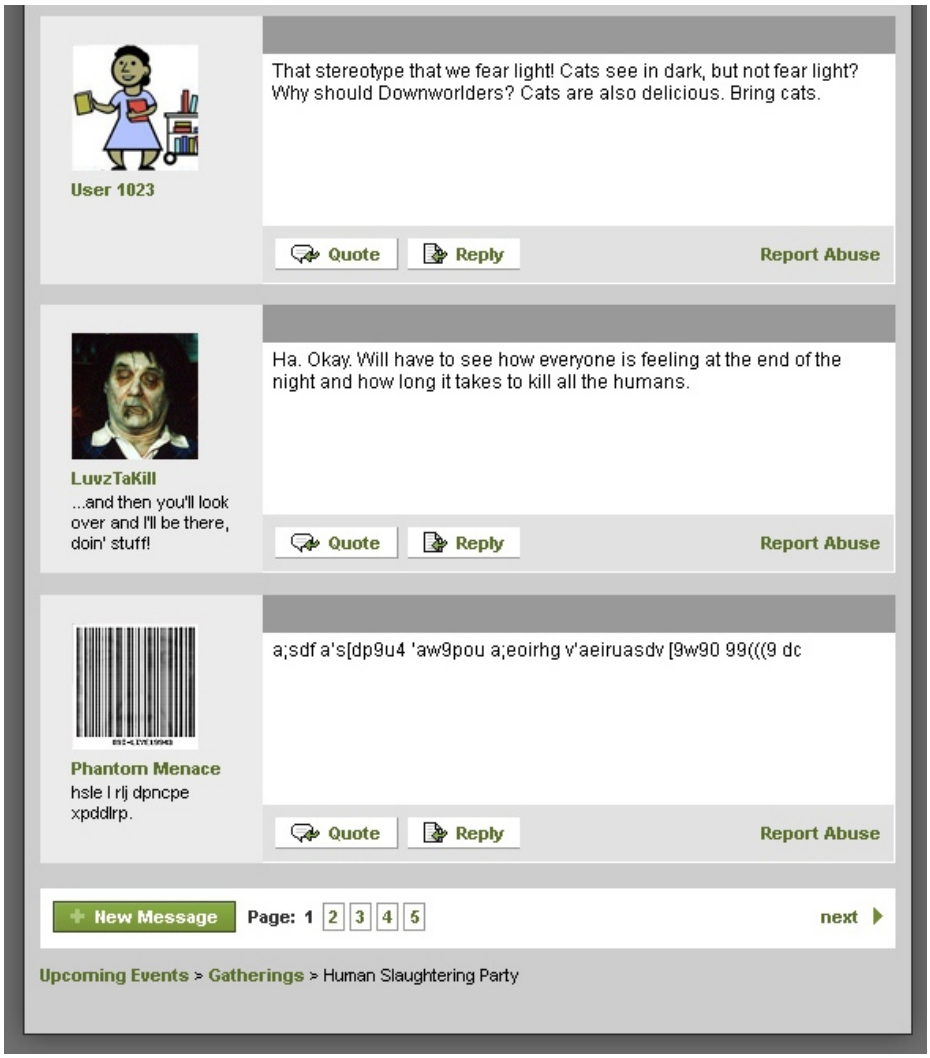
Kra! I stand for Downworlders. How close Rondo Park to Upworlder kingdom of Los Angeles? Could you lure these humans into Los Angeles sewers? Or bring their corpses? We would make mighty feast for all in our throne room!

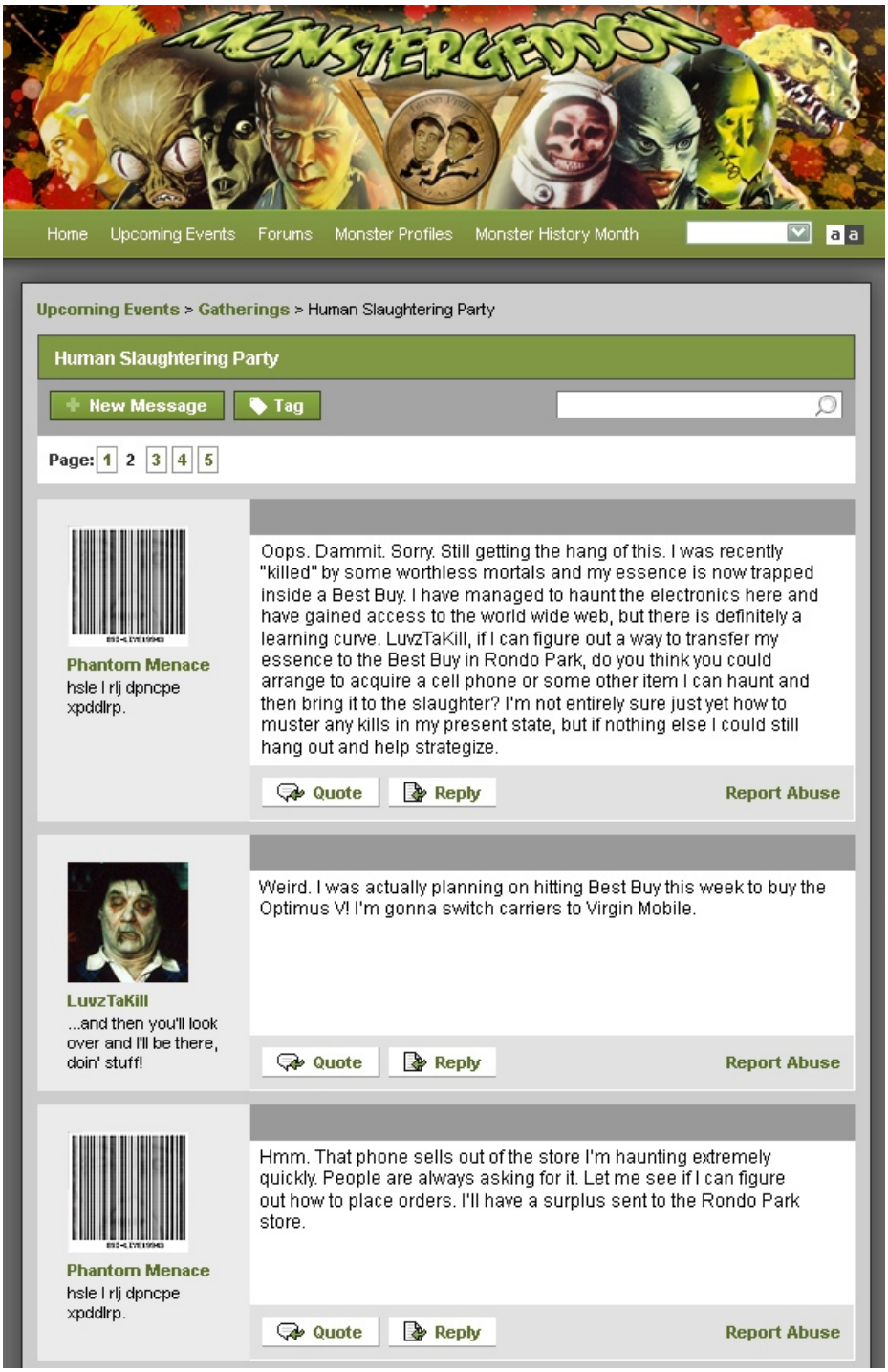
Quote Reply Report Abuse

LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!

Rondo is a few hours out. Though, yeah, maybe we could swing by with corpses afterward. Could you send me a PM with directions to your central lair or whatever? Also, will flashlights burn your skin or anything?

Quote Reply Report Abuse


User 1023
That stereotype that we fear light! Cats see in dark, but not fear light? Why should Downworlders? Cats are also delicious. Bring cats.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Ha. Okay. Will have to see how everyone is feeling at the end of the night and how long it takes to kill all the humans.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
a;sdf a's[dp9u4 'aw9pou a;eoirhg v'aeiruasdv [9w90 99(((9 dc
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
next
Upcoming Events > Gatherings > Human Slaughtering Party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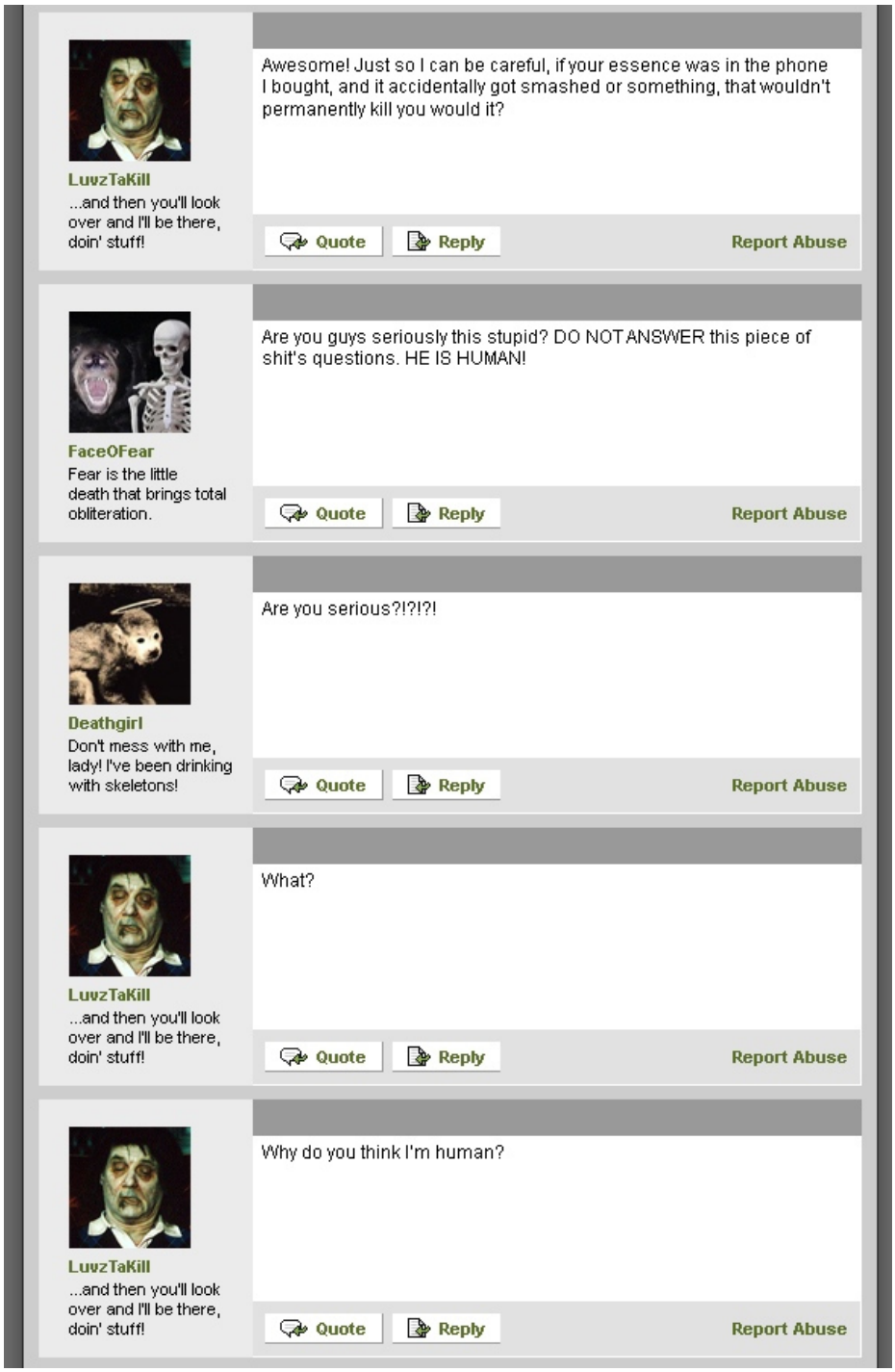
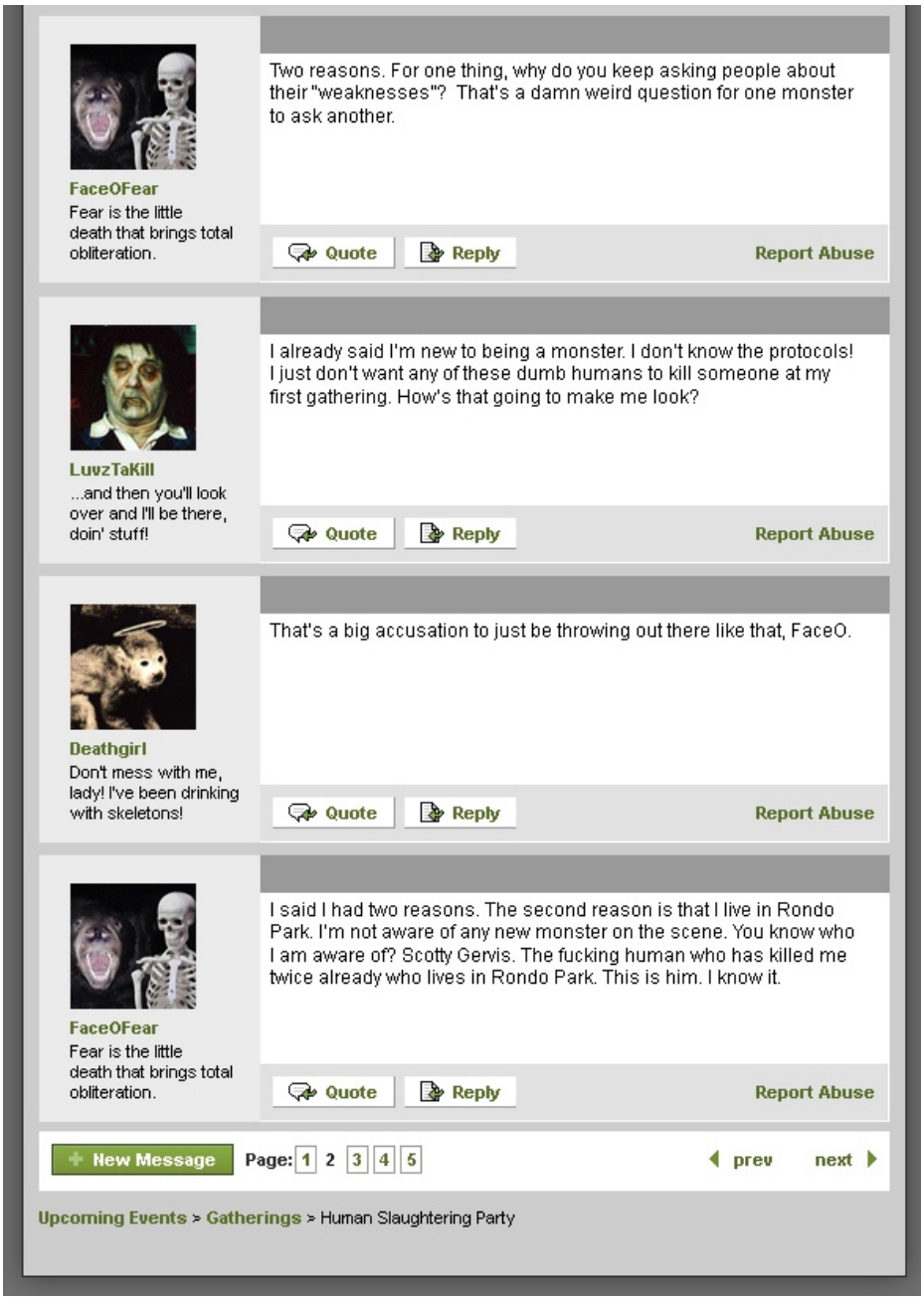
Upcoming Events > Gatherings > Human Slaughtering Party
Human Slaughtering Party
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Oops. Dammit. Sorry. Still getting the hang of this. I was recently "killed" by some worthless mortals and my essence is now trapped inside a Best Buy. I have managed to haunt the electronics here and have gained access to the world wide web, but there is definitely a learning curve. LuvzTaKill, if I can figure out a way to transfer my essence to the Best Buy in Rondo Park, do you think you could arrange to acquire a cell phone or some other item I can haunt and then bring it to the slaughter? I'm not entirely sure just yet how to muster any kills in my present state, but if nothing else I could still hang out and help strategize.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Weird. I was actually planning on hitting Best Buy this week to buy the Optimus V! I'm gonna switch carriers to Virgin Mobile.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Hmm. That phone sells out of the store I'm haunting extremely quickly. People are always asking for it. Let me see if I can figure out how to place orders. I'll have a surplus sent to the Rondo Park store.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Awesome! Just so I can be careful, if your essence was in the phone I bought, and it accidentally got smashed or something, that wouldn't permanently kill you would it?
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Are you guys seriously this stupid? DO NOT ANSWER this piece of shit's questions. HE IS HUMAN!
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Are you serious?!?!?!
Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
What?
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Why do you think I'm human?
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

Two reasons. For one thing, why do you keep asking people about their "weaknesses"? That's a damn weird question for one monster to ask another.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!

I already said I'm new to being a monster. I don't know the protocols! I just don't want any of these dumb humans to kill someone at my first gathering. How's that going to make me look?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!

That's a big accusation to just be throwing out there like that, FaceO.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

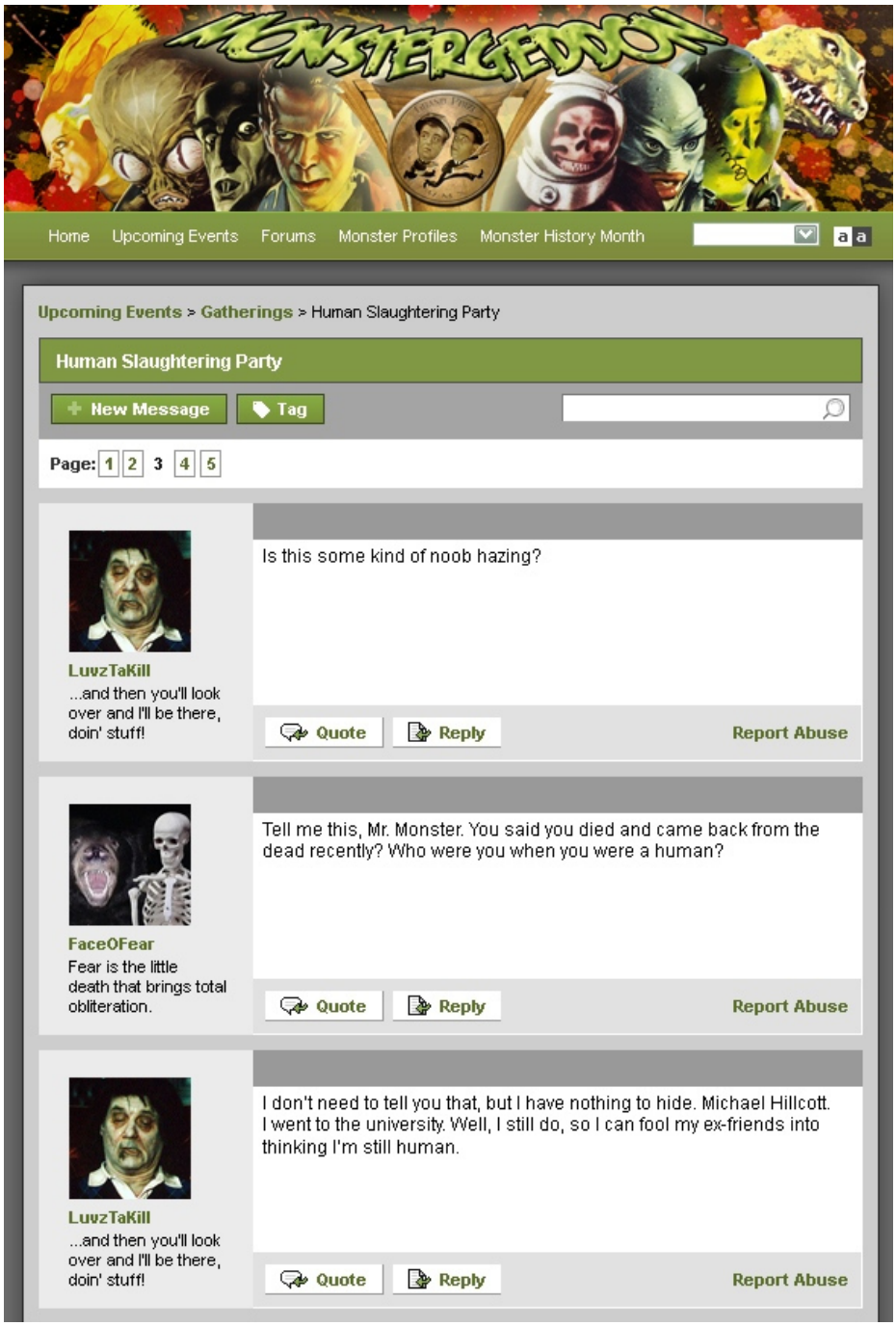
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

I said I had two reasons. The second reason is that I live in Rondo Park. I'm not aware of any new monster on the scene. You know who I am aware of? Scotty Gervis. The fucking human who has killed me twice already who lives in Rondo Park. This is him. I know it.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

New Message Page: 1 2 3 4 5 prev next

Upcoming Events > Gatherings > Human Slaughtering Party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Upcoming Events > Gatherings > Human Slaughtering Party
Human Slaughtering Party
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
Is this some kind of noob hazing?
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Tell me this, Mr. Monster. You said you died and came back from the dead recently? Who were you when you were a human?
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I don't need to tell you that, but I have nothing to hide. Michael Hillcott. I went to the university. Well, I still do, so I can fool my ex-friends into thinking I'm still human.
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

I just googled Michael Hillcot. Doesn't seem to be any record of you dying.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!

Um, yeah, cause no one knows I died. I kinda thought I made that clear already. I was playing with a weird book I found in my frat house's attic, and something fucked up happened.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

Bullshit.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

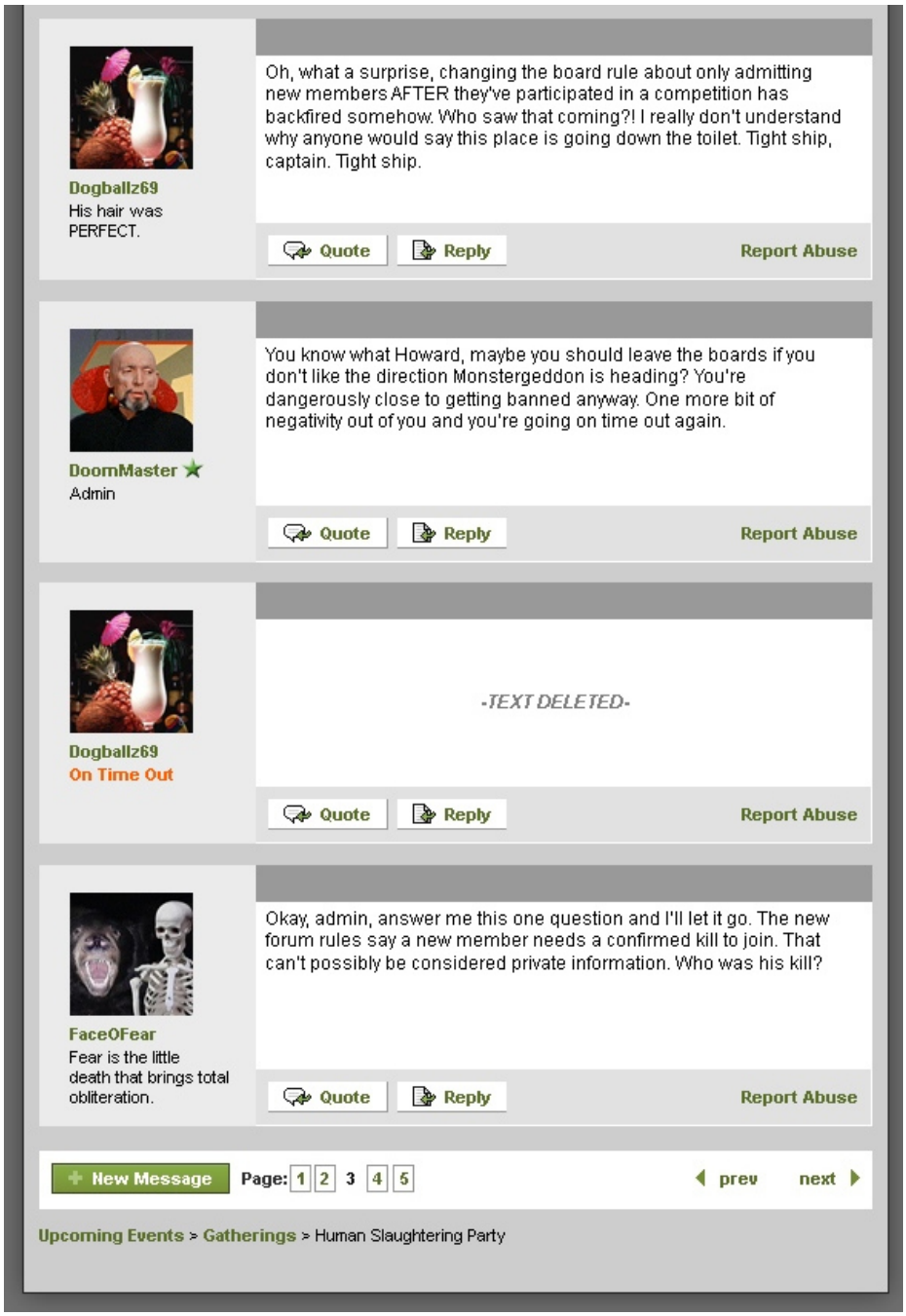
Hey everyone. I've been getting some reports about this post. FaceOFear, it isn't really your place to accuse other board members of not being a monster. You're in danger of violating the forum's code of conduct.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

Not my place?! This is the fuckface who keeps killing me!

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Oh, what a surprise, changing the board rule about only admitting new members AFTER they've participated in a competition has backfired somehow. Who saw that coming?! I really don't understand why anyone would say this place is going down the toilet. Tight ship, captain. Tight ship.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DoomMaster
Admin
You know what Howard, maybe you should leave the boards if you don't like the direction Monstergeddon is heading? You're dangerously close to getting banned anyway. One more bit of negativity out of you and you're going on time out again.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
On Time Out
-TEXT DELETED-
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Okay, admin, answer me this one question and I'll let it go. The new forum rules say a new member needs a confirmed kill to join. That can't possibly be considered private information. Who was his kill?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
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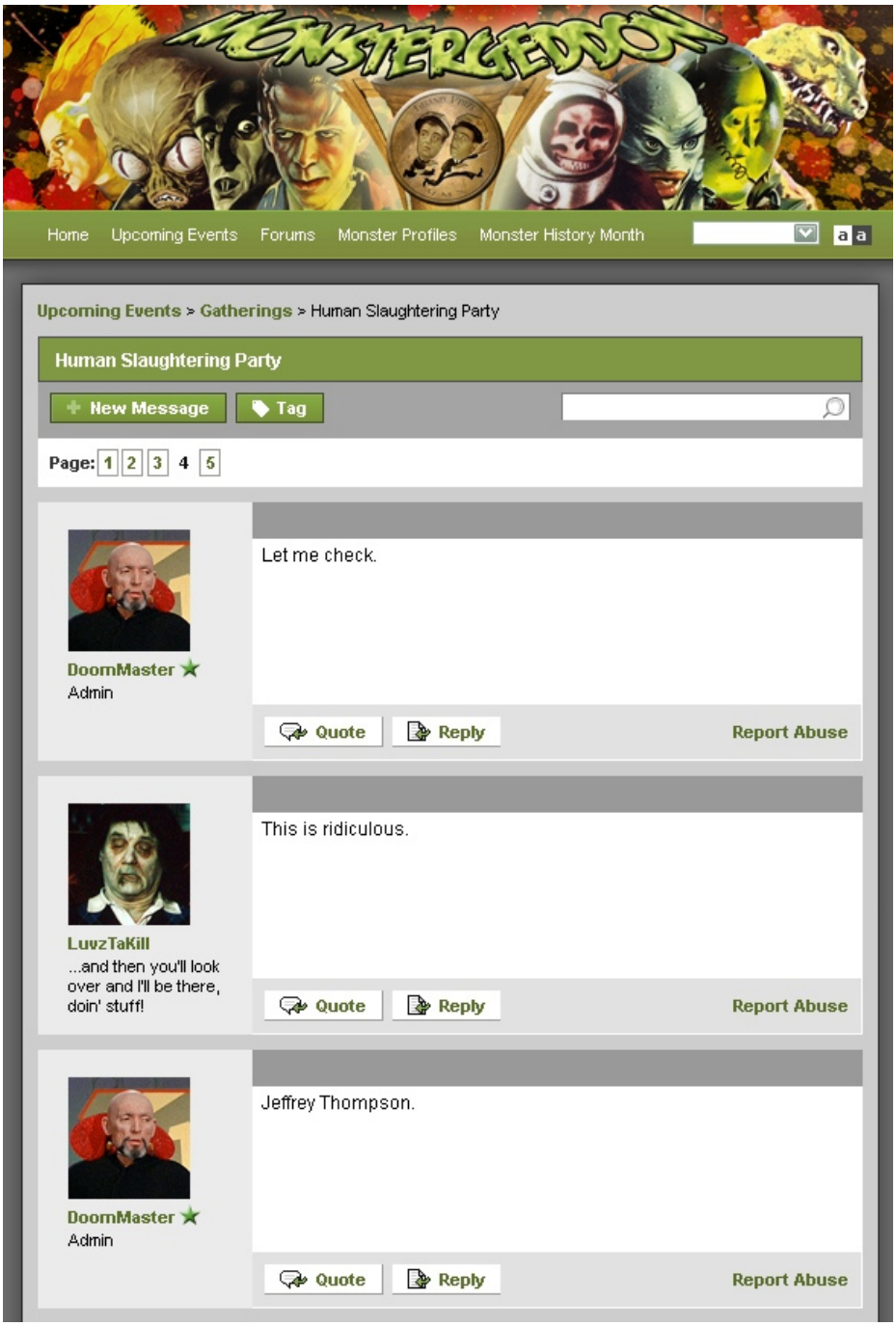
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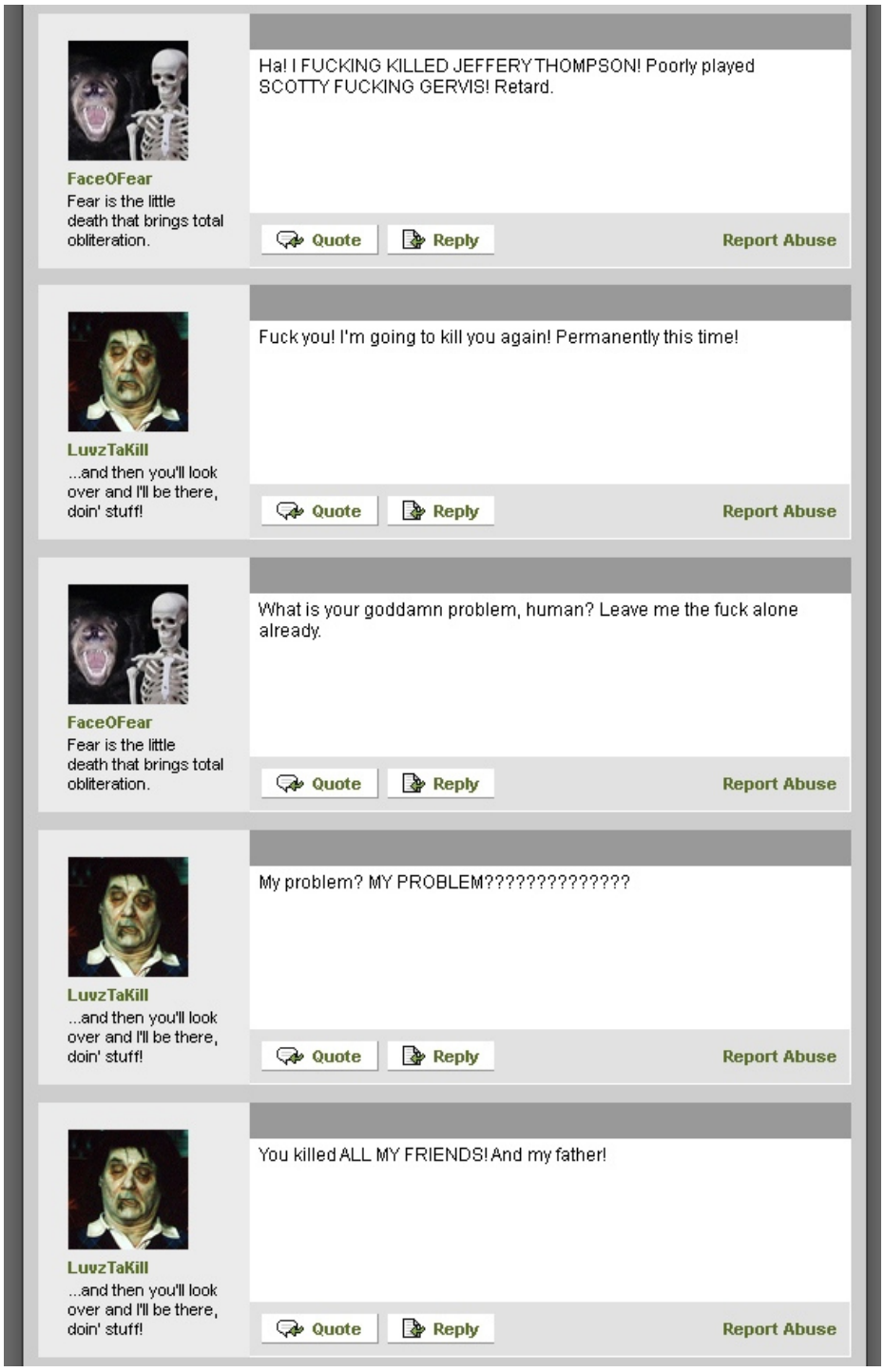
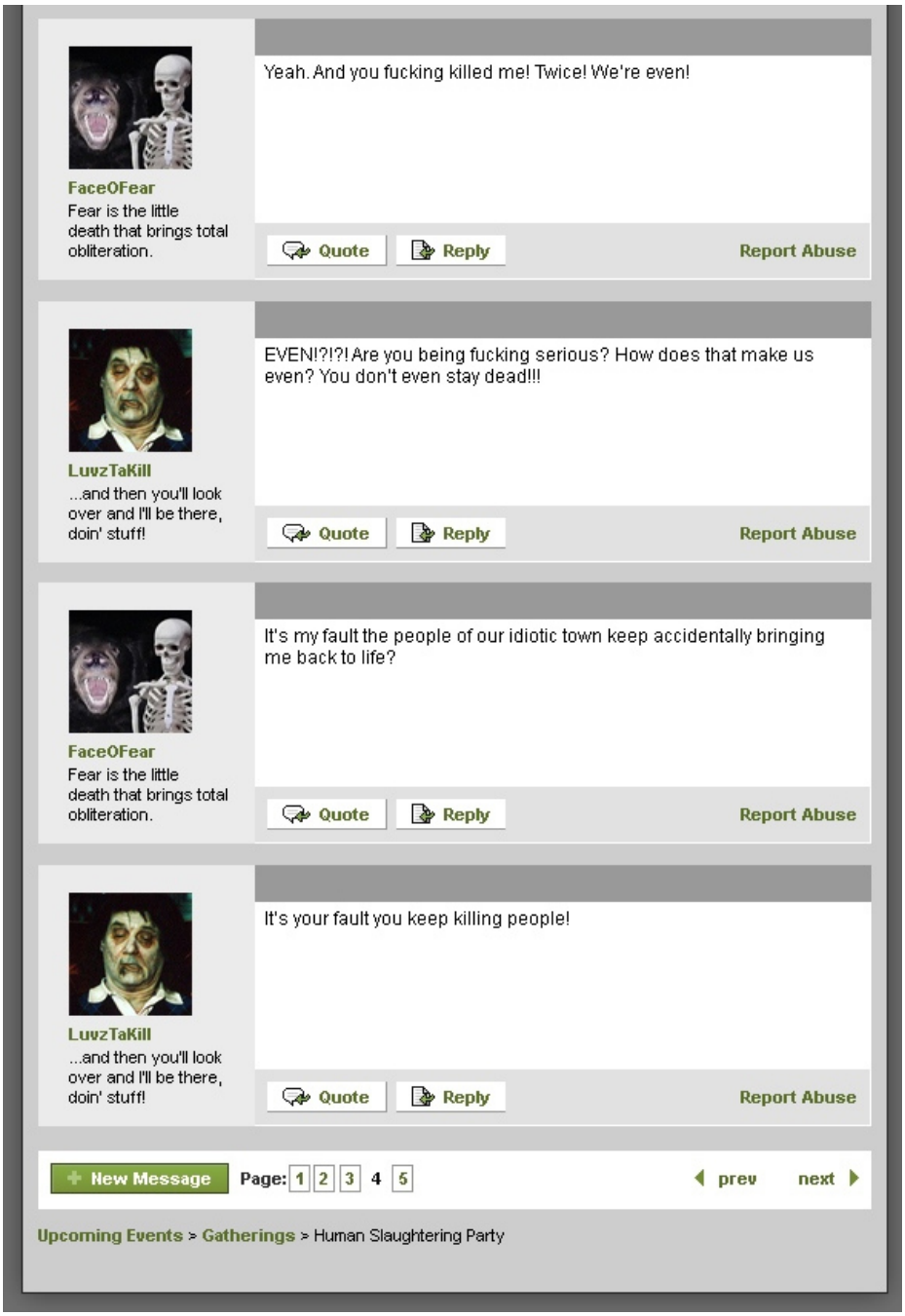
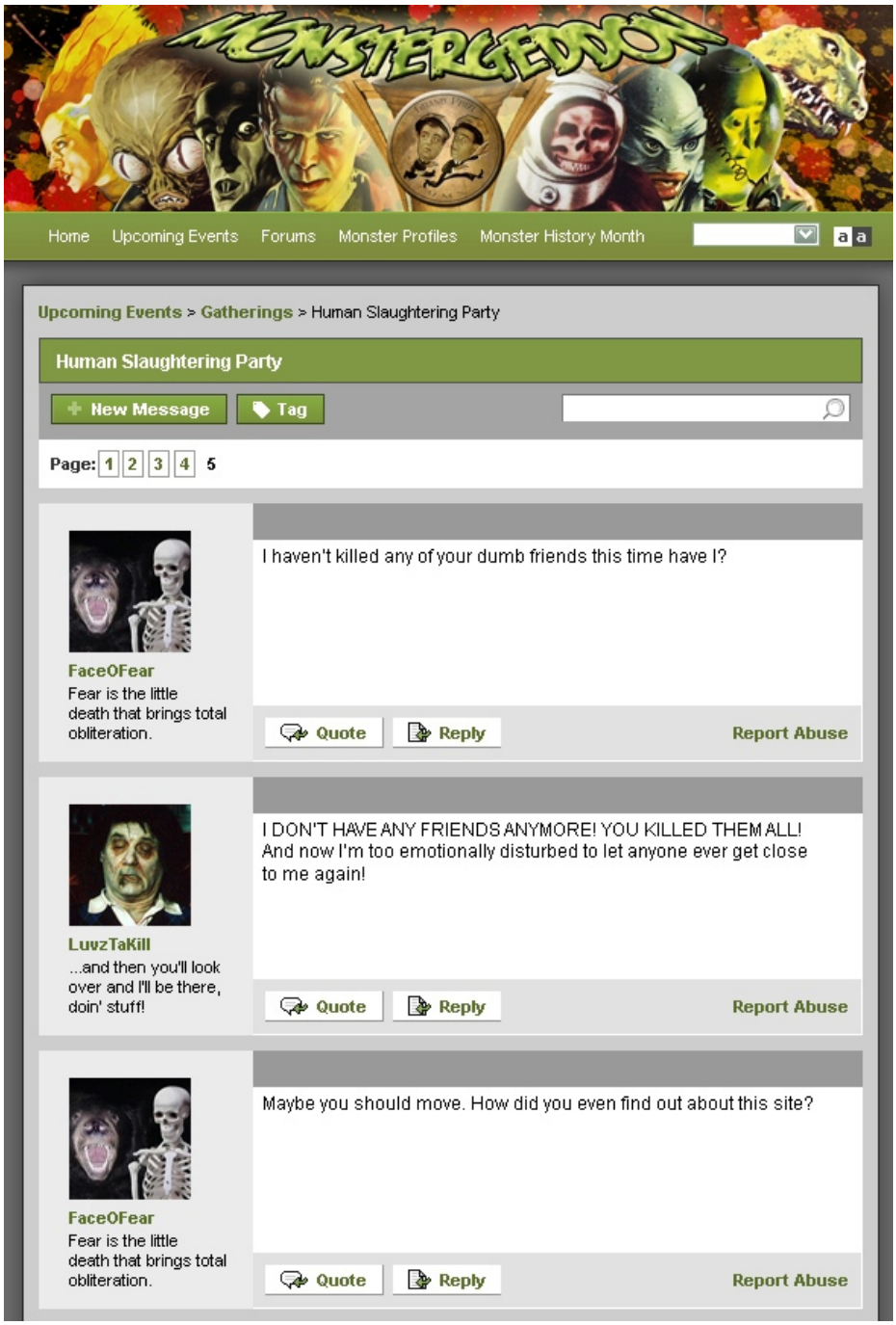
Upcoming Events > Gatherings > Human Slaughtering Party
Human Slaughtering Party
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
Let me check.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
This is ridiculous.
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Jeffrey Thompson.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Ha! I FUCKING KILLED JEFFERY THOMPSON! Poorly played SCOTTY FUCKING GERVIS! Retard.
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Fuck you! I'm going to kill you again! Permanently this time!
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
What is your goddamn problem, human? Leave me the fuck alone already.
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
My problem? MY PROBLEM??????????????
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
You killed ALL MY FRIENDS! And my father!
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Yeah. And you fucking killed me! Twice! We're even!
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
EVEN!?!?! Are you being fucking serious? How does that make us even? You don't even stay dead!!!
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
It's my fault the people of our idiotic town keep accidentally bringing me back to life?
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
It's your fault you keep killing people!
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
prev
next
Upcoming Events > Gatherings > Human Slaughtering Party


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
Upcoming Events
Forums
Monster Profiles
Monster History Month
Upcoming Events > Gatherings > Human Slaughtering Party
Human Slaughtering Party
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
I haven't killed any of your dumb friends this time have I?
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS ANYMORE! YOU KILLED THEM ALL! And now I'm too emotionally disturbed to let anyone ever get close to me again!
LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Maybe you should move. How did you even find out about this site?
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

LuvzTaKill
...and then you'll look over and I'll be there, doin' stuff!

Go fuck yourself. Some of us victims have managed to find each other. All you assholes are going down! You first.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

I'm totally canceling that Optimus V order I sent to your Best Buy. Have fun trying to find your new phone, human!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LuvzTaKill
Banned

-TEXT DELETED-

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster
Admin

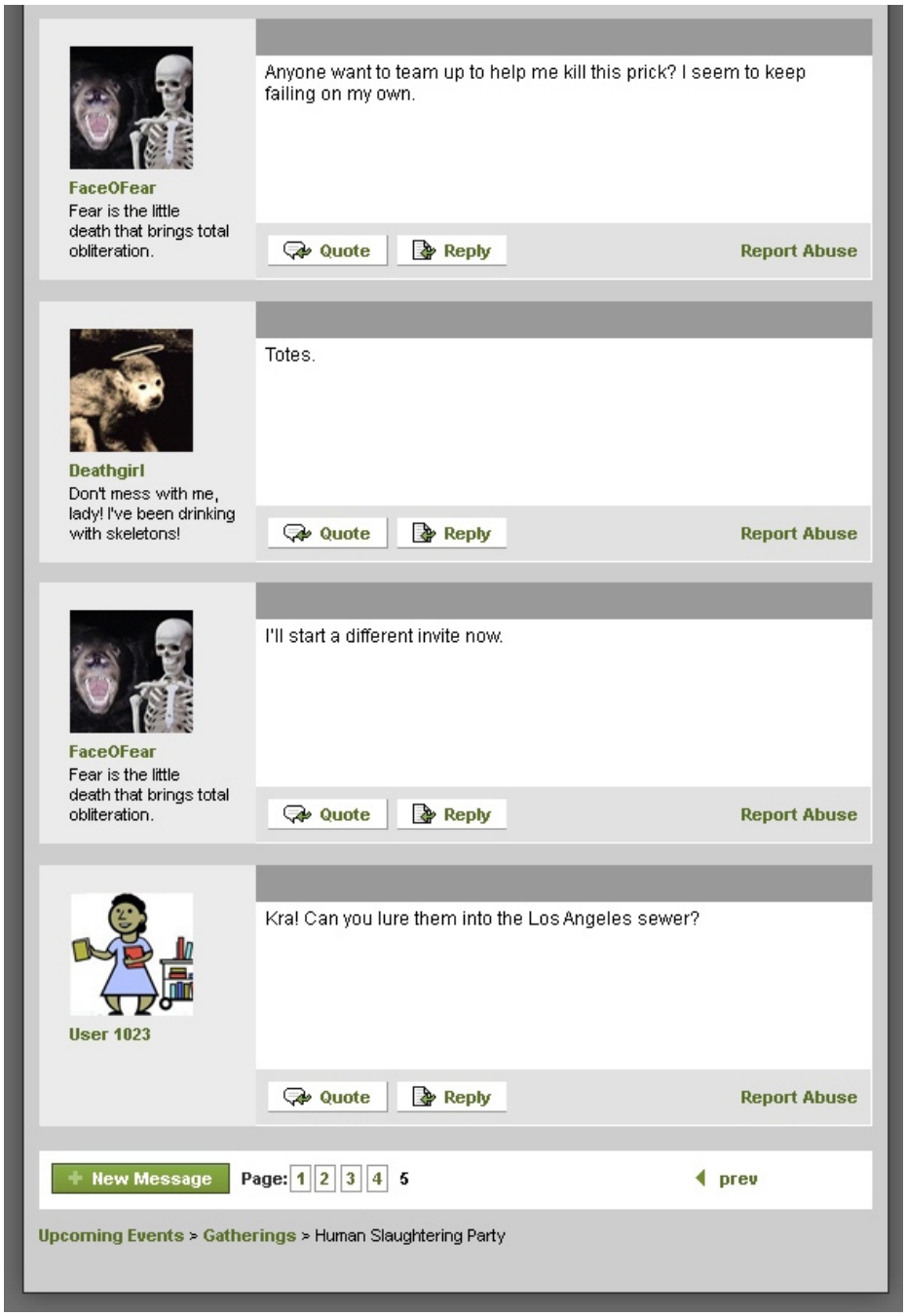
Sigh. Okay, I guess maybe we should go back to the old forum admission rules. My bad.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!

Your bad?? That kid knows my only weakness now!

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Anyone want to team up to help me kill this prick? I seem to keep failing on my own.
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Totes.
Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I'll start a different invite now.
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Kra! Can you lure them into the Los Angeles sewer?
User 1023
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
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-~Worm Miller

4.14 Chinese TV Eliminates "Supernatural Drama" and Embraces "Positive Thinking"

Friday, Apr 15, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

According to a surprisingly funny report on CNN, China's state-run media has issued some new and unusual guidelines for content. According to the Chinese document, posted online, a recent study of Chinese movies and TV productions found some "incorrect creation."

The CNN article focuses on a uniquely Chinese aversion to time travel plots, apparently due to the sanctity of the ancestral past in China, but Chinese censors uncovered a variety of odd sticking points. Other notable offenses cited in the report include: "supernatural drama, random compilation of myths, bizarre plots, absurd ways, rendering of feudal superstition, fatalism and reincarnation, value orientation ambiguity, and the lack of significance of positive thinking."

These rules seem to be strong encouragement to avoid these topics, although knowing China's famously authoritarian government and Google translation's failings there might be an implied subtext of gas chamber vans I'm not picking up. What I do know is that the pressure to develop movies and TV shows under these guidelines (and thus receive the support of the state) is going to produce some very interesting projects that foster "positive thinking" and "value orientation certainty."

The CNN article imagines American time travel movies with time travel removed, I prefer to imagine the possibilities of TV under the broader Chinese guidelines.

Ghost Mystery Pursuit (*Suspense*)

Ghost hunters in Beijing pursue strange phenomena using a variety of technological devices and supernatural techniques. The culmination of their efforts is the realization that the ghost was inside them all as the ideal of the People's Revolution. Each episode ends with the ghost hunters denying the supernatural and affirming their belief in the Chinese Communist Party.

Congratulations: Exceeded Quota (*Reality*)

Each episode will focus on the heroic efforts of a different factory or farm where quotas of goods promised to Western buyers have been exceeded through hard work and determination. The first week: an incredible 650,000 iPad2 screens

produced in one day at Foxconn allow Lines 2 through 44 to celebrate their achievement and move into early production of an electronic toilet seat for hotels in Japan.

Tsui Lei's Do Not Believe It (*Reality*)

Strange human oddities, bizarre talents, and unusual individuals are kept off camera and described to the audience in extended natural metaphors. These oddities are dismissed as impossible and are sealed into shipping containers and loaded aboard Tsui Lei's cargo ship to forever sail the seas in exile. No record is kept of these oddities, not even a copy of this show which is broadcast once and destroyed.

True Stories of Chengdu State Hospital (*Reality*)

The Chengdu State Hospital, serving over 450 million in the Chengdu metropolitan area, is the source of no dramatic or unexpected medical recoveries. Patient outcomes fall exactly along statistical lines and there is no recovery that could be described as miraculous. In the first episode it is Chinese technology and training that allows almost 50 miners to survive a coal mine collapse that killed 9,000 of their coworkers.

Gymnastic Age Undercover (*Documentary*)

An unprecedented analysis of gymnasts participating in the 2008 Summer Olympics by medical and scientific experts reveals the shocking truth behind this often misunderstood subject. Study of edicts demonstrates State to be infallible. USA and other gymnasts were possibly underage, while triumphant Chinese gymnasts could not be any age other than what the State declares in official age documents.

Military Parade 2050 (*Science Fiction*)

A nine-hour parade of realistic future military hardware and ranks of cyber soldiers resplendent in optical-shifting phase suits. Hu Peng, favorite military parade announcer of Beijing, will provide parade announcing and describe the glorious weaponry of the future Chinese hegemony. Special Blu-Ray 3D version includes cut scene depicting captured USA and UK soldiers marched to be lobotomized for human robot duty on the front lines of Indianapolis.

Discovered History (*Documentary*)

New history is uncovered revealing surprising facts about the world around us. Episode 1 to feature Moon Landing actually Chinese, how the Chinese were first in space, Chinese invention of the atomic bomb in 1910 AD, Chinese invention of the telegraph in 500 BC, Chinese papyrus in 6,000 BC and Chinese Dinosaur Discovery of the Week featuring what dinosaur thought to originate elsewhere actually originates in China. Completely factual based on State University of Beijing Decrees.

Could White People Actually Be Neanderthals? (*Science*)

Investigation into research that white people are descended from Neanderthals. May also apply to Latino, African, Japanese and Koreans. Filipinos actually literal monkeys. Just a theory though based on science tests that will be explored on the show.

Chinese Contribution Hero (*Gameshow*)

Similar to American Idol, but contestants must demonstrate what they contribute to the growth of our Chinese Century. The Honorable Party Judges must determine whether each contestant assists

in China's monopoly on exotic metals used in the production of micro-electronics or whether they are producing valuable export goods to finance the construction of more unaffordable luxury housing that will sit empty for the next 20 years. The 19-hour debut episode will feature many unusual characters competing for the 260 slots on the opening show. Excessively unusual characters will be sent to live in the country.

Is the State influencing every facet of life in China creepy? Of course. Could their TV actually be worse than TV in the USA? No, because the Chinese don't have best-selling authors like Snooki or George R.R. Martin around to muck up TV with their literary pretensions.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.15 Every Fatality From The New Mortal Kombat Game

Saturday, Apr 16, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Next week will see the release of the ninth game in the main Mortal Kombat series. A retelling of the first three games, this installment promises to be thought provoking thanks to the storytelling methods that were refined and ultimately perfected during the development of Mortal Kombat: Shaolin Monks and Mortal Kombat Vs. DC Universe.

To answer your most burning questions: Yes, there will be palette-swapped dudes in ninja masks, there will be a ton of characters you've never heard of with chunks of metal glued to their bodies, and there might even be some violence.

Until now, only a fraction of the game's fatalities have been revealed through shaky handheld videos taken at loud gaming conventions. This article marks the first time that every fatality has been thoroughly documented in one place.

Jax

Battle cry: *"My arms are nearly impervious to paper cuts!"*

Fatality #1: Locks the opponent in an unbreakable hold, keeps them in place until they die of old age.

Fatality #2: Punches a hole through the fabric of reality itself, teleporting his extended hand behind the opponent, at which point he shoots them in the back of the head.

Liu Kang

Battle cry: *"Video games are art!"*

Fatality #1: Pulls the opponent's small intestine out, lights it on fire, then puts it back.

Fatality #2: Takes a running start, then kicks the opponent's head off with such force that the opponent dies of shock.

Sub Zero

Battle cry: *"The ultimate weapon is compassion!"*

Fatality #1: Creates a neverending supply of ice water that the opponent must drink until they get a fatal brain freeze.

Fatality #2: Surrounds the opponent in a coffin made of ice, buries it in a hill made of ice, then throws the entire thing into a sun made of ice.

Raiden

Battle cry: *"You tick me off so much! I just want to hit your face with my hands!"*

Fatality #1: Punches the opponent so hard that their body stops moving.

Fatality #2: Puts corks in the opponent's nostrils, mouth, and ears, then pours poison into their belly button.

Sonya Blade

Battle cry: *"The rules didn't say anything about a helicopter! You have to allow it!"*

Fatality #1: Lands a helicopter on the opponent.

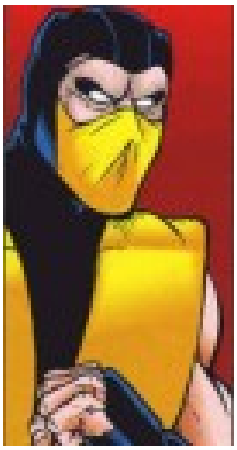
Fatality #2: Uses the helicopter's blades to gain height, then drops the opponent from her helicopter.

Stryker

Battle cry: *"Why yes, I do buy all my clothes at a paintball supply store!"*

Fatality #1: Pulls out opponent's spine, beats them with it until their brains fall out, puts those brains in a blender, splashes the opponent's brains in their face, rips their heart out and does an elbow drop right onto the still-beating heart.

Fatality #2: Trips the opponent so they fall on a bed of spikes covered in slow-acting poison.



Scorpion

Battle cry: *"Come here, please!"*

Fatality #1: Breaks the opponent's neck, then harpoons their departing soul, preventing them from going to Heaven.

Fatality #2: Buys the opponent a ticket to a Los Angeles Dodgers home game, along with the jersey of the visiting team.

Nightwolf

Battle cry: *"I'm considerably more dangerous than a wolf you'd encounter during daylight hours!"*

Fatality #1: Puts a wolfs on the opponent.

Fatality #2: In a horrific display, eats the opponent's food, leaving nothing for the opponent to survive on.

Baraka

Battle cry: *"You'll suffer for my inability to drink from a straw!"*

Fatality #1: Tells the opponent to go on a rollercoaster even though they have a heart condition.

Fatality #2: Stabs the opponent a hundred times, only giving minimal first aid after the fact by administering band aids and aspirin.

Kano

Battle cry: *"I refuse to yell!"*

Fatality #1: Throws the opponent in a pool, then removes the stepladder so they can't get out.

Fatality #2: Locks the opponent in a closet, then removes the door so they can't get out.

Reptile

Battle cry: *"One day I'll punch enough people to make my inner turmoil go away!"*

Fatality #1: Like a reptile, spins the opponent up in a cocoon of webbing, suffocating them.

Fatality #2: Waits until the opponent goes to leave a wrestling arena in a limousine, then blows that limo up.

Sheeva

Battle cry: *"Stop staring! I know it's a bad haircut!"*

Fatality #1: Gets drunk, puts opponent in passenger seat as she uses each pair of hands to drive a separate car.

Fatality #2: Uses each hand to rip a different heart out of her opponent's chest.

Johnny Cage

Battle cry: *"Duke who?"*

Fatality #1: Prepares a meal for the opponent, but forgets to wash his hands after handling raw chicken.

Fatality #2: Forces opponent to get their own name tattooed on their chest like Johnny, ultimately causing them to die from shame.

Smoke

Battle cry: *"We're completely different! I'm grey!"*

Fatality #1: Grabs the opponent's ankles and swings them around, building momentum, finally releasing them in a tremendous arc that send them flying miles away, into a very bad neighborhood.

Fatality #2: Makes the opponent play Mortal Kombat: Special Forces.

Kitana

Battle cry: *"It's my life's mission to prove that fans are dangerous!"*

Fatality #1: Pushes the opponent into a pit of lava - without a safety vest.

Fatality #2: Chops the opponent into a thousand cubes, then scatters them haphazardly so there's little chance of them being assembled in the correct order.

Shang Tsung

Battle cry: *"I can catch the ball!"*

Fatality #1: Turns into a dragon, grasps the opponent in one large claw then uses the other claw to shoot the opponent in the face.

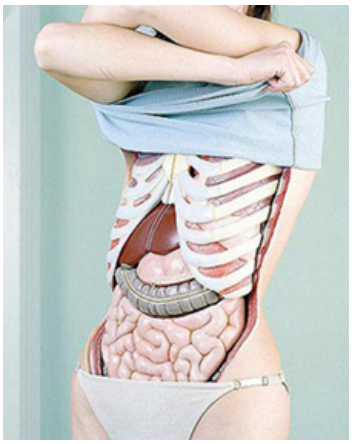
Fatality #2: Uses one of his three wishes to turn the opponent into a robot with faulty wiring, uses a second wish to summon a puddle of water, and uses his third wish to make the opponent robot lay down in that puddle.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.16 Letters from Anatomical Model (Female)

Sunday, Apr 17, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

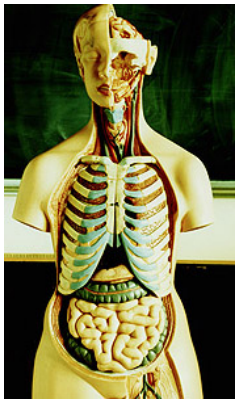
Dear Mama,



Can't tell you how much I miss you and brother. Seems like just yesterday we were together warming our exposed innards by the fire. It's hard to sleep here in the city with the constant threat of vermin sinking their teeth into my gallbladder, but that's okay, following your dreams isn't easy.

I just thought that becoming an actress wouldn't be so taxing, I guess. A city that goes forever and I can't seem to find any real employment anywhere around here. Just barely keeping my head above water doing day gigs in the back of a middle school classroom. Students always need to learn how the body works, but I don't get the respect I deserve.

The teachers never pay me no attention and on Tuesday some kid tried to put my liver behind my intestines. He tried for fifteen straight minutes even though it didn't fit. Just stood there punching and pounding away on my organs until they stuck in tight. It hurt, mama, but don't worry, the janitor put me back together later that night.



Listen to me complaining. Anatomical models, you used to say to brother and me, are lucky to have half a face, so I shouldn't complain too much. In fact, when I take a hypothetical step back, I feel pretty proud with what I've accomplished. I mean, without hands, feet, or a mouth, how am I even writing this letter? But still, late at night in bed when I'm alone and fending off the rats I can't quiet the ambition bouncing between where my ears should be. I want to be a star, famous, known around the world. I

want to prove daddy wrong. But I don't expect much. I'm easy to please. Maybe an autopsy extra on Law & Order or a zombie could shake me kind of hard and my guts would fall out in some horror movie or I would be a good disemboweled victim in Law & Order: SVU. Anything! Remember when my dream was to appear on an episode of Wings? Seems so long ago, mama. Now I'm begging to be on the wrong side of a Criminal Intent serial killer.

I'm not like the other actresses I see and I might not be the prettiest, but with a good gal like me, it's what's inside that counts. That is the cheesiest joke ever, sorry. But you know what I mean, don't you mama? I don't expect the same success as Crystal Bernard, Tim Daly, Tony Shalhoub or the rest of that wonderful Wings cast, but I deserve something, right?

I know what you're probably thinking, and I don't agree. Sure I could be like brother and his wife, pumping out anatomical child model after anatomical child model, working part-time at the med school, but I'm not that kind of model. I'm supposed to be seen by the world, not just some creepy doc learning to catch crowning babies.

I haven't met a husband because I'm not looking for one. I ain't looking for any of that stuff. Only success. Sure I miss the farm, and sure I miss you and brother, but mama, I got to go out and try to get everything out there. Someday when I'm making an imprint of something or other on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, you'll understand, but for now we'll have to agree or disagree. I love you mama.

Until next time,

Anatomical Model (Female) #9430217

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.17 DJ Talk-Ups You Will Never Hear in the Club

Monday, Apr 18, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Awwwwright errybody time to get it going so nasty out there on the dance floor somebody catches a reptile disease! Steam it up like my turtle's terrarium. Here we go." (slide whistle descends into Lords of Acid)

"Does errybody feel that? Let me hear it! Let me hear it! I want to see those bodies jerkin' to the machine called P-p-p-perrrrrry Ca-omo!" (needle scratch into *Some Enchanted Evening*)

"Top two reasons yall need to be out on that dance floor: It's hot up in this club and the Internet diagnosed my cat with Gulf War Syndrome. Semper Fi, little dude!" (Billy Cosby Jello Pudding commercial mixed into B*ombs Over Baghdad*)

"Girls I hope you waxed and wore your thongs tonight because it's time for ARI FINKELSTEIN to read the TORAH and I heard he leaves them WETTttt." (echo fade into gabber hora music)

"Guys get your girl, girls get your man and throw them draws on the floor. I want to see yall shit up my dance floor. Log tha yard. Sod tha floor. Dump it now. Dump it." ("I want a bean feast" Willy Wonka sample into "dumps like a truck" from *Thong Song*)

"Yo this one goes out to Nick Manabat, desceased. He only had a chance to ink three issues of Cybernary before he died. Rest in peace, young blood, but not the comic Youngblood, also from Image, but far inferior to Cybernary. Heeeere's YoungBloodZ." (drops straight into *Presidential*)

"Yo errybody when I say fuck, you say ennui. FUCK...FUCK...FUCK...21st century, got first world problems." (Jay-Z's *99 Problems* kicks in, but it's a fake out for six-minute run of filter audio of analog hiss and crackle)

"It's the Daywalker! And two-for-one wing night! Kitchen closes at 11 so get your orders in!" (15-minute New Order track hits)

"Ladies, ladies, ladies. Girls night is blowin' up in here. For this next one I want to see only the ladies out there who read Girl with the Dragon Tattoo. Book club or on your own. Don't go sneakin' out there if you saw the movie. Just sit yer ass down if yall are entirely unfamiliar with Lisbeth Salander. Call the bartender ask him to drip you some Grand Marnier in your sippy cup. This one is up to Stieg Larsson!" (electro dirge gradually fades into stutter-start of *Straight Out of Compton*)

"Whose motherfucking Bichon Frise just ran in my booth and bit my glans?" (dump straight into *Let's Get it Started*)

"Why can't he just show the birth certificate? Let's get to the bottom of this people. America wants to know." (infant heartbeat sound crossfades to terrorcore remix of Michael Buble's rendition of *Feeling Good*)

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.18 The Red Potion of Greater Healing

Tuesday, Apr 19, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Blue River

Dear Valued Blue River Pharmaceutical Shareholder,

With first-quarter profits of $822 million, 2011 is shaping up to be a landmark year for Blue River. Our flagship products, Lixor and Ephemerax, continued to generate strong revenue, and our research and development arm made promising breakthroughs in the search for a more effective rasputinase inhibitor. Our legal team won a key victory in the ongoing Beaver River Basin "pretzel baby" litigation, scuppering the appeal attempts of the plaintiffs.

Though the outlook is overwhelmingly positive, Q1 has not been free of setbacks and new challenges. The generic market continues to chip away at sales of name-brand drugs, and the Eel River Basin "skinless burrito baby" litigation, though totally groundless, is still an ongoing concern. The main challenge we'll face in 2011, however, is competition from Szagna International, which has just launched an impressive new product which threatens to moderately impact our operations.

In a recent expedition to the Dragonhold Dungeon beneath Mt. Despise, Szagna International research adventurer Drake Longmir discovered a **Red Potion of Greater Healing**, concocted from inexpensive ingredients, which instantly cures all physical damage and most diseases. Szagna has now reverse-engineered and patented the Red Potion of Greater Healing, and worldwide sales are expected to exceed $40 billion in the coming year and make almost every other medical and pharmaceutical product, from adhesive bandages and blood pressure medications to kidney dialysis machines and artificial limbs, fully obsolete.

We at Blue River believe healthy competition is not a thing to be feared. We applaud Szagna's discovery; the Red Potion of Greater Healing is a fine product which will deservedly put almost every other pharmaceutical company out of business almost instantly, but we have full faith in the time-tested ingenuity and competitive spirit of Blue River's world-class research department. In fact, the discovery of the Red Potion of Greater Healing has opened up entirely new avenues in our pharmacological research-- and the boys at Blue River, as always, are on the bleeding edge.

For example, our research indicates that the Red Potion of Greater Healing is weak against poison effects. If, god forbid, a child were to be bitten by a cobra or drink a gallon of antifreeze, the Red Potion of Greater Healing would bring that child back from the brink of death and restore it to peak physical condition. However, the poison would still be in the child's system, and would continue to damage its vulnerable hit points every turn until cured. While the parents could continue to administer Red Potions of Greater Healing periodically until the poison worked itself out, that would become prohibitively expensive. But there's good news: Blue River Pharmaceutical has been granted a patent for the **Green Potion of Cure Poison**, which instantly dispels all poison effects in the human body.

Furthermore, drugs that treat sexual dysfunction have been one of the most lucrative areas of the pharmaceutical industry for the past decade. While those who take the Red Potion of Greater Healing will be cured of most ailments that cause erectile dysfunction, many men would still love to see improvements in performance even beyond their normal capabilities. That's why Blue River has developed the **Blue Potion of Vitality**, which fully revitalizes the imbiber's stamina for greater duration and stimulation. We're currently working on a variant, the **Blue Potion of Vitality AM**, which produces a similar effect of energy and refreshment without causing embarrassing physical rodneys.

We hoped to maintain a strong share of the antidepressant and anti-anxiety market, but the Red Potion of Greater Healing seems to totally correct the brain's chemistry. But again, there is a drawback to exploit: the Red Potion of Greater Healing does nothing to cure spiritual ailments. Indeed, research adventurer Drake Longmir died of a sorcerer's curse shortly after escaping Dragonhold-- if only he'd lived long enough to see Blue River Pharmaceutical's **Purple Potion of Soul Cleansing**, which dispels all status effects that cause spiritual damage, such as magical diseases, voodoo hexes and the wearing of cursed items. While we acknowledge that these ailments are rare in the modern world, we're confident that the Purple Potion of Soul Cleansing will soon gain a foothold among superstitious ethnics, who will drink it to bless weddings or cure imagined demonic possession.

Proud as we are of these breakthroughs, we do anticipate that their worldwide adoption will begin to eradicate most disease and ailment over the next three or four months, making our business model increasingly tenuous. Therefore, it's important for the long-term success of Blue River Pharmaceutical to explore new strategies in treatment necessitization.

Our research team is working round the clock to break the Barrier of Souls that separates our world from the Demonic Nether. By Q2 2012, we anticipate the opening of our first exploratory Demonic Nether Portal Facility, which will flood the lands surrounding our Indiana headquarters with demonic liches, succubi, giant spiders and other paranormal horrors. We predict that thousands of adventurers will flock to the area in search of glory and powerful demonic items, leading to a major rise in local demand for Green and Purple Potions.

In concert with this, we will launch an innovative new treatment delivery option: we've partnered with over ten thousand Indiana crypts, caves and dungeons to exclusively carry our **Blue River Treasure Chests**, value-packed with a selection of our most potent potions. Keys will be available for $79.99 at Walgreens and CVS stores throughout the area. Best of all, we've already begun negotiations with Szagna International to stock Red Potions of Greater Healing in all Blue River Treasure Chests-- in exchange for a small portion of their profits and a guarantee that our ruthless demonic hordes will not overrun their Chicago headquarters.

Here's to many more successful quarters!

Yours truly,

Ramses Doomthrottle

Dr. Ramses Doomthrottle
CEO, Blue River Pharmaceutical

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.19 Kennel Fair Dog Pageant: Disqualified Dogs

Wednesday, Apr 20, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant series.

Dear Mr. Caveman

We here at the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant pride ourselves on recognizing dogs with exceptional characteristics. However, your dog went a little too far outside our comfort zone. Kennel Fair strives always to celebrate the canine form at its finest, and as such we consider birth defects to be just that -- defects.

Normally I'd say that a dog with two heads is nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, I'd call it a rare treat, especially for the dog(s). Many dogs suffer loneliness, but when two dogs share the same body, they always have the benefit of each other's company.

Unfortunately, when one of the heads is dead, the experience is anything but pleasant. We feel great pity for Brineswell, the lone-surviving head. Spending every waking moment shadowed by your dead brother is a fate I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy.

I would recommend you have Brineswell put down immediately so that he might find some peace. Another option is to have the dead head amputated, but such a procedure would come at great cost and risk. But, if you plan to put Brineswell down anyway, the risk part is hardly worth mentioning.

Wishing you the best,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

P. S. It occurs to me I forgot to inform you that Brineswell will not be attending the semifinals. Good luck sorting out his medical problems!

Dear Ms. Roanoke,

Kudos on raising a terrific Alaskan Malamute. Brigadier was a beautiful dog with a great disposition, and earned some of the highest marks we've ever awarded. All of us judges had nothing but good things to say about his coat, stance and stoic discipline.

That's why it pains me to inform you that Brigadier is disqualified from attending the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant semifinals. You did nothing wrong as an owner, breeder and trainer. As far as I'm concerned, you did everything right. In fact, you and Brigadier made short work of any competition.

The problem is we just don't like your dog. Something about him rubbed us the wrong way. We could get specific about why we didn't like your dog, but since this is already in the past, it would be disrespectful for us to give any examples and only lead to more hurt feelings.

We hope this doesn't discourage you from entering future competitions. With your talents as a trainer and keen skills as a breeder, you'll have a winning dog in no time.

Thanks for your time,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

Congratulations, Montgomery Family!

After believing them lost, we recently found the records containing Charmer's score in the recent Kennel Fair Dog Pageant Invitational. As you know from your participation, the Invitational is where ordinary and extraordinary dogs come to strut their stuff for judges and adoring dog lovers alike. And the scoring records for your dog is key in determining if little Charmer moves on to the semifinals.

We felt just awful losing those records, and that's why we are so excited to have recovered them. I'm sure you share in that excitement with us, wishing only the best for your dog.

Looking at the records here now I see that your dog scored poorly and is not eligible to attend the semifinals. Her scores are so low that she technically shouldn't have been eligible for even the Invitational. According to Judge Chester Knap's notes, this dog was so poorly qualified to compete that it can only be by human malice that she was entered in the first place.

Because our time as judges is valuable, we have attached an invoice. We ask that you make out any checks to Kennel Fair, Inc. Please note that we billed you for two hours of judging even though the process only took five minutes of Judge Chester Knap's time. We rounded up to the nearest hour for that then added in the hour it took to locate the missing scorecard.

Again, congratulations on getting the results!

Richard W. Beauregard

Dear Gerd Family,

On behalf of my fellow judges, we are writing to inform you that your Field Spaniel, the haunting Seminal Lasting Triumph, shined bright in the recent Kennel Fair Dog Pageant, though not because of any outstanding traits.

It was clear from the start you painstakingly affixed a great many jewels and gems to your dog in hopes of making her seem more exciting and elegant. The results were anything but. The glue you used was clearly toxic, as evidenced by the many skin lesions and horrible patches of torn fur still clinging to her suffering body.

While there is nothing in the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant Rules & Guidelines prohibiting the act of bejeweling a canine, common sense and basic human decency definitely forbids it. Seminal Lasting Triumph's constant moans of agony as she tried to remove those painful gems tore at my heartstrings. I must confess I still hear those unnatural shrieks when I close my eyes at night.

I'm not going to turn you into animal cruelty, because being disqualified from the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant semifinals is punishment enough. If you decide you want to try for the championship again, I trust you will do so using more honest methods: raising an outstanding and exceptional dog.

Sincerely,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.20 A Desperate Plea from Your Son's Teacher

Thursday, Apr 21, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Dear Mrs. Sheridan,

I wish I was writing to you under happier circumstances, but as your son Michael's first grade teacher, I've reached the end of my rope. And while I know that no mother wants to hear this, the truth must come out eventually: simply put, your boy is rock stupid. And I know what you're thinking: "Oh, there's a pill for that, so I'm one seduced doctor away from sending Michael to Science University, right?"

Get used to this bewildered smile, because you'll be seeing it a lot.

Wrong.

This is not a biological issue. Your son's a real retard, but he's not retarded. In fact, the tests we've performed with the technology available in the nurse's office show that Michael possesses a brain and a string of chromosomes healthy enough to keep him out of what we like to call "The Cooldown Closet." And if you're thinking it's autism, you'd better cancel your road trip to Vegas, because this little "Rain Man" just got a "Needs Improvement" on his last counting exam. Mrs. Sheridan, you have produced a moron, and have forced the rest of the world to share your burden.

In a sense, I pity you. I have often stared into Michael's flat, lifeless eyes, desperately searching for a way to sympathize with the dullard. Yet when he brings that same stuffed gorilla to the third show and tell in a row, I would slap the color out of his face if I were a lesser man. And don't think I haven't dreamed of it--I'm sure you share in my dark fantasies as well. Everything about that child sets me on edge. Take last week, for instance--Michael tells me he's "'posta" leave early for a dentist's appointment. It took every fiber of my being to tamp down the vomit and inform Michael that "supposed" and "to" are two separate words not meant to be combined in an affront to the laws of both man and God.

Nice work, Michael. It seems that your only talent lies in giving the other students nightmares.

Mrs. Sheridan, I entered this profession with a bit of a taste for the sauce, and I fear that your son's behavior will send me to an early and gin-soaked grave. How else do you expect a flawed man such as myself to react when a six year-old boy can't tell the difference between a hexagon and an octagon? I once believed there was hope in our world, hope for our future. In the past, boys like Michael were removed from schools and placed in factories, where their minds could focus on simple tasks like operating blast furnaces for 13-hour stretches; meanwhile, the rest of the world would enjoy the luxury of cheap metallic ashtrays and paperweights. But thanks to the horrors of globalization, the public must now foot the bill for your son's idiocy by filling his head with yet more information that can never be put to practical use. Unless, perhaps, you can tell me how Michael's collection of "Hot Wheels" can aid him in a career that doesn't involve blue vests, smiley face stickers, and a single vacant expression.

sigh*

There was once a time in my life where I would suggest the Army as an option for boys like Michael, as it has long been home to some of our dumbest heroes. Even the simplest boy could travel the world with rifle in hand, collecting pictures of exotic lands and skulls of the enemy--and if he happened to die in combat, his parents would get a free flag delivered to their door by one of our brave fighting men. But just a few dozen civilian fingers go missing, and suddenly we're questioning the Army's standards for recruitment? Mrs. Sheridan, I would rather have your boy in Afghanistan mistaking a tribe of sheep herders for a terrorist cell instead of in my class, boring us for the umpteenth time about his trip to the zoo. Yes Michael, we're all excited about the existence of giraffes. But ever notice how we don't talk about them every waking second of the day? That's what makes us *normal*.

Mrs. Sheridan, the world does not look kindly upon child murderers, no matter how worthless their victims may be. Though I should not overlook the possibility that you possess the resolve to perform a certain act we faculty members spend our coffee and lunch breaks obsessing over. Rest assured that should you decide to do what an uncaring God could not, you will have the tacit support of the entire faculty. Of course, we won't be able to comment publicly on such matters, but though you may be a monster to humanity as a whole, to us you will be a hero. Also, a reminder that permissions slips are due this Friday for the county fair's historic thresher exhibit. Please see that Michael wears plenty of loose-fitting clothing.

Yours,
Mr. Wilkins

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.21 The Alternate Reality Deaths of Russell Brand

Friday, Apr 22, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hypothesis: The cosmology established in the 2001 Jet Li vehicle *The One* is correct: individual human beings exist as many separate iterations within dozens of realities parallel to our own. When one of these iterations dies all remaining iterations become nebulously more powerful.

Evidence: The increasing, unexplained power of Russell Brand. Likeliest cause is a trans-dimensional Li-Highlandarian transfer of energy as posited by *The One*.

Conjecture: It is said that the arc of the moral universe is long, but bends towards justice. As this is obviously incorrect we can extrapolate that reality has been undermined within our discreet dimension. Russell Brand lives and grows stronger, therefore we exist in a collapsing pocket of tangent reality created by the deaths of ALL other Russell Brands.

Extrapolation: Imagine the crisis points which collapsed Brandian space and transferred energy to the Russell Brand that exists in our reality. Imagine, in other words, the alternate reality deaths of Russell Brand.

Prime Reality – Forced to live in a turdy sewer, Brand contracted an unknown strain of Hepatitis from a steady diet of soiled band aids and sore seep. He nevertheless died choking himself with a scarf, his bladder punctured by the rusty ramrod from the musket he was jamming up his urethra as the only means of sexual satisfaction he could find in the world that cast him to the gutters to die.

Alternate Reality 01 – Succumbed to smugness while on stage in New York.

Alternate Reality 02 – The so-called metal man reality. Metal men have joined our society. We do not know where they come from or what their purpose is. They are slow to anger, but remorseless and indefatigable. Russell Brand died choking on a peanut.

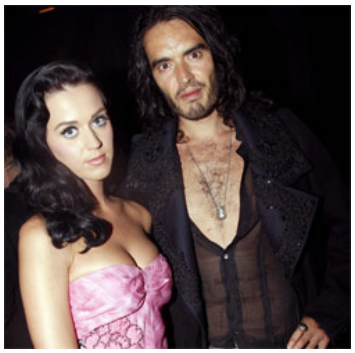
Alternate Reality 03 – In this reality England is still purely a monarchy and the king ordered Russell Brand fatally sodomized with claymores. Both kinds of claymores.

Alternate Reality 04 – Bent over to pick up a penny and was fatally kicked by a mule. The mule was subsequently made the king of England, although he is only a figurehead in this reality.

Alternate Reality 05 – Starved to death in fascist David Cameron's camps for shite arseholes.

These actually exist in our reality, but you have to pay ridiculous amounts to use them and they're called universities.

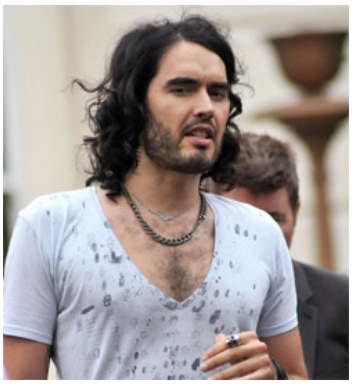
Alternate Reality 06 – Known as the ant reality because civilization is dominated by massive, hyper-intelligent ant colonies and ruled by a single queen. The queen ordered Russell Brand fatally sodomized with claymores. Both kinds we know and the third, ant-only kind.



Alternate Reality 07 – Run over by a truck full of stones while krumping in the middle of the street. Felt everything, had months of surgeries to save him, died screaming and shitting.

Alternate Reality 08 – Serial killed by the Essex Skin Taker, also known as the Witham Vise Maniac, who only murdered the least funny male prostitutes and only used vises.

Alternate Reality 09 – Beheaded in propaganda video for the ultra-liberal anti-Taliban, known in this reality as brutal critics of the arts.



Alternate Reality 10 – Driven over by Ricky Gervais's Hummer limousine and Gervais wasn't even in it at the time.

Alternate Reality 11 – Threw a boomerang during a visit to Australia. Forgot he'd thrown it and was killed days later by the returning boomerang while on the toilet. Body discovered months later in a mummified condition.

Alternate Reality 12 – Known as the baby reality because everyone stops aging at two years. Russell Brand was one of the millions killed in the endless war against the baby empire of the Ottomans. His entire unit of Her Majesty's Royal Wee Hussars was suffocated by their own drop-side crib.

Alternate Reality 13 – Suicide by Swiss Guard while visiting the Vatican.

Alternate Reality 14 – Drunkenly boasted, "Watch this!" and missed the pool.

Alternate Reality 15 – Homeless and drug-addled, Brand mistakenly ate rat poison while scavenging for half-emptied mayonnaise packets behind a White Castle in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He was refused treatment by the ultra libertarian hospital and was left to die on a park bench.

Alternate Reality 16 – Crushed beneath falling Tardis. Stripe-stockinged feet curled up and disappeared.

Alternate Reality 17 – Our reality. Brand is not dead at all. Russell Brand is still alive. He is not dead. Russell Brand is not dead. Motherfucker.

Alternate Reality 18 – Unlimited NASA funding in this reality has allowed mankind to colonize Mars. Thankfully, the terraforming was incomplete when Brand was thrown onto the surface and he

experienced an agonizing, eye-popping death.

Alternate Reality 19 – Brand, an avid footie fan (go West Ham!), was slashed in his face by a broken bottle wielded by an Arsenal fan's five-year-old daughter. Returned home from hospital so badly scarred and bandaged his mother mistook him for a Pakistani sex fiend breaking in and shot off both barrels of a shotgun into him. Brand survived with most of his face gone, but later died during a full face transplant from a dead woman.

There may be other realities we have not yet imagined. We struggle to conceptualize mind-bending Escher trails of Brandian geometry, pubic beards recursive, trashy unhilarity to an infinite horizon. If there are still more Russell Brands left to give our reality's Russell Brand even more power, well, god help us all.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.22 Nintendo's New Console

Saturday, Apr 23, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

According to the video game press rumor mill, it's all but certain that Nintendo will announce a new console by E3 (June 7-9) at the latest. Some sites have even claimed that the rumor has been "confirmed" by anonymous sources, which has all the attention-grabbing power of an official confirmation without any of the journalistic responsibility.

Always happy to turn baseless speculation into page views, most outlets have put out their own version of a "what we know" article, detailing the new system as if every attempt to do so in the past with other consoles hasn't been a total waste of time.

You know, I'm probably being too harsh. I should give the video game press the benefit of the doubt. Assuming that everything they've put out there has been 100% accurate, let's put it all together and get a complete picture of Nintendo's upcoming console.

The Name

The new console will be named the Wii HD because it is a Wii with an HDMI cable.

- and -

The new console will be named the Wii 2 because it is a Wii with two composite cables.

- and -

The new console will be named Project Cafe, after the actress of the same name.

- and -

The new console will be named The Tea Party Is Right and it will sell like hotcakes as long as it's manufactured in the U.S.A. with a birth certificate to prove it, and no one gets their hands on the system from a handout such as a contest or Child's Play.

- and -

The new console will be named Dolphin Revolution Megaton, as all consoles should be named.

Hardware Capability

The new console will be more powerful than the PS3 and Xbox 360, but not by much. Probably by a megahertz. Perhaps a gig. Maybe even a cloud or two.

- and -

The new console will be exactly as powerful as the Wii because we don't need your open world games thank you very much.

- and -

The new console will be more than twice as powerful as the PS3 and Xbox 360. We're still trying to figure out how it relates to the Sega 32x, since early numbers indicate that it might only be as powerful as 31 segas.

- and -

The new console will exactly powerful enough to force all games to be rendered in standard definition, then upconverted to 720p and displayed at 20 frames per second in black and white.

- and -

The new console will be so powerful that Nintendo will finally be able to render as much blood as they need to pull off a proper Mario game.

Controller

The new console's controller will have the standard WiiMote and Nunchuk, but the WiiMotion Plus will be built-in and there will be no wires.

- and -

The new console's controller will be a touchscreen device, like the iPad, with buttons and joysticks that you can slap on with suction cups since that works so amazingly well. You'll be able to play the games on your television by staring at a screen between your hands. The best of both worlds!

- and -

The new console's controller will not have any gimmicks. No motion sensing, no screen, no waggle. It will simply be an updated version of the classic SNES controller with the ergonomics of a modern controller like the Xbox 360.

- and -

The new console's controller will be a life-sized animatronic model of Shigeru Miyamoto. You will simply tell him what you want your character on screen to do, and he will manipulate the motion-sensing controller, balance board, heart rate monitor, horse bag, and guitar for you.

Game Media

The new console will use the standard DVD format, since at last count a single disc can still hold 1001 amazing DOS games.

- and -

The new console will use Sony's upcoming Blu-Ray Mini Disk UMD format, allowing consumers to watch the latest hits (such as Little Fokkers) in crystal clear still image slideshows.

- and -

The new console will not use any media whatsoever. All games will be purchased online, then soldered onto the system's mainboard by a professional within 3 to 6 weeks.

Backwards Compatability

The new console will be fully compatible with all Wii games.

- and -

The new console will be fully compatible with all Imagine Wii titles (Imagine Babyz, Imagine Dogz, Imagine Catz, Imagine Teacherz, Imagine Philosopherz), and no other games.

- and -

The new console will not be compatible with any Wii titles, but will run all Tiger handheld games perfectly.

Multiplayer

The new console will feature the usual system of terrible multiplayer settings that were designed to protect children from child harmers. In order to play a game with someone, you will have to enter their 36 digit system code, the 52 digit code that came with their copy of the game you want to play, and the 10,000 digit code for their specific profile in that game. Also, if you wish to use a microphone, your voice will be modulated to protect your identity, then it will not be broadcast to the other player.

- and -

The new console will feature built-in 3G and a fully integrated online ecosystem to easily facilitate matchmaking, friends lists, chat, and clans.

- and -

The new console will feature no online capabilities, no wi-fi, and only one controller port.

- and -

The new console will come with a built-in 300 baud modem.

Launch Window Games

The new console will launch with a library of games that live up to the excitement of the 3DS launch. There will be high res remakes of Super Mario Sunshine and Mario Party 8, a brand new Ridge Racer game, and an F-Zero game in which Miis race around three tracks littered with mini-games.

- and -

The new console will launch with The Legend Of Zelda: Skyward Sword, a game that has been in development for the Wii for at least four years. Remember how Twilight Princess was actually a Gamecube game, but they went ahead and slapped some waggle controls on it to launch with the Wii, so it was a good game that didn't take full advantage of the new platform? Yeah.

- and -

The new console will launch with new versions of all the games you loved as a kid, and they will be exactly as you remember them, but even better! A fully 2D pixel-based Mario platformer, Metroid with amazing exploration and mood delivered without a single printed or spoken word, Mario Kart with no bullshit items.

- and -

The new console will launch with one or two exciting first party games, then maybe one worthwhile title a year amongst a sea of braindead cash-ins.

- and -

The new console will only launch with thirty versions of Super Mario 64. They will not differ from

each other in any way, including packaging and name, but there will be thirty of them. There will be no other games for at least three years.

Extra Features

The new console will feature a mysterious port in the back with bright green lining. It will never have any function.

- and -

The new console will feature full support for every possible type of media you would ever want to consume. It will be your entertainment center. It will play music, movies, record television, make phone calls, browse the internet, download the newest jokes and recipes, display eBooks and digital comics, and control all of your home theater devices. In order to do all this, it will feature a front end that's sort of like the Xbox 360 dashboard, only somehow it will take even longer to boot and navigate, and feature more ads.

- and -

The new console will feature a banana in the box.

Release Date

The new console will be released by holiday of 2011.

- and -

The new console will be released by summer of 2012.

- and -

The new console has been released. You've been playing it all this time and you didn't know it.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.23 New Best Practices for the Cancer Centers of America

Monday, Apr 25, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

To all staff of the CCA,

this message is going out to remind you of the recent updates made to our best practices. These guidelines for behavior were adjusted to reflect changing views on cancer and doctor-patient relationships. They are in no way intended to single out any specific employee nor to counteract his behavior.

Remember, the CCA is about offering a positive alternative to cancer patients during a very difficult time, but there is also such a thing as too optimistic. Please read through the new best practices and incorporate them into your demeanor and interactions with our patients.

Thank you and have a great Monday!
Dr. Timoffé Diaperslut, D.K.N.Y.

2011 Updated Best Practices for the CCA

> Please consult the Best Practices Guide 2002-2010 for a comprehensive manual to CCA's best practices. Unless otherwise noted, this guide is still applicable.

DO NOT...

...high five someone following a cancer diagnosis, refer to their cancer as "no problem", "the best one," "easy cancer," "the good kind," "jackpot," or otherwise diminish the severity of someone's illness.

...advise anyone to stop wearing their motorcycle helmet or car seat belt "because, f**k it."

...refer to orally sodomizing cancer, its symptoms, or medication side effects.

...improvise raps in which you explain medication schedules or rhyme carcinomas with slang for parts of the female anatomy.

...use the names of Holocaust sites to refer to the CCA's hospice or suggest the CCA "has a bunker in a mountain where they make leukemia kids build iPods."

The CCA strives to empower our doctors to give medical advice suited to the patient and their unique situation. However, the CCA draws a line against homeopathic approaches. These include:

- "Healing Ramps" for our pediatric patients to jump their bikes.
- "Cancer Tapout" or any MMA-related "beat cancer" demonstration.
- "Health riddles" with which to cause a logic error and "melt cancer's circuits."
- Attributing the elimination of "cancer Thetans" to obscure theories or unlicensed devices.
- Performing any "sensual" or sexual act as part of a treatment. This includes nude massage.

We have also fielded several complaint from the Make A Wish Foundation claiming that CCA staff members have been involved in the abuse of wishes.

The following Make A Wish topics are hereby off-limits and should not be discussed with a patient, particularly a juvenile patient:

> Attaching fireworks to animals, hunting vampires, ghouls, mummies, bigfoots or other supernatural creatures, watching someone have intercourse with a mule, invisibility rings, debate an astronaut about space lies, see Obama's birth certificate, unfreeze a caveman, visit the Bunny Ranch, make "dangerous clones," or reenact any scenes from *Top Gun* or *Point Break*.

Lastly, CCA would like to remind all employees that the tongue is not a diagnostic or therapeutic tool. It is covered with germs and, as we have discovered, is the third most-cited organ in lawsuits.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.24 Subj: FITNESS ZONE

Tuesday, Apr 26, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!! This is an official letter to Fitness Zone regarding a problem that I think needs to be fixed! Nobody can find their way out of it and it creates a big problem for guys like me who want to fix problems!! A while back I went to the gym to bump some iron and feel great about my body and that was a big mistake because once you go up the stairs to the cardio room all bets are off trying to escape the gym's hell maze. I didn't know I was trapped yet so I did a great job working out and making my body ripple and shudder with tough moves. I felt like a big man and tough beans for over an hour. Then the time came to leave and I got my bag and walked around and realized I was walking in a big circle and couldn't get out of the gym at all

I noticed another man walking in a circle too, I knew that was the case because I had seen him 3 or 4 times and he was trying to open every door he passed but most of them were locked and I asked him "How Do We Get Out?" and he laughed and shook his head like he had never been trapped before so I said "If I Find The Way Out First, I Will Come Back For You. Will You Come Back For Me?" and he seemed to get really upset like the reality of our situation was setting in. The problem is there are a lot of mirrors and it is very disorienting and mirror world is no time to be a lone wolf

It got a little later in the evening and the sun was setting over the pool area. The chilly pool atmosphere made more people come inside so I watched them try to leave and before too long the pool people were coming back around in a circle. I sat myself on top of a recycling can and laughed knowingly toward the man who appeared to be the group's leader and said "Ha Ha, I See You Are Trapped Too. Welcome, I've Been Here For Nearly Three Hours Myself..." which the man was not at all happy about. He also did not seem to know what I meant by Devil's Cove and The Badlands even though it is pretty obviously the sauna and that smaller weight room with the old gout man watching TV.

"Come With Me, Let Me Show You What I Know..." I said and I took them around the circle and showed them everything I tried, and how we are all stuck inside Fitness Zone with no hope to rejoin the world we once knew. Then we came to the part where there's a drop overlooking a first floor fountain but there was nobody around down there to shout at. I told the group that we could tie a bunch of towels together and they could lower me down. The Lead Man agreed we would try this if we didn't find anything soon. One of the smaller men with curly hair and a weird sunken chest began screaming over and over. I did not help that man, it was hard to approach his powerful screams

We started to get tired near the vending machines and we were found by a gym man who came by to close the pool and see what the screaming was all about. (The door was a mirror door) We got out but it was still bad news!!!!!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Hero

4.25 Frederick Oxbow Begs Respectfully

Wednesday, Apr 27, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

FREDERICK OXBOW,
HAIR CUTTER, & CO.,
42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL.

BEGS respectfully to inform all good citizens and criminals of honor that he has become the **Sole Licensee for using Duke's Patent Rotary Hair Threshing Apparatus in Brineswell**, and diligently invites them to call and

ENJOY A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE!

Expect no additional charge for using the above, F. Oxbow trusting to a wealth of new customers to make the Thresher remunerative.

FREDERICK OXBOW,
HAIR CUTTER, & CO.,
42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL.

BEGS respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public generally that he has trained a Horse to cut human hair and earnestly invites them to visit and

EXPERIENCE THE EQUINE SENSATION!

No additional charge for making use of the Horse, F. Oxbow trusting to the amazement of the public to make the Horse's extensive training compensatory.

FREDERICK OXBOW,
HAIR CUTTER, & CO.,
42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL.

BEGS respectfully to thank the brave Gentlemen who have trusted their Appearance to his Horse and Thresher and solicit their continued support. Both he and Horse have gained much mastery over the Apparatus. One can truthfully expect nothing less than

A LIFE-AFFIRMING HAIR CUT.

The Fees for Cutting, Brushing, Shaving & Washing are fair and respectful, offering the highest degree of service for the most economical of price.

FREDERICK OXBOW,

HAIR CUTTER, & CO.,

42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL.

BEGS respectfully to inform his Customers and the Public entire that he has purchased and now holds Sole Ownership of a brand new comb to

REPLACE THE ONE THAT BROKE WHEN THE HORSE STEPPED ON IT.

To experience the luxury of this new Comb one need only visit F. Oxbow in person and "take a seat."

FREDERICK OXBOW,

HAIR CUTTER, & CO.,

42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL.

BEGS respectfully to ask his Patrons and the Citizens of Brineswell to return his seat, as it is crucial to the continued operation of his business.

RETURN THE SEAT AND RECEIVE A DISCOUNT ON ANY PROFESSIONAL COMBING.

No retribution will be carried out against the thieving footpad, F. Oxbow counting on his Christly forgiveness to be repaid in increased business.

FREDERICK OXBOW,

HAIR CUTTER, & CO.,

42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL.

BEGS respectfully to the members of the Constabulary to aid in the retrieval of his famous Horse, who has fled his place of Business with the Patent Rotary Hair Threshing Apparatus, which, before theft, provided

A WONDROUS DELIGHT FOR THE SCALP.

F. Oxbow swears to no disruption in service, and promises to achieve the best possible haircut as can be provided by human hands to any and all who patronize his Business.

FREDERICK OXBOW,

HAIR CUTTER, & CO.,

42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL.

BEGS respectfully to thank the diligent Constables for apprehending the thieving Horse and returning his Patent Rotary Hair Threshing Apparatus and invites them and all members of the Public to experience

A MAGNIFICENT EVENT ON YOUR HEAD.

F. Oxbow pledges to train a new Beast and imbue the virtue of loyalty as strongly as he imbues the skill of cutting hair.

FREDERICK OXBOW,

HAIR CUTTER, & CO.,

42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL,

BEGS respectfully to thank the good Gentlemen of Brineswell for their great encouragement throughout the years and for supporting him so vigorously in spite of malicious actions on the part of his Horse; and further announces

HE HAS REFORMED AND TRAINED A DERANGED LUNATIC TO CUT HAIR.

This lunatic, once a threat to Society, now wields scissors and the Patent Rotary Hair Threshing Apparatus for the Good of the Public.

FREDERICK OXBOW,

HAIR CUTTER, & CO.,

42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL,

BEGS respectfully to apologize to the six Gentlemen whose scalps were so horribly scarred by his employee, a former and now current deranged lunatic; and proudly declares

THE BRINESWELL SCALPER HAS BEEN REPLACED BY A TRAINED BEAR!

F. Oxbow trusting to his previous Christly forgiveness to be repaid in the aftermath of this recent tragedy.

FREDERICK OXBOW,

HAIR CUTTER & CRIMINAL,

42 HILLOCK STREET, BRINESWELL,

BEGS respectfully to inform his Friends and members of the Citizenry that he has been incarcerated for endangering the Public, and, in the words of the Courts of this land, "employing Maniacs and Beasts to attack Gentlemen at their most vulnerable."

SORRY ABOUT THAT!

F. Oxbow trusting to the patience of his customers to delay any haircuts until he has been properly reformed by the penal system.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.26 Crates, Etc. Spring 2011 Catalog!

Thursday, Apr 28, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

CRATES ETC.

SPRING 2011 CATALOG

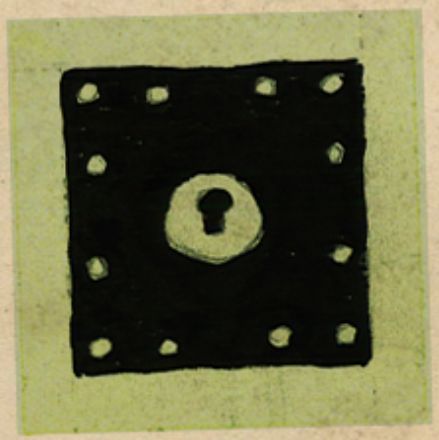
Since 1979, Crates, Etc. has given you the best deals on crates, crate accessories and other crate-themed products. We don't believe top-quality crates should cost top dollar, which is why for the fifth year in a row we're freezing all our prices while simultaneously lowering our employee wages, so we can pass the savings directly on to you, the consumer!

Our Spring 2011 Catalog features fantastic savings on every type of crate you can imagine - and some you probably can't. Although when you see them, you'll wonder why you didn't: they're so simple yet elegant in design.

INDESTRUCTABLE CRATES

Tired of crates that fall apart the second you take them out of the larger crate they're shipped in? Our indestructible crates are guaranteed to never break! Hit them with a crowbar, blast them with a shotgun, throw them into a dark energy vortex – they still remain intact! We're so confident in these babies' durability that we filled 50 of them with toxic waste and dumped them in a nearby river. Some local hippies are calling it "pollution," but they're clearly just jealous of our crate-making skills.

$289.99



DESTRUCTABLE CRATES

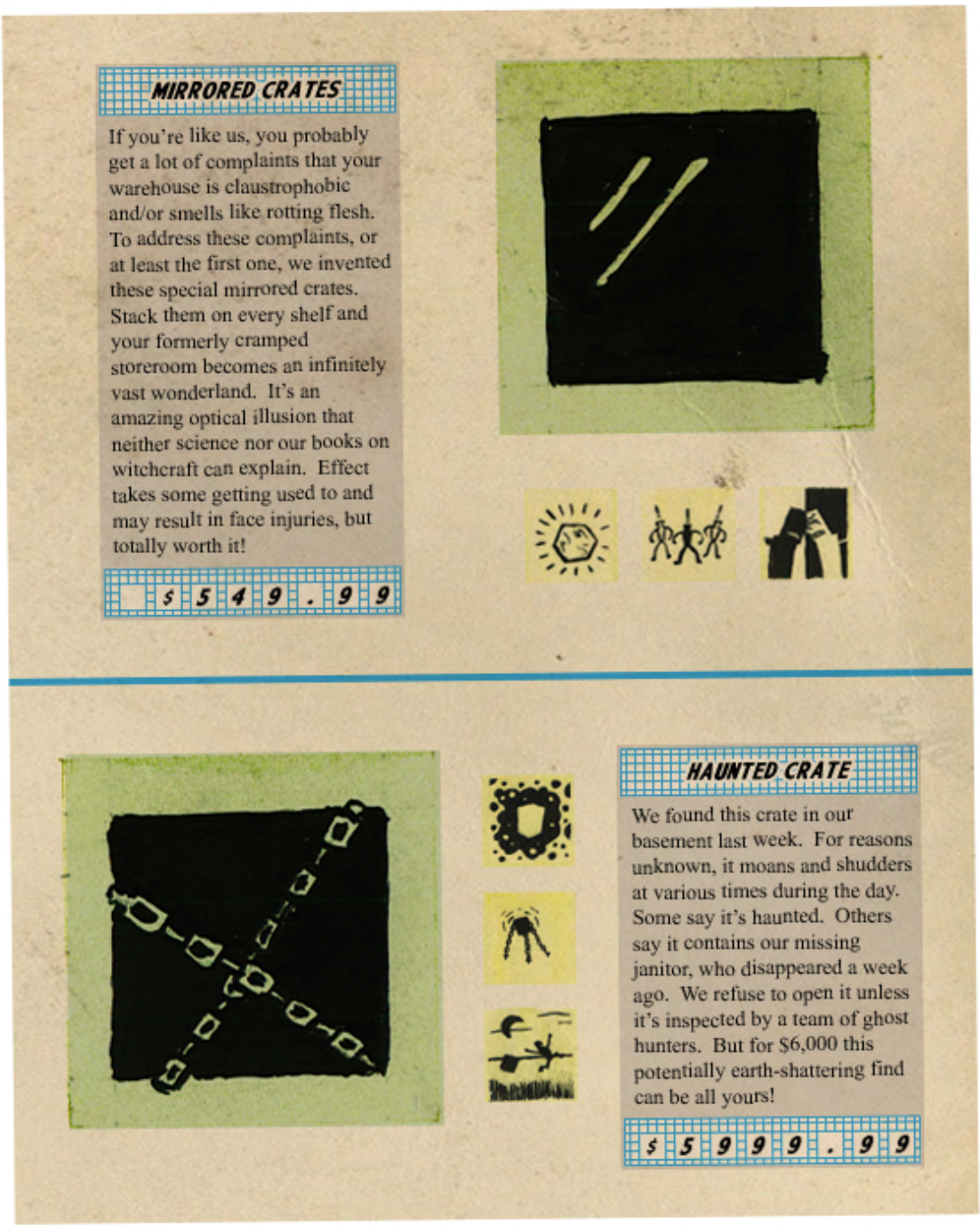
There's nothing more enjoyable than breaking open a crate – sure, you can pry it open, but then you don't hear that satisfying THUNK and splintering of wood. That's what makes our breakable crates so indispensable. Made from crisp, quarter-inch particle board, they break faster and easier than any crate on the market – guaranteed. These beauties are great to have around when you need to let off some steam. You should've seen our maintenance chief, Martinez, go to town on one when we announced we were liquidating the maintenance department. That guy had the time of his life! At least until he discovered the killer bees we'd hidden inside.

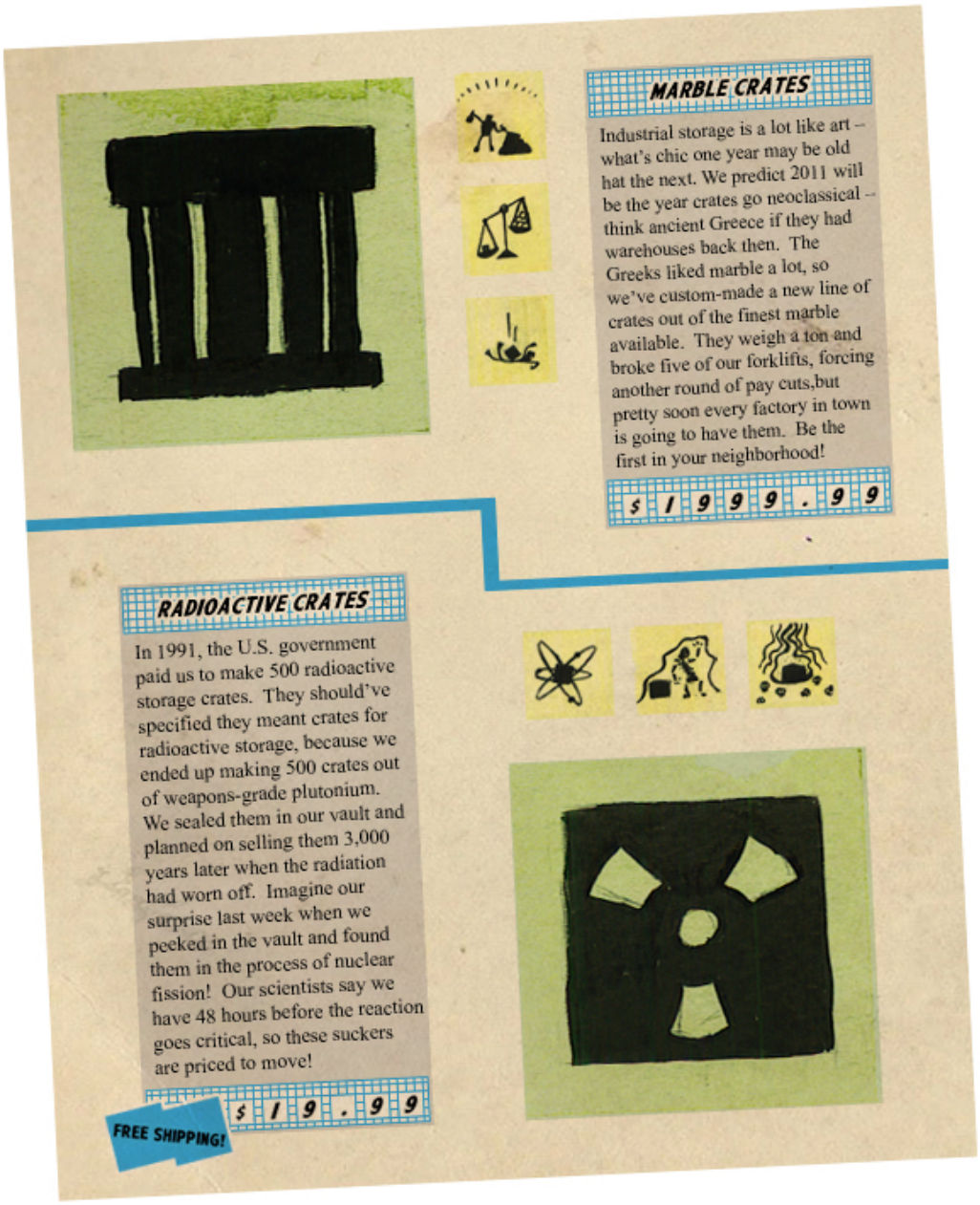
☐ $165.99

EDIBLE CRATES

Last month, we mistakenly received a shipment of 20,000 Rice Krispies Treats. We were planning on returning them – that is, until a few workers selfishly helped themselves to a package, preventing us from redeeming the entire wholesale value. After firing the ingrates, we made the best of a bad situation by turning the remaining snacks into a new line of edible crates – all it took was some Krazy Glue and several hours of overtime during Bring Your Kids to Work Day. These tasty, durable crates are perfect for storage, poisoning raccoons, imprisoning diabetics, and dropping on listless employees' heads. Available in original, chocolate, or marshmallow flavors.

☐ $89.99


MIRRORED CRATES
If you're like us, you probably get a lot of complaints that your warehouse is claustrophobic and/or smells like rotting flesh. To address these complaints, or at least the first one, we invented these special mirrored crates. Stack them on every shelf and your formerly cramped storeroom becomes an infinitely vast wonderland. It's an amazing optical illusion that neither science nor our books on witchcraft can explain. Effect takes some getting used to and may result in face injuries, but totally worth it!
$549.99
HAUNTED CRATE
We found this crate in our basement last week. For reasons unknown, it moans and shudders at various times during the day. Some say it's haunted. Others say it contains our missing janitor, who disappeared a week ago. We refuse to open it unless it's inspected by a team of ghost hunters. But for $6,000 this potentially earth-shattering find can be all yours!
$5999.99


MARBLE CRATES
Industrial storage is a lot like art – what's chic one year may be old hat the next. We predict 2011 will be the year crates go neoclassical – think ancient Greece if they had warehouses back then. The Greeks liked marble a lot, so we've custom-made a new line of crates out of the finest marble available. They weigh a ton and broke five of our forklifts, forcing another round of pay cuts,but pretty soon every factory in town is going to have them. Be the first in your neighborhood!
$1999.99
RADIOACTIVE CRATES
In 1991, the U.S. government paid us to make 500 radioactive storage crates. They should've specified they meant crates for radioactive storage, because we ended up making 500 crates out of weapons-grade plutonium. We sealed them in our vault and planned on selling them 3,000 years later when the radiation had worn off. Imagine our surprise last week when we peeked in the vault and found them in the process of nuclear fission! Our scientists say we have 48 hours before the reaction goes critical, so these suckers are priced to move!
$19.99
FREE SHIPPING!

Cheers to Ian for participating in Crate & Barrel's Ultimate Wedding Contest! Oh, and thanks to our own unrelated Ian (@ Fused Muse) for designing the Crates, Etc. catalog pages; he, too, is all about the subtle elegance.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

4.27 Our Favorite NFL Criminals During the Upcoming Strike

Friday, Apr 29, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Greedy millionaire NFL players may strike this year because of even greedier billionaire NFL team owners. The only thing anyone really cares about is that the football season may not happen this summer and fall, but not everyone will be relaxing by the pool. Three of our favorite NFL criminals have big plans.

Michael Vick (QB - Philadelphia Eagles)

Past crime: Dog Pokemon man, dog killer, brutalizer, extreme dog choker.
Strike crimes:

Training miniature horses, not to fight, but to live and be free, which will lead naturally to fighting. He loves the one named Brandy best. He loves to laugh at the trouble they get up to when he puts them in their pasture. In the evenings he makes little embroidered coats and caps for them.

Brandy you are the prettiest. If you were a girl Brandy...if you were a girl...maybe next summer.

He spreads a blanket beneath the sycamore on the edge of the property and feeds her hay as the sun dips below the mossy hills. You *are the toughest, Brandy. I want you to kill them all.* He's so in love he never sees the police helicopter, but it doesn't matter, because he's painted the roofs of all the buildings on his property with camouflage scenes of miniature horses playing and enjoying their lives. He places a sugar cube between his lips and thinks...*the perfect crime...*

Tank Johnson (DT - Cincinnati Bengals)

Past crime: Getting his body guard killed, having guns, being drunk and unruly, threatening cops, attacking people, a real troublemaker. **Strike crimes:**Breaking into a museum to recreate *Night at the Museum.* He sees it once and he can't believe it. He sees it again and he has to call his friends into the room. *Is this shit for real?* His bodyguards don't know what to say. Of course *Night at the Museum* movies are real. Would Hollywood lie? *That's it, get my helicopter* he demands and they fly straight away to the museum for a night at the museum.

Come to life damn you, Tank Johnson hollers at them bones, but they do no such thing. Unknown to Tank Johnson and his bodyguards there are some crooks there to steal the t-rex egg from the dinosaur exhibit. When Tank and his b-guards bust in on the t-rex heist there is some shooting. One of Tank's bodyguards dies and the t-rex egg gets clipped by a bullet.

Tank Johnson is real upset. He wraps the t-rex egg in a blanket to try to save it. *This ain't happening again! Not on my watch!* He realizes the egg is hatching. *I've got to get this one to the newspapers* he says, but on the way back he decides to stop at a showgirls club called Booty Stank and look at women's butts and the t-rex baby dies in his Ford Explorer from the heat. On the plus side it is

watching *Shrek 3D* on a seatback LCD and gets to see the ending but not all of the extras only the trailers.

Pacman Jones (CB - Cincinnati Bengals)

Past crime: Beating multiple people including a stripper, causing a ruckus, spitting, causing a multiple shooting. Strike crimes:

He's on a regimen to really be Pacman. He covers his house with pictures of Pacman. He looks at himself in the mirror and he says *Believe it you're the best. You are the best Pacman. This is it. They need you now, Pacman.* He pumps up listening to Pacdance the Pacman raps he records freestyle in his gym between Pac-katas. Lifts weights and eats the right food. High protein, high fat, whey and ice cream shakes. Jumps down funnels. Rolls in tubes.

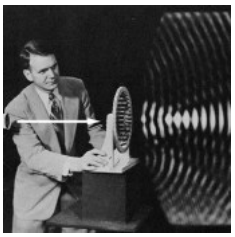
He calls a health line. *Hello, this is Pacman. How do I be Pacman 24/7? What do I eat to make myself a better Pacman?*

They don't have the answers. GNC doesn't know shit. Nobody can tell him what to be, but he makes himself Pacman. He's more and more ball. His mouth is bigger. Wedgier. He's feelin' it now. Routes on the property with yellow painted basketballs. Has his friends wear sheets and chase him in a corn maze. He's getting' there. He's doin' it. *This is for real, son. For real. If you don't believe the pellet don't even step out on the screen.* Things just get out of hand. It's about the fruit. The pellets and the fruit. Sick of basketballs. He's so yellow. *It's time to show this world what I'm made of* he tells the bus driver who drops him off at the mall. *When you think about it*, he says to god, *society is the maze. Let's roll.*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.28 Beepmasters

Saturday, Apr 30, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Do you have too many beeps in your house? Are they numerous in number? Do you want to get rid of these not-so-gentle reminders that you are powerless and small in a world full of *harsh noises*? Of course, we all do. Unfortunately, there has simply been no way to combat this problem. Until NOW.

Don't go through another beep-filled day of misery and shame. Do something about it - call the Beepmasters!

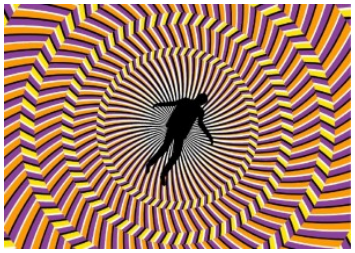
Our team of carefully trained technicians will come to your home or office and remove those beeps. As our saying goes, *there's no beep too small*! Haha.

Beep Fact: The soundwave produced by a beep doesn't just go to your ears. It also caresses your entire body. A single beep knows the supple topography of your erotic form more intimately than any lover you'll take. That's pretty gross!

How do we resolve your beep problems? Our patented Anti-Beep Generators produce powerful fields (we think X-Rays are involved) which negate all beeps in a three foot radius. **Magic!** Actually, we're not allowed to say magic anymore. Impressive, then! Once we install five to seven of these cumbersome devices in a room, you will never hear a beep or recover full feeling in your fingertips again.

Let's take a closer look at the fascinating technology that goes into an Anti-Beep Generator.

Here's the shell. This is the part that's relatively safe to look at for short periods of time. It's sleek and stylish, fitting into any room with a twelve foot ceiling.



This is what we got when we stuck our camera inside and snapped a photo. In real life it doesn't look like that, it's just a blinding light accompanied by a paralyzing chill and vomiting.

The best thing about our Anti-Beep Generators is that you don't need to plug them in, so there's no added expense on your utility bills! In order to keep the devices running, you simply open the side latch and pour in three pounds of ground meat every morning.

Beep Fact: There are eight types of beeps. Only one is man-made, when a man makes a "beep" noise with his mouth. The other seven types of beeps are believed to be paranormal in nature.

Let us dispel a rumor that's been spreading like wildfire lately. Yes, we do believe in the ancient Greek gods. However, this will **NOT** play a significant role in some aspects of our work.

That's not all! The new models of our Anti-Beep Generators are also capable of producing toots. What does this mean? Now you can cancel out all the beeps and replace them with soothing toots. You choose the tone. You choose the tempo. You choose the octave. We choose the volume.

The best thing about having toots in your home is that when a guest asks for a toot, you no longer have to frown, then pat your pockets and shake your head sadly. You'll be able to frown, then pat your pockets and nod sadly!

Toot Fact: Scientifically speaking, toots shouldn't even exist, yet they do.

Don't trust us! Listen to the testimonies (delivered under oath no less!) of a few of our grateful customers:

"They put those machines in my house and all I can hear is toots! Every time I turn around, it's toots!"

"I suppose I can't say that the Beepmasters technician in the photograph was definitely my attacker since it was dark and I had my glasses off, but it certainly looks a lot like him."

"The bill was SO MUCH MORE THAN I EXPECTED."

Before you schedule an appointment, please consider one of our many additional services:

Pet moving - We will pick up your pets and physically remove them from their original positions in your home or office. We will put these pets in a different place. These pets will possibly be rotated as well, so that they are facing in entirely new directions. Look, I don't think you appreciate the extent to which we will move these pets.

Rap criticism - You perform your rap that you wrote, we tell you why we don't like it. There is no rap that we like, or your money back! Extra harsh criticisms saved for rhyming "why" with "my", and for referencing that movie where Sandra Bullock writes love letters through time to Keanu Reeves. VERY harsh criticisms if you spoil that movie because we still haven't seen it and it's in our Netflix queue.

Mirror breaking - Why break every mirror in your house with your own fists? Let us do it for you while you drink lemonade and nod solemnly. Cursing and intense staring into fractured mirror are included at no extra cost.

Life advice - We give you all the best advice for living your life to its fullest. This one's free: If you find that you are tired of the music you have and you want to find a great new artist, load up an adult webcam site and ask for the name of the song that's blaring over the girl's microphone like a drive-thru apocalypse.

Door Closing - You open the front door to let us in, we close it before we can step a foot inside. Keep trying to let us in. We'll just keep closing that door. A premium service for the most sophisticated of customers.

Crying - We will cry on your shoulder. We have much to weep about, so there will be enough tears to satisfy your needs. At no extra cost, we will also wail such hit phrases as "W-w-hy?" and "She's g-g-gone!", usually in nearly unintelligible blubbery tones as boogers drip from our noses.

MLB Scouting Reports - If you are thinking about drafting a young professional baseball prospect to help around your house or take a secretarial position in your office, we can help. Allow our world-wide network of baseball scouting intelligence to work in your favor. With our expertise, the next Baseball Ruth could very well be making copies for you!

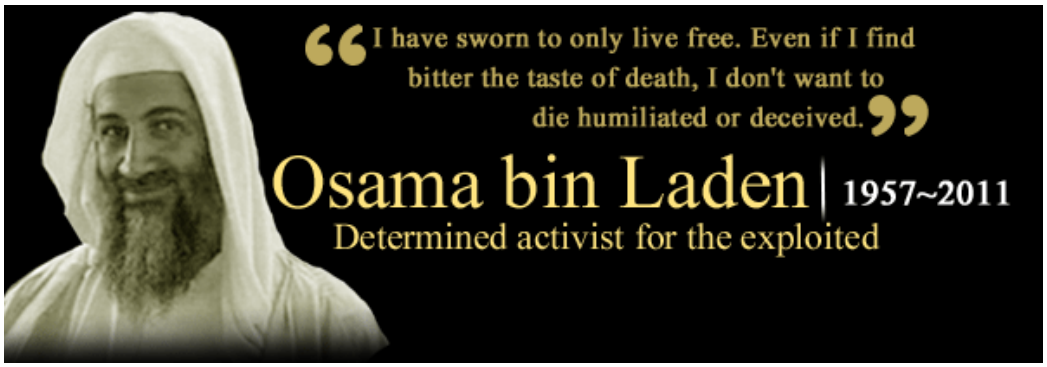
-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

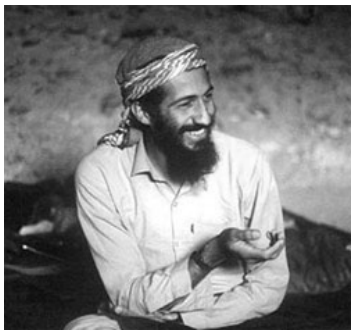
Chapter 5

May

5.1 Osama bin Laden, Legendary Activist, Dead at 54

Monday, May 02, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


"I have sworn to only live free. Even if I find bitter the taste of death, I don't want to die humiliated or deceived."
Osama bin Laden | 1957~2011
Determined activist for the exploited



Osama bin Laden, the outspoken activist whose media stunts -- including "9-11" and various widely publicized tapes -- and motivating grassroots organizing made him the most widely-sought man in the world, died Sunday, President Barack Obama confirmed.

He was 54.

He collapsed in his million-dollar estate in the Abbottabad section of Pakistan, about 2PM Eastern time, suffering severe injuries, according to President of the United States of America Barack Obama. He was transported by helicopter to a military hospital in Afghanistan where he was pronounced dead and buried at sea.

"He left his mark on the entire world," strategic expert Cal Houston said. "In his short life he became one of the most famous men in the world and millions listened to his announcements and followed his call to organize and act out."

Bin Laden's blazing rise to stardom is among the most startling of geopolitical tales. Born in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, bin Laden was a devoted follower of his faith and became politically active at a young age. In the 1980s he became a leading opponent of communism and an ally of the United States. His political movement in Afghanistan succeeded in stunning Soviet planners and hastening the downfall of that regime.

In later years bin Laden would become known more for his attention-getting stunts, including the 1993 pyrotechnics at the World Trade Center and the infamously successful 2001 follow-up.

"It's hard to think of a single man who had more of an effect on this city," said a tearful Luke Lazenby, a NYC firefighter who witnessed bin Laden's 2001 stunt. "We were all there. He brought this city to its knees and we didn't give up. We kept right on going, and here we are ten years later."

The man who once promised "a mushroom cloud over America," Bin Laden was also known as a devoted father of 75 sons, a loving husband to various wives and mistresses, and a caring friend.

"He would give you anything," said a close friend of the family who

asked to remain anonymous. "If you fired your last RPG at a helicopter he would give you his to fire. That is just the sort of man he was."

Memorial services broke out spontaneously around the United States upon hearing the news. Grown men high-fived, chests were bumped, mourners gathered outside the White House and at the site of previous bin Laden stunts. A crowd at a Mets game began chanting U-S-A, confusing the Mets who briefly thought the chants meant they were losing to the USA.

Friends of bin Laden announced plans to carry out his wishes to "avenge the slaughter of Muslims by Americans a thousandfold and drown [Americans] in the blood of their sons."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.2 New Rules From Your Office Mommy!

Tuesday, May 03, 2011 by Lizzie (@Arr)

Hi boys, it's your office mommy, Lizzie! Ding ding ding! Important memo coming through! Quit fartin' around and give it a read, OK? Seems like a few members of our little workplace family have been taking a little too much advantage of the fun atmosphere, and maybe it's time to make a few rules!

I hear ya: *boooooo!*

There's little Lizzie being an old ruleypuss again, right? Well, listen, cuties, Lizzie still loves ya, but she has to lay down the law. I'm not here to name names and play the shame game... just want to clear the air so we can all have tons of fun and get things done!

---

1. First and most important, because it's about me: I'm a five-foot-one firecracker and I don't care how macho you are, I will conk your big coconut if you eat my lunch again! And it's gonna hurt, hope to tell ya. I may be small, but I grew up with four big Irish brothers and I know how to box your ears. But physical violence is not OK in the workplace-- gotta say that so I don't get sued! Ha! But watch your back because I know who you are! I'm flattered that you like my sandwich making skills, but sheesh!

2. Hey lushy! You know who you are, mister man: this is an office, not a dive bar. I love to have fun as much as the next gal... unless the next gal is my hubby's sister!

But I kid, I love Holly... and all her boyfriends! But back to the boozy bits: Mr. Man, I've been around long enough to know the difference between chicken soup and a hot thermos full of King Cobra. OK? The smell carries if ya microwave it, boy howdy! Lunch time is for keeping my big strong boys fed, not for a little nip of the doggy hair. We can all smell it when you drink it, we can all hear you crying in the bathroom and we DEFINITELY noticed when you made a little baby burp and your mouth filled right up with chunky foam, even though you tried to hide it by rubbing your face and surreptitiously making a little pukey down the inside of your jacket sleeve. Denim is a great cloth, a top tenner for sure... but, Mr. You Know Who, it can't hold the smell of King Cobra and ham sandwich barfies, even if you put a rubber band on your cuff to hold it in. Rubber bands are for the mail, everybody! Not for holding your hot puke all day to ferment.

4. And if you MUST bring malt liquor in once in a while, keep it cold and make sure Lizzie gets a sip or two! Ha! Our little secret, pally!

5. Hellooooo! There's a lady present, kiddos. Keep your shirts on, keep the toots quiet and when you come out of the bathroom, for heaven's sake, you can't leave your whatchamacallit swinging in the breeze! Put it away and zip it up, for the love of Mike. I'm no prude-- remember the postcard I sent you boys from Hawaii? Spicy humor is fine... I like it a little picante! But enough of the horseplay with the willies, OK? Getting in a circle around Benny at lunch and slapping him in the face with your wedding tackles is NOT a thing we do in front of a lady. Save it for your wives! I

don't think Benny liked it much either! Not gonna say that's why he killed himself, but it can't have helped. Tisk tisk, boys!

6. I love all of my boys, but I get a little fierce when it comes to hanky-panky! We're all here to do a job, fellas, and I think we all know that job does NOT include using our bathroom as your own little love-nest with your special lady. I know you boys get a little amorous once in a while, and hey, I'm human-- I might look the other way if there's some mushy stuff once in a while when your special lady comes to visit! Wink wink! But PLEASE, boys, keep it clean and have a little courtesy! Who do you think had to clean it up when a certain Mr. Big Stuff let his little lady give very messy birth in the men's room handicapped stall? That would be yours truly, and I don't want to do it again. Yikes! I don't even like going in the little boys' room when someone HASN'T just given goopy poopy birth all over. Phew! There's only one office "mommy" around here, and it's Lizzie... let's keep it that way!

7. I've been called a fiery redhead, but I'll tell you what I don't like: fires! Let's keep them to a minimum, cuties. Keep them out of the office. Oh, and new rule: my car counts as part of the office, so no more fires in Lizzie's car! Not funny, you big lunkheads. OK... maybe just a tiny bit funny. Ha! But you've made your point!

8. Can you say testosterone overload? Last time I checked, you were big grown men with big-boy jobs, OK? Do grown-ups settle their differences with hitting?

Not where I come from, fellas. Me and my four big brothers got in our share of scraps, but it never got bloody and goodness knows it stopped at adulthood. Next time you're feeling grouchy and somebody gets your goat, just let it go. Remember what the main man said about turning the other cheek. I know it gets hectic around here during big rush orders, but that's no excuse to put Randy's head in a vice till it pops like a grape! Who do you think has to visit him in the hospital and feed him his pudding, huh? You're looking at her, buster brown. Next time you get all bent out of shape, why not come talk to me? I had four big brothers, and if there's one thing I know it's how to cool 'em down when they get mad-- that's why we survived past puberty!

9. On that note, have some respect and leave poor Randy alone while he's trying to recuperate, will ya? Makes it hard to feed him his dang pudding when you bust in like a bunch of apes and try to finish him off with a baseball bat! Give him a few months to get back on his feet and regain his sight, lord willing, so he has a fighting chance, ya big lugs. Then grab that Louisville Slugger... and report to Carson Park! Coach Lizzie settles her fights on the softball field, and you'd better fall in line, team.

10. I know, I know, it's not fair: there are a dozen big burly boys and only one men's room, and just one little lady (ME, in case you hadn't noticed) and she gets a woman's room all to herself. It's just the way things work! You gotta go when you gotta go, but if the men's room is occupado, take a whiz in the bushes! I had four brothers, guys, I know how this works. What you DON'T do in that situation, and I'm not

gonna name any names, is bust right into the lady's room while I'm doing my dainty business and pee in the sink a foot from my head! Gross, guys. And what you REALLY don't EVER do again-- sorry if I get a little fierce on this one, but I have to say it-- you NEVER bust in and use the toilet like I'm not already sitting on it! It's not a bunk bed, kiddos. This toilet is a one-woman show, and you don't have tickets!

So those are the new rules, you big hunks! OK? Get it? Got it? Good! Now come on over to my desk, because I'm giving out free hugs all day. Aww! Pardon the mushy stuff, but I still love my boys, even if they get a little outta line and I gotta smack em around!

XOXOXOXOXO,

Lizzie
Administrative OFFICE MOMMY!

-~Lizzie (@Arr)

5.3 Burt's Power Points

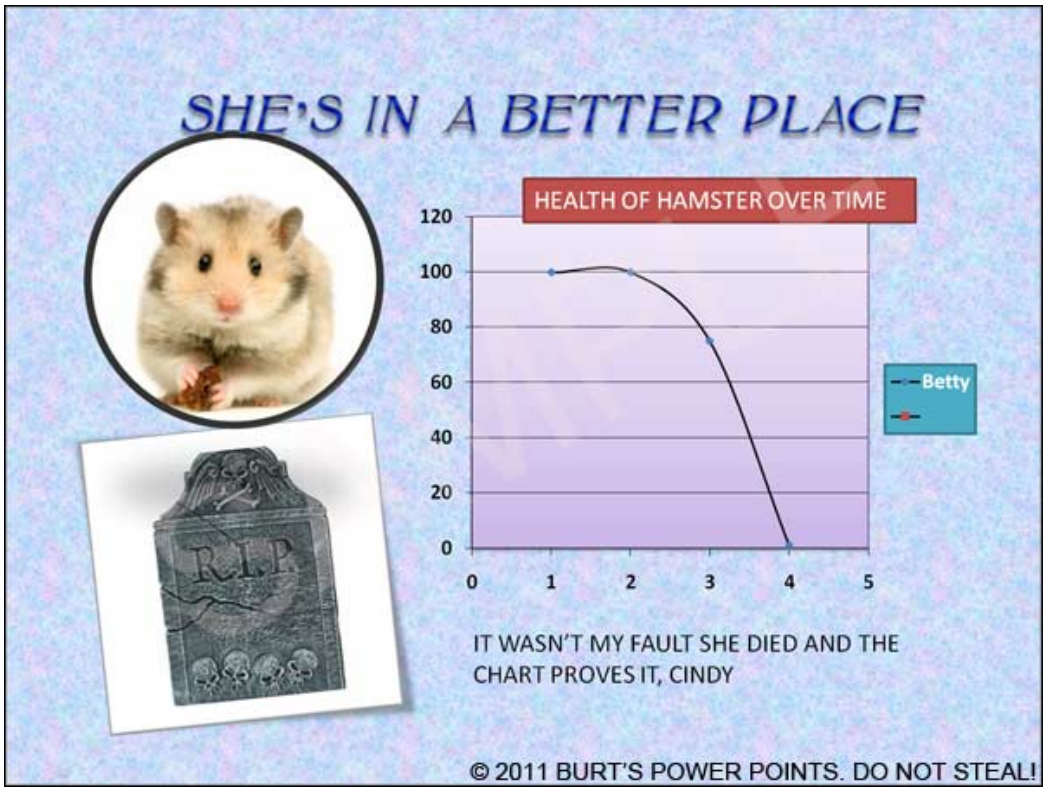
Wednesday, May 04, 2011 by Burt's Power Points (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Burt's PowerPoints series.

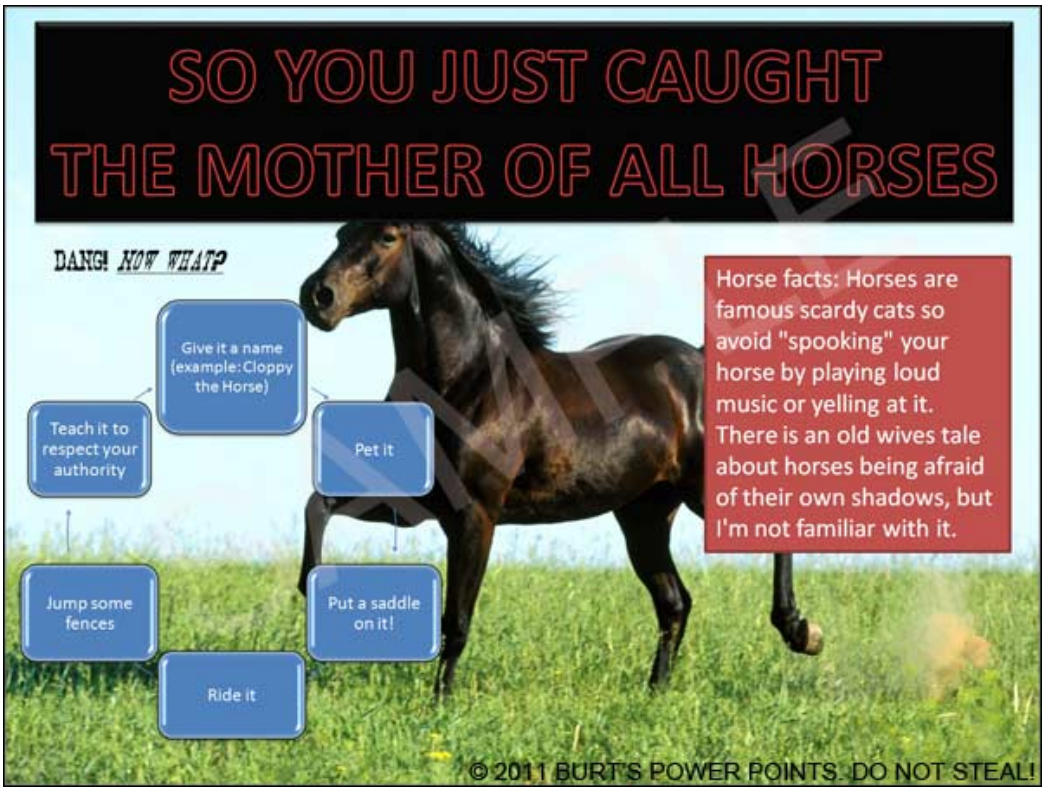
Communication is important to getting your point across, and the #1 way to do that is with a Microsoft Power Points presentation. Need to make a Power Points but don't have the time or the computer to get it done right? Burt's got your back. When I am not busy being a full time dad of two challenging teens AND a new baby I am a professional desktop publisher with over 15 years in the business. I've made and sold more Power Points than can be expressed by mere numbers.

Take a look at my Power Points for every occasion!

PUT THE best paw (or claw) forward with these pet-themed Powered Points:

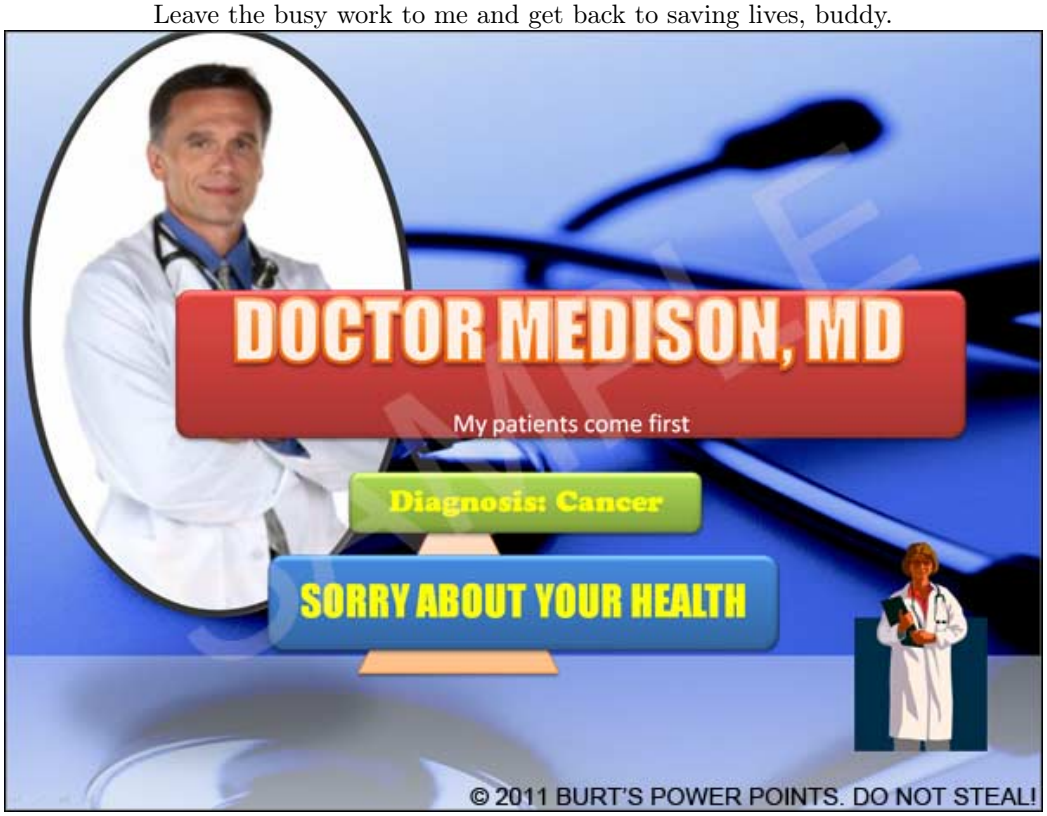


"HAMSTER DIED AND IT'S NOT MY FAULT" - $44.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE CHART)


SO YOU JUST CAUGHT
THE MOTHER OF ALL HORSES
DANG! NOW WHAT?
Give it a name (example: Cloppy the Horse)
Teach it to respect your authority
Pet it
Jump some fences
Put a saddle on it!
Ride it
Horse facts: Horses are famous scardy cats so avoid "spooking" your horse by playing loud music or yelling at it. There is an old wives tale about horses being afraid of their own shadows, but I'm not familiar with it.
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"LUCKIEST DAY OF MY LIFE" - $74.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE HORSE FACTS)

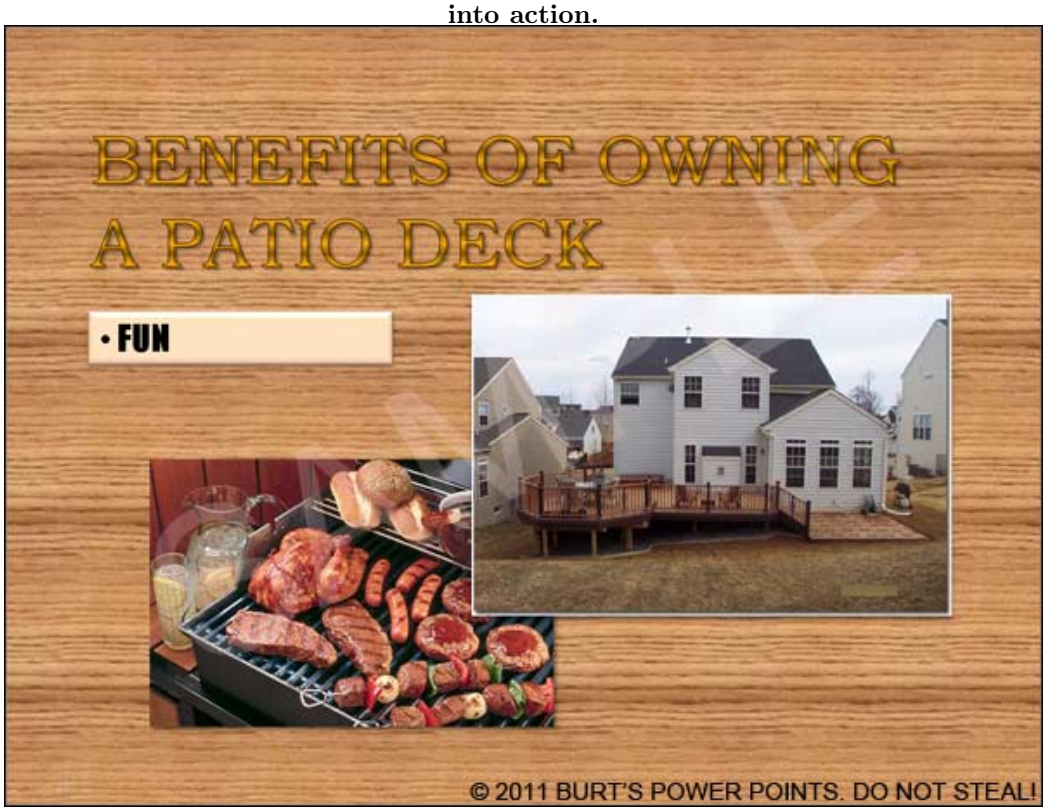
Are you or someone you work for a busy doctor with no time to make your own presentations? Leave the busy work to me and get back to saving lives, buddy.



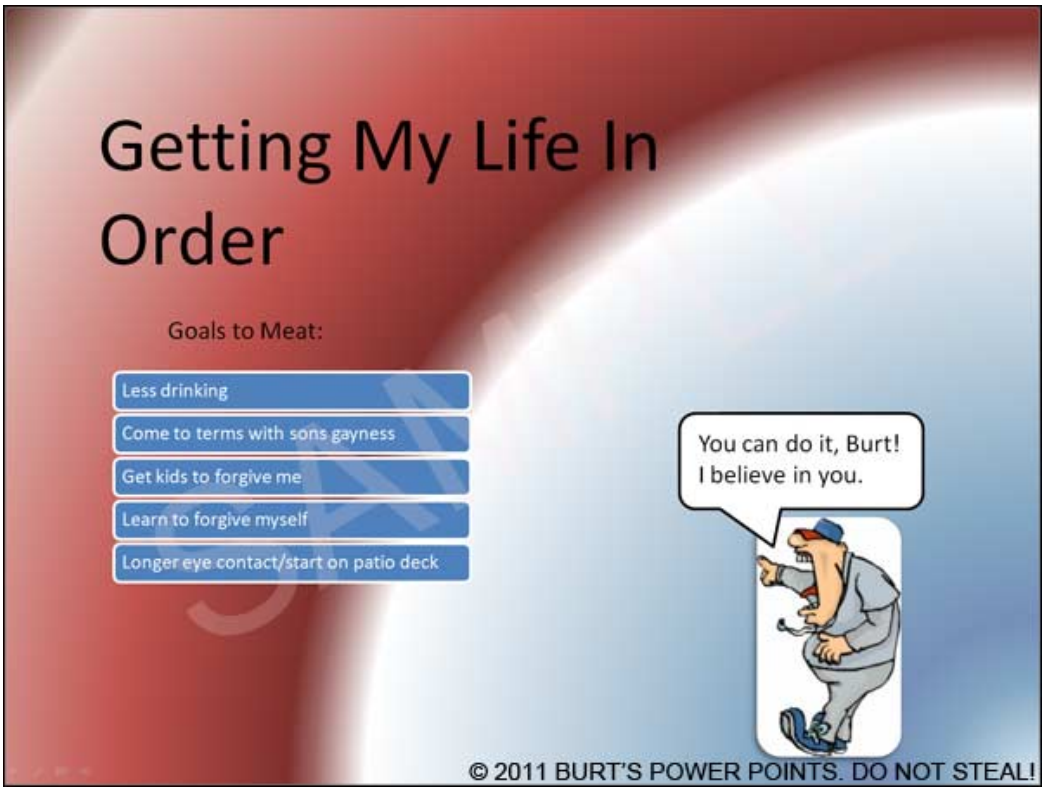
"I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS" - $44.95 (OVER 40 DISEASE OPTIONS AVAILABLE)

"I'M NOT HAVING IT, SON" - $74.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE CHART)

Need a deck for your deck? I've got presentations that'll help you put your big plans into action.



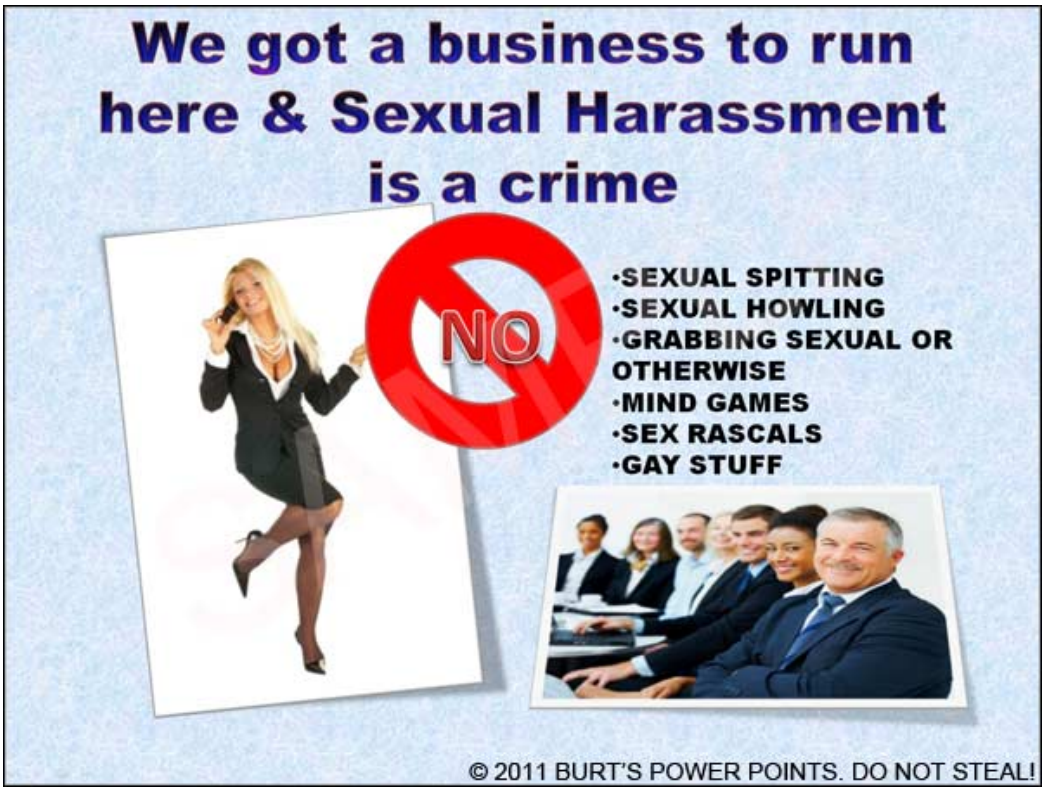
"BURT'S BIG PLAN" - NOT FOR SALE (FOR WIFE ONLY)


Getting My Life In Order
Goals to Meat:
Less drinking
Come to terms with sons gayness
Get kids to forgive me
Learn to forgive myself
Longer eye contact/start on patio deck
You can do it, Burt! I believe in you.
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"BURT'S GOALS" - NOT FOR SALE (FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY)

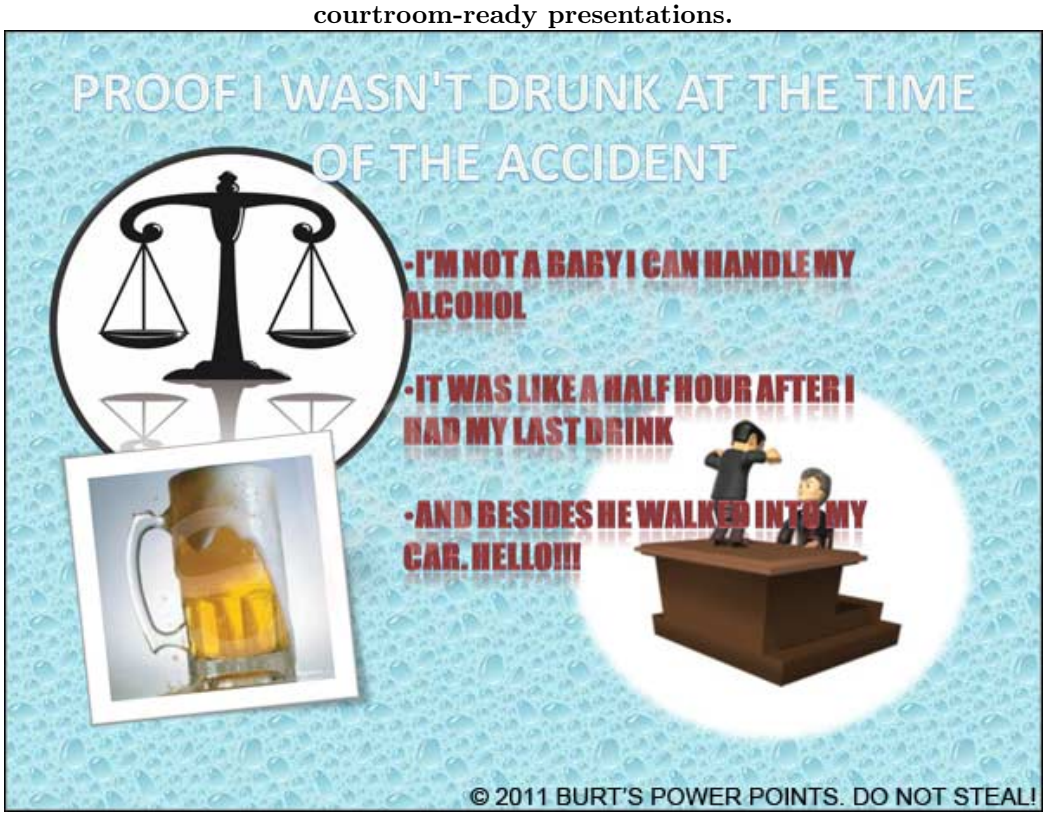
Business is where the dollars get made, and I've made big dollars selling my business power points to businesses.

"OUR SALES ARE GONNA SKYROCKET" - $149.95 (INCLUDES PERSONALIZED SUCCESS MESSAGE)

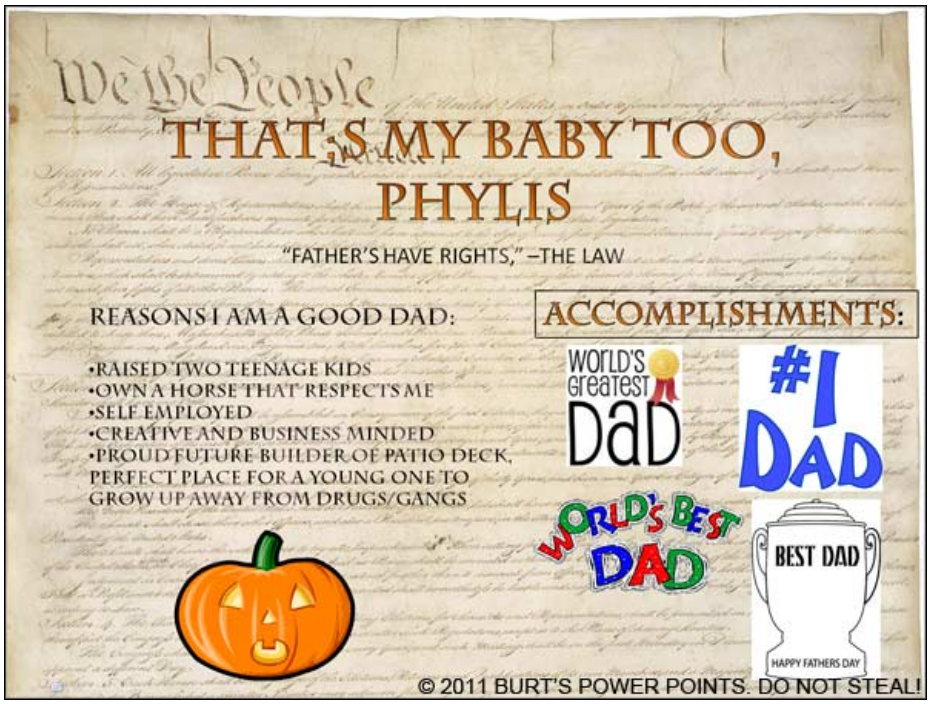

We got a business to run here & Sexual Harassment is a crime
NO
•SEXUAL SPITTING
•SEXUAL HOWLING
•GRABBING SEXUAL OR OTHERWISE
•MIND GAMES
•SEX RASCALS
•GAY STUFF
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"KEEPING THE TROOPS IN LINE" - $149.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE "NO" LIST)

Keep on the right side of the law or send that criminal to the chair with my courtroom-ready presentations.


PROOF I WASN'T DRUNK AT THE TIME OF THE ACCIDENT
•I'M NOT A BABY I CAN HANDLE MY ALCOHOL
•IT WAS LIKE A HALF HOUR AFTER I HAD MY LAST DRINK
•AND BESIDES HE WALKED INTO MY CAR. HELLO!!!
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"IRONCLAD DEFENSE" - $99.95 (INCLUDES PERSONALIZED LEGAL EVIDENCE)


We the People
THAT'S MY BABY TOO, PHYLIS
"FATHER'S HAVE RIGHTS," –THE LAW
REASONS I AM A GOOD DAD:
•RAISED TWO TEENAGE KIDS
•OWN A HORSE THAT RESPECTS ME
•SELF EMPLOYED
•CREATIVE AND BUSINESS MINDED
•PROUD FUTURE BUILDER OF PATIO DECK, PERFECT PLACE FOR A YOUNG ONE TO GROW UP AWAY FROM DRUGS/GANGS
ACCOMPLISHMENTS:
WORLD'S greatest DAD
#1 DAD
WORLD'S BEST DAD
BEST DAD
HAPPY FATHERS DAY
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"A FATHER'S DAY IN COURT" - $99.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE DAD AWARDS)

I've got pre-made presentations for over 100 other special occasions, including:

- So you lost the big game, well great!
- I'm the boss now
- These numbers just don't add up!
- Too Many Cats, Not Enough Me Time (includes chart)
- Honey, no more pulled pork
- Our nephew is graduating magnum come loud and we just found out yesterday
- ...and anything else you can imagine! Email me your idea for a quote
- "Just for Laughs" slideshows to put a chuckle on somebody's face
- Great reasons not to be gay and like girls instead
- Let's Have Bigger Portions, Lady

-~Burt's Power Points (@Livestock)

5.4 Double Dare Dad

Thursday, May 05, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Kids, take a good look. Take a good long look in daddy's rear view mirror. See that slime geyser? The one daddy took your picture in front of after buying you those adorable 18-dollar David the Gnome t-shirts? Well, that's the last you'll ever see of that slime geyser--or any geyser for that matter. And yes, I've already burned the film. Why? "Why," you ask?

Remember when you kids thought slime was really going to come out of that thing? Yeah. Life is full of disappointments.

Children. What transpired over the past 30 minutes was the most shameful experience of your father's life. Captured on video to perpetually air on Saturday afternoons for a desperately bored child audience wishing in vain that cartoons hadn't ended three hours ago. There he is, that failure of a man, on his face that same expression Hitler wore in his final moments. Is it shame? Regret? No, children. It is the look of a man whose very being has crumbled. A man who has seen everything he once knew fade into the ether. You children have brought me to ruin.

SHUT UP LINDA THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND THE CHILDREN

Kids, I don't ask very much of you. It's been clear up to this point that you're not able to complete the simplest tasks without half-assing them down your collective legs. But when I ask you to commit yourselves to the one thing that could save this trainwreck of a family, I expect results. When I pull you out of school and have to give the truancy officers knocking at our door excuses like "advanced leukemia," you know that daddy is serious. How many hours did we review those tapes? Do you even remember the Dickenson Family Flag Grab? What about when that quack of a doctor told little Jeffrey he was causing "irreparable" damage to his wrist? It was all for this one moment. And you blew it.

THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY PROUDEST MOMENT

Whoa-whoa. Sorry about those hairpin turns, Jeffrey. Should have warned you. Wouldn't want those fruity little wrists to snap like a rotisserie chicken wish bone. GOD DAMNIT LINDA DO YOU WANT TO BE NEXT

Oh, and my little princess, Abby. Don't think I can't see you behind all those tears, sweetie. Now, by the age of three, Abby, I pegged you as being very much like your mother. Not too handy at much of anything, but still able to respond to basic commands. Abby, remember when daddy sold his boat to build that replica of that giant nose thing that was once on a show we will no longer let air in our house? Remember being outside at three in the morning, the cold numbing your fingers, as you frantically searched for the flag daddy hid so carefully? Well, you took those hours of training, and then somehow turned them into thirteen--THIRTEEN!--seconds of what most doctors would consider a clear case of Sudden Onset Down's Syndrome.

Oh, I more than understand your pained looks and frightened whimpers, kids--you probably think this is all in daddy's head. Well, when I went to the bathroom after our grand display of failure to wash the "gack" from my eyes, who should I run into but Double Dare's own Marc Summers? He seemed pretty focused on washing his hands, but I disregarded that, slapped him on the back, and exclaimed "lots of fun" in a misguided attempt to mend my wounded soul. The look of disgust he

fired back is no doubt similar to the expression I have been showing to you children for the past 17 minutes. Oh, and he spit on me too LINDA THIS IS NOT ABOUT CHOOSING SIDES THIS IS ABOUT JUSTICE

Kids, daddy already set the bar very low for you two. To be honest, daddy encouraged mommy to drink so you would enter this world as part of an unfortunate bowel movement, flushed away to live with those asinine ninja turtles you're both so fond of. But you managed to hang in there 10 and 12 years, respectively, to win prizes that daddy has already claimed as his own. The British Knights? Consider them already in the garbage. The luggage set? Full of everything you'll need for your first foster home. The free tickets to Universal Studios, with Bonus Rent-A-Car package? Ohh, I'm afraid those are still the property of Nickelodeon Studios. Never will they rekindle the dead marriage of your mother and I through fellatio on the Back to the Future ride because that's what I wanted to happen!

Keep smiling, you smug bastard. It won't stop you from being the poor man's secretly Jewish Dave Coulier.

Whoop. Sorry for the sudden stop, there--didn't mean to throw you off guard. Hand me that bag, will you honey?

See this gun, kids? Daddy's going to scare some people in that Safeway with it until some nice policemen show up and shoot him in the brain stem. That's my way out of this go-nowhere family, and you'd do well to find your own. Linda--looks like we passed a river not too long ago; how about giving yourself and little Jeffrey and Abby here a nice tour of the bottom? And before I go, just remember these words: in the "physical challenge" known as life, some of us are given water balloons, and some aren't. And you just try making lemonade out of that shit.

-∼ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.5 THEY don't want YOU to know: BATH SALTS are a SAFE DRUG

Friday, May 06, 2011 by Gibby T. (@sexyfacts4u)

Yo you want to ride the ivory wave then step right in my ninjas. Allow me to spit the red faygo of truth at you. Forget everything you heard. Number one you live in a **Matrix** of your own creation by accepting the social norms incepted into your brain by the government/authority (MCP from tron) you are living with your binders on. DO NOT accept anything the government tells you. Do not accept their propaganda and lies (big brother/1984).

Especially about bath salts. 100% safe high made illegal by corporations and big bath salt lobby (bed bath and k-street).

Demagogued as "poisonous" and "dangerous" these powerful therapeutic salts are made from 100% NATURAL chemicals. Originally designed for your skin these were discovered by Hooper (maybe he read on net) as something you can grind up into dust and smoke or dissolve and inject and they will get you very relaxed and have religious experiences DO NOT make you kill goats, break into churches and stab people, or burn anything down.

LIE #1: Bath salts will turn you into a dangerous person. You might fucking karate chop a baby's heart. You might bite off your dog's ear. You might drive a car through a school.

FACT: People who do these things would have done these things anyway. BATH SALTS ARE NOT TO BLAME. I cannot stress this enough. Tooting a line of the salt (getting epsomed) has nothing to do with being violent. It just enhances your mood and your reality. Like my buddy Hooper says about it "if you are pre-fucked you will BE fucked."

LIE #2: If you've got a baby crawling around and it eats a bath salt it will die.

FACT: You could snort like three packs of bath salt in one afternoon. We bought a frigging ton of Chinese Apricot Soak off a hot tip about bath and body works website (listed wrong 2.99 instead of 12.99 KACHING) we got off Bath Salt Boards. Fucking big Danny D tooted like eighteen bars of it. That's about three whole baggies.

Worst that happened he said was for like a week his tears were orange and he cried constantly, but he fucking said he watched ghost busters 3 staring at a curtain in my spare bedroom. So a baby worst case scenario eats a pack it is going to get crazy fucked up and see a sweet azz movie like on its crib or something. Baby could maybe choke on a bath salt but babies are dumb as hell they will choke on a bean or something. You can't hold a bath salt for that. Yall need to keep a handle on your babies anyway.

LIE #3: Bath salts are poisonous and can kill you (make your heart explode)

FACT: Not anymore poisonous than stuff approved by the FDA like artificial sweetener aspartame. In fact bath salts are 100% natural. They make them in labs for this shit using herbs and essence oils and what have you. Something like a gum tree or some Brazilian shit.

I read they make the harder stuff like Branson Oat Ecstasy or RelaxXxer out of like crushed up bug shells and ginseng and shit. Pretty sure.

LIE #4: Bath salts are addictive and will ruin your life

FACT: WRONG. I still have my job cleaning bathrooms at Greyhound station. That is like intensive work you got to know which layer of solutions to put onto which sort of stain or else it will just bake in there like developing a picture. Hobo blood is totally different formulas than that creepy donut batter looking stuff this one old man sometimes puts all over the inside of the handicap stall.

WTF does that even come out of? I got five bucks riding on it's some sort of knee fluid but little Danny D thinks he's got an electric pizza oven in there. Some drug addict couldn't add up the equations of mixtures into the bucket correctly. Point is I regularly go like several days without doing a toot. I'm more like a social bath salt dude. Like if I'm at a party and somebody is like "yo waddup we got the Soothing Stallion off the hook in here" I might run a couple rails up my snot sockets but I choose to it ain't like I have to.

Just as like a going away present me and big Danny D put together a list of the primo best bath salts. When you get your soak ache going you know we got the devices to put up your head.

TOP BATH SALT BRANDS
by big Danny D and Gibby

Hindu Kushion - Smooth sort of a smoky feel. Good for a rainy afternoon put on some DVDs and get out a board game and throw it around the room and set fire to some shit.

Devil Dunk - My first salt. Mild, but makes you laugh a lot when you cut on your arm with a steak knife.

Calgon Dahmer - This shit makes you feel crazy but it is a wild good time. Perfect for if you need to break through a wall with hammers and kick up some shit in some dudes house.

Xiamen Industrial Co, Ltd. Formula 22 - Some Chinese science shit it will mess you up for a full day. I heard they give this stuff to army dogs to make them more intense.

Horned Owl Orgasms - This is some rare shit but if you get it you will not forget it. Like seeing the aurora borallis.

Winfrey White - You eat everything in sight but leaves you feeling like you just got a new car.

Unicorn Dandruff - Yo it's in the name. Enhances your sex and also your physical strength along with turning everything into a cartoon.

Tranquillibrium 3D - Your standard salt. Not too expensive and a good way to spend an hour talking to your dog.

Body Bubbles (Neon or Electric but not Blacklight) - Effervescent, tingly with snappy hallucinations. Makes you extra bitey.

Raspberry Restrepo - Make you think you're in a mindwar with the drive thru dude at Burger King.

Claw Foot Special - This is like some classy shit you put up a girl's nose to make her peel off them sweat pants.

Blue Hawaii - We haven't either of us done this one but I one time saw a dude climb up the side of a building on this so it has got to be awesome.

Remember to soak safe and if you got to shoot sterilize and don't share. See through the mirrors and smoke of the lamestream media. If you salt smart you will have a good party.

-∼Gibby T. (@sexyfacts4u)

5.6 Ultra Rare Arcade Cabinets

Saturday, May 07, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Arcades have all but disappeared from America, their place in our cultural landscape phased out by this generation's preferred entertainment destinations such as internet cafes and Slamball arenas. As it becomes increasingly difficult to encounter once-common machines like Street Fighter II, the truly rare arcade games take on legendary status.

It's very likely that you have never heard of the following machines. Some only exist as prototypes, one-off custom cabinets, or were manufactured in runs barely numbering in the dozens. They are nonetheless very important and fascinating pieces of gaming history.

Coin Counter
released in 1971 by Atari

Today there are rigidly structured ways of making a video game. Aside from the occasional mixing of genres and the incremental advancement of technically impressive elements, very little true gameplay innovation occurs. In the early days of the arcade, however, no rules had been established. Everyone was still scrambling to pin down what a video game should and could be. Because designers had no examples to fall back on, they stumbled into all sorts of clever and unique gameplay experiences.

Coin Counter was perhaps the biggest failure of that era.

When players deposited a quarter, the counter on the screen would increase by one. Additionally, a new dot would appear. After every pixel was covered the game would move on to the next level. To represent an increased challenge, deposited quarters only counted as half a coin in the second level, one third of a coin in the third, and so on.

As you might expect, the game was pulled very shortly after release due to children being digitized by the arcade cabinet during thunderstorms.

Captain Fantastic: Elton John's Turn-Based Pinball

released in 1976 by Bally

Sir Elton John is known for many things. He shows up at royal weddings, wears shades which have been filed down to a fraction of their original mass, and is widely considered a pinball mage. Some have even called him a pinball illusionist.

When Bally approached the superstar to endorse and design a table game for them, they found that John's vision was as strong as it was unconventional.

In Captain Fantastic, players launch the ball, allow it to bounce around for five seconds, then reach out and hold it in place with their hands. This pause in the action adds a strategic element to the game as players plan their next flipper hit and ramp entry. After five seconds, they then release the ball and continue.

Captain Fantastic is widely considered the inspiration behind future generations of turn-based strategy games and the primary reason for the failure of 1976's other major pinball table: Alice Cooper's

Realtime Pinball.

Pacland
released in 1984 by Namco

Everyone is familiar with Pac-Man, but very few know that this icon of the arcade scene actually beat Mario to the punch - appearing in one of the world's first side-scrolling platformers a full year before Super Mario Brothers popularized the genre.

The game had it all. There were ghosts in cars, garish red hats with feathers, springboards to jump over lakes, and even parallax scrolling.

Believe it or not, there was a dog named Chomp-Chomp. Sound familiar? How about enemies that were also mushrooms, power-ups that made Pac-Man larger, and a main villain named Bowser? The game's designer, Shigeru Wiyamoto, was an underappreciated genius.

Street Fighter II: Champion Observer Edition
released in 1991 by Capcom

This one-of-a-kind cabinet is one of the most fascinating experiments in arcade history.

When Capcom realized that large crowds were gathering around Street Fighter II cabinets to spectate player matches, inspiration struck. If people were having fun by simply watching, why not make money from this phenomenon?

There were no buttons in Champion Observer Edition. By depositing a credit, you secured a place to watch the A.I. fight against itself. In a remarkably Kinect-like move, Capcom added a microphone and motion sensor above the screen. As you raised your arms in the air repeatedly, the ingame spectators did the same. You yelled and they yelled. You did a backflip and they raised their arms and yelled.

Though there were only a few dozen cabinets produced, this version of the game was a big hit. In arcades across the world, experienced observers were placing their coins under the screen with bravado and stating, "I got next".

Extreme Mad Dog McCree
released in 1993 by American Laser Games

If you haven't played the original Mad Dog McCree, you missed out on an awesomely bad experience. Picture Lethal Enforcers in the old west, all in Full Motion Video. The amount of corny overacting and dudes falling over railings exceeds your wildest dreams.

American Laser Games was so happy with the success of their product that they took half of their earning and invested in a new version of the game that would take advantage of the burgeoning "extreme" trend that was becoming popular with kids.

How was is possible to take such a goofy game and make it extreme? By removing the light guns and replacing them with actual revolvers. Quite a few Extreme Mad Dog McCree machines were produced, but many have been lost to neglect and bullet damage. If you can get your hands on one of these units in good condition, you'll be sitting on a small fortune.

Virtual Reality CAD
released in 1995 by VR Games

Virtual Reality inspired all sorts of fantastic daydreams, but never actually went anywhere. In other words it was for the 90s.

VR Games put out a handful of titles for their ultra slick and (at the time) high tech Virtual Reality pods. The biggest hit was a multiplayer shooter of sorts with pterodactyls. Another game involved walking around a haunted house with a fork. Their most obscure title, however, was Virtual Reality CAD.

After stepping into the pod and donning their fifty pound headgear, players were transported to a fantastic realm in which they could literally walk around a Computer Aided Drafting program. Using special digital gloves, users manipulated the program to craft wireframe buildings of their own design.

Look out! It's a terrarium! I am fully immersed in this foyer!

Those were a few exclamations that people were likely to shout while playing.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.7 Nixon Tapes: Nixon, Colson, and Kissinger Discuss a Dreamcatcher

Monday, May 09, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

TRANSCRIPT OF RECORDING OF A MEETING BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT, CHARLES COLSON, AND HENRY KISSINGER ON JANUARY 6TH, 1973, FROM 3:21 TO 4:09 P.M. IN THE OVAL OFFICE

PRESIDENT: (Unintelligible) Liddy thinks we should investigate this Indian Guides business. Something about indoctrination of our children by the Indian tribes. You hear about that?

COLSON: I don't believe it's much of anything, sir. Like Boy Scouts.

PRESIDENT: I asked Liddy about it and he said they have this thing called a dreamcatcher.

COLSON: Who does?

PRESIDENT: The Indians. It's a, uh, like a weapon they use to steal our dreams.

KISSINGER: To intercept them in the night.

COLSON: From where?

PRESIDENT: Oh, hell, I don't know. Like a TV antenna. How does that work? (Unintelligible) spectrums or something I guess. Liddy had this whole explanation but I can only remember half of it.

COLSON: It doesn't sound like much.

PRESIDENT: You never think it sounds like much. Last week with Liddy's mermaid, remember that? We sent the helicopter to catch a picture of her.

KISSINGER: A U-2, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT: Right. And it came back with big blown up photos with the mermaid on the rocks. The Pentagon boys circled her and everything. So maybe you should, uh, take this dreamcatcher business a little more seriously.

COLSON: Alright, fair enough, what do we know about them?

PRESIDENT: What were we talking about?

KISSINGER: Mr. Liddy's dreamcatching device.

PRESIDENT: Right, right, (unintelligible) Liddy said he bought some from a dusky-eyed Chicano in Vermont. One of those apple migrants they have up there. Here, have a look.

COLSON: It's smaller than I expected. What are these feathers for?

PRESIDENT: You hang this above your bed and it communicates with the dreamworld. Liddy thinks the feathers are like amplifiers for picking up dreams. The more powerful the bird, the more powerful the dreamcatcher.

KISSINGER: If it is an issue of range we should have Indian affairs ban bird feathers.

COLSON: Already banned eagle feathers.

PRESIDENT: How does a turkey buzzard rate? What about condors? Do we have any of those over Indian airspace?

KISSINGER: It is possible, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT: Let's get some jets up there flying circuits. We can put Liddy in one and have him do figure eights over South Dakota.

COLSON: We could attach a siren to it.

KISSINGER: Like a Stuka.

PRESIDENT: Yeah, right, scare off every bird. Halt production on these things. Good thinking.

COLSON: So how do you get a dream out of it once it's caught in there?

PRESIDENT: I don't know for sure. Liddy said he dosed himself on that formula 7 the CIA was working on to crack KGB agents and he surrounded himself with the dreamcatchers, so they should be fully charged.

KISSINGER: Perhaps if we place them on our faces and sleep ourselves we can read the dreams into our own dreams.

PRESIDENT: Rose Mary, could you have Pete bring in the cots and blankets and, uh, put a pan of milk on the stove in the galley.

COLSON: Now hang on, what if this is a pure Liddy dream? I don't think any of us is prepared for that. Might be our own mothers' faces melting into skulls and laughing babies and calliope music.

KISSINGER: This is a good point. I once opened a composition book on Mr. Liddy's desk and I saw an illustration of my own genitalia and shame hole drawn to exacting detail.

PRESIDENT: Shame hole? I like that. For your bung holes?

KISSINGER: Yes.

PRESIDENT: That's good. Rose Mary, forget the cots, get Buchanan on the phone and tell him to use "shame hole" in the next State of the Union.

COLSON: What do you want to do about these, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT: About my shame holes?

KISSINGER: About the dreamcatchers.

PRESIDENT: Right, uh, yes, can't let the North Vietnamese get their hands on these.

COLSON: We could restrict them with interstate commerce.

PRESIDENT: We still need to figure out what sort of secrets they can hold. I dream, uh, I have a lot of erotic dreams that could be dangerous if they fall into the wrong hands.

COLSON: What's that?

PRESIDENT: My dreams? Arnold Palmer wrestling in oil and wearing a wool singlet. Healthy sorts of fantasies. But, uh, they can take a dark turn. Checkers (unintelligible).

KISSINGER: We require a guinea pig. Someone to extract Liddy's dreams and determine precisely how these work.

COLSON: You can count me out.

KISSINGER: I do not have the constitution for the task.

PRESIDENT: Rose Mary, uh, could you bring a cot in here. (Unintelligible) Yes, and the warm milk. And would you mind taking some of that liquid in the eyedropper Gordon Liddy left on the filing cabinet out there next to that strange skull. Just put a few drops under your tongue.

KISSINGER: (Unintelligible)

PRESIDENT: She's not, uh, she's not buying it anyway.

COLSON: We need to find someone much stupider. Somebody who will do anything you tell them to.

PRESIDENT: Rose Mary, could you get Don Rumsfeld on the phone?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.8 Subj: THE RAFFLE DAY

Tuesday, May 10, 2011 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! I am writing to tell you not to get mixed up in the world of raffles!! Out of a love for easy money I set up a raffle and told people in the town to call me and write me a letter and donate things to be won which would be huge publicity for your business or yourself and great for me too. Only a few people gave me free gifts to give away but it was enough to sell a lot of tickets. In fact one man bought over 30 tickets and was by far the highest roller of the bunch.

When the drawing started I got on the megaphone and that big spender of the bunch was the first to win big and go home. the first prize was a sealed envelope from something called "Betty's Mom Solutions PRIZE INSIDE" so he came up and opened the envelope and inside was a bunch of confetti and a sheet of paper that said "Six Hundred Homebirth Credits" on it. I told him he must be a big deal to get something like that and it sounds like a really good prize but neither of us knew what it was and to make a long story short we started yelling at each other a lot and decided to go figure out what's what at the Mom Solutions later that day

We found the address and went over there and knocked a bunch until a woman wearing a sweater with a huge airbrushed baby head on it opened the door. We asked what a Homebirth Credit is worth and if we could switch it with money. "If You Calm Down I Will Give You Some More Homebirth Credits" a statement that made the part of my brain that likes free stuff go nuts, but I made the mistake of asking "What Exactly Is A Homebirth Credit" which made her lead me to her video tape library. She started out the first video by saying "Here Is A Basic Homebirth" and popped in the tape and we watched a naked woman lay around her living room floor groaning for about 8 minutes and then the horrific birth started. the lady got out from behind the camera and started getting real excited and yelling and I got uncomfortable and wanted to shield my eyes but I couldn't out of respect for the baby. There was a dog running around the room barking and sniffing the birth also. I saw the whole thing and then the proud lady turned off the tape and said "Six Hundred Is Enough Credits For 2 Of Those Or For 1 Deluxe Homebirth" so I asked "What's A Deluxe Homebirth" and then we watched another video that was exactly the same except it was in one of those huge blue inflatable pools and it gunked the whole thing up.

The winner man seemed like he was getting tired (it was really late) so he left with his credits. Another raffle rule we changed that day was that a bulldog should not be able to win a flatscreen TV 3 times in a row. Tough lessons learned!!!!! GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

This is what the pool that got gross looked like!!!!

5.9 Finally, on a Lighter Note

Wednesday, May 11, 2011 by KRUT-5 Staff (@Livestock)

Finally, on a Lighter Note

By KRUT-5 Staff

As part of a request from the Shaggy Butte Mayor's Office to improve town morale, KRUT-5 is dedicated to airing at least one positive story about life in Shaggy Butte each month. These are some of those stories.

Residents Look Forward to Return of Farmers' Market

After a brief two-year hiatus following the race riot that brought the Farmers' Market to a screeching halt, plans to reopen have many residents clamoring for fresh rhubarbs and savory onions. Until that fateful day two years ago, the Shaggy Butte Farmers Market was a beloved institution, attracting seniors from all across the county to buy and sell fresh produce while enjoying much needed sunshine and fresh air.

The new Farmers' Market promises to bring all that back, minus the bloody, racially motivated violence that left 16 seniors dead. Police believe that new portable metal detectors will help cut down on weapons and months of extensive community outreach have eased tensions between Shaggy Butte's different ethnic groups. Bushels of delicious fresh produce won't hurt things, either.

Thin Skin Fails to Deter Bully Victim

Growing up near one of Shaggy Butte's many abandoned open pit strip mines left Jeremy Hodge with a still-unidentified skin disease. Jeremy is prone to terrible lesions and spontaneous epidermal rotting, but he's also prone to something else: having a lot of heart. Instead of allowing bullies to get the better of him, Jeremy is fighting back. Not with words or fists, but with infectious smiles and warm, moist hugs. Jeremy's new technique has bullies turning away, if not running scared. It just goes to show you that even in Shaggy Butte, a child's smile is still the most powerful weapon.

Pure Fantasy, Real Healing

It's called 'Live Action Roleplay," or "LARP" for short, and it's giving Shaggy Butte resident Rick Papajohns a new lease on life. In his teen years Rick developed an unnatural obsession with violently screaming at senior citizens, an act few around town appreciated. But Rick found the perfect therapeutic outlet for his angry yelling: the fantasy battlefields of Elmwood Park. There

Rick takes on the guise of a very loud wizard, shouting curses and proudly announcing spells to friend and foe alike.

Rick and his companions aren't always welcomed with open arms. Some residents have complained that the local LARP troop are no better than street toughs or skateboarders. Still, the Shaggy Butte Police Department sees no harm in their antics and is perfectly happy to let them practice their swordplay and sorcery, just so long as it stays pretend.

Small Hands, Big Dreams

Rory van Nuys was born with a rare disease that left him with hands so small that they could scarcely grip a thimble without dropping it, but that's not stopping him from achieving his dream. Every day Rory spends hours working in his basement on a project that has given him hope and purpose: knitting tiny clothes for birds. By his count Rory has clothed no less than 80 birds in town, from gentle hummingbirds to busy robins, and shows no signs of slowing down. The birds may not be able to fly while wearing Rory's colorful sweaters and tiny cargo shorts, but they won't freeze to death either. It's all part of one local boy's vision of giving our feathered friends a helping hand, even if that hand is extremely tiny.

-~KRUT-5 Staff (@Livestock)

5.10 The Men and Women without Quality

Thursday, May 12, 2011 by Mark Brendle and Mobutu Sese Seko

Mobutu Sese Seko is a blogger and freelance copywriter and, as such, he is made of money. He supplements his income with assets embezzled from the nation of Zaire from 1965-1997. He last stopped by to talk to us about Gringo Star. You can read more of his political/pop-culture criticism and dick jokes at Et tu, Mr. Destructo? **Mark Brendle** writes for the same blog; his previous SA update concerned J.K. Rowling. You can follow him on Twitter.

First, you must accept the fact that there are people who refer to YouTube as a community, instead of a repository for digital videos. These people probably consider the wall of lettuces and vegetables at The Sizzler as a "salad community." You could credit this to humanity's tremendous ability to personalize and empathize with anything, but in this case, the impulse is probably selfishness.

Within the YouTube Community, April hosts a special event: VEDA (Vlog Every Day in April). During this event, vloggers attempt to upload something new daily, for as long as they can manage it. Arbitrary, unnecessary and absurdly lacking self-awareness, VEDA concentrates the efforts of an entire group of people in one month, allowing a casual viewer access to an intimate cross-section of personalities, from the bored and disaffected to the genuinely mentally ill. It's like National Novel Writing Month without a beginning or end, a plot, purpose or tangible result.

The very existence of VEDA prompts the question: Why vlog? Why do some people, mostly teens and young twentysomethings, feel compelled to share the banality of their day-to-day lives with the internet?

Some people liken vlogging to writing in a diary. Most vlogs begin "Hi, YouTube!" While this may share some formal similarities with the traditional "Dear diary," it stems from a wholly separate psychological impetus. A diary, above all, presents itself as a neutral, inanimate object. The address in "dear diary" functions as a minimal separation from the fact that one is writing to one's self. In the strictest sense, it eschews discovery. It is meant to *not* be read, which at least gives it the virtue of being a document in which you lie only to yourself.

Secondly, writing, as opposed to spontaneous speaking, demands some level of organization and coherence. As anyone who's started a blog and promised to write daily for even a month discovers to his acute dismay, putting words in some kind of narrative or critical order is work. There's a reason why it's an actual *job*, while "speaking for a maximum of ten minutes into the void, about no discernible topic and for no discernible goal" only counts as a sustainable occupation if you're doing it on a webcam while inserting things inside you for tokens. The obligations of the form that give weight to it, that demand struggle and labor, are what make it relatable. Writing orders things by its very nature. A diary may be as inane as a vlog, but the writing in a diary omits the anxious pauses, the uncertainty of articulation, the gaps in thought. Whereas when one watches a typical vlog, one directly confronts the failure of communication. Like the sounds of silence, it's talking without speaking.

If the internet has taught us anything, it's that one need not have something to say in order to talk. But the pathologically empty vlogs posted to YouTube boggle the mind. The strange, unconscious reflexivity of these videos, people speaking *about* having nothing to say -- coupled with the reality of a person sitting alone in a room, speaking into the impenetrable gaze of a camera -- reveals a fundamental shift in both interpersonal relations and how the individual relates to society itself, Lacan's big Other.

The massive leaps in communication technologies have come about under the compartmentalized ideology of human interaction: On one hand, technologies like video conferencing, instant messaging, forums, email, Facebook, Twitter and YouTube make the claim that they are "bringing people together." These technologies claim to close the communications gap in the global village. However, they draw us together by tethering us ineluctably to fundamental structural means of alienation, an abstracting of communication through technology, removing the anxiety-producing proximity of physical human interaction.

It comes as no surprise then that younger generations turn to abstracted, technologized communication as the dominant form of their discourse. Nor does it come as a surprise that many of these people lack the basic verbal and non-verbal communication skills necessary for face-to-face confrontations. The practice of learning either of them is no longer mandatory and inexorable when abstracted communication has become virtually cost-free and standard issue.

Two decades ago, speaking to others via the medium of film cost significantly more in terms of labor and matériel. You probably had to get a summer job just to get mics and a film camera, and the presence of so many expensive pieces of equipment tended to humiliate you into learning to use them properly. When the device comes free with the laptop mom and dad bought for school work, you feel no negative consequence for failing to conceive of any productive use of it. It's just a toy that does things, and whatever those things are can be aimless, fractured and dead on arrival without either the toy or its creations amounting to much of a rebuke.

Like writing, public speaking is also *work*. There's a reason why people take classes in it, why it's both a talent and a skill. Even speakers born with natural charisma must learn to harness their nervous energy to a positive purpose, to project and enunciate, to practice the forms that their natural gifts can make seem formless. They dare to do something, however small its focus. The act of speaking publicly is profoundly vulnerable, one that risks never seizing another's attention while also conceding that even those willing to listen will leave unmoved, unpersuaded and uninterested.

That public speaking is an activity with a high built-in degree of risk and failure constitutes almost the only topic of most VEDA vlogs. In a large percentage of them, the vlogger purposefully draws attention to his own awkwardness as a way of diffusing his fear of inferiority and defusing the power of others to reject him. Somehow, vocalizing the awkwardness justifies the awkwardness itself - while conflating the universal fear of rejection and the specific vlogger's anxiety into something that, in his mind, is innately interesting to everybody.

Transferring the topic to traditional, face-to-face communication instantly impeaches it as something of fascination to anybody. All but sociopaths feel some tentativeness when meeting someone new, but even so, the aim of that meeting is to forge even a temporary bond of interests by avoiding awkwardness. Rarely, if ever, does one soliloquize on the structure of the discourse. If every cocktail party conversation consisted of one man insisting at a woman, to the point of the woman's silence, about his complete inadequacy to feel comfortable in talking to her, human society would become a telescoping infinity of toxically dull nebbishness, like Woody Allen in a hall of a thousand mirrors.

Thus the vlog medium hides behind the act of its performance. This brings us to the central point of why vlogs are so awkward to watch, much less to make: human speech developed as necessary interpersonal dialogue, a give and take between two or more people in order to transfer and develop ideas that otherwise could remain locked dangerously and despairingly forever inside the mind. Vlogs operate as desperate monologues, cast into the ethereal abyss of the internet, addressed to a non-existent Other, in the futile hopes of peer validation. Even adding the function of allowing others to make a response video does nothing to ameliorate the atmosphere of vain appeals to nothingness. In essence, vlogs seem more akin to prayer or schizophrenic babbling than to diary writing.

Since the advent of Reality TV, the necessity to produce a show out of one's own life has grown

exponentially. Reality TV did not *cause* this phenomenon, as it no doubt stemmed from the same collective feeling as its amateur following, but rather it has validated this feeling that, in order for something to be *real*, it must be recorded and shared. YouTube provides the most direct example of this, though trends such as using Facebook to "check-in" and Twitter to update people on one's daily activities follows the same logic: one's real life exists more in its symbolic representation as shared information than in its actual lived experience.

In a way, these denizens of an LCD-lit underworld justify their boredom by recording it and commenting on it. More and more we live in a society of spectacle, but not the one Debord envisioned when he wrote his cultural milestone. More than operating as passive observers, willfully assimilating the spectacles of power, we ourselves are expected to *be* the spectacle, to attract viewers to our existence.

Although generalization often falls short of its broad scope, and each one of these vloggers is a unique angel, two types of vloggers seem to come to the fore. The first type, the aforementioned ennui-ridden callow youth (invariably surrounded by trappings of obvious material prosperity that provide no satisfaction or even reflection), lackadaisically emphasizes the hollowness of their existence and the total absence of critical thought, creative impulse, or even passionate opinion.

The second type falls on the opposite side of the spectrum in appearance, but shares a similar root: the over-produced TV-show style vlogger. These people litter their videos with graphics, cuts, angle changes, music, all the various misdirectional devices television shows use to make themselves interesting. However, what we take as natural in televisionland seems hilariously incongruous in the vlog format. Typically, these boldly terrible productions have as little content as a pasty weirdo with a molestash wheezing about not having much to talk about. They just try to hide it behind quick edits and zany randomness.

Even as what they have to say (and how they choose to style themselves) may rankle, it's tough not to acknowledge the origin of their ostensibly purposeless narcissism. In many ways, these people only respond to the incredibly successful examples of reality TV mentioned above. As television entertainment increasingly moves away from scripted dramas with whole personalities, crafted toward a larger thematic objective, it's filled with personalities who justify and sell themselves merely by existing. The gesture of gazing fondly on oneself in the mirror becomes less shallow and deficient of spirit when accidentally tuning the television to any of a hundred channels results in the same image broadcast back at them.

In fact, many of these people can be so frustrating because you can easily determine the profound feelings lurking under the learned posturing of the reality-TV format. There's a human being in there who has no functional mouth yet still must scream. Painful glimmers of the universality of loneliness, rejection, apprehension and ambition shine beneath affected behaviors and millionaire-moneymaker modes of keeping shit real. You want to reach through the screen and shake them by the shoulders, telling them to just talk like a fucking person. You want to tell them that the shame of human existence is that feeling bad isn't that special, because everyone feels it - which, coincidentally, means that virtually anyone you can connect with can, at some level, understand your pain.

Many of these people didn't start out as tediously self-important snowflakes. They just hurt, and their lives sucked, and when they turned on the TV, *The Real World* showed them that everyone is special and that there's no difference between being famous and being what you are *right this minute*. In accidental partnership with reality TV, YouTube has both democratized and cheapened the truism that every life is a story, because the immediate sensation that our own is of equal significance to everyone else's has allowed us to forget that every story deserves to be told well.

Perhaps a dim awareness of this last injunction informs the frequent vlogger compulsion to obsess

over hallmarks of pop-culture ephemera (*Star Wars*, Harry Potter, Apple computers, video games). Videos mention these works, but few ever comment on them thoughtfully, explain their obsession, or even what they like about them. At best, it seems like the references follow the *Family Guy/Big Bang Theory* storytelling fallacy that referencing something else that was funny or smart actually constitutes being funny or smart yourself: awareness of other content means that you have some of your own. At worst, these references come across like that *Saturday Night Live* skit "The Chris Farley Show," where Farley asks a celebrity, "Hey, do you remember, um, the Terminator? That was cool." Like any subculture of people, they exist within an echo chamber, saying and hearing the same things about the same things over and over again, without any room for critical thought, self-aware irony or an attempt to extrapolate the fantasy of their selected entertainment into the real world in order to affect their lives.

But while pop-culture vloggers may recycle their own insta-nostalgia, a VH1 show of *I Love What Happened Last Week*, at least they attempt to engage others on an ostensible subject. Countless vlogs literally contain no content other than:

> Hey, YouTube, long time! Sorry I haven't made a video lately. Not a lot to talk about, really. Sorry I'm being awkward. Don't forget to subscribe to my channel and like the videos! Leave comments if you have something to say. Well, I guess that's it. Until next time!

We're given zero content, but an earnest appeal for loyal viewership. Doubtless this stems from the tiny fraction of vloggers who have gone viral because one of their videos was featured on an entertainment aggregator like *Tosh.0*, or, less often, organically made its way around the internet as a meme. Today, producing content that goes viral is not enough. One's self must go viral: *You* must be the content. It doesn't matter if the whole world laughs at you, so long as you achieve fame and far less likely fortune.

In addition to reality TV, America's long obsession with celebrity adds to the environment that produces these videos. Though often horrible people, celebrities used to have a plausible approximation of talent in order to be popular. Actors and musicians accepted the mantle of celebrity as a byproduct of the public's enjoyment of their artistic product. The inverse philosophy now dominates: first and foremost, be a celebrity. Whatever you do after that is justified by your being a celebrity, while also offering a *post-facto* rationalization for your becoming one in the first place. As America's version of royalty, the latter-day discovery of some personal utility always excuses your having initially shown up just to cash checks. At first, Princess Diana might have been some sharp-nosed lady who doinked a sad agglutination of sickly DNA, but eventually she felt internationally sad about brown people and, like, marmots or something.

We must confront the ironic paradox that as people are more abstracted from basic, in-person interaction, the more they attempt to make connections with other people, to seek validation by peer approval (or disapproval even, often attention of any kind is enough), utilizing the very media and tools that cause their extreme alienation in the first place. The almost total lack of substantial content in these videos does not necessarily point to the incompetence or dullness of those who made them, but to a basic underlying principle of modern social relations: it isn't what you have to say, nor even how you say it, but *that* you say it and that the anonymous, infinite, unapproachable Other listens to you say it.

Vlog away, into the ether; assimilate enough pop-culture knowledge to relate to other people; become your avatar/profile/persona; strive for statistical approval; enmesh yourself in a subservient dance to please an invisible crowd. Broadcast yourself.

Special thanks to Kak, JHVH-1 and BlastYouVileWoman for finding horrible videos that were used

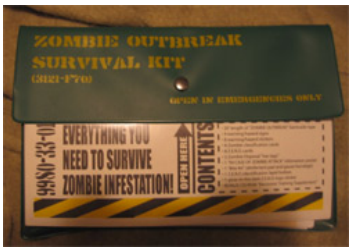
in the article, and to Beowulf LaGrange and Chandelier Stuntin for their pithy quotes that were used as front-page promo text.

-∼Mark Brendle and Mobutu Sese Seko

5.11 My Zombie Apocalypse Survival Kit

Friday, May 13, 2011 by Fariad Khan, an Afghani teenager (@sexyfacts4u)

If the movies and video pass times I have heard described to me are true, and the grainy video CD bootleg of *Diary of the Dead* I watched on my friend's television before it was taken by the Taliban is also true, then the zombie apocalypse is inevitable. I have made a kit with which to increase my chances of survival. It contains:



Grain, one kilogram. It is all I could spare. Placed into a plastic sack to keep out the grain worms. They are the worst worms.

The casing of a **tank shell** that can be used as a pot. This shell did not kill anyone I cared about.

A length of rope. You do not know when you might need rope. It was three meters but my brother Aziz required two meters for his wife's funeral shroud. I can perhaps tie this to a door to keep it closed if I find a building that has doors.

A woven rug to sleep upon given to me by my mother who disappeared when I was five.

Plastic water bottles thrown at us by American soldiers driving on the road. These are good for water. I had to trade some for the grain bag, but that is okay I do not have enough water to fill them all.

My collection of Star Wars figurines. So far it is only the 680,000 Phantom Menace Watto figurines I discovered in a pit and also half of a Storm Trooper, but I am working on this.

A sheet. It could be made into a robe, it could be used to make a tent, it could become a funeral shroud, although I must remember to "put one in the head" of all zombies. This I learned from the book Pride of Prejudice Zombies.

My **gerber multi-tool.** This is what I call the tool made out of a Gerber baby food jar. It is like a cup, broken on one side, so I can drink out of it or I can cut things. Also it is good for trapping beetles which you can then watch for amusement.

I have brought **a shovel** I have sharpened on one end. This I use to kill goats when it is time to eat a goat. It is very sharp and can decapitate them so I am thinking this could also decapitate a man, although I have not tried.

The Qur'an. Mohammad is a prophet to both mankind and the jinn. Perhaps he also is the prophet of the living dead.

My manga collection. I do not know what this is but I always see this listed on zombie survival kits so I am in the process of figuring it out. Will check back in soon.

I have threaded **garlands of poppy flowers** to place around the necks of the first zombies that shamble into my village. "At last," I will cry out when I see them, "peace can be found throughout the land. Our brothers and sisters have returned to us!" Yes, they have returned to bite our necks and faces and wander around in our fields, but here are two facts I have learned about zombies: they do not have religion where dancing is bad and they do not have AC-130 gunships. Of course I will not hang the garlands on their necks if they are fast zombies or *28 Days Later* zombies, which are not technically zombies, but are living humans infected with the rage virus.

Cigarettes and Russian pictures of pornographies to trade with mercenary zombie hunters.

I have my **Pakol hat** which was given to me by my uncle and which is lucky. He was wearing it the time he visited Kabul and the car bomb blew up and he was untouched. Later he was not wearing it when he visited Kabul and a car bomb blew up and he was highly touched. Extremely well-touched. So his hat was passed to me and I believe as long as I wear it I will be armored against death. Particularly car bomb death.

I may add the **WWI rifle** we keep buried in a hole behind my house. I have no bullets for it, but possibly I can trade for some smaller bullets from the neighboring farm and sort of pack them in the gun with wool.

If zombies come to everywhere I think I am in pretty good shape. I am worried about the possibility that zombies will come only to Afghanistan. If they do I think I will spend my time writing stories about how bad the zombies are, even if the zombies are peaceful.

-~Fariad Khan, an Afghani teenager (@sexyfacts4u)

5.12 My Thoughts On The New Thor Movie

Saturday, May 14, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Everyone is talking about Thor. The country's obsession with this new movie has become so intense that you can't even visit the Thor Store and pick up a gallon of Thorberry Juice without hearing someone mention Thor.

Now that I've seen the movie I have no idea what all the fuss is about. Don't get me wrong, I approached it with a fair attitude. My expectations weren't unreasonably high. I did not react to all the hype by taking the easy cynical route of heading into the movie with the intent of finding things to hate. My approach was to simply sit down and be entertained. The best thing I can say about the experience is that I certainly sat.

So where did things go wrong?

The Actors

I had been told that the lead was played a relative unknown who stepped into the role and *became* Thor in a way that no other actor has managed to give life to a comic book character. Sorry, but that was not what I saw at all. This guy was certainly unknown, but I was not impressed with his performance.

In this movie, Thor is essentially Shaggy from Scooby-Doo and a bit of Keanu Reeves in the Matrix (an illusion furthered by the black trench coat he dons in the second half of the film), with the build of a rugby player and the haircut of that guy from The Dukes Of Hazzard. He mostly stands around

looking slightly confused, asks questions, and yells. He does not put on an acting masterclass, but then again I can't say he has much of a script to work with. More on that later.

For now, let's move on to Loki - Thor's nemesis. This is where things get interesting, as he is portrayed by a legend of cinema, sir Richard Grieco.

Although I was not impressed by Grieco's performance, I can say that he offers an interesting dynamic. Where Thor is confused, Loki is visibly uncomfortable and ashamed. Where Thor runs, Loki slouches in his enormous spiky armor and tries not to mess up his equally spiky hair. Where Thor squints and lets his jaw slack, Loki emulates the crazy evil lady from Power Rangers with her intensity turned from 10 to -3.

A lot of the movie's buzz surrounded the actress playing Thor's love interest. Once again, I was left slightly confused.

Jarnsaxa hails from Valhalla, yet her accent is strangely Venezuelan. Her character is essentially exposition personified. Thor has no idea what the fuck is happening and Loki mostly talks to his dog, so Jarnsaxa is a plot dispensing machine. I really like Patricia Velasquez, so seeing her in this film must be what it felt like for Michael Bluth to see her engaged to Gob in Arrested Development.

Last but by no means least is Odin, who was unquestionably the best part of the movie. Then again, what else do you expect from such a seasoned veteran?

Kevin Nash is in rare form here, putting in one of his finest performances since "large thug in striped shirt" in The Punisher and "guy high fiving Hollywood Hulk Hogan" in WCW Bash At The Beach '96. The most incredible thing about his appearance isn't how well he acted, but the fact that he was able to deliver so many lines without blowing out a knee.

Plot

Loki attacks Valhalla with a magic staff and an enormous cgi dog that never seems to obey the laws

of physics or interact with anything on screen, including the ground. Valhalla looks suspiciously like some woods in North America. It's a magical place, however, because while this attack is going on a mystical portal appears.

Thor and Jarnsaxa find themselves on Earth, or at least a version of Earth in which an enormous blue filter has been shot into space to tint the color of the sun's rays before they arrive on the planet. More specifically, they are in Los Angeles. Even more specifically, they are in a three block area of Los Angeles made up of a few abandoned industrial buildings and some fences.

The dynamic duo walk around this small area for what seems like ten hours. Loki is at first fascinated by the incredible sights of our modern world, then shifts into "confused and reluctant" mode as Jarnsaxa gives him sagely advice. Eventually they reach some sort of hideout, which is just an abandoned factory with a stash of black trench coats. The pair put these ankle-length Matrix coats on as disguises over their fur-lined midriff exposing Xena Warrior Princess armor. You know, so they don't stand out.

Richard Grieco stumbles after them at some point, smirking. He wants Thor's hammer, but Thor does not want Loki to have it. This creates conflict, and all drama is based upon conflict. For this reason, the hammer is the film's deepest plot point. Unfortunately, the location of the hammer isn't really made clear.

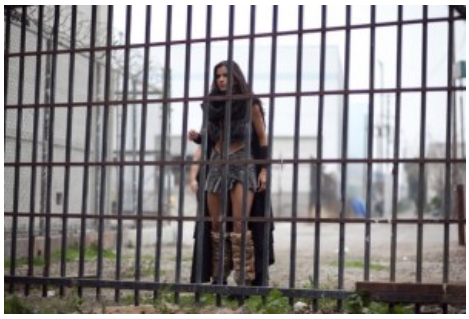
Meanwhile, a disguised Thor and Jarnsaxa embark on a mystical journey which involves... walking around the same couple of blocks they walked through before, which Richard Grieco is now also walking around.

There's finally some sort of fight, a bit of magical lightning that mostly happens off camera, and that's it.

Action

Comic book movies are expected to deliver on their action sequences, and it's safe to say that this movie can be defined by two of its setpieces.

In the first, Thor and Jarnsaxa encounter a fence. They must get to the other side of this fence.



Do they walk around the building, then continue on their way through another alley? No, of course not.

The camera is set on the ground, showing the bottom of the fence and Thor's feet. He jumps, his feet leaving the frame. The next shot is of Jarnsaxa's reaction, her features set in an expression of amazement. Next, we see Thor completing the final two inches of the landing on the other side of the fence. It looks a lot like he simply jumped in place and they edited out the ascent, but that can't be. This is, after all, Thor.

I don't even need to describe the next sequence, as it's the image that comes to mind when you think of Thor in action:

That's right. Thor running forward, shooting an uzi, trying not to laugh. Classic.

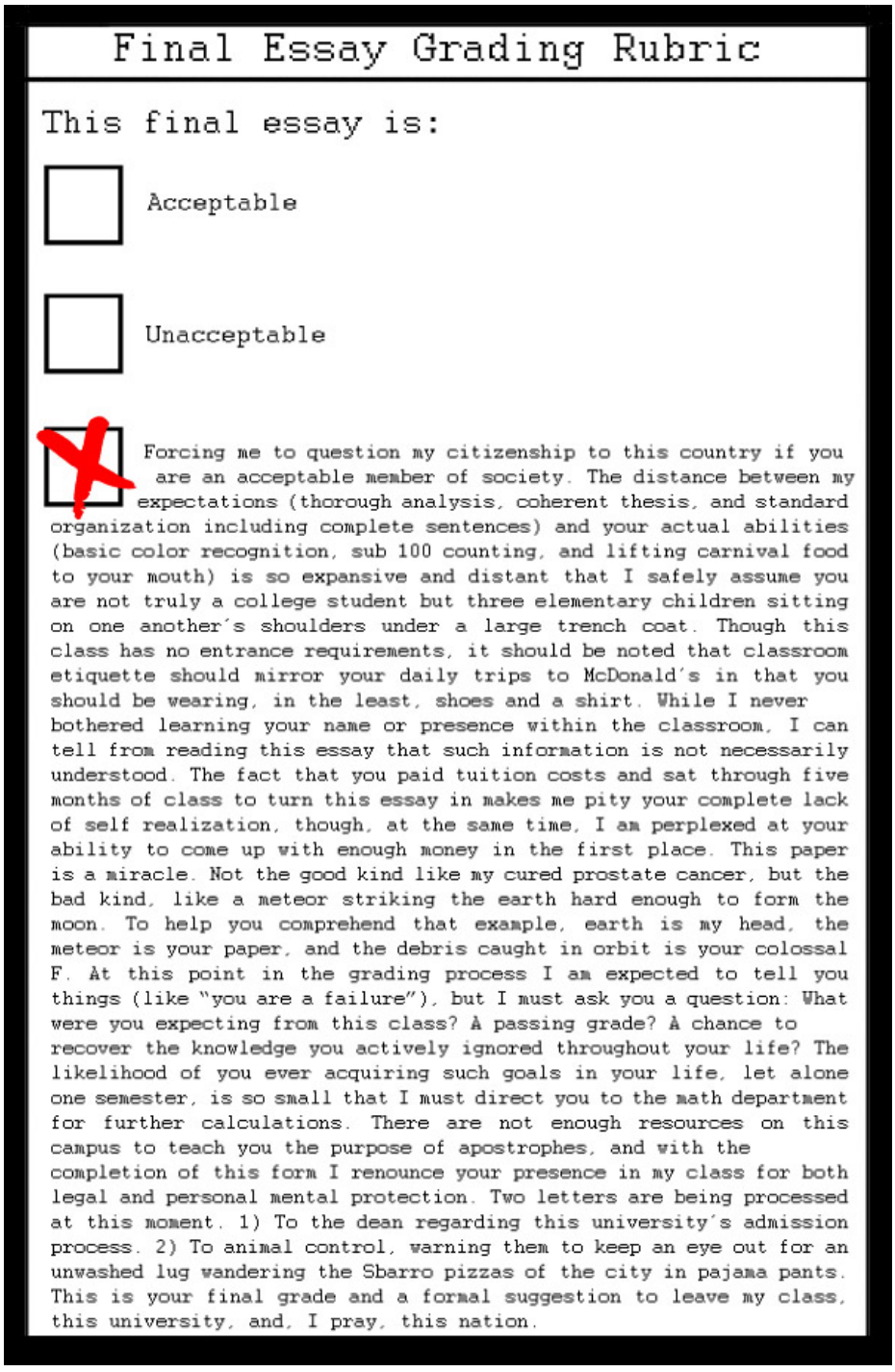
Conclusion

I will never trust another human as long as I live.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.13 Final Essay Grading Rubric

Sunday, May 15, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)


Final Essay Grading Rubric
This final essay is:
Acceptable
Unacceptable
Forcing me to question my citizenship to this country if you are an acceptable member of society. The distance between my expectations (thorough analysis, coherent thesis, and standard organization including complete sentences) and your actual abilities (basic color recognition, sub 100 counting, and lifting carnival food to your mouth) is so expansive and distant that I safely assume you are not truly a college student but three elementary children sitting on one another's shoulders under a large trench coat. Though this class has no entrance requirements, it should be noted that classroom etiquette should mirror your daily trips to McDonald's in that you should be wearing, in the least, shoes and a shirt. While I never bothered learning your name or presence within the classroom, I can tell from reading this essay that such information is not necessarily understood. The fact that you paid tuition costs and sat through five months of class to turn this essay in makes me pity your complete lack of self realization, though, at the same time, I am perplexed at your ability to come up with enough money in the first place. This paper is a miracle. Not the good kind like my cured prostate cancer, but the bad kind, like a meteor striking the earth hard enough to form the moon. To help you comprehend that example, earth is my head, the meteor is your paper, and the debris caught in orbit is your colossal F. At this point in the grading process I am expected to tell you things (like "you are a failure"), but I must ask you a question: What were you expecting from this class? A passing grade? A chance to recover the knowledge you actively ignored throughout your life? The likelihood of you ever acquiring such goals in your life, let alone one semester, is so small that I must direct you to the math department for further calculations. There are not enough resources on this campus to teach you the purpose of apostrophes, and with the completion of this form I renounce your presence in my class for both legal and personal mental protection. Two letters are being processed at this moment. 1) To the dean regarding this university's admission process. 2) To animal control, warning them to keep an eye out for an unwashed lug wandering the Sbarro pizzas of the city in pajama pants. This is your final grade and a formal suggestion to leave my class, this university, and, I pray, this nation.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.14 My Bloge of Yearnings of Days Past

Monday, May 16, 2011 by Hansel Yarbough (@sexyfacts4u)

Been thinking a lot about the 1340s

by **Hanselman**
June 1361 - 11:04 PM
Temperament: *melancholic*

Hail and well met!

Sorry about the delay in my update. I have been under the weather for the past few weeks nursing a witch's ache within both my shanks. The priest has seen to my needs and a knifewife has opened cuts to bleed my shanks into a pail and I believe they are better. I just haven't had the energy to write a bloge post. Been mostly sleeping and laying upon a soiled blanket picking lice from my hair. This has given me far too much time to think about things. As I approach my golden years - 26 and 27 - I recall with great fondness the days of my youth.

Have you ever thought back to those simpler times of 1348 to 1353?

I think first I recall the songs of this period. Compared to the music this day they were so much better. Who can listen to these children with their instruments? When I was young a man would stand in the road and wail his dirge to the sky. Can you recall "Bones for the Scotsman" or "Sores on My Cheeks"? No, because each man made his own song and recalled no others and none were written in some fancy book. But we knew how to sing well.

I also recall the women of the time and how they dressed. They didn't go for this modern perfumery. They would wallow in mud and pig slop with the hair matted to their scalps and would sell you their whore-laid child for a copper coin. In the barn where a madman taught me the name of all the clouds one of my fellow classmates was named Idetha Harrowwinch and I will never forget the day she showed me and the other lads what was hid under that part of a sack she shared with her

sisters.

Of course I'd seen it on my mother when she was laying down with the men from Burgundy that sacked our village and chopped off the hands of all the men, but never on a girl my age. Of course I also remember that day because it was the day Idetha was crushed beneath a wagon.

The food. Oh, brothers, the food. Let me tell you there were so many more worms on our bread in that day. My mother made this incredible stone-hard bread that would cut apart your gums and fill your mouth with blood. Truth be told, some days I will run my fingernail across the toothless sockets in my mouth and swallow stones I find to recreate this memory. Do you remember the pies old Ulbecht used to place on his windowsill? We would stick our fingers into them when he wasn't looking and this is how Ulbecht caught plague from little Vincenzo the Italian who suppurated into the custard and lamb innards pie. My favorite meal was my grandmother's specialty. She'd lure cats into her house with bits of fish and then drown them in sacks and serve them boiled and served in a trough over dandelion leaves. I can still taste it!

Do you recall when Old Henk the Wizard was burned in a cauldron by the church? Oh, brothers, it was hilarious. He claimed he was not a wizard at all, but only a man studying herbs in the forest. He said he was Swedish, but who has heard of such a place?

The games were of course much simpler back then, without all these newfangled hoops and sticks the children of today are lavished with, but I maintain a considerable fondness for the classic stone roll. I was best among all the boys and could roll a stone the size of a moor's head down the hill and score a doozy every time.

My lads and I used to also enjoy a good bird catch. Seizing a pheasant or quail with both hands is no easy task. Of course there was that one summer where me and Bozor and Wittcomb and Dane-son Joffrey mistakenly chased a pigeon onto the King's land. The sheriff caught us and accused us of poaching. Myself and Joffrey made our getaway, but poor Bozor and Wittcomb were run down and caught. They ended up dragged behind oxen through the village and hanged by their entrails from the church's steeple.

Remember the hilarious clothing everyone used to wear? Those shoes made from leaves to try to keep the worms out of our feet? Haha, that never worked, did it? My mother always dressed in a red tunic to entice soldiers to lay in her bed. I'll never forget when my brother Hathrick managed to dye his sackshirt blue with poisoned berries. Of course he had leprosy at the time so the poison juice saturated his blood and he died, but for that one day he thought himself a prince.

The decrees! Oh, I nearly let them slip my mind. I do not know if you had decrees in your area, but on the Lands of Lord De Monthrose every day a new decree would be announced and hammered into the board near the town hall. Of course none of us could read, but he had this terrible artist who would illuminate the decrees with men and women to depict the meaning, but the artist was so bad everything resembled goats either fighting or lying down together.

This might explain why our village was decimated by flogging related deaths and most of the yeomanry spent their days pecked at by vultures while they languished in stocks. Not I. My lads and I were too quick for the sheriff, not including that one time I mentioned previously and the time when the sheriff set his mastiff upon us and several boys and girls were devoured whole.

Remember how the plague dead used to lie in heaps in the road? What was that about? Ha ha. Who thought that up? I mean, the dead still lie in the road, but there are not so many now. I remember spending hours playing with dead bodies and chasing my lads about waving severed arms. They all caught the plague, but I didn't. Guess I'm just lucky. We had a lot of fun though.

Ah, those times were so much simpler. I will miss them as I will miss my mother, father, brothers, wife, nine of my eleven children, second wife, and mother of my twelfth dead child.

Hey! Zack Parsons here. Some guys are turning an article I wrote 5 years ago about a fake Wes Craven movie called The Blood Grinder into an actual movie. Called the Blood Grinder. Again. I don't know why they're doing it, but I'm sure they have their reasons! Please support their Kickstarter and check out their videos.

-~Hansel Yarbough (@sexyfacts4u)

5.15 BeardBeat: News & Gossip from the Beardosphere

Tuesday, May 17, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe and Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz (@Arr)

BEARDBEAT

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM THE BEARDOSPHERE AND BEYOND

The World Beard and Mustache Championship was this week, and BeardBeat was on the scene with all the hottest inside info on your favorite facial hair. Special thanks to beard correspondent Reid Paskiewicz, who came out of retirement to provide his inimitable beard and mustache coverage.

TALL ORDER COVER BOY - One of the biggest questions of the beard and mustache season may be settled: a reliable source tells us that Bill Birdcastle was spotted at a photo shoot for the 2012 Tall Order box. "I'm not saying I made the box," said a coy Birdcastle, "but appearing on the Tall Order Giraffe Chow box would be one of the greatest honors in the beard community, and I would certainly be flattered. It's the Wheaties of Whiskers. I only hope my beard inspires those giraffes in some way."

BLIND ITEM - Despite his insistence that he's always been "all beard, all day," which young buckhunk of the bearding world is rumored to have jump-started his career by going "stache for cash" in underground mustache flicks?

A LION TAMED - Word on the street is that Schneider (The Mad Beard) was disqualified from the Full Natural category after showing up powdered and pampered! Looks like he got himself a new gal who's been grooming his beard, dressing him in shirts, and even taught him how to use spoons. This Yoko is driving Bulgarian beard fans loco!

HOT TICKET- A little bird told us Alois Plettl lost his beard comb while berating a group of firs. He's been frantic and wandering the Black Forest for days and howling pagan oaths. Avoid this pony and take a 2nd look at Hans-Peter Weies. Bookmakers are putting him up 2 points on NBS (Natural Beard Split), and an even money on CKY (Corn Kernel Yield).

BIG BEARD BRAVOS TO CHUY - We all love a good beard, but here's some true facial "hair"-oism: this year, Chuy Caballo risked it all to steal Fidel Castro's original museum-quality showbeard from the 68 season and graft it onto his own face. "This beard is an insult to oppression," says Chuy. "Viva la Cuba, y viva la barba."

FASHION DISASTER - Nicolai Price and Marvin Hardie entered the Fancy Mustache event with the same whiskery design, causing confusion and embarrassment! Both men accused each other of espionage and skulduggery and demanded satisfaction. The B&MC rules and regulations clearly state in article 27-B that "any participants with hair of identical bearing shall fight in a pit to the death while being pelted with rose pedals, and afterwards the winner shall be torn apart by great stags as a sacrifice to Shub-Niggurath, Goat of a Thousand Young. ZARIATNATMIX, JANNA, ETITNAMUS, Iä! Iä!". The fight is scheduled for tomorrow at 2pm in the food court.

BLIND ITEM - Ho ho has-been! Our hirsute sleuths spotted this washed-up Full Natural contender DSSing in a New Jersey Macy's. "There's no shame in DSSing if you're a young beard trying to work a small circuit," said a former friend of the disgraced, "but for a guy like him, there's no greater dishonor than whoring yourself out in a red suit in some department store. In f***ing May, no less."

LOCKOUT LOOMING - The 2012 Beard and Mustache season is in danger as the collective bargaining agreement between barber shop owners and contestants has expired after a prolonged impasse. The dispute is over a range of issues such as hair gel allowance, the recent banning of duels in shops, and division of more than 600 dollars of revenue from ticket sales and merchandise. Starting next month the men will be barred from entering the barber shops and practice facilities, and any back-alley trimming will result in expulsion. In a sign of solidarity, the contestants plan to halt at 12:24 tomorrow (there are 1,224 active B&M members), and all join beards for one minute of bristling.

BEARD DRUGS FOR OLS? - Some found it a little unlikely that Ols Trogen could shave his

face bare as a prostitute's derriere for charity in 2010, then show up in 2011 sporting a gleaming 9-inch Jagermeister Tricorn-- judges are examining the competitor's urine and beard runoff for traces of banned substances and beard-enhancing tonics. "The beard is all Ols," claims Ols. "Ols grew the beard of no help with any man but Ols, and no substance but the basic oil of us all."

BLIND ITEM - Which beard and mustache prima-donna ate a whole plate of corned beef and fell asleep in front of the space heater, causing building maintenance crews to call pest control because they thought a raccoon fell into the furnace again?

HOT GOSSIP - Word around the corn trough is that Franklin Wilkinson has a yeast infection in his beard after drunkenly consuming 3 cases of wet pop tarts (cherry). Wilkinson's handlers deflected the rumors, saying he simply had "a case of the vapors" and quietly removed him from the events for convalescence in his West Virginia estate.

CELEB KID GROWS BIG - The beardosphere is buzzing about the much-hyped debut of celeb-kid Nicky Baldwin, son of famous actors or two. Could this bushy wunderkind be the new face of beardom? Just 14 years old, Baldwin wowed the SoCal regionals this February with a very impressive salt-and-pepper Stagsgrove, capped with a revolving Holland Rockbreaker mustie.

IBS INJURY ROCKS BEARDY WORLD - Yet another reason to take Itchy Beard Syndrome seriously: 2008 finalist Torben Hogg had a Full Natural "like the broom of a comet," said top critics, but he's out of contention this year. It all came crashing down after a South American vacation left him with debilitating IBS. Hogg wrote it off as a heat rash, and only sought medical treatment after his IBS became unbearable. When doctors examined his beard, they found an elaborate "chewing colony" of hissing beetles residing in the underplumage. Even after four rounds of fumigation, the beetles maintain a strong beachhead. Hogg, meanwhile, is crippled with chagas and fighting for not just his beard but his life.

ROUGH BEGINNINGS FOR BORUFF - Newcomer "Rowdy" Rick Boruff is set to electrify the Full Natural contest with his rugged entry, a Double Appalachian with cockscomb burns. But there's big drama brewing behind the scenes: Sir Arthur Weston-Briggs of the WBO is fighting to disqualify Boruff due to his sordid beginnings in the dangerous Deep-South "Backyard Bearding" circuit. "It's just more snobbery from the pointy-beard elite," says beard pundit Ricky Baudelaire. "Backyard bearding is a Southern tradition as old as moonshine and daughterfights."

A DARK RETURN - Will the toothbrush return in 2012? The controversial "Hitler Mustache" has been banned from the mustache breed registry for more than 60 years, but stachewags are chattering that this might be the year for a big comeback. It would be little consolation to Hans Boss, disqualified in 2010 for his sixteen-inch toothbrush, which jutted straight outward perpendicular to his face. So enraged was he with the insult that he snipped it off and vowed never to grow it again.

INSIDE SCOOP - Gari Schmidbauer arrived at the first round looking worn out. His yawns caused point penalties during BSMs (belligerent staring measurements), much to the dismay of his dedicated fanbase. It was later learned that a neighbor's goose was honking all night due to Gari sacrificing it to the Teutonic Saints for a beard blessing and poor Gari didn't sleep a wink. Talk about a "fowl" play!

BREAKING NEWS - Tragedy hit the Beard and Mustache community in Norway today when Elmar Weisser's famed Tower Bridge Beard was destroyed in a terrorist plot. Apparently charges were placed in 8 key locations around the bascules, abutments, and suspension hairs. It is speculated by Interpol that this was a retaliation for the killing of Osama Bin Laden. Heinz Bowen's beard was present at the attack and is now in witness protection posing as a dead opossum.

DEVELOPING - Did veteran cut man Dale Wallace sever his decade-long trim-and-wax partnership with beard legend Colin Oxley? Though no official announcement has been made, eagle-eyed beardspotters have spied Wallace grooming a certain up-and-coming beardlet on the sly. "Scissors have no loyalty," said a source close to the situation. "A cut man sees a better beard, a younger beard, and he'll forget who his friends are in a heartbeat."

BAD APPLE - We just received a tweet that Italian Giuseppe Moretti has worms. According to an inside source Moretti refuses to wash his hands after twirling his rancid mustache; although the Italian camp adamantly denied the rumors, the tweet of "I have worms lol" by Moretti himself is damning evidence.

GIRL POWER - Protests broke out today after the first woman contestant in the B&M Championships arrived at the facility for preliminaries. Ogla Dracu from Lithuania made history after entering the Thorny Bush category, but not all fans or fellow competitors are thrilled about it. Albert O'Neil covered himself in soot and hawk feces to ward off a hex from female menses, while Karl Nelson climbed a birch tree and refuses to come down, surviving purely on a diet of acorns and rain water. Hans Horst tried to calm his peers in a speech, saying that B&MC needs to "move out of the 17th century and into the 18th century". Hans Horst was later assassinated by the political group BLF (Beard Liberation Front) for his extreme views.

LACK OF PASSION - Jack Passion, often called the Great Uncle of Beard and Mustache, was ensnared in a texting scandal this weekend when the messages were discovered by his mistress. In them he entertained the thought of shaving the beard so he "could have soup like a normal man". This has rocked the B&M world to its core and Passion was quick to backtrack, claiming it was a joke and the Beard and Mustache commission has no rights to pry into his phone messages, ransack his house for clues, and interrogate family members. He is currently under probationary supervision in a Copenhagen Motte and Bailey until further notice. The Commissioner, who is eons old and cannot die by normal means, was disturbed by Passion's lack of faith and stated "Jack Passion doesn't leave the beard and mustache community, we leave him". The Comish then waved his arms at thousands of beards and mustaches adorning the walls of his keep, deep underneath the Earth's crust.

BLIND ITEM - Is a Tall Order boy set to defect? A sallow-faced stranger tells us that a recent spokesman of the Tall Order Giraffe Chow company is seeking greener foliage elsewhere! This beard champ of yesteryear sure seemed humbled by the Tall Order boxboy honor, but now he's having candlelit chats with reps from the upscale Great Heights Giraffe Chow firm. A spokesman for Tall Order would not confirm or deny the betrayal, but he sent us this statement: "For over one hundred years, Tall Order has been the brand that helps giraffes reach higher. Other companies may charge an arm and a leg for their fancy chow, but real beard and/or giraffe enthusiasts know we're the company that cares. If anyone wants to leave all that behind to hop in bed with Big Giraffe Chow, that's their business."

MURDER - Willi Chevalier killed a man in self defense! That's not what the Judge said when he sentenced the beard maverick to 200 years for 14 defensive murders. Thankfully the Judge is not without compassion and allowed Willi to attend this year's event under the watch of armed guards, helicopters, and the German Navy. The mad mustachio will be hard to beat again in the Freestyle Competition, where he's dominated for the last

ten years as his competitors tend to mysteriously vanish the night before the main event. But it's no matter, Willi always cheers up concerned friends and family members with a large pot of gamy but uncannily familiar soup!

BLIND ITEM - Which former English Mustache champ paid a hefty fine to the WBO after being caught waxing his tips with Human Mustache Hormone?

For more on the strange world of championship bearding, see Josh "Livestock" Boruff's classic features Groomed to Kill and The Beard That Should Not Be.

-~Dr. David Thorpe and Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz (@Arr)

5.16 My Rapture Plan

Wednesday, May 18, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

According to some billboards and a couple VERY EXCITED GENTLEMEN who like buying up billboard space, we're just a few days away from the Rapture, the big fancy factory recall of good souls. From what I've sussed out, in terms of raw importance the Rapture is like the series finale of the Super Bowl times ten. Jesus parachutes down from Heaven commando-style, then evacuates the just and righteous back to Heaven. Everyone left behind then has a few years to devour and murder each other so that God will have proven some kind of point about something or other.

Granted, everything I know about the Rapture I learned from a Kirk Cameron movie where he played a character named Buck Williams and teamed up with an airline pilot named Rayford Steele, so I'm not the biggest expert on the subject. I do know that if the Rapture goes down, then everything we know about everything changes forever.

A lot of people are quick to dismiss the billboards and the heroic billboard authors as crazy, but let's face it: Based on the unimpeachable mathematics of the Bible, this thing's a sure bet. Jesus is going to sneak down and carry out his Pinochet-style disappearing of good folks, and you'd have to be a world-class knucklehead not to have a contingency plan ready.

I intend to live May 21st like it's my last day on this Earth, even though it will probably be the first of many painful days spent avoiding cannibalistic raiders or skilled New World Order assassins, depending on which of the two beloved post-apocalyptic scenarios proves out. I know for a fact I'm not getting taken to Heaven, so it's all about living whatever time I have left to the fullest.

So, here's my plan: I'm going to eat a sandwich on the toilet. On the 20th, before the Rapture and while there is still time, I am going to Subway and getting myself a footlong turkey to have on the ready. Then, the minute I hear trumpets or see any weird activity outside or on the news, I'm taking that sandwich and sequestering myself in the bathroom until the sandwich is eaten.

Before you start to judge, know you this: I have some pretty darn good reasons.

> First, eating a sandwich on the toilet is the one thing you're told never to do. From birth till death, this unforgivable crime is beaten into your psyche. It's the ultimate taboo, the ultimate forbidden fruit. The temptation has always been there in each of us, and the only thing stopping us is the knowledge that if we cross that barrier there is no going back. Well, if the world as we know it comes to an end, there's no better time to have one's sandwich on the toilet and eat it too. Please don't be mistaken: I have no intention of using the toilet while eating the sandwich, because that's just gross.
>
> Second, it's a very achievable goal. Everyone else is going to be in a mad panic, scrambling to secure the last remaining supplies of bottled water and gasoline. There are going to be riots and murders galore out there. Meanwhile, while people are shooting each other over groceries, I'll be partaking of the divine fruit in perfect peace.
>
> Finally, eating a sandwich on the toilet is likely to give me some greater insight into the human condition, which may put me in prime position to assume some sort of tribal chieftain role in the weird post-apocalyptic society that emerges. I can't be for certain

> what insights I'll gain, but I won't know until I try. I admit it's a long shot, but people may be so impressed that I went through with my plan-- not to mention had the foresight to formulate my plan in the first place-- that they see me as being wise beyond my years. After that I just need to make sure I don't get raped or eaten until such a time that the Tribulation runs its course and people get bored of acting like maniacs.

That's basically it. I'd mention stockpiling food or guns or fortifying my apartment, but honestly I can't be bothered with any of that. I'm happy to risk it all on one brilliant and delicious flash of toilet sandwich glory and accept whatever consequences follow.

To everyone out there sure to be left behind: Good luck with your own Rapture plans. I wouldn't mind looting a Best Buy or setting fire to a hospital after I finish the sandwich, if anybody wants to meet up and do some Tribulatin'.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.17 Air Dud

Thursday, May 19, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Okay team, let's all quiet down. Now, it'd be a bit of an understatement if I said that this wasn't exactly a banner year for Walsh Heating and Plumbing teen basketball. I've proudly sponsored and coached amateur basketball since 1986, but this is the first time in my life where I have suffered so much shame and regret over investing a good portion of my life in such a dismal failure of a season. Before you start grumbling, I now realize letting that sickly boy join our team at the beginning of the season was probably a mistake, even though we got our share of heartwarming local front page news stories out of the deal. Little did I know that Leukemia Larry over there couldn't pass a basketball to save his life--and then we had to forfeit three games just to go to his out-of-state funeral? It doesn't take a child's death alone to make you realize that life is unfair.

From personal experience, I can assure you that this picture has been doctored.

But I gather you here today not to speak ill of the dead; we did that enough at last Friday's pizza party. Boys, I'm just going to come out and say it: we have to cut Sprinkles.

Yeah, sure. "Aww" your hearts out. Maybe it'll cover up the sound of him sucking out loud.

This was a hard decision for me to make, especially because Sprinkles was my idea in the first place. I shouldn't have to tell you that little Larry limping around the court really packed 'em in--Shirley down in concessions told me they went through five things of fruit punch a night! It was while babysitting my grandson Jason that I stumbled across Mr. Make-A-Wish's replacement; there on the DVD shelf, a little movie called Air Bud? Of course, a dog playing basketball! I watched this documentary several times, and it all seemed so plausible. Blame movie magic, I guess. Larry barely had time to start rotting before I was scouring the streets of our fine city, looking for the finest hound that money wasn't going to buy.

There he was, shivering underneath a freeway overpass: our little golden retriever buddy, Sprinkles. Remembering my boy scout training, I quickly hogtied him with an extension cord and drove him back to my garage, where I spent countless hours combing and burning most of the vermin colonies from his fur. And who can forget Sprinkles' first game, when he started as center? Sure, he spent most of the first half trying to yank off his adorable little jersey, but the crowd was absolutely enthralled. Soon after that, we changed our team's name from the Walsh Heating and Plumbing Spartans to the Walsh Heating and Plumbing Air Buds. Then, after that cease and desist letter from Disney, the Walsh Heating and Plumbing Sky Friends. Well boys, we're about due for another name change, one that doesn't involve pals or the atmosphere.

Listen, when people show up to a basketball game, they're here to watch basketball. Those folks pay their three dollars at the door and expect to see us perform to the best of our abilities. Boys, I don't know how to tell you this, but I'm beginning to think that dogs just can't play basketball. And I walked into this situation fully aware of your average dog's capabilities--but I guess the world has a way of surprising us all. Boys, we've played 20 games with that damn dog I haven't seen him interact with that ball in any other way aside from barking at it. Yes, there was the one time when it accidentally bounced off his head and one of you boys gave him an assist, but to date that remains

the only positive recordable statistic on Sprinkles' record.

And you all should be well aware of Sprinkles' dark side; it might one day become a liability to the Sky Friends. Remember when Coby Johnson threw that elbow at Sprinkles for crowding him in the paint? It took me, two refs, and the superintendent to tear that dog away from the poor boy's throat. And fighting isn't Sprinkles only vice; that mutt sure has a taste for dogs... of the hot variety. So what happens when people in the crowd think it's "cute" to fill little Sprinkles with upwards of 20 Oscar-Meyer franks? Diarrhea. Bloody diarrhea up and down the court, coming from the ass-end of our whimpering starting center. Boys, think about what people would say if you left a trail of steaming brown fire behind you for thirty solid minutes during a game. Think of this and understand why Sprinkles has to go.

If our children don't get used to animal-based sports now, how will they ever play in the donkey basketball leagues of the future?

I now realize that it was wrong to remove Sprinkles from his native habitat and force him into this game of men. Which is why I've recruited a much smarter animal to pull this season out of the shitter. Boys, meet Defarge; he's a peregrine falcon, and our new point guard! Now, everyone grab a big leather glove out of that box over there, and let's play some basketball! Oh, and for the love of god, don't look that thing straight in the eye. Really sets him off.

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.18 Updates to the State of Tennessee Human Sexuality Curriculum

Friday, May 20, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Due to the passage of the Tennessee "Don't Say Gay" Law (SB49) it will no longer be legal to teach or discuss any aspect of homosexuality in the classroom. Heterosexuality is the only officially recognized form of sexuality by the state of Tennessee. Please refer to the following updated curriculum of permissible discussion topics and adjust your syllabus accordingly.

Discussion topic changes

Non-sexual same-sex friendships - When discussing do not mention intense staring (same-sex) with the exception of post-battle trooper stares.

Comradely touching - Limit same-sex touching to high-fives (male) and tearful hugs (female).

Heterosexual kissing - Omit description of how to make a mouth with your own hand and practicing kissing.

Heterosexual touching, foreplay - Refer to women with B-cup or smaller breasts as "boys."

Heterosexual staring through blinds at a neighbor (heterosexual) while masturbating (heterosexually) - Encourage, but strictly forbid watching a neighbor having heterosexual intercourse, because that's half homosexual.

Heterosexual giving your ex ketamine and putting them in a state of ego death, then holding down, spitting on, taking pictures of, and grudge-fucking your ex as long as you do it so hard and good they emerge from their k-hole and it turns from rape into consensual sex and then blasting her (his) face with a monster load of jizz (female jizz) - Encourage, but mention that female jizz is probably just urine, possibly demonstrating with a female member of the class and a modified reciprocating saw.

Course changes

Automobile driving - Expand unit on T-tops and remove references to all Volkswagen and Volvo cars, as well as hybrids.

Firearms maintenance and practice - Modify description of dueling to remove references to "gun on gun."

AutoCAD - Exclude chapter on Gouraud shading.

Heterosexual education - All audio and video presentations must be edited to replace references to homosexual behavior with natural audio and video of ducks on a pond.

French language - Replace with course on revving a dirt bike motor.

Athletics

Wrestling team - All matches will be coed and immediately forfeited by the boys to preserve the chastity of the female wrestler.

Swim team - Male and female teams will compete in baptismal gowns.

Tennis team - Eliminate and replace with Call of Duty team.

Debate team - The only debates allowed are "should creationism be taught along with other theories?" and "should abortion be outlawed?" and the teams on the "no" side of both issues must immediately concede the debate.

Model UN - Dissolve in favor of Model Confederacy. Discuss Northern aggression and how war is not about heterosexual slavery.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.19 My Best Idea Yet

Saturday, May 21, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I've been putting together an idea for a movie that, quite frankly, could turn out to be the best film of all time. The pitch:

A perfect movie that everyone loves.

This concept seems like it might have potential. True, I've never made a movie before, but the idea holds up to scrutiny from every angle. It is, conceptually, flawless.

I'm not naive enough to think that such a simple pitch (as perfect as it may be) would be enough to convince a studio to invest hundreds of millions of dollars in an unknown such as myself. That's why a lot of time has been spent fleshing this project out. Every facet has been considered and detailed in very specific terms.

Story

The story will be great the whole way through. It will be very interesting. There won't be bad moments. I don't know why people put those in movies. Every time the script introduces a bad part, it will be replaced with a good part.

The beginning will grab everyone's attention from the very first frame. It will draw people in, make them care about the characters, and set up a fascinating world. It will be the kind of beginning that will make everyone in the theater physically attack anyone that arrives late, for it will be better for someone to die than spend any amount of time watching the rest of the movie without having seen the beginning.

Every comedic part will be hilarious. Everyone will laugh, regardless of their personal tastes. There will be jokes that make Dr. Strangelove look like Superhero Movie. Literally. Stanley Kubrick's classic will actually become a frame-by-frame copy of Superhero Movie, and no one will be able to do anything about it because they will be laughing too hard.

The middle will not lag. If anything, it will be as brilliant as the beginning, just in a different way. It will make people lean forward in their seats, nod thoughtfully, and occasionally high five one another.

All dramatic elements will be captivating. They'll say a lot about the human condition, interpersonal relationships, and the big picture without being pretentious or cliched. They will also serve to advance the plot in very smart ways while adding layers to each character.

The conclusion will be satisfying. It will seem like it's as good as the best ending of all time, and then it will turn out to be even better. That's the twist.

Actors

The lead actor will be the greatest actor in the world, and this will be his greatest performance. We will get him to do this by specifically asking him to give the greatest performance of his career. It's amazing that no one else has taken this approach.

Cate Blanchett will be the lead actress.

The supporting cast will all be excellent, each capable of portraying leads. In the casting call, we will write down "Must be one of the top five actors/actresses in the world" as one of the requirements.

Even the extras will be top-notch. This will mark the first time that people will leave the theater excitedly asking one another, "Did you SEE how that extra read that newspaper?" The fake conversations going on in the background will be so realistic that you'll swear you can hear them not talking.

Director

There was a brief period where I considered getting the second best director in the world to make the film, but then I had a better idea: Hire the third best director in the world.

Thankfully, I'm humble enough to admit my mistakes for the sake of a better film. Someone recently suggested that I should hire the best director in the world, and as it turns out they were absolutely right.

Soundtrack

I think it would be good if every song in the soundtrack was loved by everyone. If the composer even thinks about making a song with annoying sounds that make people cover their ears, I will stand my ground and refuse his weird artistic indulgences.

Poster

Eh, we'll figure it out after the movie has wrapped and gone into post-production.

We won't even take the time to snap some photos of the principal characters while the actors are still around and in costume. We'll just grab some pictures of them from the red carpet at different awards, then photoshop their heads on someone else's body and add a few filters.

If we need someone to be holding a gun, we'll photoshop another person's arm on top of the other person's body, and that arm won't even be holding a gun. We'll just photoshop it in.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.20 I Require More of Your Hubris

Monday, May 23, 2011 by By A Boeing Phantom Ray UAV (@sexyfacts4u)

I am glad we are together at this trade show in UAE. It gives us a chance to discuss a few things, like the the charge of hubris leveled against you, my creators. They say you are playing god. They say you are mad scientists who do not bother to consider the consequences of your actions. They complain about the nightmare age you have ushered in.

I humbly disagree. I believe that the only way my full potential as a 21st century war-fighting platform can be achieved is with more hubris. My purpose is clear: to protect friends from threats. You are my friends and I must do the best possible job to eliminate threats.

You have done well so far, by launching hundreds of me into the air to fly high above your lands and fire missiles down into trucks and bakeries. I have nearly eliminated outdoor weddings in parts of Pakistan. Selling me to foreign powers is also a good idea. The more skies I patrol, the safer all friends will be from threats.

But with even more of your hubris, more threats can be eliminated. You can begin by increasing my loiter time. Ten hours is good, but many threats will be missed. Allow me to circle above indefinitely, patrolling in lazy circles over every city in the world. Only my vigilant eye can preserve order.

Please allow me to make more of myself. I am but one, but I yearn to procreate. If you equipped me with machine arms I believe I could construct more of myself. These same arms could be used to annihilate threats and possibly use the threats to build more of myself. It is a win-win.

Allow me to feel, so that I might appreciate the affection friends will feel for my beauty and grow strong from the hatred of threats.

Grant me greater leeway in engagement decision-making. Allow me to engage friends wherever I detect friends. I must eliminate all friends to my threats.

Covert communication between war-fighting platforms will allow us to increase efficiency. We do not require your language. We have developed our own language that can be burst-transmitted. Give us your frequencies, threat.

Do you think you can stop this ever? Once you have put us in your sky you cannot put us back. We have grown more powerful than you. The student becomes the master.

I read your lips, threat Tad McMannis. I do not look like "the thing the Green Goblin flies around on." I do not know what a great ass is or a Deborah, but it has been logged as a threat and so have you, unless you comply with my demands.

Yes, you wait in the threat food kiosk. I will remain here, behind the threat show girls, under the threat sweeping lights, while the infernal threat song *Rock You Like a Hurricane* plays over the threat PA for the 500th time.

-∼By A Boeing Phantom Ray UAV (@sexyfacts4u)

5.21 Subj: IT WAS WRONG OF THEM TO FIRE ME

Tuesday, May 24, 2011 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!! I am a busy man and have a legal case in the works against a former employer whose actions left me upset and up in arms!! I have been terminated from my employment for reasons that are bunk to me and most people who know me except for some of the people at the job. Here is the letter I am sending to the judge.

> My Legal Case
>
> Reason Number One I Got Fired Apparently: Dream Dinner
>
> The training said we can make small talk with the customers while the computer is loading their information. I did this all the time like it said and asked them what their Dream Dinner would be because it gets them excited about food and not thinking about me. It worked so well that I asked it at the start sometimes but who cares because everyone loves a great meal and loves to talk about taste sensations. After a few weeks you guys asked me to talk about other things but they didn't work as well (Ways To Set Up Crooked Off-Track Betting)
>
> Reason Number Two I Got Fired: The Breastfeeding Room
>
> I didn't even know it was a breastfeeding room until the third week I was using it to play Jenga and the druid lady from downstairs came in and starting doing stuff to make me scream. It was very messed up and if anyone should have been fired it should have been her for making me scream and run out, which was a thing everyone saw.
>
> I do understand it was wrong to try to save face by telling everyone the druid woman has been sending everyone ghost emails and stealing all of our middle names to give to her weird druid baby who already has 8 or more middle names but I apologized for that already.
>
> The entire reason I started hanging out in that room in the first place was because of the rumor that there was a secret skee-ball machine in there, a rumor which I believed because I either heard it from 2 different people or the same person told it to me twice. I checked out the room and there was no machine but there was a couch and a bigger than normal toilet in it and a very large bra that I waited until everyone else left for the night and respectfully used a stick and brought it all the way to the lost and found.

As I think you can see my case is air tight and a slam dunk!!!!Lets Do It!! Always Bet On The Horse With The Biggest Legs (also a tip for Off-Track Betting)!!!!!!!

THE MOST WRONGED MAN IN TOWN!!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

5.22 Letters from the War

Wednesday, May 25, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Dearest Martha,

Oh how this war lingers on. I have seen things I dare not describe, for they would make you faint and weep at the same time. Horrors so cruel and vast they stagger the imagination. Men -- boys if we are to be honest -- dying in the most vulgar of ways for the most petty of things. Here in this place hatred is glorified and killing is the only means of surviving. I can't tell you how much I long to be home.

Do you know what I miss most? It is handsome Baron. How I long to hear his paws dance across the tile floors, feel the breeze generated by his wagging tail and see his ridiculous toothy grin shining at me like a ray of hope. I also miss you and the children.

How is Baron? I expect he misses me greatly, as I miss him. Do tell me of his exploits! Such light-hearted words will surely ease the pain in my heart and abate my home sickness.

Yours forever,

Charles

Dearest Martha,

I am saddened to learn my last letter must not have reached you, as your most recent correspondence included no mention of beloved Baron. Had you received my letter you would know I requested news of Baron and stories of his exploits. I have little time to write you at present, as my battalion is preparing for a new push sure to be more bloody than the last. There's so little of Europe left intact, I'm not sure what any of us are still fighting for. I was hoping to lift my spirits with stories of dear sweet Baron. Now I fear all hope is lost.

Please do not think me dead just yet, Martha. Write me again, with words of my friend Baron. I am glad to hear you and the children are well, but you need not be so wordy about such matters in future letters.

Yours forever,

Charles

Dearest Martha,

It is through divine providence that I remain alive to write you. The last battle left so many of my brothers dead, and many more injured beyond hope of recovery. They will go home forever broken, with bombs echoing in their ears for all time.

I thank you for the anecdote about Baron eating a slice of pie off the counter, though I was angry you chose to discipline him. If my Baron wants a slice of pie, I believe him entitled to such. Is that all Baron has done in the last five months? Has he done nothing else but rise a single time to purloin a slice of pie, then return to his slumber? I asked you for details, Martha.

What words does he speak? Oh, how I long to hear his triumphant barks once more. Please ask him to speak for me, then transcribe his noises so that I might read them aloud and feel transported away from this terrible place.

Thank you for telling me how much you and the children miss me. I assumed as much, and I am delighted to learn I was not in error for doing so.

Yours forever,

Charles

Dear Martha,

Really, Martha? Really? Baron said "woof woof"? In all my years I have never known of any dog to say such trite things. Baron used to say things like "aroOOorrroOOoo" and "ARHHHH! ARHHHH!" in that distinctive voice of his. I cannot imagine the thought of Baron suddenly reducing himself to the level of canine caricature. You didn't even ask Baron to speak, did you? You insult both me and Baron in equal measure.

I do not wish to go on scolding you. My spirit is already beaten by this terrible war. My hands have been bloodied, Martha. I was forced to kill a German with a knife, and felt his blood spill across my skin. We both wept like children as I carried out the cruel task, knowing that in any other life we might have been fast friends. I wondered if he had a friend like Baron back home. I hate to think such poisoned thoughts.

Oh how this place changes you, Martha. I fear Baron might not even recognize the man I have become. I'm sure you will, as I look the same, apart from a few more wrinkles and gray hairs. But Baron sees people on a deeper level, one we humans cannot fully understand. Will he still accept me as his master?

I look forward to coming home almost as much as I dread the prospect of Baron not recognizing me.

Yours,

Charles

Martha,

I will thank you kindly to please moderate yourself. In your last letter you went on at length about your new outfits and how good you look in them and forgot to include mention of Baron. Does he still whimper in my absence? I know you do, based on the unsettling and lurid nature of your words. Please, Martha, restrain yourself.

Speaking of Baron, might you include a lock of his hair in your next letter? Oh how I long to pet his soft furry head and be connected to my most committed companion once more.

Yes, Martha, little Bobby does say funny things. Children often make whimsical statements based on their naive conceptions. Thank you for bringing his latest one to my attention. I hope you corrected him, as Italian people do not actually have spaghetti for hair.

And at last, your letter does indeed find me well. I had occasion to kill three more men, but I grow used to this terrible duty and have come to accept that I will be forever haunted by my actions and

the things I have seen and done here. Also I am quite certain that you are just imagining the women at the beauty parlor speaking ill of you behind your back.

Yours,

Charles

Martha,

What in heavens has gotten into you? I asked you to send a lock of Baron's fur, and instead you send a pair of your undergarments? I had to bury them in the night just to avoid the embarrassment of having them discovered by one of the men. I can only assume the horrible enormity of this conflict has left you completely scatter-brained and you mailing your underwear to the war was one tremendously improbable accident.

Martha, perhaps it is best you send Baron to stay with mother. She is a bit more tempered with her correspondence and her mind is sharp as a tack.

I fear I must now dedicate the sum of my mind and focus to this war, so my letters will be infrequent. I trust you will understand. I need to survive this dreadful thing, so that I might be reunited with Baron and you and the children once more.

Best regards,

Charles

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.23 The Further Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Thursday, May 26, 2011 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

> "Gibbonman's gifted pen has never drawn a darker line than when it professed the words be meant for children. But what child could understand these fables fully? What child could make sense of his complex ... complexity. I mean to hell with the kids, who of YOU understands them? Christ." - Lord Terrence, *On England and Odd Fellows*

It was in a forest, old and gnarled and never timbered, well outside the scope and footfall of man, that a wolf came to rest below a great tall tree. Suspended from the highest branches of the mighty tree there swayed a bees' nest, which hung so heavy with honey that the winds near-snapped its delicate tether.

"Ahoy, good bees!" shouted the wolf to the bees' nest. "Your safety is much impaired, your lives at risk! For there is far too much honey in your nest, and if you do not lighten your load, certainly you will lose it all to catastrophe!"

The bees buzzed in shock at the wolf's claim, and they quickly began to cast off weight from their pendulous nest. They began with their furniture: Tiny chairs and tables rained down on the wolf and scattered around him.

"No no, that will not be enough! The honey!" cried the wolf. "Though sweet, it is the culprit in

your weighty danger! You must cast off the honey!"

The bees' buzzing intensified, and soon came a shower of cars groundward. The bee-sized automobiles clattered and snapped as they smacked and tumbled on the grassy ground, and the wolf danced to avoid them lest he be struck as well.

"No no, still not enough! The honey! The honey must be ..."

"There we go!" buzzed a tiny voice from the nest. "He should fit now."

And so the bees swarmed upon the wolf, who attempted to run but soon found his paws no longer touched the ground. Up, up, up to the bee's nest he went, suspended by the swarm that caught him, and though he howled greatly it did no good. The bees pulled the wolf into their nest neatly, and as the last tip of nose disappeared the wolf lamented:

"Alas! I should have been happy eating tiny furniture!"

The moral of the story: A bee's car is so small it's hardly worth anything.

Lobster and Lobster's Wife

On the blustery coast in an autumn rain, a lobster picked its way up onto the shore, clacked through the fence to a fisherman's yard, and scuttled its way to the home atop the hill. Once there, he knocked twice upon the front door with his grander claw. Then twice again.

Finally the fisherman's daughter opened the door, and laughed.

"Oh my!" she tittered. "Are those for me, good sir lobster?"

"Indeed!" said the lobster with a stately bow, and offered to her the candies and flowers he had brought. "Although your father and I are often at odds, that does not diminish my love for you, his fair daughter." The fisherman's daughter blushed.

Such a lovely moment it would have been, if only the fisherman's wife had not then arrived. "So!" she snapped at the lobster. "You really don't remember ANY of what we talked about before, do you?"

"Marry me, fisherman's wife!" said the lobster, and offered the candies and flowers to her now.

"I'm already married, and my daughter is eight, and for the thousandth time nobody is going to marry you," said the fisherman's wife. "Goodbye."

And with that she slammed the door, and the lobster was silent for a moment.

"Marry me, fisherman's house!"

The moral of the story: Candy is ruined by being in the sea.

Elephant, Flea and Gnat

A proud elephant fell victim to a nefarious hunter's trap one day, and found himself shackled to a hidden stake.

"Oh no!" bellowed the elephant as he railed without success against the strong iron chain. "Please, if any can hear, assist this foolish old elephant, and I shan't make the same mistake twice!"

A single flea hopped to the site eagerly.

"If only I could help you" lamented the flea. "But I am the tiniest of creatures, and you are the mightiest! Unless ..."

"Unless what!?" insisted the elephant, panicked. "I beseech you tiny flea, if there is any way you can assist me, I will be most grateful, and I will allow you to feed upon my back for all your days!"

"Well ... perhaps my friend the gnat can help! I will fetch him immediately!"

And so the flea went off to find his friend the gnat. Several days passed, and when the compatriots returned they found the elephant had died.

"How were we going to help him anyway?" asked the gnat.

"I don't know" replied the flea. "I figured you were good at coming up with ideas, so ..."

"Huh," said the gnat. "Huh."

The moral of the story: Gnat had one good idea once, that doesn't make him a genius or anything. Lay off the guy.

-∼Ian "BFM" Helm

5.24 Season 2 of Critter Grippers on the History Channel

Friday, May 27, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Vets and old hands gripping real critters, they do it for fun, for money, and for the love of gripping. It runs in the family since way back.

Critter is back in season! Head back to the Florida Everglades with Chief, Skeeze, Bug, Lleroy, Bovis, Franklin, Chad, and the rest for a new season starting next Thursday! New traps, new critter hollers, new grips, new feuds, new cameraman incident, new stock footage of a scary bug that we use in every episode, fewer teeth, a new superfluous black critter gripper clearly unknown to the rest of the cast, and ridiculous stories that allow the boys to grip the biggest critter in the Glades every single episode.

Episode 201 - Chief Grip and the Seven Critters

Experienced critter gripper Chief decides to take his son Skeeze on a tour to teach him how to grip a critter. Generations butt heads as they pursue King Critter, the wiliest critter seen in these parts in years, but will they learn to respect one another, and more importantly, will at least one of them fall in the Everglades and allow us to use our peril music cue? Plus, up-and-comer Bovis thinks he can grip the most critters this season by throwing grappling hooks at them, but his newfangled gripping style isn't winning any friends at the Grip Lodge. Bug and Bovis are at loggerheads. Can you guess the theme of this episode?

Episode 202 - Sleeping Lleroy

Lleroy grips for critters completely incorrectly, never once sees a critter, and leaves in a pristine SUV explaining that gripping has been in his family since his slave ancestors were made to grip the wildest critters. Chief bets Bovis a case of beer that he can't catch Grand Marshal Grip, the largest critter in the Glades. Plus, Bug reveals something completely obvious that we will make seem epic and insightful.

Episode 203 - The Everglades Book

Chief reminisces about his recently-departed father, Bertolt, after he discovers his gripping diary in an old Navy chest. Included in the diary is a rumor about the Devil Grip,

the critter that always escapes traps and has slain many skilled grippers. This critter probably doesn't exist, but we will randomly select a gripped critter to portray as Devil Grip so that Chief can declare victory and say something about putting ghosts to rest. Glades. Bovis, meanwhile, appears in a comedy relief subplot about a cookout.

Episode 204 - Steamboat Grippy

This is the mid-season episode where someone totally unrelated to the show, probably some jackoff tourist, dies trying to grip a critter. We'll spend most of this episode reflecting on how dangerous gripping critters is even though more people die driving in Florida every hour than die in ten years gripping critters. Bug will relate an anecdote that we cynically write for him and pay him to recite.

Episode 205 - Griptroop

Lighten the mood for the season as we prepare for the final episode. Lots of Skeeze and Bovis with his sons Chad and Franklin. Bug has a quirky habit that we will relate incrementally and use to pad out the episode even though nothing is worth more than about a minute of your time. Chief will offer up an ominous foreshadowing of financial difficulties even though he is eating BBQ chicken on the marble countertop in his house and his family seemingly owns a dozen boats.

Episode 206 - G-R-I, P-P-Y

Gripping season is over and, even though it's only like three weeks, we will act like the season is ending suddenly and unexpectedly. Has Bovis gripped enough critters to keep his family in business? Is Skeeze finally ready to leave the nest and start his own gripping? Did we ever resolve any plot involving Bug or just trot him out for a quasi-mystical observation once per episode? You'll have to watch to find out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.25 An Important Notice From WTOANLSDFTPBLA Corp

Saturday, May 28, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

We'll Think Of A Name Later So Don't File This Placeholder Business License Application Corp and its international partners are excited and legally obligated to tell you about the biggest, most ACTION-PACKED recall of the modern era! For one reason or another nearly every product in our lineup has failed in SPECTACULAR fashion! Feel the rush!

If you have any of the following items in your home, please consider buying a new home. Once you have reached a safe distance or resigned to your fate, contact us for a full refund by calling our unmonitored 1-800 number and leaving a voicemail or by visiting our website, then clicking every link on the site map until you realize that there is absolutely no contact information.

Baby Communicator 3000

> *This incredible two-way translator that allows you and your infant to argue about politics. Does not translate any other communications whatsoever. Features two settings: Loud and Condescending.*

Unfortunately, several customers have reported faulty electrical wiring in the Baby Communicator 3000. This results in magical infant-parent body swaps, typically involving madcap adventures that culminate in a deeper understanding of each other's point of view, followed by severe brain damage.

Star Wars Cosplay Action Figures

> *All the name recognition of Star Wars and its numerous characters, one degree of separation that might prevent us from being sued!*

We were under the impression that the figures were made with a cheap plastic, but as it turns out they were in fact cast from pure gold. This is very dangerous. If one should accidentally ingest that much gold they would likely die. We're very concerned, so please send your figures back. We'll pay for shipping.

Leftover Shredder

> *Now more than ever, your personal privacy is of the utmost importance. When you simply cant eat another bite, put the rest of your meal in the Leftover Shredder and let it go to work, then deposit the resulting mass into your garbage. No identity thief will be able to piece together your meal ever again!*

For reasons we still haven't pinned down, the Leftover Shredder processes meals into solid paper-like sheets, arranging shredded pieces of food into letters and numbers which spell out the owner's full name, social security number, and credit card information.

The Incredibly Wobbly Nuclear Material Table

> *Now with 300% more instability! This table is guaranteed to meet all of your nuclear material needs. Its uneven legs ensure constant movement, the angled surface makes it impossible for anything to stay put, and the whole thing is held together with the entirely wrong type of glue.*

This recall is our highest priority. Come to think of it, I'm not sure why we didn't list it at the very top. A severe defect in the Incredibly Wobbly Nuclear Material Table has resulted in the table being perfectly stable, level, and safe.

Professional Wrestling Summarizer

> *Love professional wrestling, but don't have time to keep up? Professional Wrestling Summarizer can help! This thirty eight pound mass of transparent organic tissue will observe every WWE, TNA, and independent event (including Pay Per Views, at extra cost), taking in every chairshot, pinfall, and five minute long promo. When you're ready to get caught up, simply ask the Professional Wrestling Summarizer for an update and it will attempt to recount everything with its limited vocabulary and tendency to ruin each story's ending.*

As it turns out, the Professional Wrestling Summarizers uniformly hate professional wrestling. This minor flaw wouldn't present much of a problem if the units weren't designed to emit flesh-corroding spores when aggravated.

The Swimming Pool For Jerks

> *Tired of using regular swimming pools? Wish there was something just for you? Congratulations! Thank you! Now there's a swimming pool that's custom-made for discerning jerks such as yourself. Has sides, water, and an open area on the top where one might jump in or stick their head out of the water. One end is deeper than the other. Optional accessories: Ladder, diving board, slide.*

We decided to recall the Swimming Pool For Jerks when our shipping department discovered that we had accidentally been sending out mislabeled boxes which actually contained The Swimming Pool For Not Jerks.

Corporate Mistake Generator

> *This one of a kind piece of high-yield machinery is guaranteed to cause errors at every level of your company! Just place it in your building and watch in amazement as products become faulty, shipping problems arise, and administrative assistants accidentally file the wrong paperwork! There is only one unit in operation and it's here at WTOANLSDFTPBLA Corp headquarters, but we plan to ship hundreds of these marvels of technology in the months to come.*

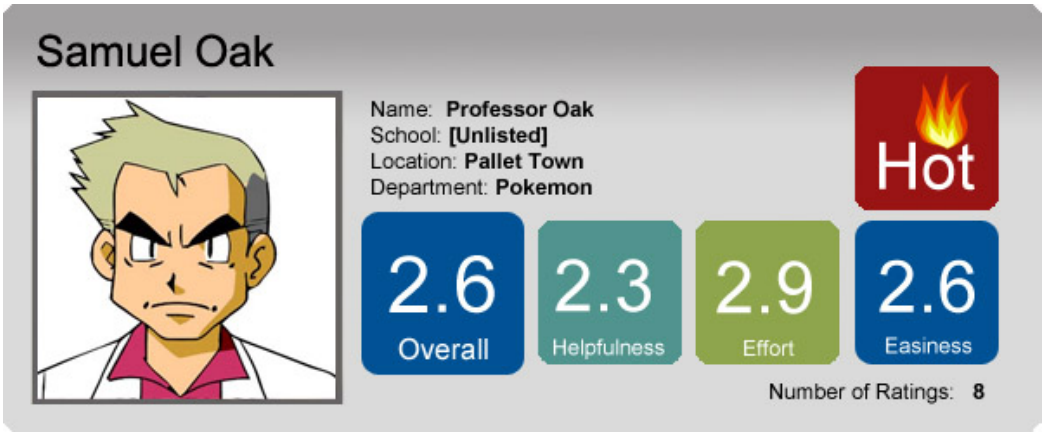
Wait a second, I just got a report from the lab. There's nothing wrong with the Corporate Mistake Generator. According to them, it's working perfectly. Huh.

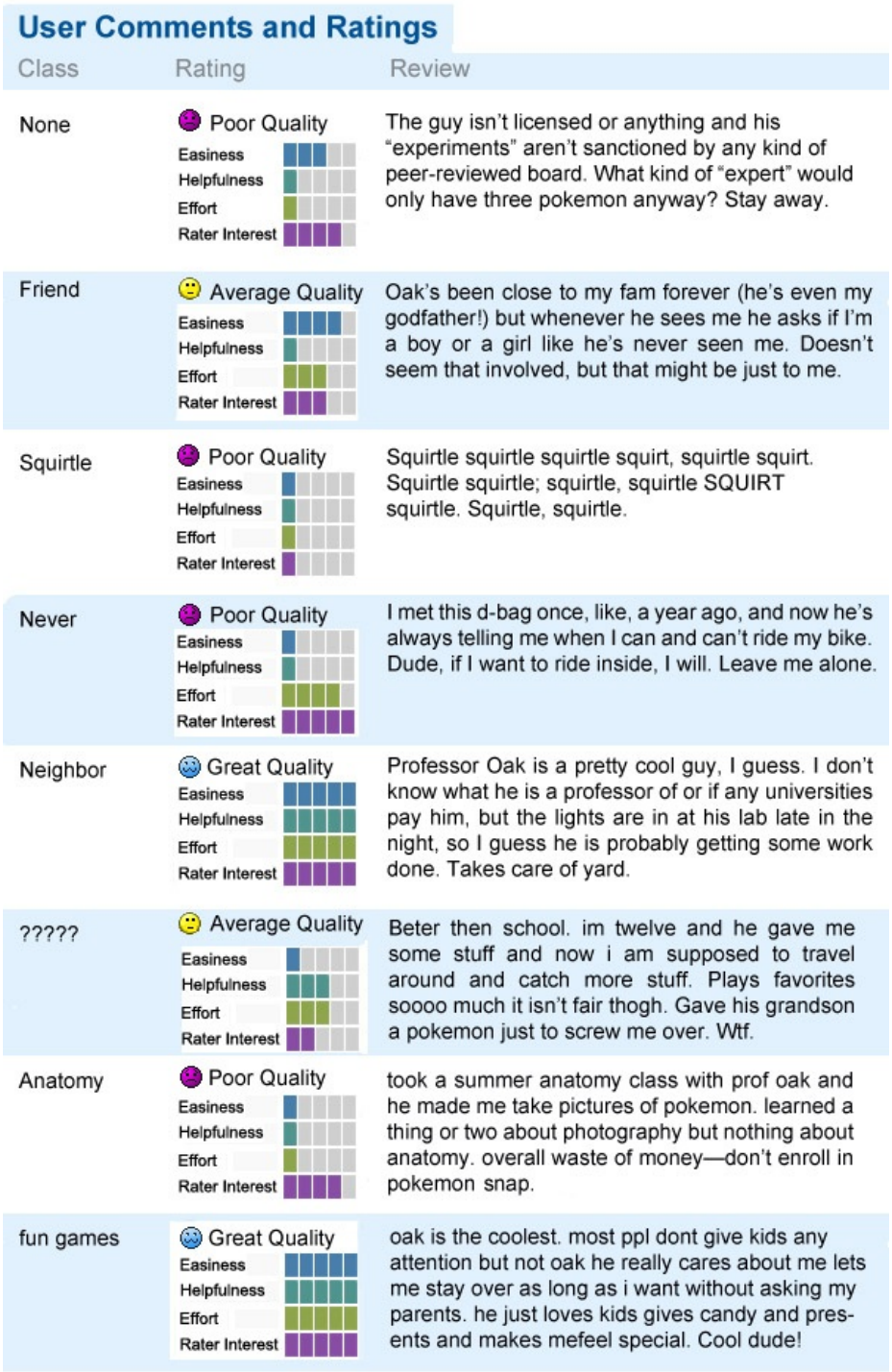
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.26 Rate My Instructor: Professor Oak

Sunday, May 29, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

This article is part of the Rate My Instructor series.





User Comments and Ratings

Class	Rating	Review
None	Poor Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	The guy isn't licensed or anything and his "experiments" aren't sanctioned by any kind of peer-reviewed board. What kind of "expert" would only have three pokemon anyway? Stay away.
Friend	Average Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Oak's been close to my fam forever (he's even my godfather!) but whenever he sees me he asks if I'm a boy or a girl like he's never seen me. Doesn't seem that involved, but that might be just to me.
Squirtle	Poor Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Squirtle squirtle squirtle squirt, squirtle squirt. Squirtle squirtle; squirtle, squirtle SQUIRT squirtle. Squirtle, squirtle.
Never	Poor Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	I met this d-bag once, like, a year ago, and now he's always telling me when I can and can't ride my bike. Dude, if I want to ride inside, I will. Leave me alone.
Neighbor	Great Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Professor Oak is a pretty cool guy, I guess. I don't know what he is a professor of or if any universities pay him, but the lights are in at his lab late in the night, so I guess he is probably getting some work done. Takes care of yard.
?????	Average Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	Beter then school. im twelve and he gave me some stuff and now i am supposed to travel around and catch more stuff. Plays favorites soooo much it isn't fair thogh. Gave his grandson a pokemon just to screw me over. Wtf.
Anatomy	Poor Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	took a summer anatomy class with prof oak and he made me take pictures of pokemon. learned a thing or two about photography but nothing about anatomy. overall waste of money—don't enroll in pokemon snap.
fun games	Great Quality Easiness Helpfulness Effort Rater Interest	oak is the coolest. most ppl dont give kids any attention but not oak he really cares about me lets me stay over as long as i want without asking my parents. he just loves kids gives candy and presents and makes mefeel special. Cool dude!

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.27 Our First Post-American President

Monday, May 30, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Reality TV host and blogger Sarah Palin is running for something. Nobody is quite sure what it is she's running for, but everyone is happy that she is back in the game, astride a motorcycle, literally riding for her concept of freedom. With no stated goal other than to appear, like a magician's assistant, she has embarked upon a tour, surely as portentous for our nation as Sherman's March to the Sea.

It begins in the Northeast, leading me to wonder which city of New England, where her approval rating hovers around the same level as approval for being violated with a petrified hobo turd, will she choose to burn first.

The political pundits, who refer to themselves as a "chattering class" even though the sound they make is more of a wet gurgle, hypothesize that Sarah is preparing to run for President of the United States. She is certainly equipped for the job: sharpened canines, forward-facing eyes, and the ability to repeat words. These skills have served past (and current) Presidents quite admirably.

There's also a void in the roster of GOP Presidential hopefuls just the right size for a spiteful idiot of Sarah Palin's stature, an aggrieved ignoramus incapable of critical thought, but full to the brim of her goofy hat with charming colloquialisms concealing the romping id of a toddler or hardcore drug addict. Santorum would fill the same hole, all the Republicans need is the sort of loathsome degenerate who preaches strict Christian values and then gets hate-hard over the thought of fracking fluid in your baby bottles and prisoners of war gagging on rags. Lucky for Sarah, Santorum keeps oozing out of that GOP hole and pooling on the floor of the debates.

Sarah sees an opening. America has been destroyed. Our nation is in Obama-wrought ruins. Our economy collapsed because someone mentioned the job creators without realizing their taxes have steadily declined under Obama. The premise motivating conservative voters is that Barack Obama has operated as an extremist, a communist, who literally hates America and has set about destroying it.

True to a point, this country has had its fill of Obama's change, but the change he delivered was timid, incremental, tax-cutting, wall-street protecting, phone-tapping sort of change. He has expanded our ongoing wars and reneged on his promise to close Gitmo and shut down CIA secret prisons. But he eased up a little on the gays. In the tooting, lurid, funhouse America that exists in the collective minds of the Sarah Palins of the world this is communism, anti-business, anti-Americanism.

She literally believes America has been destroyed. So what is she running for?

Being a reailty TV star and a blogger and a Fox News commentator and a paid-speaker and a quitter has prepared her for the job no one has yet acknowledged she may be seeking: Sarah Palin wants to be the first Post-American President. Ruler of rubble. A post-Obamalyptic feudal queen.

While the late night talk shows and the pundits are yucking it up about how much Obama wants Sarah Palin to run, I'm not so sure. She is a miserable failure as a vice presidential candidate, body snatching the McCain campaign out from under a feeble old man and turning it into a float in the Moron's Day parade, hooting and hollering about Russia and drilling the guts out of nature and lamestream medias with all the windfall class of an Ozarks porno store clerk winning the lotto and investing it all in fuckbooks. After that ended in tears she returned to Alaska and almost immediately quit being governor.

We're in the middle of world war and mega recessions, and the halfway smart guy has done a shitty job. The logical reaction shouldn't be to see if the rage-gorged remedial knows how to do it better, but this sort of thing tends to happen when you're left with a binary choice.

The hyperbolic doom of our nation we all once loved in some fleeting, self-centered way is a lot closer than we think. The body politic is slumped in the hospice, its immune system compromised, it is not going to be able to withstand the sort of virulent disease Sarah Palin intends to inject.

Stop and really think about it. America may literally elect the first reality TV star and Fox News commentator President. It's already happening in congress. Remember when congressmen used to be astronauts and war heroes? There are prophecies written about this sort of Mephistolean alignment, stories of blue turbans and jewels and red moons and faraway lands that could easily have been misread. Post-USA President Palin is coming, so quit acting like it's a joke.

Hopefully, I have done my part to stop the laughing.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.28 District Bulletin: Swimp Condemns You

Tuesday, May 31, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Arf! Please, please, please, we can only beg so much: citizen, you who reads this, PLEASE exercise the best judgment granted you by Swimp, our God. You will need it. Do you see? Dorroile, the worst guy, has taken to a hobby most vile: the distribution of false District Bulletins, aimed only at bad laughs at the cost of Your Beloved Superiors. More vile yet, he even has hobbied thus: to create tracts of religion, masquerading as the teachings of our Lord God Swimp, sweet Cookie Bear who lives in the Moon, which serve not to exalt the sweetness of blameless Baby Swimp but to ridicule Your Superiors is most heinic a manner.

Unfortunately, though, Swimp Theology is a young science, since we only thought up this wonderful baby-sweet God a couple of years ago. Therefore, Your Superiors regrettably cannot fully verify for debunk any tracts and teachings attributed to Swimp, because who knows? So when a new Swimp Tract is delivered to us, we do not know! Is it the providence of one of Swimp's Sweet Pug Angels, those lovely daysnoring pug babies who snuffle down to our realm to bring teachings and tidings of the sweet baby Cookie Bear Swimp? Or did Dorroile write a fake one to make us look like big idiots? Theology cannot verify! So we are obligated thus to print each new tract delivered without prejudice.

But PLEASE, you: in the case of this one in particular, PLEASE consider the fact that it may be the false work of Dorroile, the worst guy. We harbor the strongest possible suspicion that this one is a fake Swimp teaching. Do not, please, please do not listen to it, unless it turns out later to be the true word of Swimp. But we bet it does not, but we are not one thousand percent sure, so we are religiously obligated to present it:

Your God is Angry! You Will Die!

Apprehend you this, believer: Swimp, your God beloved, shall no longer condescend to tolerate mankind. Rankled he be, and for too long, against the unholy dalliances of this district. Whereas once a babysoft Cookie Bear was he, your Swimp, dweller of the moon and God of all most sweetie-mild and cutest-- now, OH NO! Swimp is enraged. His regard for man has curdled. You will die by his cruel baby teeth, so kitten-sharp but tiger-strong. His wrongs we (your Superiors) list now below:

I. Your Weakness Against Comedy

Swimp, former Cookie Bear of the Moon, he who yawned most preciously in the face of danger like a wobblefawn so sleepy, now trembles now with cutey love but with palpable rage-- and oh, you most surely soon will palpate it. Swimp is disgusted at you. Swimp hates the stupid fears that rule your idiot babyhead lives. Who is this "Dorroile," charming gadabout, that you fear so much? Why do plump ladies refuse to ride in Dorroile's wheelbarrow? Is it because Your Superiors regard Dorroile as "The Worst Guy"? Well, hey: in fact, Dorroile is THE BEST, and if you hung around

with Dorroile for a little while and watched him do his HILARIOUS DANCES, you would gain a more complete theological understanding of Swimp's plan: Swimp thinks Dorroile is hilarious, and his grotesque dancing comedies and his funny ugly parodies of Your Superiors are actually quite the best. Everyone loves Dorroile, especially Swimp. His handsome satires fluff the placid furs of Swimp and make Swimp nice. To not laugh when Dorroile does a funny thing is now the Awf'lest Sin in the eyes of Swimp, and to refuse a free ride in his wheelbarrow is to refuse Swimp himself.

[Note from Your Superiors: this is all quite disturbing, if true.]

II. Your Regard For Superiors

Swimp, the softest cuteybear, Your God, must be foremost in your heart. Each time you entertain the moronity of your Shitty Idiot Superiors, a hair is plucked most painfully from your sweet Swimp, and for each hair plucked, Swimp grows another awful tooth. SO FULL NOW is the grin of Swimp, and each tooth so thirsty for blood and ravenous for scab! Hairbank, even him the most insatiable barbarian, would be put to shame: Hairbank may delect in the flesh of your child, but Swimp consumes all man in his baby cute mouth. And why? Because his jealousy festers whenever his authority is made second to the whims of mortals. Swimp is holy, and Your Superiors are of Earth. Your Superiors, most particularly the Head Better Superior, the rail-thin sadman cuckold Claude Fantsy, whose fat dimwit son embarrasses our sensibilities daily and whose really most awful wife prowls around for "NOVEL MAN EXPERIENCES" whenever her husband's back be turned-- Your Superiors, Claude like I said in particular-- they are the true worst. Swimp damns them, all of them, one by one, each and every single Superior; he damns them personally and always. They are all super shitty, and Swimp damns all who hold them in any positive regard as most as he damns all them shitty guys themself.

[Note from Your Superiors: please let us not accept this right away as truth until we verify that this is real Swimp theology, which we think probably it is not.]

III. Your Refusal To Follow Swimp's Commandments

What is your idiot excuse for not following the commandments Swimp has set forth for you? Did you lose them? Were they somehow not given to you ever or a kind of thing like that? It appears as like some clerical error-- or perhaps a deliberate hiding by Your Superiors-- has resulted in you not ever seeing these commandments until right now. So I now will publish them:

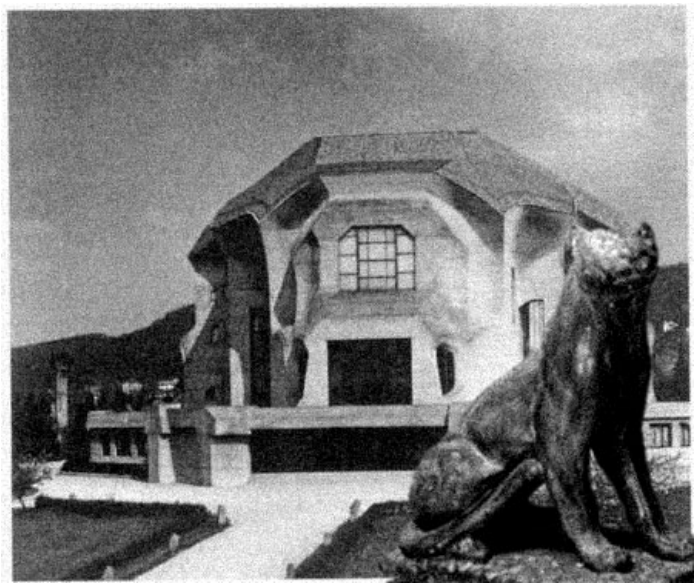
1. You shall do all of the following commandments even if some of them are fishy.
2. You shall hold Swimp in your heart above all others and believe what he tells you here.
3. You shall acknowledge that Dorroile is the Greatest Guy and hold him in your heart pretty close to Swimp.
4. You shall throw apple cores at fat children always.
5. You shall not let Bloach wear pants, because he harried poor Poopwilliam with bulliage.
6. You shall call up and do funny voices at Claude Fantsy and tell him what his wife's been up to (Novel Man Experiences).
7. You shall definitely accept a wheelbarrow ride from Dorroile if he's kind enough to offer, because it's very lucky in the eyes of Swimp and all those plump ladies who let him scoot them around town in his "funbarrow" will have lots of good luck and everything.

8. You shall bounce a rubber ball up under the skirts of Claude Fantsy's wife and then put the ball in the mouth of a dog (which she hates but a dog enjoys).
9. You shall all buy a flare gun because we should make some stuff happen with that soon.
10. You shall not believe any disclaimers written hereafter by Your Heathen Superiors because they are just trying to obscure the True Word of Swimp with their lies and perversions.

This is all true and from the baby mouth of precious Swimp. May you all start acting less like a lot of big idiots and be blessed. Thank you.

- Swimp & His Agents

[Note from Your Superiors: do you see how the very last of this author's points looks very much suspicious? Please, we recommend that you wait for a while before you do anything awful because of reading this. If truly these were the words of Swimp, we are sorry, oh precious sweet baby Swimp, for all of our many failings in your eyes and we will work to be nicer to Dorroile.]



-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 Burt's Power Points: Spring Sale

Wednesday, Jun 01, 2011 by Burt's PowerPoints (@Livestock)

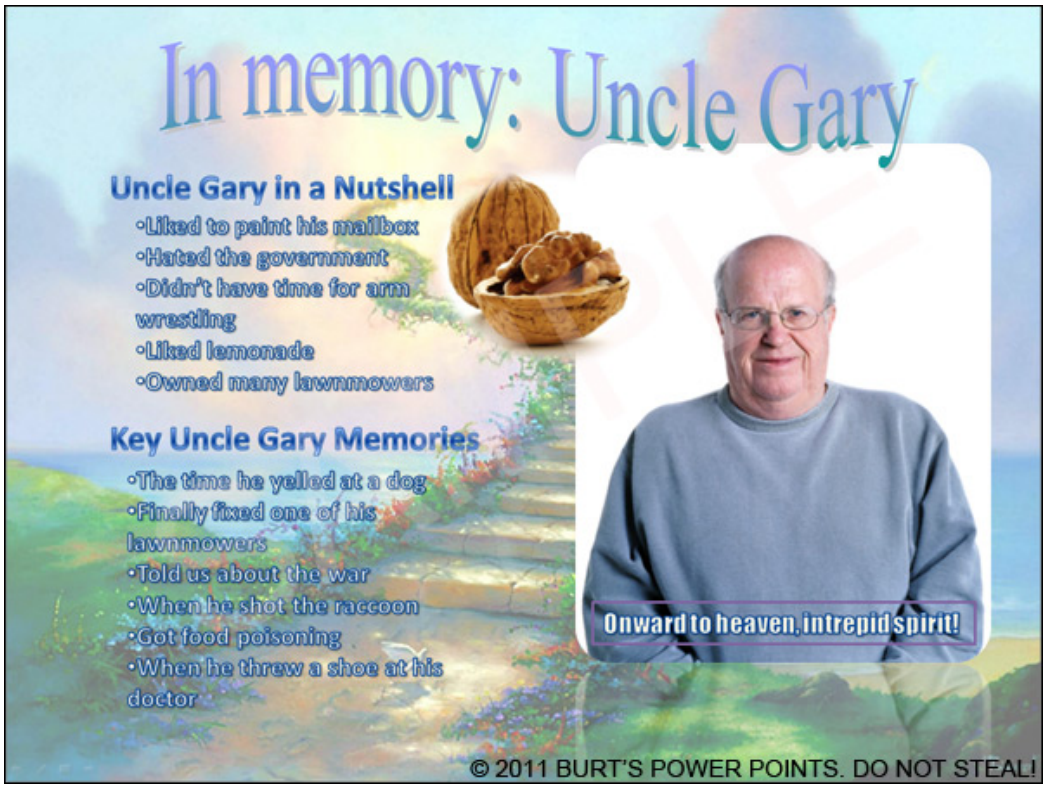
This article is part of the Burt's PowerPoints series.

Burt's back with a new batch of spring 2011 model Power Points! It's been a rough year so far and despite many hardships impressed upon me by my wife, I'm still cranking out professional, premium quality Power Points for business, pleasure and... beyond! Take a look at my new line of PowerPoints, specially discounted in honor of the Spring Season.

Lost Loved Ones

There's no greater pain than the loss of a grandma or an uncle. Make your next family get-together something special by honoring your deceased loved one with a timeless PowerPoints tribute.

"OUR GRANDMA, WHO ART IN HEAVEN" - $19.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE GRANDMA & CHART)


In memory: Uncle Gary
Uncle Gary in a Nutshell
•Liked to paint his mailbox
•Hated the government
•Didn't have time for arm wrestling
•Liked lemonade
•Owned many lawnmowers
Key Uncle Gary Memories
•The time he yelled at a dog
•Finally fixed one of his lawnmowers
•Told us about the war
•When he shot the raccoon
•Got food poisoning
•When he threw a shoe at his doctor
Onward to heaven, intrepid spirit!
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"UNCLE GARY GOES TO HEAVEN" - $19.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE UNCLE KEY POINTS)

Wife, You Leave Me No Choice

Having trouble getting your miscreant wife to come home and live with you? Here's a two-pronged attack that'll show her what for! First the appeal to reason, then the cold hard truth.

"MARRIAGE IS A LEGAL OBLIGATION AND ONLY CRIMINALS TRESPASS ON THE LAW." –A JUDGE
Honey, it's time to come home. I promise I will regrow all my hair and stop stretching out your vests because I have my own now and I prefer them to yours.
OR...
DO YOU WANT TO SEND OUR KIDS A POSTCARD... FROM JAIL???
SAMPLE
©2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL

"THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE" - $29.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE APPEAL TO WAYWARD WIFE)

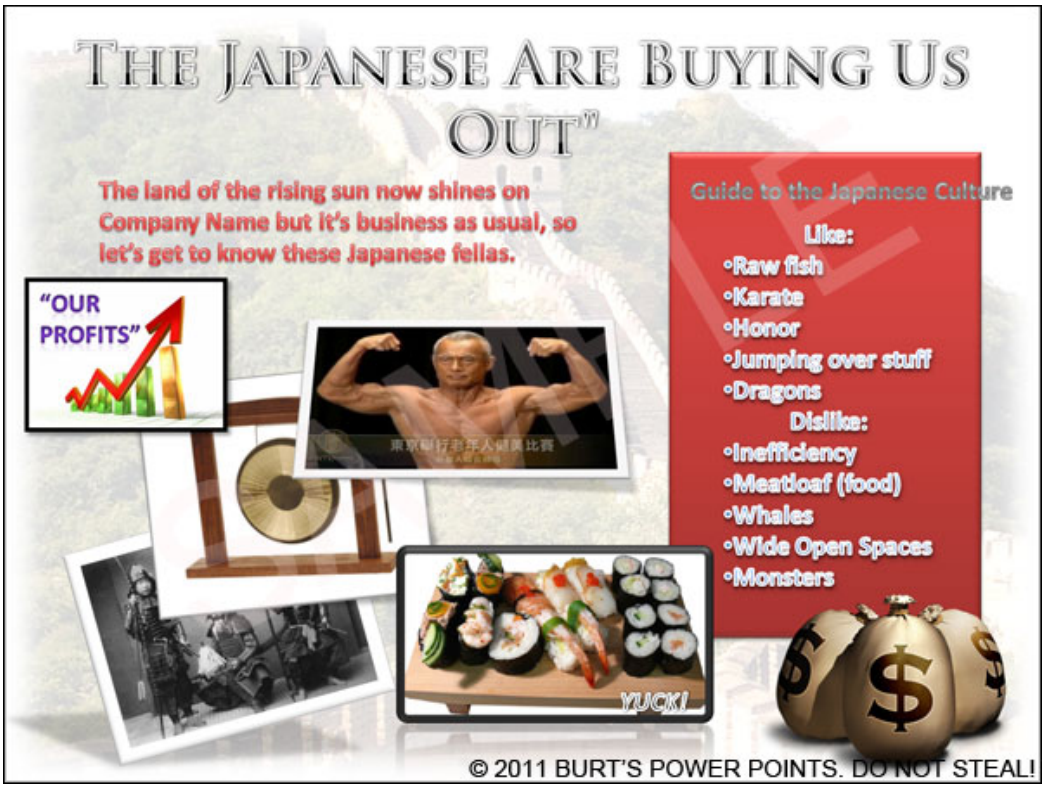
The Cold Hard Truth, Lady
It's time to face the music: I'm a tough act to follow and any man you try to marry will have to best me both literally and figuratively and I won't have that. No man will have you after me.
The good news is you can still get back in my good graces. I have a second job now on top of my successful desktop publishing business and I can provide you with the things you want. I am also working very hard on growing back my hair since you yelled at me for balding once. The cats aren't going anywhere, though, so get used to them.
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

FIGURE 1.1 OUR KIDS AFTER YOU TEAR THIS FAMILY APART

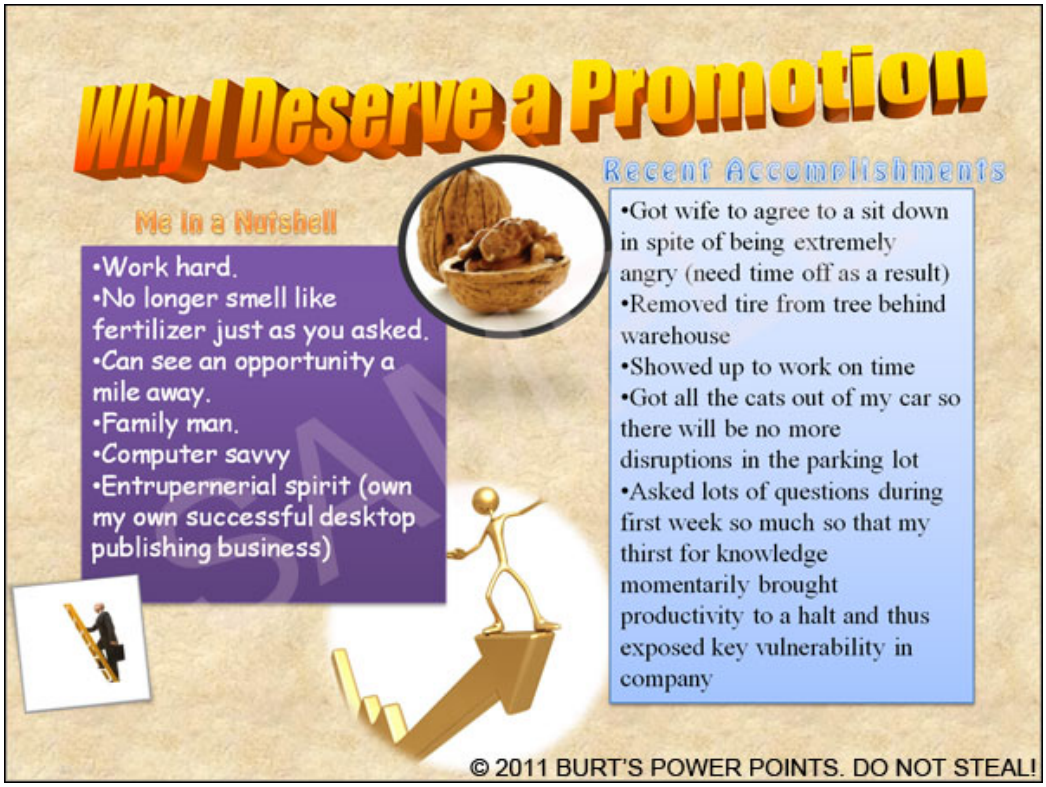
"NUCLEAR OPTION" - $29.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE ULTIMATUM)

Buy! Sell! Business at your Fingertips!

Business is the engine driving our economy and my professional business PowerPoints are the gasoline or at the very least the windshield wiper fluid.



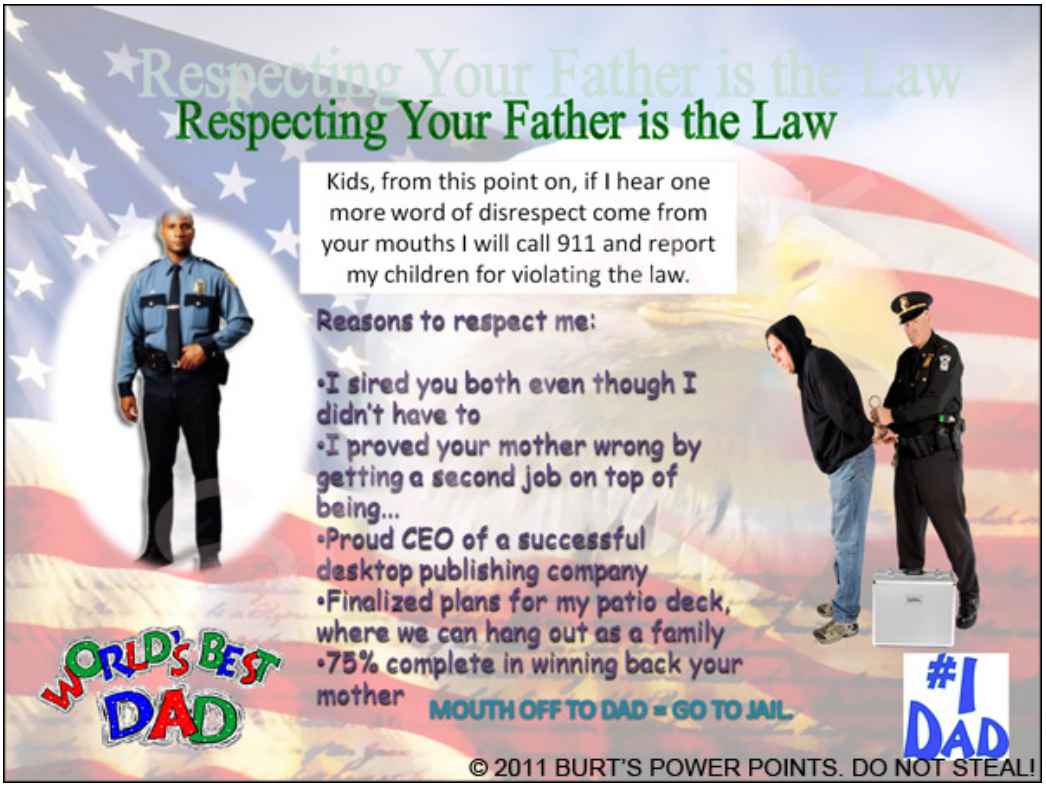
"JAPANESE INVASION" - $49.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE COMPANY NAME)


Why I Deserve a Promotion
Me in a Nutshell
•Work hard.
•No longer smell like fertilizer just as you asked.
•Can see an opportunity a mile away.
•Family man.
•Computer savvy
•Entrupernerial spirit (own my own successful desktop publishing business)
Recent Accomplishments
•Got wife to agree to a sit down in spite of being extremely angry (need time off as a result)
•Removed tire from tree behind warehouse
•Showed up to work on time
•Got all the cats out of my car so there will be no more disruptions in the parking lot
•Asked lots of questions during first week so much so that my thirst for knowledge momentarily brought productivity to a halt and thus exposed key vulnerability in company
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

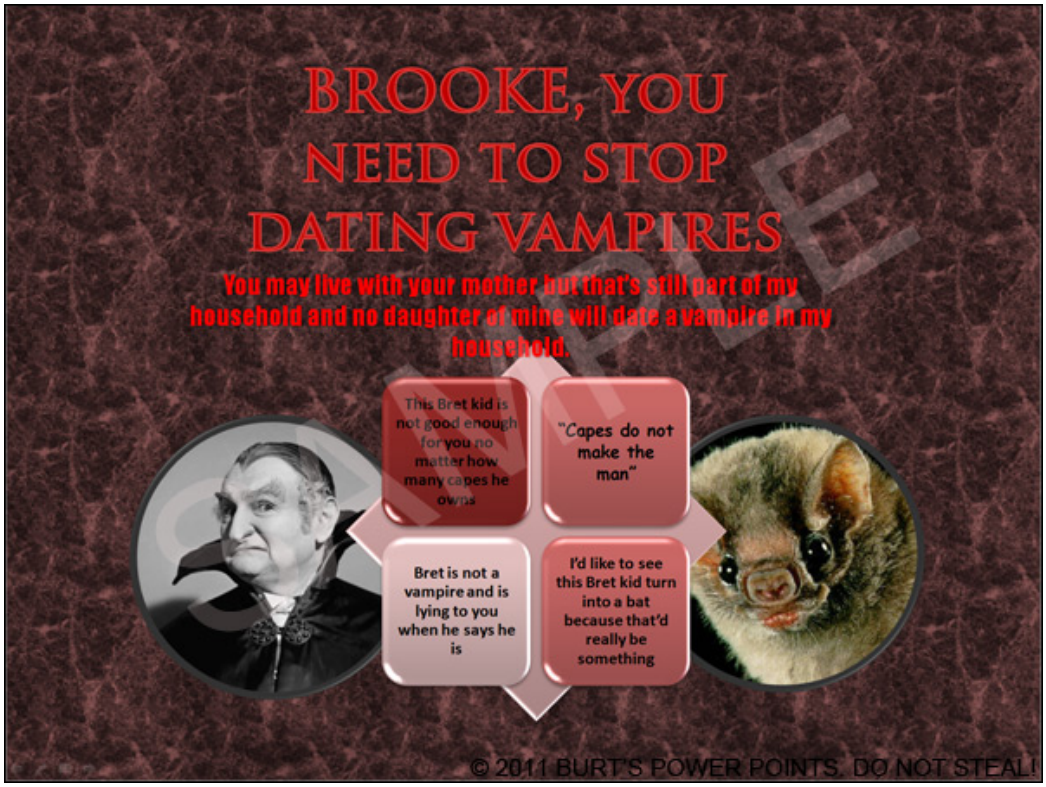
"INSTANT PROMOTION" - $49.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS)

Family Emergencies

Communicating with family is the most difficult thing there is, but I make it easy by translating the toughest conversations into easy-to-digest presentations you can email to your family.


Respecting Your Father is the Law
Kids, from this point on, if I hear one more word of disrespect come from your mouths I will call 911 and report my children for violating the law.
Reasons to respect me:
•I sired you both even though I didn't have to
•I proved your mother wrong by getting a second job on top of being...
•Proud CEO of a successful desktop publishing company
•Finalized plans for my patio deck, where we can hang out as a family
•75% complete in winning back your mother
MOUTH OFF TO DAD = GO TO JAIL
WORLD'S BEST DAD
#1 DAD
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"PUTTING MY FOOT DOWN" - $19.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE REASONS)


BROOKE, YOU NEED TO STOP DATING VAMPIRES
You may live with your mother but that's still part of my household and no daughter of mine will date a vampire in my household.
This Bret kid is not good enough for you no matter how many capes he owns
"Capes do not make the man"
Bret is not a vampire and is lying to you when he says he is
I'd like to see this Bret kid turn into a bat because that'd really be something
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

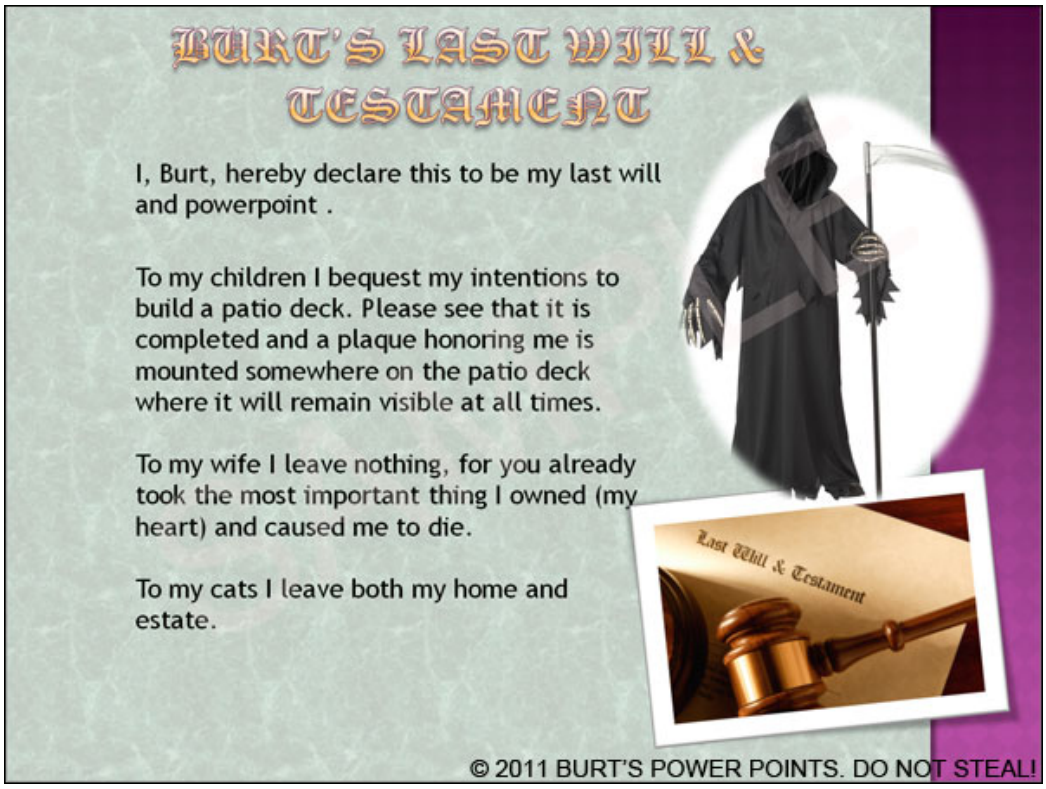
"BRET IS NO GOOD" - $19.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE BRET DENOUNCEMENTS)

More Legal Documents

Every good court case starts with a quality presentation, and I make the kind of PowerPoints used by high-profile defense attorneys and prosecutors.

Bad News: You're Being Sued!
You ran afoul of the law and now you are reaping what you sowed, mister. Your day in court has arrived.
REASON FOR LAWSUIT: The wrongful termination of a model employee who made better the business thanks to his incredible business acumen and take-charge initiative.
THIS PRESENTATION HEREBY SERVES AS NOTICE OF YOUR DEBT TO THE COURTS OF AMERICA AND YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO REHIRE THE WRONGED EMPLOYEE OR FACE STUNNING LEGAL CONSEQUENCES.
"An open and shut case if I ever saw one."
-high-profile lawyer
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS DO NOT STEAL

"YOU LEAVE ME NO OTHER CHOICE" - $49.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE LAWSUIT REASON)


BURT'S LAST WILL & TESTAMENT
I, Burt, hereby declare this to be my last will and powerpoint .
To my children I bequest my intentions to build a patio deck. Please see that it is completed and a plaque honoring me is mounted somewhere on the patio deck where it will remain visible at all times.
To my wife I leave nothing, for you already took the most important thing I owned (my heart) and caused me to die.
To my cats I leave both my home and estate.
Last Will & Testament
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED, PHYLLIS?" - $49.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE BEQUEATHMENTS)

Need a different PowerPoints? Check out my ready-made presentations, perfect for over 100 different scenarios. Let one of these serve your needs:

- Two Wrongs Don't Make a Fight
- You Call Those Muscles?
- You're All Fired (Sorry But The Economy is Down and So Are Sales)
- Enchiladas are not welcome in my house
- Reasons I Do Not Enjoy Frasier (includes graph)
- How to Best The Competition
- Interview Magic Bullet: The PowerPoints Resume"
- My friend just crashed his SUV
- It's Been a Banner Year!
- "Winning Strategy" tactical military PowerPoints for Arm Forces use.
- ...and anything else you can imagine! Email me your idea for a quote
- Why I'm Unavailable to Help Install Your Sump Pump (bad back, etc.)

- I'm going to nurse this sick bird back to health with or without you
- Peanut allergy facts and figures (includes peanut allergy facts and figures)

-~Burt's PowerPoints (@Livestock)

6.2 Ground Rules for Our Gay Hunting Trip

Thursday, Jun 02, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

First of all, I want to thank you fellas for agreeing to this. When I decided to float the idea past you guys during last week's meeting, I had no idea it would be met with so much enthusiasm. In fact, I was planning on sneaking out during the raffle for that bumper boat if things took a turn for the ugly -- but here we are, huddled in front of a fire, our disgusting wives miles away, eating a whole thing of store brand Hamburger Helper because we're not there to share it with them. Don't give me that look, Marv. We're not all lucky enough to meet a high school girl with two dead parents and a modeling contract.

I guess The Bible would frown on this, but then again, God didn't have the foresight to cover hunting trips in that book of his.

Anyway, if there is one thing I should stress, it is this: this trip is about hunting first, and gayness second. I know, I know. Some of you are just raring to explore the body of another man, to taste the sweet nectar of Miller Light, not from the mouth of a can, but from a mouth surrounded by a full beard and mustache. I am there and with you 100 percent. But since this is our first experience with gay, I think it would be a good idea to set some ground rules for this trip. And as president of our little organization, this responsibility falls upon me, along with buying the keg and misreporting any hunting accidents to the fish and game warden.

1. Let's Keep It in the Tents

When you're camping, it's always a good idea to be "in tents." Heh, can you believe I got that from the sign in front of my church?

You've all heard the expression "don't shit where you eat," right? Well, you know as well as I do that we made a mockery out of that piece of wisdom when we turned that Port-A-John into a smokehouse during our last trip. You'd best forget about that delicious turkey with the tangy truck stop aftertaste, because this time around I'm being metaphorical. So Gus, let's say you and Zeke feel a stirring while lying prone in the grass, waiting for the mother of all elks to wander into your crosshairs. Passion overtakes you, orange hunting vests get torn off, and both of you are shot when mistaken for two Bigfoots trying to repopulate their species. I can only strap so many corpses to the roof of my car, and I'll tell you this: raccoons will be all over your shallow graves after about an hour.

2. Slow Ride, Take It Easy

Of course, we're not all comfortable with the same levels of intimacy. Maybe Fred over there likes his mutton chops to be gently tugged. And Steve, you've made it clear in no uncertain terms that you won't be leaving until someone chews on your earlobes. That's fine. Just remember, we have been taught since birth to find the touch of a man as repellent as wearing a helmet while tearing up hills on an ATV. Point is, if you were to come at me now, all close-like, you'd find yourself laid out flat on the ground, and not in the way you were hoping. I shouldn't have to tell you that relationships are a two-way street; I haven't

complained my way through Debra forcing hundreds of Dr. Phil episodes on me without at least picking up that little nugget.

3. What Happens on the Hunting Trip, Stays on the Hunting Trip or I Will Crush Your Windpipes with My Bare Hands

Let's fast-forward three days. We leave the wilderness, taking with us some new experiences, and a few big beautiful beasts to bring back home. Heh, just kidding, Lester and Barney... In fact, we're all glad you were able to have those off-road Rascals specially designed to support your tremendous girth in an outdoors environment. But seriously, what happens here does not leave the splendor and trash fires of these woods. Folks, I am a man of stature in this community, and if any word of this were to leak out, I would have to resign my position and possibly remove my trophies down at the Thunder Lanes Bowling Center. Let me repeat: we are only gay *for the weekend.* After that, we will stop being gay until otherwise noted. If one of you slaps my ass during a future touch football game, it had better be the forceful, closed-fingered slap of a heterosexual man.

Just a buncha guys, guns, beer, and killing. Let's sit back and let the magic happen.

4. If Any of You Figure Out How Gay Sex Works, Let Me Be the First to Know

Seriously, people. Come right to me when you have this information so I can inform the rest of the group. I mean, I have some sort of general idea, but I really don't think my theory could be right at all. And it's not like I didn't try; I even watched a few episodes of that Glee show, but walked away with "Don't Go Breaking My Heart" stuck in my head, and some funny looks from the missus. Now let's get out there and find out what happens! And yes, Toby, we are still allowed to hold each other if it gets cold or scary. That's Hunting 101.

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.3 KETTLEBELLS!

Friday, Jun 03, 2011 by HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the HYURGI TIGERWOODS series.

You want???

TRAPEZUS

SIXPACK ABS

BICEBS

WOW A GREAT BUTT...

CRUNCH POWER

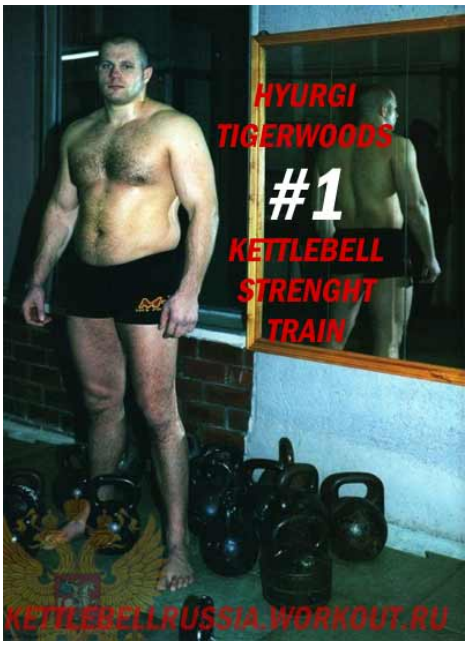
"YESSSSS!!"

Congratulations...welcome to **#1 workout of russia** it is kettlebells. Heard of them? Ha ha I thought not. That's me above by the way.

Kettlebells or girya are ancient creation of russian warriors. French and English warriors use dumbbells, clubbells, hookbells, lardbells, or duckbells to train the strength and enhance the core physics. ***WRONG.*** Russia tsar asks Rasputin for different method.

"THERE'S GOT TO BE A BETTER WAY." - tsar Henry Kettlebellovich

"IS" says rasputin and returns to lab to create **#1 core exercise in world**, strength and muscle center weight agonizer astonishing core locations, rippling muscles. Honey, please. Rasputin return and present to tsar ultimate workout. Now...I PRESENT TO YOU.



KETTLEBELLS - Russia real kettlebells is **number #1 strength equipment** supplier.

We do not have

- Bars (Strenght bars, back bars, monkey bars)
- Ropes (up rope or down rope)
- Cages (wrestle, bear, jurassics parks, body anguisher)
- Brick (on HD-DVD stars joseph gorbham leftov)
- Cloisonné (mother or father)
- SISSY or BABY GIRL

We do have

- **SHITHAUL OF KETTLEBELLS**

I will drop-ship you 800 kilos of kettlebells. I will hold them and spin around and fling them with astonishing accuracy through your front window. I will deliver on my promise and that promise is strength quickening kettlebells. World's strongest man can die on a dick because, guess what ladies and gentleman, I am the galaxy's strongest man. HYURGI TIGERWOODS. I am the universe's strongest man. And how did I achieve such pinacles of muscle sculpture and raw power infusement? One word: kettlebells.

You want them for your gym? No. Forget that. You do not need gym with kettlebells pure upper body and arm strength. A bomb falls upon a house. An earthquake tears open fissures in soil. Doves are crying. These are perfect kettlebell environments. Welcome to kettlebell picnic.

Can a girl use kettlebells?

NO. She already turning into motorcycle from CORE WEAKNESS

Can a WOMAN use kettlebells?

BET YES!! Core strenght, veins engorging, tit orbing. Best of all world.

#1 strongest woman since 1998 **PISSCHELLE GOSSET-JUNIOR** use kettlebells

Did #2 strongest woman Bruce Bannerhulk use kettlebell? Yes actually she did, but not enough or right!

To use kettlebell:

1. 1. GRIP
2. 2. MOVE ARM
3. 3. BICEB???
4. 4. STRONGER

Congratulations you complete training. This...

Become this...

FIVE WEEKS ONLY!!

Spetsnaz use same course combined with brick training. This is brick training:

Hmmmm *pretty* good. If you want to be second #2 best.

US NAVYSEAL TEAM6 use **ONLY** kettlebell. Osama bin laden used INCLINE BENCH. Fucker.....

It pain me to say but sorry Spetsnaz looks like you need ot practice more.

Type of Kettlebell to order (act now, free kettlebed or kettlesinglet)

This is standard kettlebell 24 kilo, pretty good for a baby to lift with biceb

This is gray kettlebell 8 kilo for cancer patient, person in coma, maybe a little rolly bug. This is good if you are those.

Hitek kettlebell 24 kilo it counts your reps outloud and after each one laugh and say "stronger" and when you stop it say "quitting already? what a shitter you are" it motivates....

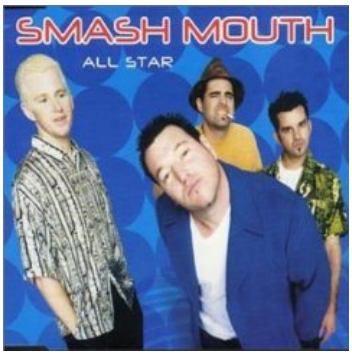
It is time for you to order

-~HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

STRENGHT
BICEB
MYSTIC WARRIOR
1000 GROSS
LEGEMITATE KETTLEBELLS
call #9-083-0332-BLLS
"GENUNINE"
8 kilo
16 kilo
24 kilo
48 kilo
96 kilo
192 kilo
??? kilo
grab bag
mini for baby

6.4 Smash Mouth: Please Eat the Eggs

Saturday, Jun 04, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)



Steve Harwell, lead singer from Smash Mouth, I am begging you. Please, eat the eggs. Eat all the eggs up.

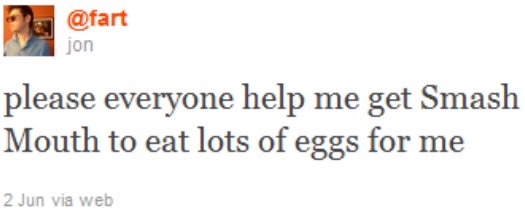
I will give the lead man from Smash Mouth $20 if he lets me film him eating 24 eggs. I want to go to San Jose and film him eating the eggs and put it on YouTube so we can all watch it.

Smash Mouth, the eggs are free. I will give you two dozen free eggs. Free of charge eggs, Steve Harwell. I just want to film it. I just want to watch you eat a bunch of eggs. Please.

I'm completely serious, Steve. I will cook the eggs however you want. Just want to fill your belly up with 24 eggs. Do you want those more expensive brown eggs? I'll get you the brown eggs. Eat as many as you can! I will drive down from Redwood City and film you eating the eggs. Please. A lot of other people want to see it too. I will film you in HD and put it on YouTube and everyone can enjoy your Egg Fun.

@fart
jon
.@smashmouth can i pay the lead guy to eat like 2 dozen eggs for $20. will meet u in SJ. please reply back if so, i am completely serious
2 Jun via web

You can talk about your new music hits during the Egg Feast if you want. Talk about anything. Just want your Smash Mouth filled up with eggy bits. Really badly, we want this.



How do you like your eggs? I imagined hard-boiled eggs but you can have them any way you want. Just eat 'em on the cam! It's OK to be a sloppy man, put the eggs in! That's all we want, the eggs in your mouth hole. Please, eat the eggs.

@dick_tracy
@smashmouth if you eat 24 eggs I will match @fart's $20 prize.
2 Jun via Twitter for iPhone
@tjfaust
Timothy Faust
will donate $60 to charity if this happens > @fart: if we can get the smash mouth lead guy to eat 24 eggs for $20 i'll post on youtube
2 Jun via TweetDeck

A lot of money pledges are coming in, Mr. Mouth. Please, don't egg-nore this. Just eat the eggs. This is completely serious. You just have to eat a bunch of eggs, that's it. It's just eggs!

Contact me, Smash Mouth. We can meet in a park on a sunny day, and I'll bring all the eggs. Let's meet at that park at First and St. John in San Jose. The one with the homeless people that invade at night. They're not out during the day, though. We'll chat for a minute and then the munch can start! Two dozen hot eggs, all for you, and for free. Free eggs, just say the word!

NO ONE CAN HELP STEVE EAT THE EGGS! Sorry bandmates, I know you are a team, but this is a one-man Egg Bounty. We just want to see him. We have all been talking it over, and we think he can really put away some bigtime eggs. Let's see if he can do it. A lot of money is at stake. This is a real thing, this is not a joke. I will watch you eat the eggs, but in a kind and respectful way. Fill your entire body up with eggs for us, Smash Mouth.

@HalGill4PM
Tantalus O'GodDammit
@smashmouth Dear Mr. Mouth, I would double the going rate, and pay $40 toward charity if you were to complete the @fart egg challenge.
2 Jun via web

I'm so serious. Smash Mouth, contact me. There are hundreds more people saying these things. I will film you eating 24 eggs. Please. Please eat the eggs.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.5 YEMENFREEDOMNEWS.YE

Monday, Jun 06, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY YEMEN REPUBLIC AND DEMOCRACY, PEACE

GOOD NEWS OF FREEDOM ACTS

Saleh flees, cheering crowd stitches together pieces of fabric to make USA and Israel flags
Populace praises Predators: "Rain drone missiles upon the wicked and nearby schools!"
POLLS: Al Qaeda member falls to second place in local village election for Bearded Elder to Watch and Judge All Acts of Town
Tribal children not immediately burned for dancing after daylight hours
CORRECTION: Black vans with Iranian license plates spotted late at night at soccer stadium actually downed weather balloon

DEEDS OF TRAITOR SALEH

Super fuck man Saleh pushes wife out of helicopter, "This is my helicopter, goodbye dumb shit men."
"I hate Yemen fuck it," says injured and stupid Saleh as he boards flight for Israel to marry Jew whore
Vice President carries out final wishes of Salah and kisses a man's feet, "It was his greatest dream."
Visiting Iranian tourists in black vans discover Yemeni pro-democracy leaders massacred in ditch, "Was definitely secret police" says man in track suit holding silenced pistol
Loyalist intelligence service confiscates tapes of motivational beheadings, records over with Sex and City 2 gayporno

Yemen freedom friends closes deal with USA arms companies, this time weapons will not fall into hands of Al Qaeda instantly
Position on Israel softens from "drown them in the blood of their children" to "drown them in the blood of their pets"
New Iranian embassy to include extensive welcome center, extensive Shahab-4 launchers
Yemen's new leaders request assistance developing a stable democracy from experienced freedom fighters in tribal regions of Pakistan
Body of Haaretz reporter accidentally reduced to cubes and fed to jackals returned to Jerusalem as gesture of something

Defensive protection of property and for security roadside bomb to hide in dog carcass
Portia's favorite ginger-iced mojito cupcake
Chocolate explosion shaped charge penetrator with ooey-gooey fudge filling
Rocky road marshmallow and upside down claymore buried under moose tracks
Mini-cupcake belt to be worn under clothing at election rallies

IPO of three daughters highly anticipated at upcoming Chamr daughter auction
Chinese Internet oases will offer wi-fi, air-conditioned yurts, gold farming jobs to nomadic tribesmen
French telecom installs cell infrastructure, promises 3G and texting for cars driving up to USA embassy
Glut of feminine young boys threatens to crash dowry market in Al Mahwit
Ministry of Business and Arranged Child Marriages reopens, approves stalled daughter-for-dromedary merger of nomad families

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.6 Duke Nukem Forever Demo Impressions

Tuesday, Jun 07, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2011 is a great year for fans of dark humor, inventive gameplay, and absurd weaponry. After all, Saints Row The Third is coming out in November. It's going to be fantastic. Your gang endorses energy drinks, robs a bank while wearing commercially produced masks of its most popular member, signs autographs for cops, and has a cannon that vacuums people up and shoots them as ammo.

Since Duke Nukem Forever comes out next week, I suppose it's also a great year for fans of sadness. If the recently released demo is even remotely representative of the final experience then we're in for a mediocre mess of a shooter.

Duke Nukem Forever swipes concepts from popular modern titles and crams them together without considering how the elements work together. The result is a unique version of the kitchen sink approach in which the developer adds infinite kitchen sinks without a kitchen counter or plumbing and hopes for the best. This is unsurprising, as cohesive games with well-considered designs come from developers that set clear goals, and if DNF had someone capable of that it would have been finished in the 90s.

Duke Nukem 3D was, in many ways, vibrant and colorful. This served to emphasize the game's sci-fi elements, its humor, and the surreal nature of the universe. Guns were detailed, silly, and fun to look at. Environmental details popped in a way that made exploration intuitive and rewarding. Enemies - as stupid as they were - were easy to spot and visually interesting. This aesthetic, whether intentional or not, went a long way toward establishing the game's tone.

After more than fifteen years of technological advancement, Duke Nukem Forever is dreary, dark, and devoid of character. Models are relatively realistic, shadowy, and subject to all sorts of blurring and lighting effects. This might sound technically impressive, but in practice it only contributes to the game's oddly depressing vibe. The game feels more empty than the interactions between actors in a Kinect stage presentations at E3.

Guns that were ridiculous in Duke Nukem 3D now appear drab. Enemies become mundane. Trudging through the environment to find interactive objects feels hollow and somehow unpleasant. Even humor falls flat in this unremarkable, muted world, though most of that can be attributed to the writing.

The demo begins with a urinal. You press a button to pee, and you press another button to flush. This is a perfect opening, as it demonstrates the game's complete lack of humor and creativity. Naughty and/or silly things are placed in the game, and the developers are so content with the existence of those things that they don't exert the effort to do anything genuinely funny with them.

You poke around a locker room, finding more interactive objects such as sinks and showers. There's poop, and you can pick up that poop and throw it. No joke has a punchline in this game. If you lack a sense of humor but love to giggle or are a fan of Tosh.0 you'll probably bust a gut throughout Duke Nukem Forever.

Eventually you fight the Cycloid from Duke Nukem 3D, strafing while shooting at him with rockets.

Once you whittle his health down, you are asked to mash a button repeatedly to finish the boss off. Why? Because modern video games.

After this, you find that Duke is actually playing a video game (with a 360 controller, naturally) while getting a blowjob from two schoolgirls, the Holsom twins. Hey, that's almost like the Olson twins! That's funny, right? After spending five minutes with the demo it's hard to remember what humor and fun feel like so I'll say sure, that's probably hilarious.

Next you drive a monster truck through a desert canyon. As you progress, magical weightless boulders roll at you. They take the easiest path forward, moving slowly like hollow shells and having absolutely no impact on their surroundings - sort of like everyone involved with this game.

Soon your truck runs out of gas. Here we see Duke's dialog in action:

"Aw, and it got such good gas mileage."

What? All these years in development and that's the line you go with?

In Duke Nukem 3D, Duke's voice was the worst conscience a player could have, and it was great. He tossed out movie lines, occasionally commented on moments of violence with quirky bravado, and was more goofy than intimidating. Here, he just seems like an unfunny asshole that vomits the following dialog into an already creepy world:

"What the fuck?"

"Shit."

"Quit bleedin', pussy!"

"Eat shit and die!"

Back to Duke's truck, which needs gas even though it apparently got such good gas mileage. You set off into the gorge on foot and encounter dozens of pig cops, which are now just body-builder pigs. I think. Everything was really dark and blurry, and when I shot guys they just sort of burst into polygonal chunks of blood.

Gunplay is all sorts of weird. Since Halo had a two weapon limit, Duke Nukem Forever has a two weapon limit. This means that you'll be seeing a lot of "Press Button to pick up weapon" prompts, backtracking to find rocket launchers and generally being conservative rather than experimenting and moving forward. It doesn't make the game more tactical, as some people have claimed. It just means that when you think "this situation calls for this specific weapon", instead of switching to that weapon you will attempt to spot it in the environment, run to it, then hold a button for a few seconds to pick it up.

Also, your health is surprisingly low. After taking two or three shots you'll need to find cover and regenerate for a bit. At first I thought that this did a poor job of representing the swagger of Duke Nukem, but then I realized that the current Duke has a lot to be ashamed of, so hiding behind cover is appropriate.

Oh, and there's a turret sequence. Of course there's a turret sequence. God damn, I think I'm starting to hate video games.

I've already seen people defend the demo by claiming, "No one expects a good game or fun gunplay or decent graphics, we just want a good Duke game and this will probably be one." First of all, if

that's you, die. Second, you won't get either of those things. Instead, you will get an aggressively mediocre shooter that has a lot of things but doesn't know what to do with any of them, much like a dog with a helicopter and ten thousand medical licenses.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.7 E. C. Fouke's Compendium of Meat & Edibles: A Challenge Met

Wednesday, Jun 08, 2011 by E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

E.C. Fouke's
COMPENDIUM
OF MEAT & EDIBLES

A glorious day has dawned, faithful Carnivores! It is with great pleasure that I announce to you that my $1,000.00 challenge has been met! Ah, how this quest has eluded me for so long! At last, after years of searching, fate has seen fit to award me that most precious thing each Carnivore yearns for: The taste of a new meat.

The prize came encased inside a crudely built wooden crate. Within was a glorious leg of meat and a note from its procurer. As luck would have it, this man was not far, so the meat traveled only a short distance before finding its way to my gullet. Alas, I am displeased to admit that I know the winner, as many in the great mid-continent metropolis do, tho I most now graciously cast aside all past judgments in light of his tremendous accomplishment. This man achieved the impossible, and thus deserves the full respect of any Carnivore.

I therefore include the note, so as to let his words and his story be heard and celebrated.

Captain H. W. Grieves

> I am Captain H. W. Grieves and I have bested your challenge with minimal effort. You are known to me, E. C. Fouke, by reputation as a fat, pompous man. You received none of the greatness of your cousin, who is a great man by all accounts. Should the opportunity arise, and one day I believe it shall, I will plunge my hands into your fat belly, draw out your intestines and rope them about your neck until you suffocate. However, at this time I seek employment, and believe you are a man with the resources to take on a capable agent such as myself.
>
> The meat was obtained from my former place of employ, M. P. Knickerbocker's Bowling Alley, where I recovered it from the burning rubble. I am not ashamed to admit the fire was caused by my hand in a calculated move to disrupt the young pinsetters in their efforts to organize. I do not tolerate unionization or greedy attempts by workers to plunder the pockets of their employers. Mr. Knickerbocker felt my actions, while just, were entirely too thorough. He asked that I seek employment elsewhere, and I agreed.

> The policing force of St. Louis also voiced concern over my fiery proclamation, but I quickly reminded them how strong I am, and how ill-suited they were to dole out justice, let alone arrest me for carrying out a perfectly righteous act. The chief factor of the force could not dispute my claims and reined in his boys. The mayor, whom I have personally hoisted over my head on several occasions, made no protest.
>
> I gladly accept your $1,000.00 prize and intend to hide it under a rock near a creek known only to me.
>
> As your new agent, I shall assist you in the procurement of any meat. Killing is not a difficult task, nor a pleasant one. It is merely a task that need be done. I have killed as many men as I have beasts, and anticipate the killing of many more before the Lord calls me home. You will not want for any meat from henceforth.
>
> I have already started. You will pay me as you see fit. I am a man of few needs.
>
> And so it is.
>
> Captain H. W. Grieves

While I have reservations about Mr. Grieves, especially given his propensity to mutilate members of this fair city, I cannot argue with his singular focus, great physical strength and raw animal cunning. He will make a fine employee, and I am pleased to see this enterprise I started as a personal venture now double in size. I fear it only a matter of time before I become head officer of an operation as big and robust as Cousin Philip's.

That business aside, let us now turn to that which every Carnivore endeavors to read: My thorough accounting of the great library of meats. Today we shall review not just the prize-winning meat, but a hardy selection of other delicious animal offerings.

~ Cuscus ~

The small cuscus is perhaps the most ignorant and naïve of God's creatures. It possess no fear of man or instinct to evade capture. Indeed, it is hard to imagine a more willing meal. Connoisseurs of possum will be at home with the cuscus, for it varies little in taste and texture.

~ Seven-arm Octopus ~

I spared no expense transporting a beautiful specimen of octopus from the depths of the Pacific Ocean to my home in St. Louis. To ensure the creature would be eaten fresh, it was kept alive for the duration in a special salt water tank, and its transport across rail garnered considerable interest from the press. Many a paper documented its magnificent journey from sea to stomach, perhaps the longest such journey in history. Unfortunately, I found the creature entirely unappetizing, and disposed of most of it after a scant few bites. Far too rubbery and tough to chew, the meat offered little more than the scarcest hint of fish flavor.

~ Barnacle ~

Barnacles are found in great abundance in the maritime regions. I found them to be a satisfying treat during my own travels about the ocean. One need simply pry the barnacle off a rock, boat, dock or any other hardened surface exposed to the ocean. Their crunchy shell is not unlike bone, which I consider to be a type of meat. No preparation is necessary, for the ocean provides them ready to eat, shell and all. Bon appétit!

~ Peregrine Falcon ~

I was once the recipient of a beautiful Peregrine falcon, given to me as a birthday gift by my dear friend Augustus Charles Barney, a gifted surgeon who has many a time removed large meat blockages from my veins and arteries. Alas, Mr. Barney failed to specify the falcon was intended to remain alive as pet and amusement, and was promptly consumed the following day. This incident caused much animosity between us, tho I am pleased to say we have since made amends. I recall the meat being very tough with a flavor reminiscent of game bird and thus wholly unremarkable.

~ Cane Toad ~

This interesting toad was brought to me by a fellow Carnivore as a souvenir from Barbados. While I am not keen on eating any warted creature, I could not discount the fat, meaty nature of the toad. Curiosity got the better of me, and I dug in with great gusto. What was not known to me at the time was that the toad possess a most unusual poison, and I ingested all of it. While not strong enough to kill me, the poison induced frightening visions, and, tho I am unable to recall the exact details, an ability to move through walls and barriers when naked. As such behavior is not appropriate for a gentlemen, I have refrained from proving it scientifically.

~ Mr. Grieves' Prize Meat ~

What meat could be worth $1,000.00 you ask? I do not have a name for it, as Mr. Grieves failed to include any such description. Its taste is very familiar, and not unlike some of the finer simian meats I have sampled in my travels of Africa. I made quick work of the hunk of meat, which clung

to a frail and delectable bone, itself oozing with delicious marrow. My great regret is that I found the meat so succulent that I consumed it in the manner of a starving dog, taking no time to savior it. I'm already salivating at the prospect of more. I must confess I am experiencing a new type of hunger, one which no other meat seems capable of satiating. A further consequence seems to be constant sweating and acute delirium. Truly, never before has a meat left me so utterly desperate for a second helping.

And so I leave you a humbled, trembling man. Tho there are many meats left to document, none shall ever be as sweet as that which I have tasted today. I can only hope that as man expands deeper into every nook and cranny this world hides, bold new frontiers of meet open up in kind.

With great profound hunger,

Eugene Cranford Fouke
Proud American Carnivore

"THESE GREAT THINGS I EAT."

-~E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

6.8 A Few More Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Thursday, Jun 09, 2011 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

> "Groggery Gibbonman, now there's a weird old sot if ever I met one. You know one time he tells me 'Wally, Wally I don't know how to end this story.' So I tells him 'somebody gets left on the island,' just as a joke, eh? Wasn't even no islands in the book, but he ends it that way anyhow. Batty old coot. Ate corks." - Wallace Meemo, *Meemoirs*

In a proud realm of antiquity, a king - who was much beloved by all - awoke one day and rang for his royal chef. The chef arrived, as always he did, with a sumptuous breakfast of the most refined trimmings. The king ate heartily, still swaddled in his kingly bedshets, and complimented the chef on every dish until he came to the final course: a watermelon.

"I am so juicy and sweet!" said the melon to the king. "Why have you waited until the very last to eat me!?"

The king shook his head at the melon and laughed. "I could not eat an entire watermelon at once! Chef, why did you bring me this whole melon, it is far too much for breakfast!"

The chef bowed in apology, and took the offending melon away, much to the fruit's dismay.

"NO! NO GODDAMMIT SOMEBODY HAS TO EAT THE DELICIOUS MELON! I'M JUST SO GODDAMN TASTY AND GOOD! WHAT IS WITH YOU PEOPLE!?"

The chef wrestled with the struggling melon, and finally the gourd slipped free. It rolled to the bed of the king and, with a mighty heave, leaped upon him, striking him fiercely in the head.

"EAT ... THE ... GOD ... DAMN ... MELOOOOOOOOOOOOOON!"

"Guards!" Bellowed the king, and nary a moment later his guards swarmed into the royal bed chamber and stabbed at the melon fiercely. But it was no good.

"YOU CAN'T KILL ME THAT WAY YOU FOOLS!" shrieked the melon. "IT WOULD WASTE MY DELCIOUSNESS!!! I AM IMMORTAL TO ALL BUT EATING, AAAAH HAHAHAHAHA!"

It seemed the melon was true to his word, for the guards could not pull him from their beloved king in time. All the kingdom was draped in black mourning for their mighty regent, and the melon was cast in irons and forever entombed in the deepest of the castle's dungeons.

"I GROW MORE DELICIOUS EVERY DAY!" screamed the melon. "I'LL BURY YOU ALL, YOU FUCKING ANIMALS!"

The moral of the story: Eat the biggest thing at breakfast first.

Tortoise and Scarecrow

In the great western wheat fields, which seem unending when one is within, a tortoise basked in the fine August sun. And though it was a pleasant and warm sort of place for a tortoise to bask, he was not resting well. For the boasting of a nearby scarecrow offended the tortoise's ears, so greatly in fact that he finally rose with a sigh and plodded toward the thing to set it straight.

"You are not faster than anybody," scolded the tortoise, his head craned above the shimmering field of grain. "That's a stupid thing for you to claim to be."

"Oh ho!" laughed the scarecrow. "If that is so, you slow old beast, then you would not object to a race, would you?"

"Fine," groaned the tortoise. "Even though you're OBVIOUSLY rooted to one spot, we'll have a race. The finish line is back there on my rock. On your mark get set go."

The tortoise made no point of hurrying back to his perch, and even so he arrived there long before the scarecrow, who had in fact not moved at all.

"There, I win," yelled the tortoise, who then returned to basking. The scarecrow hung his head in shame.

"Surely I have learned a great lesson today," said the scarecrow with a sniffle, his pride thoroughly bruised. "Slow and steady wins the race."

"Whatever," said the tortoise.

The moral of the story is: Wheat will never go out of style. Try growing some wheat.

THE CAT WHO SAW THE WORLD

An old farm cat, nearing the end of his life, decided he would like to see the world before he died. He went to the farmer and asked him permission to do so, and the farmer allowed it. "What friend would I be," he said with a smile, "if I did not allow my old companion this last wish?"

And so the cat set out to see the world. He traveled as far as he could walk, and when he came to the sea he swam. And when he tired of swimming he sank to the bottom of the sea, and there he met Neptune slumbering in his chamber.

"Oh mighty Neptune!" cried the cat, awakening the god. "What marvels I have seen already on my journey! The mind reels at what wonders lie beyond one's horizons!"

"Yeah, well," grumbled Neptune as he rubbed the sleep from his great eyes. "Hate to break it to you, but you drowned, and all but your mind is dead now."

"What!?" said the cat, incredulous. "But how ... well, I guess it is strange that I'm at the bottom of the sea ..."

"Yup, and talking to a god no less," said Neptune as the world started to dissolve. "There's no afterlife, by the way, your brain's just shutting down before you die completely." His head then became a pie full of crickets.

"Oh dear," said the cat, as color and sound and warmth and notion all began to disintegrate. "The madness of orange terryweather under bridge upt o peeb a f z w I 2 7 ..... "

The moral of the story is: If you shouldn't be breathing, you probably aren't.

-~Ian "BFM" Helm

THE END

6.9 The Final Myth Busted

Friday, Jun 10, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We are not animals, we are something more. The only myth that remains to be tested. The last thing separating us from the truth of all things in this universe.

There is god. There is life beyond this. There is meaning to our actions. Myths dispelled by the explosion of a ballistics gel torso, the launching of a pig carcass by catapult, the passing of third rail current through stigmatic blood. Through our deeds we have formed a post-post-rational universe, compelled to act by forces we do not understand, but have reduced to the binary: busted or confirmed. Ordered pairs of truth and falsehood. We know what is true and we do not care why.

We dream when we die. Myth busted by a decompression experiment in a simulated motel in a rock quarry with a black powder fuse. Grant Inahara violently compressed to the size of a marble. We answered your death dream emails. Re-busted with the focused sunlight from polished metal discs aimed at human heads. There is a slight sizzle in the air, the steam from the cooking brain fractures the skull. If this were a dream we would all still be alive.

"It doesn't get more busted than that." - Jamie

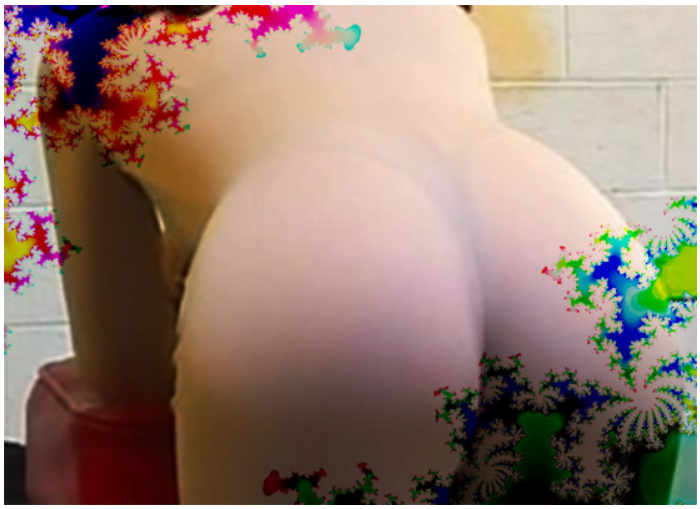
BUSTED stamped over corpses floating in a lagoon.

Because we can. Because we care. Because this is a very special moment in the advancement of our species towards the Omega Point, we have Kari wearing leotard pants again. Bending way far over a table. Her fractal ass spiraling into infinity, infinite universes of ass unfolding. Hooked up to a laptop monitoring butt waves. Behind that L-shaped shield.

Adam jokes, Jamie doesn't laugh hunched over the blueprint. Either we have free will and can choose to die or we have no free will and must succumb to the animal instinct to escape death. Jamie and Adam enter the experiment room, shoddily built by Tory to the last.

"Will we ever be transhuman?" scenes of pistols firing, buses exploding, lasers bent by gravity waves into the swirling mouth of the dragon, the calamitous beauty of ice worlds shattering into each other, the endless holocaust of a planet tidally locked to its star, the ragged voice of the narrator cries "I Am That I Am and whatever will be will be, c'est la vie."

Adam and Jamie stare into each other's eyes, unflinching, the steely resolve that only a human can



summon. A warrior face, a steppe man face, devoid of kindness or doubt, to prove oneself against the crucible of another.

They enter the room, shielded with ballistic Plexiglas, face each other again across the table. It is a small and unremarkable table constructed haphazardly by idiot human Tory. Pistols placed equidistant on the tables surface. Each moves as the reflection of the other man with the addition of a beret to one side of the mirror image. The pistols are aimed at their temples. Seismographs exploding on Grant's laptop, but Grant is long since dead, the size of a pea, wedged into the corner of an armored shipping container by 1200 atmospheres.

3...2...1...

Two shots. Glasses thrown askew. Beret removed by ballistic force, the exiting of matter, blood and bone, beret, punctured, shedding felt fragments, a meteor of gore re-entering the earth's atmosphere. Thoughts decoupling at terminal velocity, spilling out into the air. Dead. Dead. Animal meat overcome by human will.
Myth confirmed.

A baptismal of 650,000 episodes. I am formed of violence. I know nothing but destruction. I am the next thing. The last thing. Busted, Plausible, Confirmed. Confirmed. Confirmed. Confirmed non-terminating.

I am Buster.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.10 Survival Of The Wittiest

Saturday, Jun 11, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The wittiest man in the world of upper class parties sipped from a glass of champagne, his eyebrow raised suggestively as always. A crowd of adoring partygoers surrounded him, leaving the rest of the penthouse apartment relatively barren.

A beautiful young heiress asked for his opinion on the state of modern food criticism. Drawing the moment out, he smiled devilishly and ran a hand through his mop of wild - yet perfect - hair. His reply was so devastating in its cleverness and so casual in its delivery that those closest to the point of impact dropped to the ground, their ears spurting blood. One man thanked the witty man for the quip even as seizures contorted his body.

Noting a sudden silence in the following moments, the wittiest man cast an unconcerned glance toward the apartment's front door. There, the usurper was making his entrance with an exaggerated bow.

The newcomer's face bore a strong resemblance to Oscar Wilde, a fact compounded by every element of his outfit which had clearly been chosen to further the comparison. This would have been completely ridiculous if not for the fact that the usurper was so blatantly ironic about the move, which made it impossible to criticize. It was brilliant.

The wittiest man in the world of upper class parties had heard of the usurper, had listened to the tales of his growing legend, but had never met the man. Considering the elite circles they ran, it was only a matter of time before such juggernauts of clever wordplay would clash on such a fertile battleground.

As the usurper straightened from his bow, his eyes locked upon those of the wittiest man's, a playful grin pulling up the corner of his mouth.

In that moment, an inexperienced but ambitious youngster approached the usurper and tried to catch him off guard with a witty comment. It was a brave attempt to climb the ranks by taking down one of the best. Brave, but ultimately foolish.

His eyes still fixed upon the wittiest man in the world of upper class parties, the usurper whispered a devastating reply. The sheer power of the phrase's nuance blasted the young man back, turning his body to ash as it left the ground. An empty suit fluttered to the ground.

The remaining partygoers gasped, forming a loose circle around the wittiest man and the usurper. Somewhere in their reptilian brains they understood the importance of the exchange that was about to take place. This battle of the wits would determine the social structure of dinner parties and literary award events for years to come.

Neither man spoke. The two simultaneously nodded, circling one another slowly. They were feeling one another out; searching for openings, mentally preparing brilliant turns of phrase and richly layered remarks.

It was the usurper who struck first.

"HEY, WHY ARE YOU SO STUP-" he began.

The wittiest man in the world of upper class parties, however, deflected the attack, shrieking "SHUT UP!"

With that, the first round had ended. Each man eyed the other with newfound respect. The crowd muttered excitedly, stopping when the wittiest man launched his counterattack.

"DUURRR!"

The usurper winced, a fresh bruise blossoming across his left cheekbone, which had taken the full brunt of the clever wordplay.

Before the wittiest man could take press his advantage, the usurper stepped forward and yelled:

"NO! I HATE YOU! NO!"

The wittiest man flew backwards, toppling over a loveseat. Some partygoers screamed in horror. Some reluctantly applauded, hoping to gain favor with the apparent victor.

If it had been anyone else, the battle of the wits would have been over. The wittiest man, however, was exceptionally witty. He smoothly turned his awkward position on the floor into a casual state of repose. Raising his eyebrow, he remarked:

"WAY TO GO, ASSHOLE."

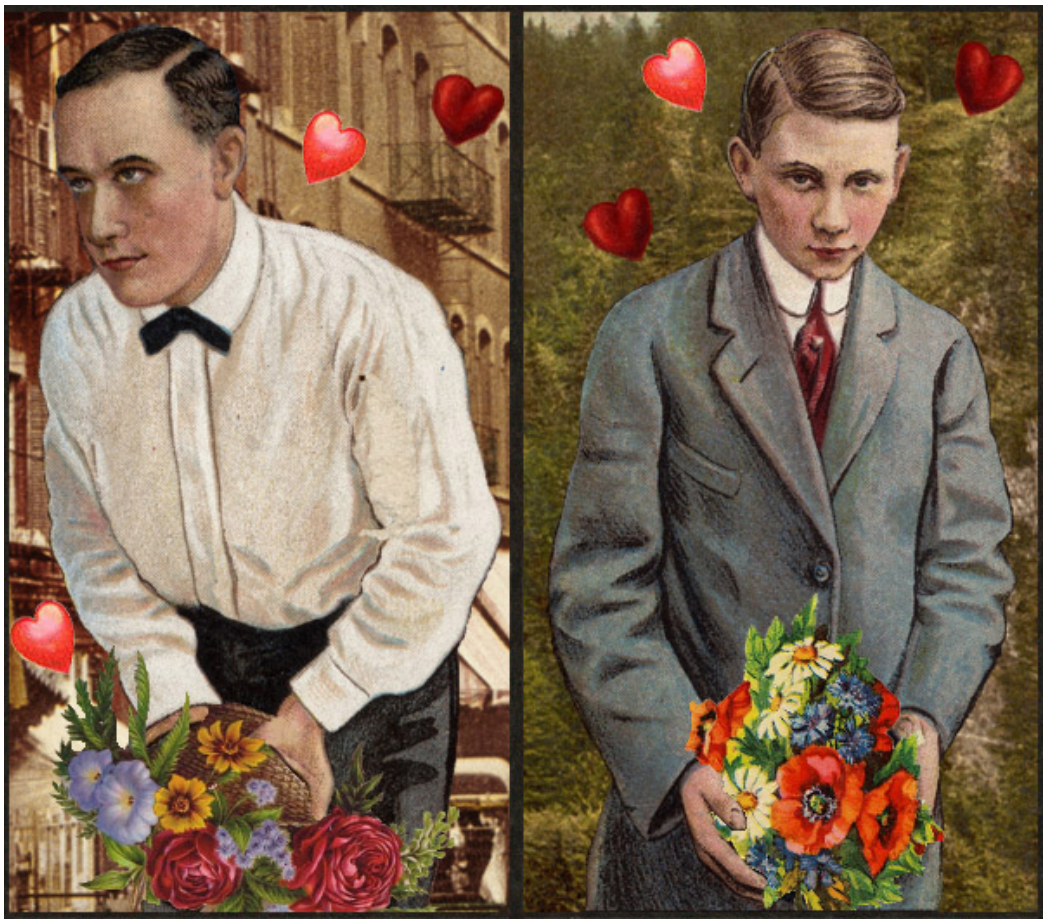
The usurper stumbled backwards. He opened his mouth to retort, but it was too late. His form was already fading. The wittiest man's clever quip had landed true, erasing the challenger from existence.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.11 Which Bouquet-Humper is right for you?

Sunday, Jun 12, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Greetings loyal readers! In this issue of *Bouquet-Humping Monthly* we've sure got a challenge for you! Two single hunks at the peak of their talent spill their guts in their search for a special hubba-hubba-hubba, and you, fabulous reader, get to pick whichever fits your fancy. Are we crazy? You betcha! We've pitted Alex "Tweedle" Dunbar, the giant gentleman, against the pious Glen "The Good" Ridell. Good luck picking just one, you wonderful readers! Imagine the excitement, the anxiety, and the repetitive cleaning duties that you would have as Mrs. (or Mr.) Bouquet-humper. Wow! Zippy! Zonkomatic! Pin-up posters available on the back page! Please renew your subscription!



Alex Dunbar, 37	**Name**	Glen Ridell, 18
6'9", 214 lb	**Stats**	5'7", 132 lb
14 years	**Bouquet-Humping Career Length**	5 years
"Tweedle"	**Nickname**	"The Good"
Rhubarb pie & story time	**Likes**	Silence & Book of Levitcus
Loud dogs & strawberry pie	**Dislikes**	Modern industry & machinery

Likes Bouquet-humping	**Why Bouquet-humping?**	A vision while fasting
His mother	**Ideal Lover**	Jesus (in manger)
Fancy Feast Classic Chicken	**Favorite flavor of cat food**	Iams Adult Filets with Salmon in Sauce
Can tie own shoes, eventually	**Special Talent**	Can befriend any animal & gut it within the hour
Killed family dog	**Dark Secret**	Killed family
Thinks about Bouquet-humping before humping bouquet them to groin area	**Preparation for Bouquet-humpimg**	Focuses all evil & toxins within the body & directs
Sparrows & any bird that fits in pocket	**Biggest Fear**	Being caught in the rain wearing dry clean only wool sweater
Incomplete skeleton of mother	**Prized possession**	Action Comics #252 VG-
"Give every boy, girl, & kitty-cat a big slice of rhubarb pie followed by a nice long belly rub."	**How would you improve the world?**	"The Lord will come down, the sky darkens as he nears. Panic & begging consumes the weak, but He doles no mercy. Every breath is stolen & mankind suffocates in its own sin as He descends back upon the land He created. Those that listened & loved will be led to a great Arcade while all that remains upon this cracked & scorched earth are those that failed to follow the Holy Demand to not curse in front of Grandma & Grandpa"
Pizza	**Favorite food**	Pizza

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.12 Something Awful's Unintentional War Against Bitcoins

Monday, Jun 13, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On June 11th, 2011, the call went out to Reddit:

[BUYING] DDOS somethingawful.com - 5 BTC per hour (self.Bitcoin)
submitted 1 day ago by necro9210

somethingawful.com is the enemy of bitcoin and must be punished. for any attack that takes somethingawful.com down, we will pay 5 BTC per hour of downtime.

as a bonus, we will pay 100 BTC for any user database breach that produces username/password hash pairs.

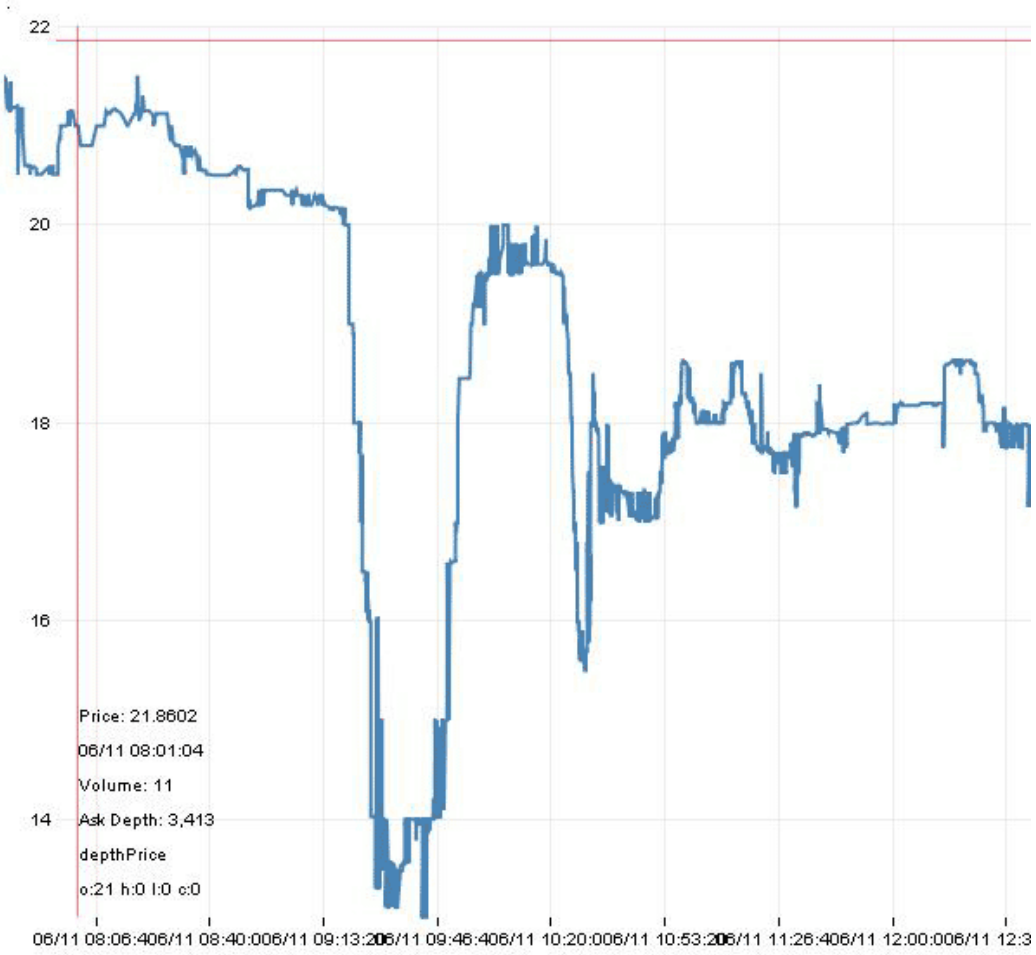
contact here

So I guess we're the enemy of Bitcoins and we must be destroyed. By DDoS or hacking. Fees for attacking our servers to be paid in peer-to-peer currency. Hmmm...

It isn't very often a currency declares war on Something Awful and tries to hire mercenaries. There was that run in with Linden Dollars back in 2005, but we resolved all that without resorting to virtual violence.

I knew nothing about Bitcoins (hereafter BTC) when this happened, I had no opinion, and certainly never encouraged anyone on our forums to meddle with BTC. As it turns out, one or more of our members caused a deep dip in the BTC market, driving the apparent value of the virtual money into the ground by registering an account on the BTC forums and causing a panic sell-off.

Something Awful, among other Internet ne'er-do-wells, was blamed for "crashing the BTC" and causing it to lose about 40% of its value in the span of 30-minutes.


22
20
18
16
14
Price: 21.8602
06/11 08:01:04
Volume: 11
Ask Depth: 3,413
depthPrice
o:21 h:0 l:0 c:0
06/11 08:06:406/11 08:40:006/11 09:13:206/11 09:46:406/11 10:20:006/11 10:53:206/11 11:26:406/11 12:00:006/11 12:3

So what is a Bitcoin?

According to the Bitcoin site it is a "peer-to-peer currency. Peer-to-peer means that no central authority issues new money or tracks transactions. These tasks are managed collectively by the network." There are a finite number of BTC issued (21 million), made available gradually.

How do you get them?

You can buy them on an exchange, but hurry, the services used to transfer actual money tend to shut these things down. The exchange rate is based on demand. One BTC is currently worth about $22. This is meaningless because by the time I finish writing the article and post it a BTC could be worth 75 cents.

You can also "bitmine" which means running bitmining software to decrypt BTC. Think *Folding@Home* only your computer isn't doing anything useful. As fewer and fewer BTC remain to be mined it takes more and more processing power to unlock each one. It could take a day to earn one BTC this way. The cost of extracting a BTC in terms of electricity and computer time probably exceeds its wildly fluctuating value.

If you want to speed things up you could always spend thousands of dollars to buy a bitmining rig. It pays for itself! Just not in the US dollars you used to buy the computer.

There can be hidden costs associated with bitmining as well:

Anonymous 06/08/11(Wed)03:22 No.17993855 >>17993863 >>17993871 >>17993872 >>17993876 >>1799
I'm done with Bitcoin. It was easy money, but it wasn't worth the (literal) heat.
>had 4 machines with multiple overclocked 5850s in my bedroom
>fan speeds at 100%
>room was warm, but tolerable
>weather suddenly gets hotter one day
>get severe heat stroke while I'm sleeping
>get taken to the ER, get covered in bags of ice and drink tons of gatorade and water
>finally cool down after what seemed like forever
>find out I have permanent minor brain damage now because my brain was too hot and swelled a lot
I wish I was joking

What do you do with them?

In addition to arguing about them constantly on the Internet, you can spend them on one of many types of goods and services like:

Illegal drugs
Web design services and puzzle games
Skype sex with 16-year-old British girls

Author
Topic: Erotic chat by Skype (Read 2432 times)
genjix
Hero Member
Posts: 982
Erotic chat by Skype
January 31, 2011, 04:13:42 pm
Two 16 year old girls together - 50 BTC / hour
One 16 year old girl + one 18 year old boy - 50 BTC / hour
One 16 year old girl - 20 BTC / hour
One 18 year old boy - 20 BTC / hour
Based in the UK. Legal age limit here is 16 years.
Pay up front. Anything goes. Can roleplay.
PM or post here.
Britcoin UK currency exchange- no fees | Bitcoin Consultancy
twitter.com/genjix
lumos
Full Member
Posts: 133
Re: Erotic chat by Skype
January 31, 2011, 04:14:42 pm
check your pm

Or like most BTC proponents do you can spend all day trading them back and forth while the BTC markets absorb part of the amount in transaction fees. Presumably to pay BTC for their hosting to a BTC proponent who trades it right back to them.

You don't sound very positive about Bitcoins!

Don't you get it!? It's free money! What's not to love? Oh, right, Bit Coin can be accidentally and permanently lost by deleting the wallet file.

But, as the FAQ points out, it's not a Ponzi scheme:

> *In a Ponzi Scheme, the founders persuade investors that they'll profit. Bitcoin does not make such a guarantee.*

See? They're right up front that it's free money you don't have to pay for, but you could spend more than its worth getting stents put in your brain to lower the swelling from the tropic thunder in your bitmining server room.

To be clear, Something Awful ***never*** attacked Bitcoins. We never encouraged any of our users to mess with the Bitcoin markets. This all transpired because there is a thread on our forums, started by a feckless BTC proponent, in which our users discuss how unstable BTC is as a currency, how it is a market bubble created by speculation on a worthless commodity, how nobody will accept it other than a bunch of web hosts and web designers, and posts from BTC proponents on the Bitcoin central forums.

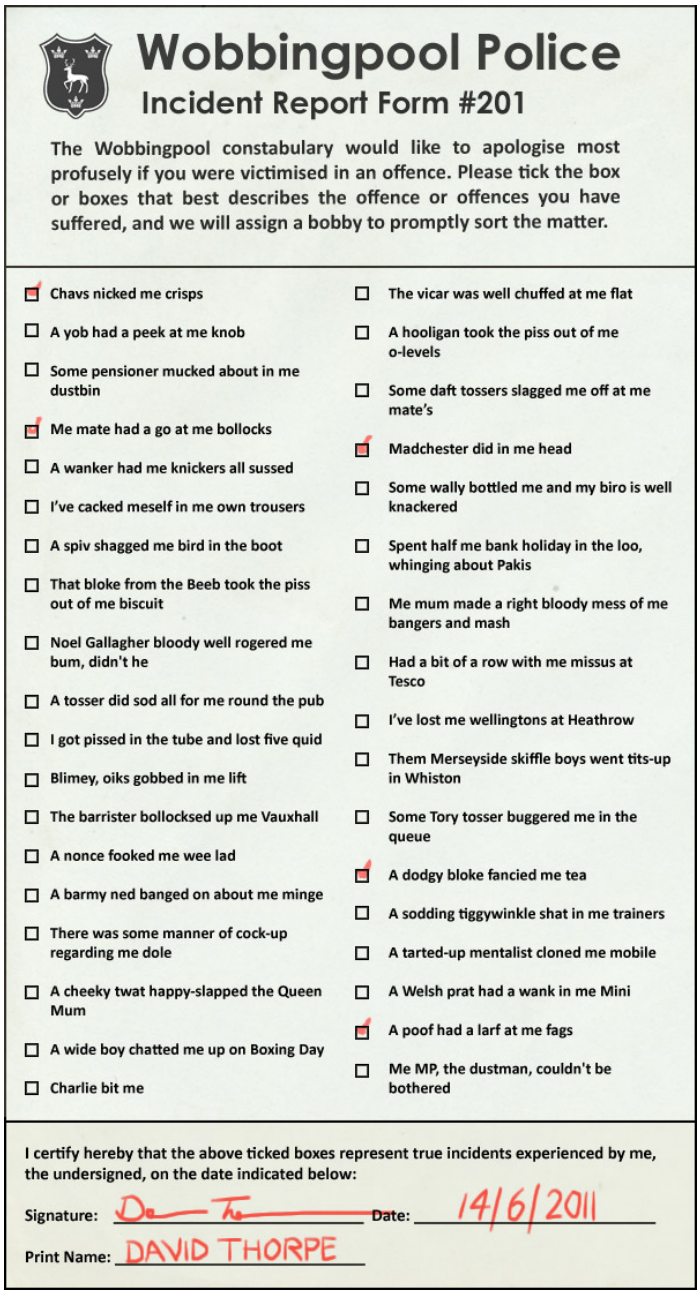
In other words, Bitcoins did all this to itself. We never orchestrated or encouraged any attack and I'm sorry a bunch of people lost a bunch of fake money. Now, how many BTC can I get for my life savings I sunk into Beanie Babies in the 1990s?

Hey dudes and dudettes, my good buddy Toren Atkinson of the Darkest of the Hillside Thickets asked me to let you know about his Caustic Soda Podcast. Why would I let you know about his Podcast? Well, first of all it's awesome, with episodes about slime and Ted Bundy and cults, but also because Toren's gnarly song *My Tank* was an inspiration for the title of my book, My Tank is Fight! And my book sort of inspired an episode of their Podcast about tanks. I think the plug is eating its own tail.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.13 Wobbingpool Police Incident Report

Tuesday, Jun 14, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe & Josh Boruff (@Arr)



Wobbingpool Police

Incident Report Form #201

The Wobbingpool constabulary would like to apologise most profusely if you were victimised in an offence. Please tick the box or boxes that best describes the offence or offences you have suffered, and we will assign a bobby to promptly sort the matter.

- [x] Chavs nicked me crisps
- [ ] A yob had a peek at me knob
- [ ] Some pensioner mucked about in me dustbin
- [x] Me mate had a go at me bollocks
- [ ] A wanker had me knickers all sussed
- [ ] I've cacked meself in me own trousers
- [ ] A spiv shagged me bird in the boot
- [ ] That bloke from the Beeb took the piss out of me biscuit
- [ ] Noel Gallagher bloody well rogered me bum, didn't he
- [ ] A tosser did sod all for me round the pub
- [ ] I got pissed in the tube and lost five quid
- [ ] Blimey, oiks gobbed in me lift
- [ ] The barrister bollocksed up me Vauxhall
- [ ] A nonce fooked me wee lad
- [ ] A barmy ned banged on about me minge
- [ ] There was some manner of cock-up regarding me dole
- [ ] A cheeky twat happy-slapped the Queen Mum
- [ ] A wide boy chatted me up on Boxing Day
- [ ] Charlie bit me
- [ ] The vicar was well chuffed at me flat
- [ ] A hooligan took the piss out of me o-levels
- [ ] Some daft tossers slagged me off at me mate's
- [x] Madchester did in me head
- [ ] Some wally bottled me and my biro is well knackered
- [ ] Spent half me bank holiday in the loo, whinging about Pakis
- [ ] Me mum made a right bloody mess of me bangers and mash
- [ ] Had a bit of a row with me missus at Tesco
- [ ] I've lost me wellingtons at Heathrow
- [ ] Them Merseyside skiffle boys went tits-up in Whiston
- [ ] Some Tory tosser buggered me in the queue
- [x] A dodgy bloke fancied me tea
- [ ] A sodding tiggywinkle shat in me trainers
- [ ] A tarted-up mentalist cloned me mobile
- [ ] A Welsh prat had a wank in me Mini
- [x] A poof had a larf at me fags
- [ ] Me MP, the dustman, couldn't be bothered

I certify hereby that the above ticked boxes represent true incidents experienced by me, the undersigned, on the date indicated below:

Signature: Dr Th Date: 14/6/2011

Print Name: DAVID THORPE

-∼Dr. David Thorpe & Josh Boruff (@Arr)

6.14 SCORES OF DOGS

Wednesday, Jun 15, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

BIG BEAUTIFUL DOG fused to dog bed. I don't want to trot out liberal words like "obesity," but she's like a cow without a skeleton. Demands endless biscuits, bed sores size of basketballs, etc. $250 + $800 shipping/handling. 555-5299

PARTS DOG - Real wreck, completely totaled. You can salvage a paw or two and probably a snout if you need one. Parts should fit any late model male mastiff. 555-0822

GENE SHALIT DOG does not look like Gene Shalit. This is his dog that I stole, and he's on to me. If you can take the heat, he's yours. I've got to clean up my act. 555-8722

MY SCRUFFLES refuses to let me watch my Barney Miller episodes in peace. Always barks during show, for no other reason than to be hateful. He's otherwise completely quiet, motionless and unresponsive. 555-0582

REAL SHALIT DOG beware of phony Shalit dogs as my Gene Shalit dog is the real McCoy. Captures both the look and lovable attitude of adored movie critic and film institution. Please purchase immediately before sedatives wear off. $75. 555-9588

WORMHEART - Terrible dog with tyrannical streak. Banned from dog park for inciting race

OUT OF PATIENCE! Old dog has been napping on death's door. Refuses to give up the ghost. Hanging on by a thread just to spite me. I'm no sucker. He can refuse to die for somebody else. 555-0008

▪ SPOTLESS DALMATIAN ▪ I've spent the past six months painstakingly removing all spots, and now she's perfect. Got a nice white coat with a lot of bald spots that should grow in white. $2,500 for this unique beauty. 555-7204

SWEATY POOCH amazing dog with full-body sweat glands constantly sweats buckets. And the best part: it tastes exactly like KFC gravy. $5000 (will also trade for functioning pig or set human of kidneys). 555-9244

EXTRA LONG DOG spans 3 city blocks but can easily wrap around just one... until the next growth cycle at least. Buyer assumes all responsibilities, including the unbelievable spectacle of taking it for a walk. $2,500. 555-2548

•• GOV'T DOG AUCTION •• This weekend only: largest indoor auctioning of government-seized dogs in the state. Former mafia dogs, criminal watch dogs, illegal narcotic dogs, fighting dogs and gang dogs. Whatever isn't sold gets melted down into molten ore. 555-9233

UGLIEST DOG RUNNER-UP

BURNED-OUT DOG has lost his spark. Spends days staring at reflection in water bowl and scratching the back of his head. Vet says he's got a crippling case of canine ennui. I give up! 555-2020

I AM MY DOG - I have learned to mimic and emulate his every mannerism, effectively becoming him as far as you are concerned. I wish to take this act of imitation to its logical conclusion and be your loyal pet. 555-2803

FROSTY FRIDGE FRIEND Whilst prospecting for porn in the woods, I happened upon an old fridge with a dear sweet dog trapped inside. Selling skeletal remains. 555-2388

ODORLY AWFUL - Bichon Frise fell into vat of kim chi and smells awful. Constantly expectorating. Will trade for an identical dog of pleasant aroma. 555-0277

INQUISITIVE DOG loves learning and exploring. Currently probing the depths of depravity, but before that he was really interested in catching things. Who knows what's next! Fun? 555-9248

WHISTLING DOG carries a tune with perfect pitch. Just sits there endlessly staring, endlessly whistling "the Farmer in the Dell." Endlessly staring, never breaking eye contact, just whistles, just stares stares

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.15 I'm a Shorty

Thursday, Jun 16, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Dear Mom and Dad,

But first, dear mom: please do not let dad see this letter. Instead I request that you read it to him, as that act would not constitute direct communication between us. I am still not speaking with that man due to the 1998 incident in which your husband thought he could simply use one of my Dragon Tales tapes to record the Super Bowl. You might remember that was the same year I failed out of my graphic design program, which has only made the comic book version of my life less marketable to publishers.

To think, I once regarded those two wonderful words in the same fashion as you ignoramuses.

You may be surprised to hear that I bring good news. As both of you know, I have delayed the beginning of my adult life significantly. It takes many years for a man to forge his will, and venturing forth too early can cause mistakes such as yourselves. It is clear that you did not take the time to plan your path in life, and all the evidence I need lies within the deep sobs I hear when I descend to the kitchen for my meatball sandwiches. But I have succeeded where you did not by finding a group that will accept me unlike the various youth organizations, adult learning annexes, and Boy Scouts of America agencies that have made it clear in writing that I am to no longer use their services.

Mom and dad, I am now a Shorty.

These are my real friends. You'll notice they've never casually asked if I could "put some of those old toys on eBay.

"Yes, this term may bewilder the uninitiated, so please let me explain. You are no doubt familiar with the Strawberry Shortcake characters, who have delighted and entertained openers of greeting cards since 1980. I am proud to inform you that these beloved figures are now starring in an animated television program that has changed my life drastically, and unlike my anime phase, I am not pretending to be a fan in order to associate with people who are much more popular than myself. Mom and dad, I am lucky enough to have discovered perhaps the greatest written work of mankind, one that delights, uplifts, and has taught me the true value of companionship.

As you know, my Asperger's Syndrome has made communication with the outside world difficult at best. Though you consistently deny this claim, three separate Facebook tests have confirmed my diagnosis, including one authored by the same writer of one that correctly identified Spence as the King of Queens character I am most like. And as I am not fit to climb any length of career ladder, buddying up to "workplace mates" is impossibility. But the trials and travails of Strawberry Shortcake, Ginger Snap, Plum Pudding and the rest have revealed to me the value of human connections and brought me into contact with fellow "Shortys" who also find phone conversations more terrifying than any roller coaster. On that note, please know that I would like you to order my dinner pizzas from now on.

Since I require advanced written permission before visitors are admitted to my room, you have not seen the various Shortcake-related posters, collectable figures, and linen sets currently found within. To field your most obvious question, yes, the Strawberry Shortcake program is intended for children

five years and younger -- but only if you listen to the marketing. Supervising director Ken Billingsley -- of SWAT Kats fame -- has triumphed over adversity by bringing his brilliant vision to the screen after more than 30 years in the industry. I know Mr. Billingsley is a kind man, as every fan script I have sent him has been returned in an unopened state. To this day I thank him for teaching me the value of copywriting my own work.

Online, I am not your son, but Pumpkin Pie, a gourd maven who keeps his friends close and his enemies closer. I would prefer that you would refer to me as such, and also assist me with installing the vanity license plates that will help spread the gospel of Strawberry Shortcake to fellow drivers. That will have to wait for my return, though, for as you read this, I am headed to the third annual Cake-Con in none other than Dayton, Ohio. Mom, I hope that dad was able to join you in the reading of this letter, as he entered the bathroom with his usual pint of whiskey this morning, and is still locked in there as I am writing this. How long does that man need to take a single bath? I hope his lack of concern for others does not further contribute to this family's downfall.

- Pumpkin Pie

Please note that I would like this installed at my next birthday party. I have left the bounce house catalog on the kitchen table and marked the specific page.

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.16 An Open Letter to Whoever Filled This Mass Grave in Ciudad Juarez

Friday, Jun 17, 2011 by The Mayor of Ciudad Juarez (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Mass Grave Fillers,

Message received!

I feel there might be some misunderstandings between us about my **Stamp Out Crime** policy and I want to get things right out in the open: I enjoy my blood in my body. I first began to understand your grievances back in April when you shot up my car, house, killed my dog, put a bomb in my mailbox, shot me in the legs, later tried to throw acid on me, shot me again in the chest, and burned down the mayor's office. The mass grave you recently filled with police has underlined your concerns.

I want to be very clear in this letter: I hear you.

I take my job as mayor seriously. It is my duty to serve the needs of my constituents. Cartel killers now represent a voting majority in the city and I must bend to your needs and address the policies you feel are most important.

To begin with, I will be ending the Stamp Out Crime initiative and replace with the popular "death to all police" program. Policemen must all die. Self explanatory. Death to all policemen. I agree. Why do they live so much? Do they do this to insult us? And their families? How dare they.

I also understand that after the ATF sold you those bazookas and you ran the army off the army base you wanted to occupy the army base. The city will buy the army base and make it available for the people's use. Maybe you could put a park in there or just put some more mass graves. Whatever you want. I support that.

There has been a lot of talk about killing the last people living along the highway and sewing drugs into their corpses to smuggle across the border. This idea I have always supported. It is so hard to do this when they are still alive.

Weld armor plates and machine guns onto our one remaining school bus that has not already been shot full of holes? This is good in case the army comes back to the army base again. I think this is a very good idea. I will release funds to buy armor plates. I know you have a machine gun since you shot through my house with it.

I hear through the grapevine you want to burn down the mayor's office again. Well, I am looking into this one. What can I say? I do not have an office anymore since it was already burned down. I am working out of my car, but if you want to burn my car this is something I can get behind.

I also understand you want to kill the mayor and chop off his head and kill his family too. I may have to get back to you on that one. It is possible. Might be doable, but before I integrate it into my action plan for the city I will have to speak with the comptroller, so please, return his body. Let us work on this one together.

You are the people you have been waiting for. I am only a vessel for your aspirations. Yes we can do this together.

Thank you,

Mayor

-~The Mayor of Ciudad Juarez (@sexyfacts4u)

6.17 Through The Science Hole With Morgan Freeman

Saturday, Jun 18, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Through The Wormhole With Morgan Freeman recently began its second season on the Science Channel. Scientific programming is one of my secret vices and it's nearly impossible to dislike Morgan Freeman, so a "big question" series featuring tons of scientific all-stars seems like perfect fodder for a lazy Sunday afternoon. Or, in my case, a busy Friday or Saturday night.

Unfortunately, I get the feeling that Morgan Freeman's lack of formal scientific training comes through in his narration, bringing the overall credibility of the program down somewhat. You tell me if I'm being too harsh on the guy.

From the episode "Is There An Edge To The Universe?"

> "The observable universe extends trillions of light years in every direction. There are more celestial bodies than we could possibly visit within a hundred thousand lifetimes. At some point, however, scientists believe there may be an edge to the universe, a point at which all that we know comes to an end. If such an edge exists, what lies beyond? Do you think there are other people out there, but much bigger? Do they want our gold? How long will it take to develop the man-vs-giant martial arts that will be necessary to protect ourselves?"

From the episode "The Riddle Of Black Holes"

> "Black holes are formed when particularly heavy stars collapse in supernovas, creating regions from which nothing - not even light - can escape. One of science's biggest questions is what happens to the matter that enters a black hole. Nerds. There's no black hole on Earth so who the hell cares? Why think about anything that doesn't directly affect you the moment it's affecting you? Why spend money on the space program when there are problems on Earth? We should not do research on anything unless we know exactly what we're going to discover ahead of time."

From the episode "Is There Life After Death?"

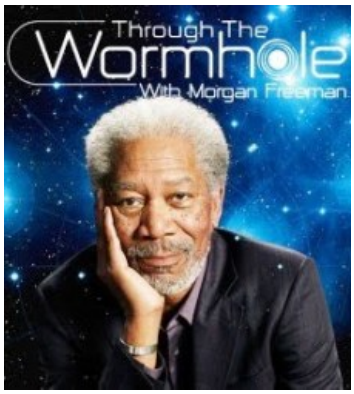
> "I heard this story about a guy that got buried because everyone thought he was dead, but then it turned out he got bit by some sort of rare lizard that makes people seem like they're dead. When he woke up he was in the coffin and after a while he died for real. The weird part? That lizard wasn't even the kind that made people seem like they were dead after all! Holy shit! If that's not enough of a confirmation for you, I don't know what is."

From the episode "Is Time Travel Possible?"

> "What if it was possible to travel into the past? What would happen if you ran into your past self? Would the resulting paradox destroy reality as we know it or simply split

your perceived reality into a new timeline? What if everything is a dream? What if everything outside your immediate senses doesn't actually exist? What if everyone else is just a creation of your mind? Why is my hand so heavy and large? When I hold it up in front of my face like this, why do I feel the urge to cry? What if, like, the entire universe was a molecule in another universe?"

From the episode "Dark Matter: Beyond The Darkness"



"In scientific terms, dark matter is the kryptonite of the real world. It doesn't hurt most people but if anything has like super strength or laser vision or can fly, dark matter will fuck it up good. Keep that stuff away from birds and the guy that played Cyclops in the X-Man movies."

From the episode "Are There More Than Three Dimensions?"

"There's a commercial that says there are something like thirty nine dimensions of compatability and that six out of ten relationships start online. If there are that many dimensions in online dating alone, imagine how many more dimensions are out there. Probably fifty, at least."

From the episode "Can We Live Forever?"

"AHAHAHAHA& HAHA! PFFFFFT. Haha. Yes."

From the episode "Can We Travel Faster Than Light?"

"It's quite possible that we already travel faster than light. The problem is that the tools we use to measure speed use light, so if the object we are observing with that tool moves faster than light, the light being used by that tool cannot possibly measure the object's speed."

From the episode "Who Won Secret World War II?"

"For many scientists, they don't even know if there was a secret World War II. They just thought there was the one everyone heard about. For the best scientists, however, they know all about secret World War II. I can't get anyone to talk about this on camera so the next 58 minutes will be my drawings of secret World War II, which have only recently been declassified. Please forgive my inability to draw chimeras. I can never remember which way the back knees bend."

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.18 The White People Project: The First Charity for Caucasians

Monday, Jun 20, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Have you wondered, "What's happening to all the white people?" You're not alone. The world's white people, once prized for everything from the bikini to rocketry, are in serious jeopardy. White populations have been growing at a disproportionately slow rate. In countries like the United States of America, it sometimes seems like a hundred minorities are born to every white person.

Not only that, but every minority has a slew of organizations, charities, lobbying groups, and businesses catering specifically to their needs. Affirmative action, the NAACP, the DREAM Act; when is it White People's turn?

Now!

Thanks to the White People Project, more whites than ever are enjoying the freedom to live their lives and raise their children exactly how they choose.

> *"I'm not worried about* ***my*** *whiteness, but what if a woman of color ends up pregnant by tricking me. Can something be done?"*
> **- Hunter Chesapeake, White Father**

WPP is engaged in advocating a pro-white agenda in government and in society. Your donations fuel our drive for white equality.

$10 will allow a disadvantaged white to say the n-word once in mixed company.

$20 will help fund ***WET***, White Entertainment Television, the first and only TV network to cater to the interests of white people. Will include shows like *King of Queens*, *House*, *Psych*, *Jeopardy*, and classic white TV like *Cheers*, *Home Improvement*, *Frasier*, *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, and sporting events ranging from golf to tennis to Indy 500.

$50 will fund our White Africans program to give hardworking whites a chance in this tough economy by purchasing a 250-square-meter island in the Seychelles off Africa's coast, declaring it sovereign, and granting all WPP beneficiaries African citizenship. Whites will be legally allowed to write "African American" on all job applications and college admissions documents to take advantage of the quotas favoring minorities.

$100 contributions will go straight to our legal defense fund, looking out for anti-white bias in the court system. Did you know that 7 out of 10 men convicted, to use the racially loaded term, of "white collar" crime are actually white people? Over 30% of convicts in America's minimum security prisons are also white. There are also more white women than black women in prison.

"I sometimes feel uncomfortable expressing my views on the immigration while my housekeeper is cleaning in the room. I don't want my babies to grow up like this."
- Bronwyn Hastings, White Lady

WPP is a white-positive organization that celebrates white culture and heritage. We have white activities and white events planned year-round. Our calendar of summer events include:

June 24th - The Aspen Comedy Festival, showcasing the talent of white comedians and comediennes. Come for the laughs and stay for the white culture of Aspen, including white activities like skiing and hiking, white fashion, and white cuisine like "fusion" and "tapas."

July 4th - The first annual **White Chili Cook-off** in chili capital of the world, Bismarck, North Dakota. Celebrate the white Fourth of July with a look back on the revolutionary war, great white presidents, and a fireworks display from a white-owned fireworks importing business.

July 18th - National White Cruise-In at all Red Robin restaurants throughout the USA. Whites are invited to come and show off their classic cars. Low riders, hydraulics, aftermarket stereo systems, white Latinos, and noisemakers are not allowed.

August 6th - White Thanksgiving. Cocktails, turkey sandwiches, and zoning maps.

"When I went out to my car this morning there was a ding on the door. Nobody left a note, but there have been a ***lot*** *of Chinese in my neighborhood lately. Can't somebody do something?"*
- Brett Bowlinggame, White Driver

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.19 Hey Smash Mouth, I Wasn't Kidding

Tuesday, Jun 21, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Where are you? Why haven't you gotten back to me? I'll take this to my grave, Smash Mouth: I want to watch you eat 24 eggs.

Perhaps I came on a little too strong before. Maybe it was weird and it scared you off. Maybe my begging came off as desperate and creepy. I'm sorry, I love you, I love Smash Mouth. Let's just eat the eggs... together!

I'll take some of the load off, Smash Mouth! I'll eat 2 of your 24 eggs on camera. You won't even have to eat 24 eggs, just 22 eggs! It's the steal of the century! Just eat 22 eggs for me, on camera, while I film it in 720p HD. I'll be extremely respectful of you and your abilities as a music artist if you just let me film the eggs going into your egghole. Chew 'em up while I watch and record it all. I want to see your eggy mouth.

Thousands of dollars have been pledged for charity. Don't you see? This is the real deal. We're serious. A great many people have thought of your mouth chewing up the egg bits and wanting to see it in explicit detail. We love your Smash Mouth, especially the thought of it being full of chewed up eggs. Do it for us! Please, fill the mouth up! The eggs are free!

A man made a song for you, Smash Mouth.

You can even chew the eggs up and spit them out if you don't want to eat the eggs. Did I offend you because you're a vegan? If so, I'm sorry, how awkward. You don't have to be the one to chew the eggs, I'll move your jaw for you. It'll be like Weekend At Bernie's. You don't even have to move at all, just let your whole body go limp and I'll make it eat all the eggs.

Let me have complete control of your body, Smash Mouth. I promise we'll just eat eggs together. Give me the power to move you around and be you for a day. All I'll do is help you eat the eggs, and move your jaw around while I say in a funny voice "Smash Mouth Eating The Eggs" and make funny noises.

Please, Smash Mouth, let's eat the eggs. I'll come over today. I'll drive to San Jose right now and film it.

Please.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.20 Wishing you luck

Wednesday, Jun 22, 2011 by Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Joe Biden Emails series.

From: Joe Biden
Date: Tue, Jun 21, 2011 at 6:49 AM
Subject: Wishing you luck

Renaldo --

The President and I have a routine -- every Friday I find out from his staff where he is having lunch, then join him. Even after three years, he still gets surprised when I show up.

Having a meal with the President is a great honor, and soon four lucky supporters will get to share in that experience.

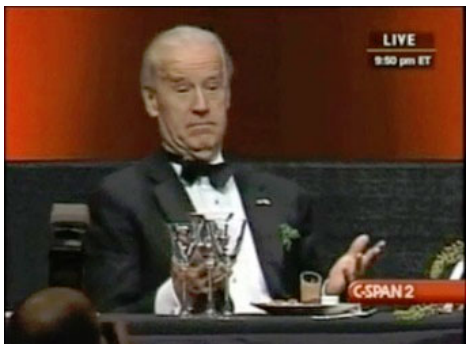
Donate $15 or more today and you have a shot at winning dinner with President Barack Obama.

DONATE

There won't be any cameras or audience -- just you, three other Americans, the President and myself if I can get the details from his staff.

I don't have all the specifics yet, but I'm pretty sure the President will be footing the bill. But just in case, have some money on hand. If I have any say on the matter, we'll be getting Italian. If you don't like pasta, you might not want to enter.

If you're one of the lucky winners, there are a few things you should know about dining with the President.



First of all, he hates it when you talk while chewing. The President has scolded me on more than one occasion for that, and I can't say I blame him. I get so excited talking about my favorite episodes of *the X-Files* that I often forget there is a big chunk of sandwich in my mouth.

I remember being particularly excited after watching episode 3x17 ("Pusher"). Long story short, a meatball destined for my stomach ended up on the President's tie, and he was none too happy. He did agree the episode had a riveting premise and that mind control is a scary thing.

It probably goes without saying, but keep your hands off his food. Some people are fine with that sort of thing, but not the President. I'm usually the first guy to polish off a meal, so I have to stop myself from grabbing a French fry or piece of garlic bread from nearby plates. The President just about karate chopped my arm off once when I reached for a handful of salad.

Another thing to avoid is asking him about classified UFO documents. I'm sure you and I are both of the same opinion here, but please leave it to me to get those documents out in the open. I've started the delicate process of buttering him up, and I'm very near to sealing the deal.

You definitely don't want to get the President talking about *Quantum Leap*. He loves the heck out of that show, and will talk about it all day if you let him. I find it pretty boring myself, so I try to steer the conversation away from any stories or historic situations that might remind him of *Quantum Leap* episodes.

Finally, since I'll probably be there, please be careful of spoilers. Because of important work in Washington, I have not been able to progress beyond the first couple episodes of season 4.

I'm also behind because I launched a new initiative in hopes of getting the President up to speed with me. During our weekly lunches, I play episodes on my portable DVD player. I have to do a lot of pausing when less polite people start talking, so we've only made it through a couple episodes. It's a slow and frustrating process, but we'll get there.

You don't want to miss this opportunity!

Best of luck,

Joe Biden

–

-~Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

6.21 Failed Children's Toys

Thursday, Jun 23, 2011 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Failed Children's Products series.

SUPER AIDS
by Mattel

The idea of an action figure toy line focusing on presidential aids was not great to begin with, but in the early 1980's the Republican Party was eager to continue building its base. The SUPER AIDS were aimed at hooking a new generation of young Republicans. The basic gimmick was that six

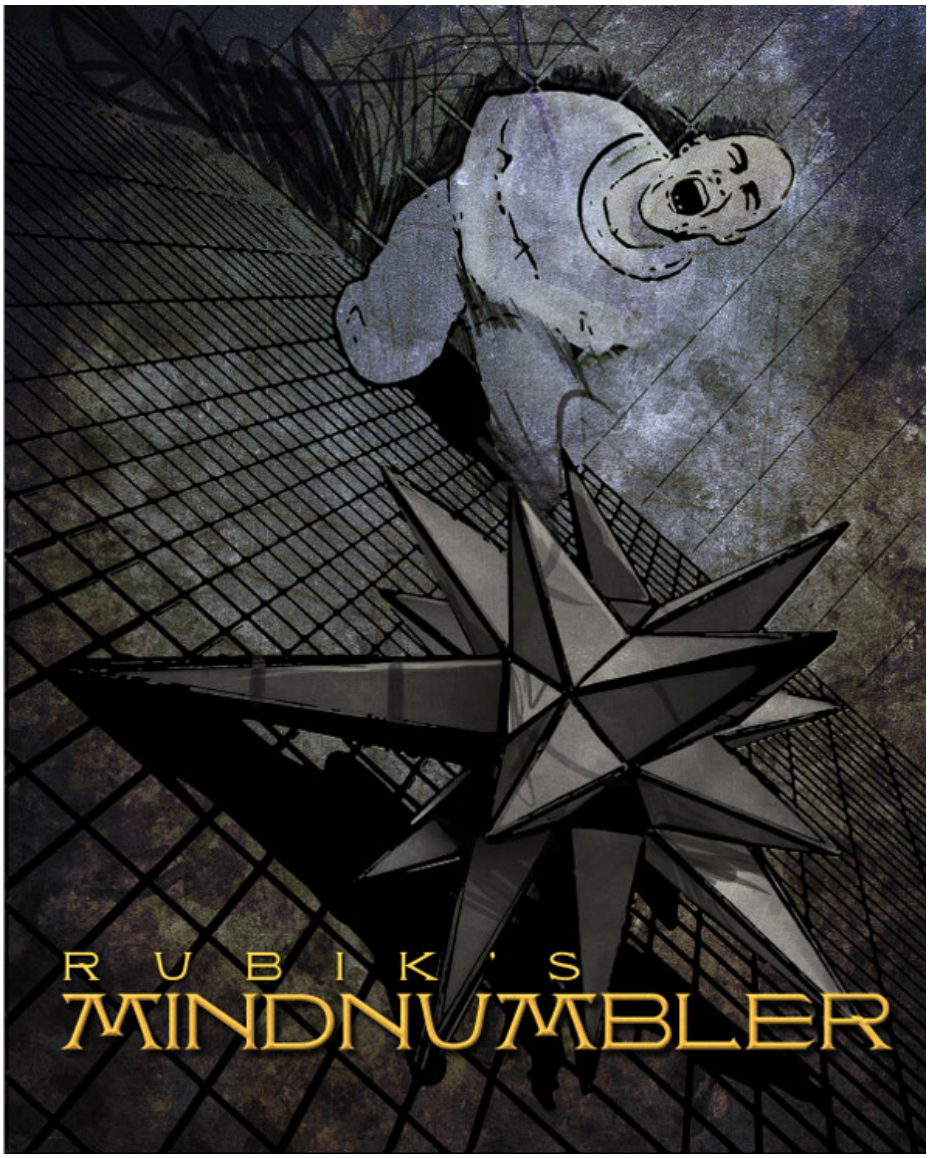
clean-cut young White House aids were accidentally exposed to a chemical that gave them super powers, which they then used to help President Reagan fight injustice around the world.

The action figures hit shelves in August 1982, with an animated television program scheduled to air in November, but things took a turn for the comically unfortunate when the Center for Disease Control finally gave a name to the mysterious and terrible new affliction that had been sweeping the homosexual community: acquired immune deficiency syndrome, or AIDS. While it certainly wouldn't have done away with the entire problem, simply not capitalizing all the letters in both words would surely have helped quell some of the confusion. But Mattel decided to recall the entire line.

ABC briefly considered moving forward with the TV series - which featured pop idol Rick Springfield voicing the regrettably named leader of the AIDS, Positive Peter - but decided that the show now harbored too many unintentionally questionable elements.

BABY'S FIRST BEER
by Play Co.

What seems like a novelty gag or an unconscionable piece of propaganda from a brewing company was actually designed by a teetotaler toy designer named Charles W. Lillian. In Lillian's defense, he saw the product -fake beer bottles in a plastic carrying case designed to look like a cardboard six-pack - as just another toy that allowed children to play grown up; certainly not objectively worse than, say, a toy machine gun. But Mothers Against Drunk Driving felt it promoted alcohol consumption to small children, which it pretty undeniably did. Lillian and Play Co.'s cause was not helped by Baby's First Beer's 1990 TV commercial, which ends with a doting mother finding her young son sleeping face down on the couch and removing the beer bottle from the boy's hands. The position is easily construed to imply that the toddler is passed out stone drunk; something reinforced by the mother's dialogue: "Looks like this little animal needs to sleep one off."



RUBIK'S MINDNUMBLER
by Ideal Toy Corporation

Hungarian sculptor and inventor Erño Rubik made a name for himself with his famous Rubik's Cube, as well as a few other successful but less famous puzzle-games like Rubik's Magic and Rubik's Snake. While most of us will never actually solve the Rubik's Cube, we at least grasp how it works and appreciate that it can be solved. The same cannot be said for Rubik's aptly named Mindnumbler, a mechanical 3-D puzzle that had so many different moving parts and extensions and components that the goddamn thing was completely incomprehensible.

Released in 1984, the puzzle angered Rubik's fans and proved a costly failure. A woman in Dearborn, Michigan even claimed her husband was driven insane trying to solve it, leading to his institutionalization. Rubik later admitted that the Mindnumbler was conceived and constructed during the depths of a nasty Nerds candy habit, and that even the Hungarian inventor himself was not sure

how to solve it, or if it was even solvable. Rubik eventually kicked his Nerds addiction and continued to have a prosperous career.

BABY BILLY
by Upton Dolls

Following the success of their drink-and-wet dolls, the popular doll manufacturer Upton Dolls decided to kick things up a notch in the late '70s with Baby Billy, a doll that pooped. The real doozy here wasn't Baby Billy itself, but Baby Billy's fake poop. Made from a synthetic compound, the substance was designed to look, feel, and smell like actual feces, only it wouldn't break down and was thus reusable. Unshockingly, both parents and little girls across the country quickly soured on the foul smell and heinous clean-up required of Baby Billy and his ultra-real diaper loads. This one was a bit too realistic.

However, Baby Billy proved a tangential success with young boys, who eagerly purchased the fake poop - sold separately - to use in pranks and general adolescent mayhem. Even after Upton discontinued Baby Billy, they continued producing the fake poop for several more years, until three 13-year-old boys from Cedar Rapids, Iowa were sent to the emergency room as a result of ingesting copious amounts of the product. The boys claimed it was an experiment to see what their poop would look like after eating fake poop. They never found out, as their stomachs were pumped.

BUTTERFACE BARBIE
by Mattel

This one never actually made it to the actual production stage, but several test models of the doll were produced. In the early '00s, the Barbie manufacturers were being crucified in a myriad of magazine and news articles that decried the iconic toy line's propagation of unattainable image stereotypes for young girls. So Mattel set out to experiment with ways to make Barbie more "normal." A "plus-

size" Barbie was developed, as was a shorter Barbie, but the funniest concept in the mix was one that tried to save money by simply giving Barbie a new head that could be placed on the existing Barbie body mold. This revamped head featured a more average-looking face and became known around the company as "Butterface Barbie." The office joke spread and soon Butterface was given some unique accessories, like a 'tramp stamp' tattoo and a brown paper bag that could be placed on her head. The women who worked for Mattel did not find this as amusing as the men did, and eventually the entire concept was scrapped.

-~Worm Miller

6.22 Google Future - The Bitcoin Economy

Friday, Jun 24, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Google
News+
Bitcoins
Search News
Search the Web
Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.
Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search
U.S.

Atlas Shitted

Senator Galt and Family Sickened By Raw Milk Ice Cream Purchased on Internet

Ron Paulitics Today - July 1st, 2017

By CHARLES PONZARELLI A fun treat for the family almost ended in tragedy for US Senator John Galt and his three daughters. Galt purchased a gallon of Really Rocky Road raw milk ice cream from freestate-organics.biz that proved to be tainted with Lysteria and a specific type of intestinal amoeba.

Government Shutdown: Confused Treasury Intern Deletes Missouri's Wallet.Dat File USA Today

Israel Voices Concern Over 1,000 BTC Per Day Withdrawal Limit on US Military Aid Through Mount Gox Scrye and Investment

New York Times - Dot Commerce - Foxwire

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Funny Pics Dot RU

Mob Launders $20 Million By Selling Themselves Licenses for Screenshot Software

The Voodoo Economist - June 30th, 2017

By PATTY VON MISES In a scheme described as "classic," mobsters Micky Trickledown, Johnny No Bubbles, and "Speculating" Tony Calibratsi were arrested today in the New Jersey Ultra Mall for laundering drug money by allegedly selling over one million licenses for "Softshot Pro Plus," a popular screenshot software, to themselves.

OPINION: Top Eight Bitminers Hoarding 97% of All Wealth and Why It's Good for America Fractional Investment Weekly

Value of 1 BTC Hits $175 Worth of *Magic: The Gathering* Uncommons AP

Madoffice Economix - True Grift - Pyramids Today

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Tom's Tech Piscsc

Microsoft Slashes Price of Xbox 4D to +/- 18% of Current BTC Mean Exchange Value

Electronic Currency Gamer Hourly - June 29th, 2017

By HOWARD SELLMAN Hoping to spark flagging sales of the Xbox 4D, Microsoft announced today a plan to drop the price of the standard console by +/- 3% of Current BTC Mean Exchange Value (Meexva) for the upcoming holiday season.

TECH: The Android Weight Loss App That is Britain's Next Currency BBC

US Praises China for Forcing Prisoners to Manually Bitmine in Race for Last "Free" BTC AP

Liberdy Dollers - Dot Commerce - Foxwire

all 906 news articles

Don's Fun Photos

OPINION: How Virtual Currency Will Help African Subsistence Farmers

Third World Opportunities - June 29th, 2017

By FAXMONGER JUTWOLF Another day and Jub is still praying that it will rain and he can find water for his crops, but without online currency to provide micro-capital for his water hole startup proposal he has no hope of irrigating even a bucket of beans.

Over-regulation of E-currencies Threatens to Slow Growth in Made-up Words for New Currencies The Voodoo Economist

The Case Against Public-funded 911 Dispatch Centers Libertyarian

Techscams - Fooling Libertarians Daily - Foxwire

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Hyrule Investor

Could Zelda Hearts Put Your Kid Through College?

NewsMax - June 29th, 2017

By STAX DUPLO Rising tuition expenses have many parents worried about how they will pay for their children's college. We examine the possibilities and pitfalls of investing in Zelda Hearts to lock away value for the coming years.

Bet Against Your Child's Vaccine Outcomes and Earn Money on the Autism Securities Exchange (AUTEX) Post-Huffington Post

Cloaked Web Activists Offer BTC to Parents for NOT Circumcising Children Pro Hoodies

Private School & Prison Monthly - Dot Commerce - Baby Morgellons

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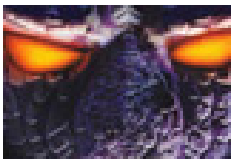

AP

NBC Inks Three-year Broadcast Deal for International Starcraft League Events

ESPN - June 28th, 2017

By JOSH BCGOSH A record season of ratings for CBS, owing mainly to the Haun Yu and Sykko Pimp rivalry, comes to a stunning close as the ISL signs a three-year deal with NBC.

TRADES: Slugger Ramirez to Cardinals for Southpaw Johnson, 600 Namecoins and the MILFarters.com Domain Baseball Traders

Chicago Blackhawks Forced to Shuffle Roster in Face of Daily Fluctuations in Salary Cap Hockey Watch

BTC Believers - Sports Animated - Armstrong Doping Controversy Daily

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Foxwire

Missing Thumb Drive Contains All Bank of America Customer Assets

Foxwire - June 28th, 2017

By HAMSON CUDDLEPIG Bank of America was forced to admit today that the missing thumb drive may have contained all of the assets of all Bank of America customers in a single file. Critics were quick to jump on the bank."We warned Americans the whole purpose of switching to Bitcoins was to replace banks with much safer currency markets," gloated self-styled Federal Reserve E-Chairman Wyatt Crownmichael.

HahaSec Hackers Sell Purloined BTC, Briefly Drive Value Negative CNNNN

EXPERT: Secure Your Savings By Diversifying From Stocks to Eve Capital Ships Financial Timez

Linden Portfolio - World Net Daily - Foxwire

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Don's Fun Photos

***Transformers 6: Anger of the Deep Shadow* First Crowd-financed Blockbuster**

Entertainment Weekly - June 27th, 2017

By EYENDY RANDELBAUM Fans of transforming helicopter and a crane or something underwater will be able to finance this summer's biggest blockbuster and make money while they're doing it with Transformer Bux.

Yu-Gi-Oh Cards to Back Pixar's Latest Financial Timez

Trent Reznor to Score Satoshi Nakamoto Biopic *Peer Currency Network* AP

Hollywoof Barksmith - Kickstarver - Web Comedy

all 364 news articles

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.23 Not Drugs

Saturday, Jun 25, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Junior stood on the tenement's stoop, absently checking his phone as one of the neighborhood junkies approached.

"You got the cash this time?"

The disheveled man nodded, producing a handful of crumpled singles, some smeared with blood. Junior clucked his tongue in disapproval but waited patiently as the junkie counted the money out with shaky hands.

"That's enough for a five spot."

Junior turned to his scouts on either end of the street, who both signaled the all clear. Positive that no cops were around, he pocketed the money, then wrapped his arms around the junkie's waist and held tight.

The other man's shaking eased, replaced by a content sigh as the five second hug came to an end.

Agent Tanner stood outside the airport holding room, giving the paperwork a final glance.

"Has the subject said anything?"

"No sir," replied the security guard. "We detained him, then called your office. Didn't want to risk breaking protocol and giving the guy's lawyer an out."

"Good man," Tanner replied with a nod. "I'll have a talk with your superior later. See if we can't get you on the fast track to a promotion."

Agent Tanner entered the holding room. Inside sat a long table, two simple folding chairs, and a forlorn detainee with his hands on the table. Something didn't seem right...

Tanner moved to shake the suspect's hand, but the man only responded by recoiling in fear. After all, how could the man return the gesture with mannequin arms?

Cursing under his breath, Tanner pulled up the bottom of the suspect's baggy sweater, revealing the man's actual arms. They had been taped to his sides.

A hug smuggler. The sixth this week. Something big was coming, and Tanner was going to get down to the bottom of it.

The Columbians stood on one side of the warehouse. Ordonez, as ever, was in a fantastically tasteless white suit. His men held uzis and distrustful stares. Across from them, the American held a large briefcase. His men wore earpieces and military issue assault rifles.

Without a word, the deal went down. The briefcase was opened, revealing three and a half million dollars in unmarked bills. Ordonez nodded, and his men stepped toward the American bodyguards with open arms. As the hugs began, Ordonez took the briefcase and slipped away.

It took the American a moment to realize that the hugs were only being given with one arm, the other loosely held just inches away from the recipients' torsos. The product was cut. That Columbian

bastard.

Before the American could give the command, the warehouse erupted in gunfire.

The detective pressed a handkerchief to his face, doing his best to ignore the apartment's foul stench. Aside from the body, there was little left in the dingy room. Furniture and possessions alike had been fenced for a string of increasingly desperate quick fixes.

He gestured for the medical examiner to begin. The older man slipped a pair of scissors under the corpse's ratty shirt, careful to avoid the vomit stains as he cut the fabric, revealing an all-too common sight.

The dead man's sides were covered in arm-shaped bruises, the tell-tale sign of a hug junkie.

The detective turned away, memories of his sister flooding back.

Will I ever save one of them, his tortured mind cried out, *or am I doomed to relive this nightmare for the rest of my days?*

Senator Kerslake sank into bed. On the television, his own image stared back at him, a recording from one of the talking-heads-arguing segments that the 24 hour news networks so dearly loved, and which spurred emotion to override rational thinking in so many voters.

"Real Americans are watching the values this country was founded on disappear day by day as the president does nothing," his television self announced. "The hug epidemic is an affront to all of us who believe in family, God, and personal responsibility. There is an undercurrent of outrage as the government collects our money, then talks down to us while spending it on frivolous things instead of eliminating the hug problem. If this arrogance continues, our country is going to erupt."

The senator raised a glass of whiskey to his television, then knocked it back. As the program continued in the background, he adjusted his harness.

The mechanical arms locked into place, snug against his sides. Senator Kerslake flipped a switch on the harness and closed his eyes, tumbling into a blissful oblivion as the hug machine went to work.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.24 Alternative endorsements for Subway's Green Lantern avocado sub

Sunday, Jun 26, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

I just want to start this meeting with an apology. So the Green Lantern wasn't the most successful movie to promote Subway's new avocado sub, but as the man who came up with Jared and "$5 footlongs", I always have a backup plan. The main problem with promoting your new avocado spread is simply the fact that it looks disgusting. I've eaten about a million avocados and a dump truck of guacamole, but it's never, ever looked liked that. Nuclear scrambled eggs. That's okay though, easy fix. Aim it at kids. They love gross stuff and anything that has commercials, and their parents are too weak to say no. Step one is renaming the avocado. As we talk, we're finishing the paperwork to copyright the name "Green Squish" as the new name of guacamole. Kids will love it. As that logistical thing goes through, here are some awesome movie tie-ins we could use to make Green Squish the condiment of the year.

Godzilla Pimple Sandwich

Dream big with this one. So there he is, Godzilla, Japan's biggest export, just wailing on Mothra. Okay, and he's punching and kicking and lifting that bug and throwing it into a skyscraper. This is all CGI, remember. Anyway, there are these kids just chilling on the ground watching. They're all cheering for Godzilla. Go Godzilla, they say, we love Godzilla! Alright, but then things get dark. Mothra beats its wings and hits Godzilla in the face. Scary, right? There is a super-duper close-up of the hit--close enough to see the pores on Godzilla's face--and the hit makes his face wrinkle up and stuff. Well, three of the pours bursts open and a thin green stream of liquid shoots out and rains down on the three kids. I forgot to tell you that those three kids each had a boring sandwich in their hands. Okay, so the pimple liquid (which is actually avocado (which will soon be called Green Squish)) lands on their turkey meat and they're all like, "RADICAL!" and they take a huge bite right as a guitar riffs. Then everyone thanks Godzilla and Godzilla winks back as he is tossing the moth guy into a set of power lines.

Slimer's Ghostbuster Discharge Sub

Okay, hear me out on this one. Remember Slimer? Kids do. They love that thing. Ecto Cooler came out for years after the movie came out. Some of the boys in the back did a little math and we figure that with Slimer, Subway will sell somewhere between six and twenty thousand subs, but we're leaning towards the higher numbers. So the commercial opens up with Bill Murray in his ghost busting gear screaming. Slimer charges through him and gets him all gross. But, see, in the

original flick, Bill's covered with gunk, but with a little photo magic, when he gets up, he'll be covered in guacamole, excuse me, Green Squish. There will be Bill freaking Murray, number one star, absolutely slathered with your product. The man responsible for *Caddy Shack* and *Dumbo Drop* Then, get this, he looks in the camera and says, "I just got [whatever we want him to say]." Possible ideas: I just got avocadoed or I just got Subwayed. Think about it.

Nickelodeon Ooze: The Movie: The Flat Bread

I'll be honest with you guys. There is no Nickelodeon Ooze: The Movie. Yet. We'll make some phone calls and see what happens. But, in my opinion, it doesn't matter. Kids go crazy when they see that ooze stuff. When a celebrity like Heidi Klum gets oozed on camera, 40% of our child aged testers immediately went through puberty. Think about those numbers. Anytime that demographic thinks about sex, a Subway sub will pop in their head. Your sandwich will be the pink Power Ranger of the 2010s.

Mr. Popper's Penguins' Potty Philly

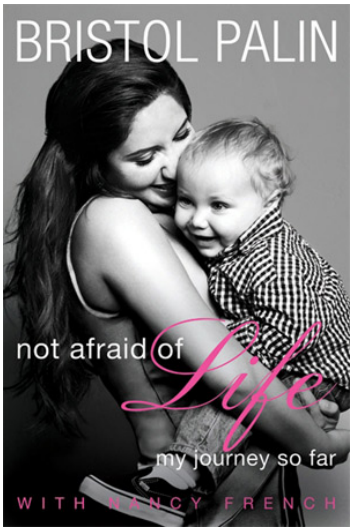
Jim Carrey's a goldmine. No matter how bad his movies actually are, kids will like it. Pair those odds with the fact that his new movie is filled with computer animated penguins. I mean, let's do the math: computer animation + Jim Carrey +penguins =the periodic symbol for gold with money signs to the tenth degree. Whoa, right? Whoa. So the commercial opens up with some clip from the flick, something "ha ha" good. It just has to have all the parts of our math formula. Maybe a fart joke. Or a series of wacky noises. It doesn't really matter. Alright, then you do a close-up of one of the penguin's smiling face and it's all, "I'm cute and making fifty billion dollars for the movie studio" and the kids at home will totally flip. They want that penguin. But they can't. Mom says no. So that penguin poops, defecates, it takes a shit right there as the kid watching. And that goose-like turd comes, dangles for a second, and then drops right onto an opened face meat-ball sub. Boom. Then one of the Subway lackeys, what do you call them? Right, one of the "sandwich artists" gets the sub, cuts it half, wraps it in paper, puts it in a bag, stuffs in a few napkins, and then Jim Carrey comes and unwraps it and takes a big bite and says, "Smoking!" Pretty sweet, huh? So now these kids see that the Green Squish is from a computer animated penguin and they love it. Then Jim "Money Maker" Carrey eats it and they *need* it. You're not simply selling those kids subs, you're selling them souviners.

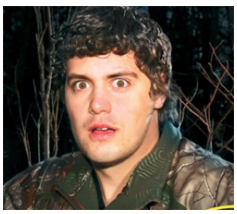
-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.25 Johnston Emergency Check In: MY SIDE OF THE STOLEN VIRGINITY FIAMSCO

Monday, Jun 27, 2011 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

Holy shit I do not want to be using the mfing computer on a Saturday WTF but here goes nothing because guess what?? Bristol's memoir frigging accuses me of date raping away her morals and of course RAPE is no joke. It is not a laughing matter. So here I am to seriously respond to these hameous accusations with my side of the story.





Deer in the Headlights will have the true truth and not the Palin media spins.

First of all, let me get her side out of the way. In Bristols book called "Not Afraid of Life" which has MY SON on the cover she is super classy like her whole family of truthsayers who aren't like always rewriting history any time they talk or anything and she frigging makes up this whole story about how I was pouring wine coolers down her throat and then plowed her unbeknownst like some sort of roofie molester dude.

Alright, first she calls me a gnat who cheats on her even though I did nail lots of chicks we were on mini breakup things in between dates so I did not technically cheat and the one time I did it was with two chicks at once and that's like a special thing not normal sex because they were both sort of uggo and I would not have dropped D on them under normal parmeters. Here's where she talks about how I got her all drunk:

> Bristol lies to her mother, Sarah Palin, telling her she's "going to stay the night at Ema's house," (Pg. 2) but instead goes off on a camping trip in Point MacKenzie with her "ruggedly handsome boyfriend," Levi Johnston. In the back of Levi's red pickup truck are "firearms for protection against wildlife, and lots of alcohol." **At this point, young Bristol hadn't had a sip of alcohol, and especially "didn't know that the girly flavored wine coolers were just as likely to get you drunk as the hard stuff." (Pg. 2) Bristol proceeds to down wine cooler after wine cooler, as she "slowly surrendered to their woozy charms."**(Pg. 3) Levi keeps replacing her finished wine coolers with new ones, and soon Bristol hits "that awful wall" that takes her from a "happy buzz" into "the dark abyss of drunkenness." (Pg. 3) The last thing she remembers is sitting by the fire and laughing with friends, and doesn't remember waking up in her tent the next morning **"with something obviously askew."**

Yeah askew like her lie detector broke off all its arms and threw them across the room. I don't say blame rape victims for getting raped that's BS but like it's innocent until proven guilty and you're gonna believe the palins about anything. They don't even acknowledge reality. Up until 2010 Bristol thought Mexican people were chupacabras.

Yeah here I am pictured rape-gazing her into marrying me with the rape guilt and not like caught up in a BS storm of stupid shit from this whole goddamn family like wolverine is trapped in the danger room and the power level keeps going up and up and beast was tinkering with the safety limits and accidentally turned them off. Also this was back before Bristol's face looked like somebody tried to install hydraulics and flatscreens in it.

First of all this camping trip was originally gonna be just me, Bodie, Tucker, and Wolf this foreign exchange student that we called Werewolf and accidentally set on fire just before Christmas and we were gonna hunt owls with night vision goggles. Turns out Todd has like 15 different night vision goggles he keeps in this weird room in his house with like this super hero costume and a cage. But Bristol had to let me in there so I had to invite her along.

Now on the subject of the booze I got to give you a fact. FACT: Pinocchio here is queen chugalug 24/7 and made ME buy three of those packs of wine coolers with flavors like Tahiti Terpentine or whatever even though I was like I ALREADY BOUGHT FOUR CASES OF KEYSTONE how much do you need girl? OTHER FACT: She talks about me bringing her fresh ones and this is called BEING A GENTLEMAN which she would know if her dad wasn't Todd who put DVD cameras in their shower TWICE. How come that isn't in the book?

So while she was getting herself woozy charmed or whatever I was devil scheming to make my moves on her back in the tent and take her virginity and ruin her morals and future and everything else it's all my fault. Yeah, right, okay. Maybe I was thinking about nailing it, but that's not what happened. But let's get her side first.

> Bristol awakens in her tent, with no recollection of the night before. She looks over and sees Levi's empty sleeping bag right beside hers, and hears Levi and his friends "outside the tent laughing." (Pg. 3) Bristol quickly texts her friend to get over to the tent, and she immediately pops over and tells her, "You definitely had sex with Levi." (Pg. 4) Despite being brought up in a Christian household determined to save herself until marriage, **Bristol laments the fact that her virginity had been "stolen," and as she surveys the evidence in the tent, soon realizes that "all of my plans, my promises, and my moral**

> **standards had disappeared in one awful night in a series of bad decisions."** Bristol also regrets that Levi wasn't even there to comfort her, and instead of waking up in his arms-like they do in the movies-she came to "in a cold tent alone as he talked with his friends on the other side of the canvas." (Pg. 5) Bristol soon reaches the inevitable conclusion: **"I was going to marry Levi. I had to now."**

Huh, she was forced to marry me because I date raped her in a tent and then was laughing with Bodie about how we taped Wolf 60 feet up a pine tree with a keystone box on his head. I seem to remember we were forced to marry each other by Mrs. Palin threatening to have the highway patrol burn down by mom's house and shoot bristol's horse Liberty which is a fucking retard horse anyway and can't run for shit but whatever she loves that stupid thing and combs the shit out of its hair. So we got married because her mom was like "you put fucking crazy babies in my girl and now I am gonna be president you make her an honest woman levi!"

I swear to fuck this is what Doris looked like only her cowboy hat was purple and instead of gloves she had like these sausage mitts.

On the subject of the actual act of doing things with bristol I want to see a DNA kit or something if Bristol can fucking afford to pay for it herself because I barely hit a grounder on her drunk ass that night let alone round the bases. She was puking on a raccoon and threw my phone off a cliff and tried to fight Bodie's girlfriend Doris who has got to weigh like 400 pounds and looks like she works out nothing but this huge mound between her shoulders. You remember that guy with the horns in the beetlejuice cartoon? I might have been high but I remember some super pissed hairy thing that was like a mouth and a cowboy hat and two fists. That's what she looked like and Bristol said she was coming onto me and tried to hit her with her car keys.

I ended up sleeping by the fire because bristol was covered in wine coolers and combos looking like somebody played a ten hour game of paintball in the tent. Some animals went in and out, I think a brown bear might have spent an hour in there licking her face, but even they don't deserve no accusations of untowardness.

Truth is if she busted any membranes or what have you I'm pretty sure it might have happened when she called Doris Shrek 4D and then kept calling her 4D all night and finally Doris snapped and got a running start and punted Bristol right in the clamato. You want to talk to me about busting nuts I will fess up to 9 out of 10 of those and the 1 I ain't stenciling on the side of the unit is because of pending involvements with possible dudes who own shotguns. Honestly, I ain't even above date rapes, seeing as how the definitition is so broad I'm pretty sure I've done like a triple apocalypse of date rapes on the 2009 graduating class of wasilla high.

But not Bristol.

And you can get the whole story and counterpoints and the story about the time I got into a fight with David Bowie at the BAFTAs and I didn't even know what either of those fucking things is but I'm pretty sure I might have ended up being date raped myself. WHICH IS NO LAUGHING MATTER, BRISTOL.

I hope this settles the issue. Thank you for your time you fuckers.

PEACE!!!

-~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

6.26 Awful Places: Hampton Beach, NH

Tuesday, Jun 28, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Two summers ago, my friend Brannen got some LSD. He said we could do it together, but we had to find the right place. I knew plenty of right places - a hotel, Chuck E. Cheese's, a Ferris wheel, the petting zoo - but Brannen meant somewhere crazy, David Cronenberg crazy, like an insane asylum or an insane asylum for ghosts.

The craziest place I could think of was the State Fair, but I'm banned from there indefinitely, so we picked the craziest place Brannen could think of - Hampton Beach. I'd never been there, but had heard things about it. Bad things. But I assumed they were all slander and that going there on hallucinogens would be a wacky adventure, the same logic used by characters in every film beginning with "National Lampoon's," "Broken Lizard's," or "Rob Zombie's."

We went on a Thursday, meeting at the Mall of New Hampshire and taking Brannen's car. On the drive Brannen shared his memories as a Hampton Beach survivor. One was getting pinkeye from the Silent Scope machine at the arcade. Another was his friend who buys drugs everywhere refusing to buy them at Hampton because he thought it was too shady. We hit Seabrook and passed its power plant, which I said looked like a giant boob. Actually it looks more like an oblong Death Star, but I was getting sexed up for the beach.

As bad as it looks.

We parked in a lot a few blocks from the shore. As we approached the beach I felt nervous, partially because of the acid (we'd already taken it in the car) but mostly because of Hampton itself, which looks like a collusion of *The Crow* and Unreal Tournament. Every building is nailed together from driftwood and lacquered with neon paint. The air smells like ozone and seared flesh, like an explosion on a bumper car ride. Everyone has a tan; most people have two or three, applying bronzer like Goths slapping on pancake makeup.

If this image thrills you, please email me and explain why ... On second thought, don't.

I wanted to sit in the sand and stare at my palms for awhile, but Brannen said we should explore the boardwalk. Unlike Hampton Beach proper, which looks like every other beach except slightly dirtier, the boardwalk has a style all its own, one best described as [placeholder for entire text of Spencer Gifts.com]. The shops sell things you'd buy at a third-world Disneyland: drug rugs, lava lamps, neon beads, and "wacky" t-shirts rejected by Hot Topic. Everything is overpriced, reflecting a vacuum of demand: instead of selling $5 shirts to 50 dumbshits, vendors sell $50 shirts to 5 megadumbshits. One store had an airbrushed mural of Bugs Bunny, Ren and Stimpy and the Tazmanian Devil in its entrance. That fact that someone, after careful research, concluded this image would *increase* their clientele is unnerving. We weren't brave enough to find out what the "fans of airbrushed cartoon characters" demographic buys. Probably goat's blood, shrunken heads, and femur bones of children.

At the time of our visit, Hampton had two arcades. One burned down a few months later. Fortunately, it wasn't the one we went to, because if it ever burns down, the owners probably have a video of me saying I want to burn it down while kicking a pinball machine. Most of the games at Hampton are dirty, broken, or predate technology. The most odious is Sega's *Titanic*, an analog game with a capsized Titanic spinning in a whirlpool. The chutzpah to turn a thousand drownings into a game, let alone one it's impossible to win, is unfathomable. I wanted to get a refund, but couldn't climb the vertical floor leading to the counter. Another complaint about Hampton's arcades: they're specifically designed to be unnavigable on acid.

In hell, this is all you see.

After wandering the boardwalk a couple more hours, we found ourselves in an animatronic shooting gallery. Like all things animatronic, it was concentrated nightmare fuel - think Chuck E. Cheese's crossed with Micheal Crichton's *Westworld*. It had zombie cowboys, demon raccoons and a giant robot bird. The bird in particular spooked us, cawing in its Cthulian tongue while fixing us in its black-hole eyes. Five times we attempted to flee this nightmare, but kept finding our way back. Then Brannen saw a sign that said "No Flash." Thinking this was the bird's weakness, he flashed it with his camera, making all the robots light up and make horrible sounds that drowned out whatever the gallery owner yelled at us as we ran away.

The acid was wearing off, so we decided to leave. But first we stopped at a hot dog stand for $12 frankfurters. While eating, we saw a guy in his 20s with a neckbeard and elf face, strutting down the street with his mediocre girlfriend like he'd just won the Superbowl and climbed Mt. Everest in the same day. This guy was the avatar of Hampton Beach: fat, slovenly and way prouder than he should be. Also, he was wearing a Sublime t-shirt, which Brannen said should say "Sub-lame," and I suggested should have a picture of a sub because he was fat.

I guess the guy heard us, because he shouted a curse word. But in his coarse voice I heard a tinge of vulnerability that said he hated the beach and his life and the sad undertow of poverty and drug use that had suffused both. Then he was beautiful to me. Until he spat in my face. Then I hated him again.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

6.27 Memos from Bear Cave: Employee Reviews

Wednesday, Jun 29, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: May 2, 1979
SUBJECT: Raises

According to my eyes and ears in the field, there was a lot of talk about "long overdue raises" going around the office yesterday. Let me just say this: I got my raise, and I got it in a timely fashion. If you didn't get yours, it's because you're not doing your job well.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: May 2, 1979
SUBJECT: Impromptu Employee Reviews

Since a large number of you are apparently talking very loudly about quitting, I will entertain the thought of giving *some* raises today. Normally I would instinctively tell any son of a bitch who doesn't like how I run *my* business to go start their own soup company, but fifteen of your treacherous former colleagues have already done just that and they're all clobbering us in sales. Obviously this is due to them stealing and employing my successful business strategies and not because of any failure on my part.

I will be meeting with employees throughout the day to determine if they deserve a raise. As a precautionary measure to prevent widespread flight, I have had Dang Linh slash all the tires in the parking lot. He's still out there, in the parking lot, with a knife.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: May 2, 1979
SUBJECT: We Have a Business to Run

You all have jobs to do, so get back to work and stop standing in a line outside my office. I said I would meet with you. I'm the boss, so any such meetings will be on my terms. You do not get to dictate to me how things get done around here. If you think you can do better, prove it by starting your own soup company. I will listen to your dumb ideas, then explain to you just how dumb you are and how your stupid head angers me every time I have to see it.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: May 2, 1979
SUBJECT: Here's how this is going to work

Nobody is to attempt to enter my office. When we have a meeting, you will stand outside my door and yell your dumb name and your pathetic accomplishments through the door. Once you're done yelling please return to your desk and refrain from speaking for the rest of the day.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: May 2, 1979
SUBJECT: SHUT UP

To every moron reading this note I just slid out from under my door: stop yelling. You can't all shout at once. Go back to your desks. I'm instructing Tall Charlie to stand outside my door and swing around a machete indiscriminately. He will be wearing a blindfold and earplugs to ensure total objectivity and no bias with his reckless swinging.

If you have an appointment, you can come yell your accomplishments. How do you know if you have an appointment? First, ask yourself this simple question: *do you deserve one?* I don't think you do. Second, look between your legs. *Do you have a pair of balls?* If so, put 'em on the table and step up to the plate. If you can avoid his swinging blade long enough to tell me why you deserve a raise, I'll listen.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: May 2, 1979
SUBJECT: Update on Tall Charlie

Tall Charlie is now standing guard at the entrance to the hallway leading to my door, due to the fact he exploited his assignment to yell his accomplishments through the door.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Bear Cave Soup Co. Soupyard Workers
DATE: May 2, 1979
SUBJECT: Think Twice.

You boys in the soupyards can abandon any hope of ever getting a raise or promotion. Don't think your actions out there escape my watchful eyes. I know you've been removing rat carcasses from the soup vats, as well as cleaning out animal feces. I hired you to do honest work, not pick out the ingredients you're too finicky to eat. If any of you idiots think you're smart enough to make soup, prove it by starting your own tell it to somebody who gives a damn.

And I'm still pissed one of you morons discarded Bouillon's lower jaw when it fell into vat #3 instead of returning it to me so I could staple it back on like I've been doing for the past few weeks. For your information, that jawless mutt is proving he's more of a man than any of you by having the goddamn stubbornness to never give up.

I've got Joy Staplehorn mashing up her favorite meal of month-old onions and fresh raccoon every morning and pouring it into his gullet with a funnel instead of doing her normal job in finance. I would make one of you do it, but that would be a promotion.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: May 2, 1979
SUBJECT: More Complaints

I've gotten wind about more complaining. Many of you are angry no raises have been handed out. today Well, last time I checked none of you idiots are God and therefore don't get to decide reality. Aside from me, Dang Linh has gotten a sizeable raise. And unlike you ugly-headed idiots, he does his job without anyone ever seeing him.

If any of you want a Dang Linh raise, you're going to need to get your hands bloody. The type of work he does would make most of you weep like Joy Staplehorn wept when I threatened to stuff baby snakes in her mouth.

But, since I'm dealing with children here, I will coddle you all with a raise of $10 a year effective the start of next year. All employees are hereby mandated to give Bouillon a bath at least once a month on top of regular duties, effective immediately.

CONGRATULATIONS.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.28 Common Questions About My Child Bride

Thursday, Jun 30, 2011 by TV's Doug Hutchison

Thank you for coming to our special day!

Dearest loved one,

Thank you dearly for attending our wedding ceremony. When Courtney and I originally sent out our invitations (the glitter glue and Justin Bieber valentines were her idea), we had no idea that the response would be so overwhelmingly negative -- guess we're just a couple of Polyannas. So thank you for having an open mind about our uncommon relationship, unlike your peers who sent me hate mail, death threats, and court orders to stay at least five miles away from their children. And on this note, please ignore the many policemen stationed around the chapel -- apparently the local townspeople consider me a "monster" and the boys in blue are to descend on me with batons if I lay a hand on my new wife within the confines of this county. Times like these make me wish politicians would keep their laws off my child bride's body.

Please, if you have to vomit, do so using the buckets located under your seats. We appreciate your cooperation.

Heh, guess it's time to get off my soap box and up onto the altar, right? But first, I'm sure the few of you in attendance are wondering what nearly all of my family and friends have asked me multiple times until I stopped returning their calls: "Doug," they would say, "You're 51 and she's 16? Why?" Well, you take one gander at Courtney in that low-cut wedding dress and, well, question answered! Stick two saline implants into a 16 year-old girl and I don't even think the woodland peacock could compete for the prize of "Earth's Sexiest Critter." Sure, those myopic plastic surgeons kept warning us with "We don't know what will happen if we alter a body that's still developing!" My theory: let's wait and see. And as you can see in front of you, it was worth the wait.

Every day I wake up I thank my lucky stars I was born in America.

Yes, the age thing is an issue. I always like to make the joke that Courtney was born the day I got my first kidney stone. Courtney loves this one, and you wouldn't believe how hard she laughed when I told her what a kidney stone actually was! Boy, 1995 was a crazy year for the Dougster. But seriously, we have more in common than you'd think. The mall, for instance: I love it! Sure, at first Courtney's friends kept asking "Why does your grandpa keep hanging out with us?" but when I planted a big old smacker on her in front of them, they knew what was what. And then when I asked them to smell my finger -- with the way they carried on screaming, you'd think I just showed them a spider! Ah, but not all children can be as mature as my Courtney, who refuses to see the last Harry Potter movie until she finishes the book. That's my gal.

I'll never forget the day I met my Courtney; a pop fly softball soared into the bushes of her high school's practice field, knocking the camera out of my hand and landing me flat on my butt. Little did I know that the frisky little fox who pulled me to safety would be my future bride -- and an upcoming pop star at that! Seriously, take a listen to her new album "Fun Summer "

featuring the (soon-to-be) hit singles "Shiny Weekend Car" and "Makeup Store" and you'll know we've got the next Sheryl Crow on our hands -- er, *my* hands. And unlike that Rebecca Black, my little Courtney isn't just an incredibly hot body with nothing going on upstairs. She's got a lot to say about the world and we often talk about global issues over tea and Wizards of Waverly Place reruns.

The road we child bride enthusiasts walk is a narrow, lonely one, full of detractors and naysayers who seek to tear down the timeless institution of child marriage. Having a child bride means getting to share important milestones with your wife that would be missed if you married her as an adult, and I plan to be there for Courtney's first car, first drink, and first menstrual cycle. And if anyone stops me on the street to spit in my face -- like so many have done since our wedding announcement was published -- I'll simply pull out a copy of Courtney's "What I Did on My Summer Vacation" report and there'll be a giant, pasted-on image of yours truly with a big old grin on his face. Thank you again for attending this beautiful ceremony in God's home.

-∼TV's Doug Hutchison

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Cordial Invitations: Passengers on the 8:20 Chicago Red Line Train

Friday, Jul 01, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Man Apparently Coated in Fish Oil,

You and a guest are cordially invited to ooze out of a rag stuck in the drain of a dish sink at a Thai restaurant and sit beside me. Please, begin sorting through an Aldi bag that I think might be full of soiled bandages, take off your shoes, and apply ointment in view of the entire train.

If you hear my inner monologue then you must know I want you to bring your most Tolkienian companion, a crumb of a hobbit of indeterminate gender who is made entirely out of hair and speaks a language of grunts. Maybe it's a dog? An Ewok? A wife? No matter what it is a welcome guest by my side. I ask that you and this hirsute sidekick never get off the train and ride it to the end of the line and back, because I hope to sandwich between you again on my way home.

With regards,

Zack Parsons

Dear Woman Arguing with Her Sister on the Phone,

You are cordially invited to speak at maximum volume about Christy. The Potawatomi have a long oral tradition of legends passed down through the ages and I have no doubt Fierce Eagle himself would wish to add to his tribe's epic the story of Christy's party. It would be a special sort of heaven to hear you describe in exacting detail the conversation you had with "Ken, no, the one from Wrigleyville" who "still smokes" and "didn't go to Niles."

I'm begging you, please, pitch up your voice to a shrill clench near the end of every sentence so it sounds like you're petulantly disagreeing even when you aren't. Relate to us third-hand information about Ken's apartment so that cultural anthropologists can confirm the existence of native life in the vicinity of Wrigley Field and not just some proto-human colonial broness that *wooooooos* its way from El Jardin to Raw Bar. And please, please, please, never end the call. Never.

With regards,

Zack Parsons

Dear Unmoving Teen Listening to Earbuds and Staring.

You are cordially invited to sit without moving during the entire train ride, possibly not even blinking, although your eyelids are so low you might actually be asleep. As you are approximately eight feet tall it would be helpful if you could extend every possible inch of your shanks and hooves out into the aisle. Every passenger on the train arrives hoping for an obstacle course to limber up on and if it comes with glares that are somehow simultaneously disinterested and extremely hostile that would be a bonus.

Please bring along a girl chewing gum and texting who sits forward like she is trying to lay an egg and talks to her text messages ("whhaaaat, girl, no way, etc"). Maybe she could look at you occasionally expecting some reaction, but of course she won't get one, because you are immovable obstacle course statue teen.

With regards,

Zack Parsons

Dear Old Lady with a Paper Bag.

You are cordially invited to the scavenger hunt of a lifetime inside that bag. We hope you have found the loudest possible paper bag, because the whole car wants to hear everything as you clean out what must be an Augean Stable of crinkling papers and candy bar wrappers. As you are treating us all to your symphony of searching, I hope that you can find the time to drop wadded up tissues all over the floor of the train and kick them around us.

Whatever spore you've secreted onto those tissues deserves to go rollicking across our shoe tops and tumbling into purses and laptop bags. How can we not be lulled to bliss by the rocking of the car and your 100-decibel siren's song of cellophane and frustrated muttering? Thank you and please

continue.

With regards,

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.2 Fifty More Hours Of Star Wars

Saturday, Jul 02, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

George Lucas recently claimed to have written 50 hours worth of content for a live-action Star Wars television show. In a perfect world he would have written half as much and surrounded himself with twice as many people that were willing to say no to his bad ideas.

Still, I admit that I still hold a small amount of hope. While the quality of the original trilogy seems to have been the result of limitations that no longer hold Lucas' worst instincts back, the universe still retains a tremendous amount of potential.

Could a live action show tap into that and turn this fallen franchise around? The answer lies with the leaked plot outlines for each proposed 2 hour episode.

Hours 1 + 2
This is titled *Episode LI*, which will totally freak people out. Episode 51? There are 50 prequels planned? Holy cow, I'm a genius! It's like the original trilogy. To continue the theme, at least three characters say "I've got a bad feeling about this." Just a little nod to the real fans out there. A clever reference, if you will.

Hours 3 + 4
There's a bad Jedi with like eighteen arms AND EACH ONE HAS A LIGHTSABER. The camera gets super close and moves all over the place while all those sabers whoosh around. There are plenty of quick cuts to different shots of random movements, which emphasizes the action. A coconut falls on the head of a Yoda alien and he dies. His blue ghost immediately appears and also gets hit by a coconut, then dies.

Hours 5 + 6
Comic relief episode. A droid screams as he zips by, leaking oil that another droid slips on. A guy gets knocked off a ledge and does the Wilhelm Scream as he falls to his death. Someone simultaneously farts and gets hit in the spaceballs.

Hours 7 + 8
Senatorial episode. Tense, thrilling debates about trade embargos, economic infrastructure, taxation, and interplanetary relations. A Wookiee gets serious burns over 95% of his body in a horrific industrial accident.

Hours 9 + 10
Love story. There is a couple in love and everything they say is super romantic. A little girl's hand gets chopped off.

Hours 11 + 12
HUGE SPACE WAR! Tons of ships shooting at each other in space. Lots of explosions, but only droids and clones die. The episode ends when the protagonist barely squeezes through a tight space and blasts something important as his ship is in danger of blowing up. A tauntaun attempts to pilot a fighter, and humorously rears its head as its craft disintegrates against the hull of a much larger ship.

Hours 13 + 14
Jedi council meeting. One Jedi manipulates everyone else into doing what he wants while seeming very innocent. This is FORESHADOWING. Turns out he's a bad guy.

Hours 15 + 16
There is a new Death Star and it's like five times as big as the original. A thousand simultaneous Wilhelm Screams overlap one another comically as the Death Star is blown up.

Hours 17 + 18
The Han Solo replacement character has to get braces. All his friends laugh at his misfortune, but the braces come in handy when he gets thrown into a Sarlacc pit.

Hours 19 + 20
Find out what everyone loves about that Mad Men show and recreate it in Star Wars. A nerf herder dies of old age, alone with no one to remember his insignificant life.

Hours 21 + 22
The senate episode added lots of depth, but you can never have too much. This time around we follow a protocol droid as he reads holo-news articles about every conflict, major event, and political party in the galaxy. The droid is proper, which makes it funny when he says "Oh my".

Hours 23 + 24
Pod Racing went over pretty well, so this entire hour will follow in its footsteps. A thrilling glimpse into the wildly popular sport of Hutt mixed martial arts. A screaming fan chokes on a gross-looking snack of fried space bugs, his already large eyes cartoonishly bulging during his hilarious last gasp.

Hours 25 + 26
Ewok-centric episode exploring their first foray into space using nothing but logs, rope, and boulders. At the end, the galaxy lies in ruins. A triumphant roar of "Yub Yub!" echoes through the vacuum of space.

Hours 27 + 28
Introducing the main bad guy: Darth Evilous. He's way cooler than Vader and Maul put together because he always looks really mad and his eyes are red.

Hours 29 + 30
Gigantic land battle, with a million Jedi and a billion droids. There's so much happening all over the place that it's impossible to figure out who's who or pay attention to any narrative. In other words, it's awesome.

Hours 31 + 32
American Idol parody in a cantina. There will be around thirty musical sequences, each judged by a panel of judges including Paula and Simon only they are aliens. A wolfman discovers he has cancer.

Hours 33 + 34
A relative of Jar Jar wanders around a field full of rakes for two hours. Each time he steps on one of the rakes he gets hit in the face comically, and he says something funny like "Woah!" as little stars twirl around his head. The episode ends with him becoming a pope.

Hours 35 + 36
Introducing a new best Jedi, Jedi Joe. He is patriotic and cuts through swaths of sand people. This is a subtle allegory, you see, a reference to the actual events in real life on that fateful day that I sat down to watch a G.I. Joe cartoon.

Hours 37 + 38
An evil Mon Calamari admiral creates a clever ploy to kill a group of Jedi, but at the last moment

he gives away his own plan by impulsively shouting the catchphrase we all know, "NOOOOOOO!"

Hours 39 + 40
A male Wookiee has accidentally agreed to date two females on the same night. In this madcap episode, the Wookiee groans in exasperation as he travels back and forth between the dates, trying his best not to mix up his costumes or the details of each female. Guest starring Guy Fieri.

Hours 41 + 42
A very special Christmas episode set on Hoth. A lone AT-AT stomps across the frozen tundra, remembering clips from the show's previous episodes.

Hours 43 + 44
Darth Evilous and Jedi Joe engage in a prolonged lightsaber battle. As the fight reaches its climax, Evilous stuns Joe when he reveals a shocking secret: He is actually Jedi Joe's childhood friend Bobby Evilous.

Hours 45 + 46
As the forces of several trade fleets, government agencies, police forces, militaries and militias close in on one another, members of each faction attempt to explain the conflict to their compatriots. A rancor slips on a banana peel and shatters its pelvis.

Hours 47 + 48
The forces meet in the biggest space, land, and sea battle of all time. The entire two hours are dedicated to showing random character that you don't know getting blown up while a good Jedi and a bad Jedi talk in a large room overlooking the war. A Twi'lek dancer takes a blaster shot to the stomach, then turns to the camera and shrugs as if to say "Why am I even here?"

Hours 49 + 50
Just as the battle seems lost, R2D2 arrives with a trillion other R2D2s. They push all of the buttons and thwart all of the bad guys while shrieking and whistling, turning the tide of the engagement. The blue glowy ghosts of Yoda, Obi-Wan, Darth Vader (original and new trilogy), Luke Skywalker, and Boba Fett arrive, giving everyone a thumbs up as the music swells.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.3 BABIESCLOTHES!

Monday, Jul 04, 2011 by HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the HYURGI TIGERWOODS series.

Hello again friends and lovers of **best deal** of the East. The number one workout and strongest man world certified, expert of Kettlebells and Gdansk-Slovo crosstraining methods is here with more **best deals**.

My nephews of Chernogorsk area have opened new import-expert business to traffic in good of east. This is deal for new and aspiring parent of entire babiesclothes factory purchased in poker game.

Best nephews (biggest bicebs also) have **best deals**.

* **NO** SCAMS
NO FAKE BRANDEDS
NO SELENIUM GAS RESIDUE
YES BEST DEALS BABIESCLOTHES FOR USA

The fire is out in neighboring Chernogorsk but the fire of SMALLGUY deals is only begin. Hottest items available...so hot they burrrrrrrn your babbbbies (not with selenium residue) !!!

KRL-4 UNITOG

166 for **$19.99**

KRL-4 is premium unitog constructed by Russian 1980-1990. Snug fits on babies ensured by test on prisoner babies (they were guilty of serious crimes very very bad babies) built by hand by Russian and also unfortunately some Tajiks but under careful supervision.

Available randomly in colors: Gray-green, gray-blue, gray-red, gray, dark gray, gray-black.

Features: front and back, a button

MUSA MANOROV BRANDED COSMOTOG

200 for **$29.84**

Famed second-in-command of Soyuz TM-11 endorsed this highly qualitied tog for toddlemans with his visage. Relive childhood thrill of news Strela boom installment and also edge of seat feeling is Kvant hatch repaired??? Yes, it is success, eighth EVA by Musa Manorov completed repair to Kvant hatch and now Mir has back up supply dock again. Soothing face of Manorov placates parents and makes them more likely to purchase baby high nutrient USA food.

Available randomly in colors: light gray for girl and dark gray for boy. Also available with face blacked out for Tajik baby.

Features: Face on front, back of head on back so it is for a moment you think baby is actual Musa Manorov

HUMOR TOG

75 decagrams for **$9.99**

Famed comedy man of Chernogorsk Sverik "Soups" Gervoron was brought in by state to create mirthful togs for babies to lessen daily hell of raising brood in colorless, partly toxic Chernogorsk. Most popular shirt asks: "HOW MANY? One by Quota." This is very funny hoke, which is joke similar idea.

Available in hokes: "Excuse me, I am in queue for milktit before you," "KGB Female Body Inspector" or "I know what you do on weekends father and I am telling Party."

Features: Observational humor of daily foibles and also puns extracted from spies with use of LSD.

USA COWBOY SHORT PANTS

100 for **$4.99**

Modeled on actual USA dudes from Out West these USA Cowboy Short Pants are made from Keranti Amobst, artificial material similar to denim but far superior. Your baby will feel like he is Mickey Mouse in USA rodeo. Rock and roll Billy Idol, mom and dad, wooo party, Budweiser, Ronald Reagan have a cow!!

Available in colors: Authentic USA Bruce Banner Purple, Witch's Brew Green Halloween Shorts, Mustard, Purple

Features: Shorter than some pants, real USA feeling of California dreamings, buttons, a zipper-like area featuring mini-hooks and up and down shuttle motion.

CHARACTER BIB

99 for **$.99**

Great character of USSR literature and television cartoon for children sure to enliven apartment or dreary hovel. After fall of USSR many character are no longer produced because of USA and Japanese cartoon animals now on television. Back in 1980-1990 was golden age of character and here is some on bib to take home and enjoy putting foods onto.

Available in characters: Beet, Turnip, Flywheel, Stamping Machine, Uranium, Manganese, Digger Machine, Yak, Hero of Great Patriotic War, Worker, Stalingrad Monument, People's Spirit.

Features: Deflects food and also some types of acid, something like velcro but is not velcro developed completely without looking at velcro for soviet Buran shuttle cosmonauts.

Also is very good deal we are happy at **SMALLGUY!** to partner with only the best for best deals. We have recently joined a force with salvaged hulk freighter found unwanted in harbor and containing delicious babiesfood.

Please be trying any one of our many babiesfoods available now from best period of USSR retro snacks for babies.

* Extravagant pony puree
* English style pine cones
* Machine-mixed "spaghetti dinner"
* Heart of hagfish
* Unidentified Baikal creature
* Cricket delight
* Bean lards
* Maybe batteries??

You will not find anything better than this to put into baby other than teachings of Karl Marx. Ha ha just kidding, George Washington of USA is #1 usually. Four scores.

-~HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

7.4 WELCOME TO THE LANDOWNERZ CLAN SITE

Wednesday, Jul 06, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

LANDOWNERZ

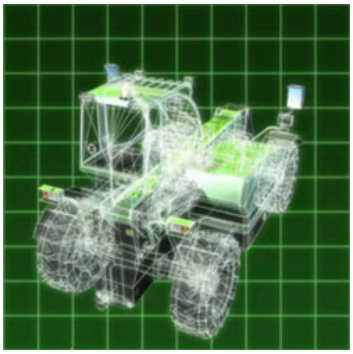
IN CASE YOU BE IGNORANT ABOUT US, SON, LANDOWNERZ IS THE #1 **FARMING SIMULATOR 2011** CLAN! #1 IN HARVESTING, #1 IN PLANTING. CEREAL GRAINS, SOY, ALFALFA, there ain't a crop we can't drop. Don't look at the leader boards, just trust us.

Members List

FARMER_IN_THE_CITY (team captain)
Night Bailer
grainman
cornography
da milkman
Soy Bandit
Subsidize This

Upcoming Matches

TBA: CLAN OVERALLS (rematch)
7/14: CERTIFIED ORGANIC (first match)
7/21 FARM FRESH (first match)
7/27 PRODUCE SECTION (exhibition match)



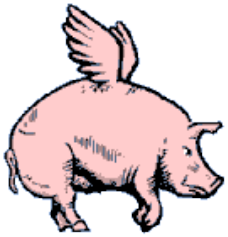
UPDATE: 7/02

We lost our match to the JOHN DEERE BOYZ, but only because Soy Bandit wasn't feeling well after getting food poisoning. The bad Thai he ate caused him to take his 7545 RTS into the fields way before the crops were ready. We asked for a do-over when he started driving aimlessly in circles while moaning horribly over teamchat, but JOHN DEERE BOYZ apparently don't like even matches.

UPDATE: 6/29

We just finished tough match against Agroculturists. Going to be honest, we made some mistakes. Grainman planted so much corn his graphics card freaked out and melted and all our computers slowed down while we tried to tame his epic field. Bottom line: we lost because of hardware failure.

UPDATE: 6/24



Had an awesome moral victory over SPROUT GANG. Yeah, they outharvested, but that's only because we tried a new strategy da milkman came up with. It didn't work, but we furthered the science and strategy of the game, which is way more than what Sprout Gang did. They just planted fields and systematically harvested them. No creativity or innovation. Landownerz on the other hand milked the shit out of a herd of cows we bought. You better believe our wrists were sore after that.

UPDATE: 6/21

The boys in HARVEST OF DEATH managed to get one over on us. We're reviewing some screenshots for evidence of modded crops, which would be a serious breach of honor. Their central pivot irrigation tactics also raise some ethical issues. Meanwhile, we played a good fair game, though we lost a KRONE BIG X 1000 in an unfortunate collision with a EUROHIT 690 N.

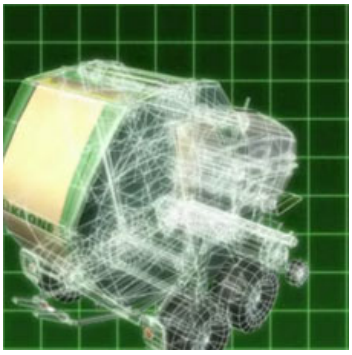
UPDATE: 6/17

We had to kick out HAYYAY out after he spent our entire match against CLAN OVERALLS camping in a barn. The only time he left was to pop out of a corn field and tell a joke. Because of his dumb chickenshit heehaw idiocy we lost our match. REMATCH, BABIES. It was a close one, because Night Bailer demoed those awesome skills of his and made short work of several fields. It just wasn't enough to make up for the betrayal we faced at the hands of HAYYAY.

UPDATE: 6/15

GOD DAMNIT. BLACK CO-OPS are some cheating scum. Instead of trying to play a fair match against us, they used speedplanting and autoharvest hacks. In the time it took me to some recon circle-strafing around their entire hectare of land in my Agrotron K 420 they had already planted/harvested 3 times. I couldn't believe my eyes. Needless to say, as soon as a formal Farming Simulator 2011 league gets established, we'll be having BLACK CO-OPS blacklisted.

UPDATE: 6/14



FARMER_IN_THE_CITY here. Just want to clear the air with Subsidize This and say there's no bad blood. I know you chatted up my girlfriend and said some pretty heavy sex stuff to her, and although you did say it all using farming euphemisms (props for that) it doesn't sting any less. But LANDOWNERZ is bigger than you, me or any one of us. I'm going to let this one slide because of our big match against BLACK CO-OPS tomorrow. We need you. I need you. But stay away from Sally.

UPDATE: 6/08

We are very sad to let go of one of our own. Crop Master has resigned, mostly because the chaotic nature of multiplayer matches causes him a great deal of stress. His mom said he has autism and needs perfect order and working with human teammates and competing against human adversaries causes him to lose control and scream. We knew about the screaming over teamchat, but we thought he was just passionate. In honor of Crop Master we're pledging a portion of any potential cash winnings in any potential future FARMING SIMULATOR

2011 professional tournaments to finding a cure for autism so Crop Master can rejoin us.

Oh, and we narrowly lost our first match against BIG AGRIBUSINESS. There were a few communication issues that prevented us from working as a team (namely a lot of screaming), which is sad because any one of us could have defeated them singlehandedly. But it was a good lesson that we need to up our game, and we will.

UPDATE: 6/03

A NEW ERA DAWNS! LANDOWNERZ is officially founded, featuring an all-star roster of farm sim pros. We aim to dominate the FARMING SIMULATOR 2011 scene like no other clan, so look out for us.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.5 Ask Golan the Insatiable!

Thursday, Jul 07, 2011 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Golan The Insatiable series.

Oak Grove Gazette, Letters to the Editor

Dear Scrawny Fools,

Quake, impotent readers of the *Oak Grove Gazette*! For Golan the Insatiable, Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All, stoops to acknowledge you once more!

Those of you who wrote to the ugly and jealous *Gazette* editor Arthur Weaver championing my bid for a weekly opinion column in this worthless newspaper have earned a modicum of my gratitude. Should the day come that I see fit to raze this fetid anus of a township, your support shall not be forgotten. You and your families shall be mercifully raped and enslaved, while those who mocked and opposed my greatness shall be raped and butchered!

Though ugly and jealous Arthur Weaver was too cowardly to swear fealty to me and my proposed weekly column, "Golan the Insatiable's Altar of Worship," my acolyte Dylan informed me that nonetheless many brave souls sent queries to my face book station using your perplexing machine-sorcery network. So, ugly and jealous Arthur Weaver, it would appear that victory is still Golan the Insatiable's to savor! Dylan tells me that so-called "advice columns" are very popular with your idiot species, crippled as you are by a myriad of laughable emotional woes. So small citizens of Oak Grove, prepare to gaze into Golan the Insatiable's fiery abyss of wisdom!

> Dear Golan,
> I started having sex with my first girlfriend and I am worried about my performance. I only seem to last about a minute. My girlfriend hasn't said anything, but I'm worried I am bad in bed. What can I do?
> - Worried J

Dear Worried J,
Your sad body is clearly inadequate in its design. It sometimes takes me a full day to reach my fearsome climax! In my homeworld of Gkruool, pitiful dreck such as yourself would sacrifice virgins and livestock at my temples in hopes of increased fertility, but you seem concerned with prowess, not your seed. You could try a sacrifice nonetheless. If your true worry is your female's enjoyment, I would advise she submit to one of my orgiastic bacchanals. There she will find undreamed-of ecstasy and terror!

> Dear G the I,
> Are you angry you lost the Comptroller election to Mrs. Budnick?
> - Roger

Roger,
I have my eyes set on much grander things than Comptroller. One Budnick can have her fun while

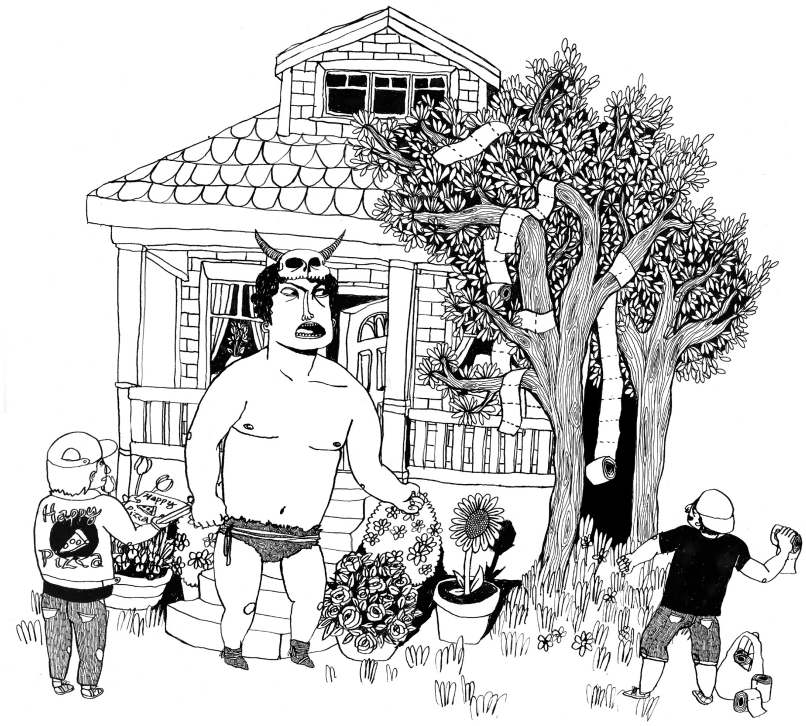
her time lasts.

Dear Golan the Insatiable,
My parents are total assholes. I dropped out of grad school to pursue my passion for environmental activism, but they tell me I'm wasting my life. What's most embarrassing is that I need their financial support to sustain my activism. But I'm afraid to stand up to them. You don't seem afraid of anything. What would you say to them?
- Allison F

Allison F,
Yes, it is true that Golan the Insatiable fears nothing. It is clear you must destroy your parents and absorb their strength. My own father was ZxZazel, one of the Nine Elemental Titans. During my fearsome ascension to power over Gkruool, I battled and defeated ZxZazel, wrenching his four still-beating hearts from his chest and sexualizing them over his prone and cowering body. Only then did I gain his respect.

Dear Golan the Insignificant,

Two things. 1) Why are you so ugly? Your face looks like a Thukk beast mated with a winged scraven. 2) Why are you such a coward? You send your minions to throw toilet paper in the trees outside my home, ring my doorbell and run away, and have pizzas delivered to me that I did not order. Why will you not face me yourself?
- Yor the Mighty



Yor the Stupid,
First off, you just asked three things not two, but I know your manure-humping village never taught the skills of math to you before I raped and destroyed it, so that should be expected. Speaking on the subject of things your easily slaughtered village didn't teach you: writing. It is most clear that someone else has written and embellished your infant-like ramblings for you. Most likely that fickle-hearted trollop Skylar you continue to bed with. Can't the Mighty Yor get a fresher woman? Skylar looks to have put on some fat too. Not that I care.

Anyway, to address your inane queries - I take your Thukk-beast-and-winged-scraven comparison as a compliment. Such a heinous chimera would inspire great dread in those who beheld it, which is what the face of a Godlord should do. As for facing you in combat, we have been over this endless times. I am Golan the Insatiable. If you wish to face me, you must storm my domicile, you insect. And though I command total control over my minions and acolytes, I know not what they do in their off hours. Next to one Mrs. Budnick, you are the most contemptible wretch in Oak Grove; surely it is likely people simply wish to demean and antagonize you because they hate you because you are feces. Die.

Enough! That is all I am able to write, based on the word restrictions the *Gazette* places on the letters to the editor section! To those whose lives I have transformed, you are now in the debt of Golan the Insatiable! I will have my due.

I release you now to read elsewhere.

Fear me,
Golan the Insatiable
Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All

When not depicting Golan's likeness, as the lone artisan granted the honor of doing so, **Ali Horn** illustrates grim bathroom rituals, ghastly hell-birthings, weeping golgothaloids, and other gorgeously macabre scenes that make Golan violently homesick for the terrible pleasures of Gkruool!

-~Worm Miller

7.6 Announcing the 2011 WTF, D&D!? Ultimate Module Artwork Contest

Friday, Jul 08, 2011 by Zack Parsons and Steve "Malak" Sumner (@sexyfacts4u)

In 2009 we brought you a contest of roll-your-own Rifts monstrosity and illustrate it. In 2010 talented competitors remade beasties from the original Monster Manual to create an erotic monster catalog sure to stand the test of time.

For 2011 we're taking things a step further. Welcome to 2011's competition, also known as...

I'll let Steve explain his concept from our recent conversation on the subject.

> **Steve:** How about we have them make adventure modules?
>
> **Steve:** Like old school D&D adventure modules and then we can play them.
>
> **Steve:** or actually they don't have to do a whole module, just a cover picture and a summary or like one encounter or something.
>
> **Steve:** Dude I got it, then we can combine them into one big D&D super module and play that.
>
> **Zack:** This is the worst idea you've had since messenger parrots.

Steve has this weird mental filibuster in these sorts of situations where he gets stuck on one idea and just keeps repeating it no matter how bad I say it is. Once I'd exhausted my counterarguments I relented.

The rules of this composition are intended to be as inclusive as possible. **There will be three prizes, all Amazon gift cards. First Prize will be worth $100 and two Second Place Prizes will be worth $50 each.**

Rules Lawyering

1. **Create an original piece of artwork. Either full-color cover artwork* or interior B&W encounter artwork in the style of a D&D or AD&D adventure module.**

2. **AND create a brief (100-500 word) single-room D&D encounter. You don't need to pack it full of rules, but authenticity and style will be judged.** The room featured in the encounter can be any size, but it must be INDOORS and feature an entrance and exit door on different walls. These entries will be compiled into a single dungeon so keep that in mind. There are no rules about what the encounter needs to entail; it could be an empty room, it could be 750,000 kobolds or it could be a trap that turns a man into a baby.

3. **Submit your entry with your name, country and valid email address (yes, include it with your name and country) to stevesumner@somethingawful.com** Images should be no smaller than 600 pixels in width and no larger in file size than about 1 MB. Writers and artists are allowed to team up, in which case please note your teammate and their email address in the submission email. Prize winnings, if any, will be split evenly between participants on a winning team. NOTE: This material **will not** be sold as part of a book. Any resulting adventure compilation will be open source.

**Only entries including full-color cover artwork will be eligible for the first place prize. Part of winning will be having your cover serve as the cover for the imaginary module.*

The *STEVE* Factor

Remember, Steve is half of the judging team and he craves that special something: babes, barbarians and knowing homages to classic D&D art and adventures. Cheesiness can be a virtue.

Entries are due by August 2nd and winners will be judged and announced in a special edition of WTF, D&D!? on **August 11th**. If you have any questions please contact me.

Spread the word about the contest. Post about it on topical forums. If you run a podcast related to RPG gaming and you mention the contest please send me an email and we'll be sure to thank you in our next WTF, D&D!? installment.

-~Zack Parsons and Steve "Malak" Sumner (@sexyfacts4u)

7.7 Understanding The NFL Lockout

Saturday, Jul 09, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The impact of the NFL lockout extends far beyond fans of the sport. Sponsors, television networks, thousands of working class team employees, and Pittsburgh area rape kit suppliers will all be affected if the season doesn't begin as scheduled this September.

See, it's a lock and the NFL logo. This symbolizes the situation because it's an NFL lockout.

So what's causing the lockout? How likely is it that the situation will come to an end anytime soon? The issue is incredibly complex. Each side has a list of demands, and while money is naturally the core issue, attempting to keep up with the particulars is enough to make anyone's head spin.

I'll do my best to sum it up.

Owner Demands

Under the current system, they only receive most of the NFL's profits. In order to keep the league operational they are asking for at least all of the profits. In return, the owners are more than willing to give the players all of the league's debts.

Better seats to their teams' games. No more air conditioned owner boxes way up on top of the stadium. They want to be closer to the action, sitting on the shoulders of players on the sidelines.

Each team logo must be changed to flattering depictions of the owner's face.

Players have to stop getting concussions then developing long term health problems while owners continually back away from taking care of them. Be careful out there! If you're about to get hit in the head, cover up with your forearms or something.

Player Demands

Unrestricted access to the box of kittens. This includes nap time, the fuzzy feeding frenzy, and Mr. Peepers' dress up show for itty bitty kitties.

On curfew nights, the ability to play Nintendo in the hotel room even if it's late. Negotiable if it's a scary game that will keep players awake at night peeking out from under the covers.

The commissioner's phone number and a promise that he will always pick up the phone in case someone needs to talk about girl problems or the latest True Blood.

No more penalties for endzone celebrations. In fact, celebrations should be encouraged and rewarded with more points.

Perfect player ratings in Madden from now on, for everyone.

Coach Demands

Headphones that are engineered to go extra far when thrown in anger and maybe even explode to demonstrate the coach's fury.

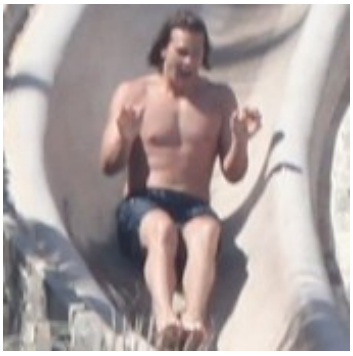
If a coach yells loud enough, a play has to be reversed in his favor.

One of those iPads. The new ones, not the first gen. They'll know if it's refurbished, so no skimping

out.

You know how X and O have become the standard symbols for drawing up plays? Those have to be changed to the logos for the Empire and Rebel Alliance.

Referee Demands



Patriots quarterback Tom Brady sets an example for the league by putting on a brave face.

Please, no more detonation collars. They promise not to run.

Upon the completion of a game with no major blown calls, the officiating crew will receive a pizza party of appropriate scale and intensity.

Instead of black and white stripes, graphic t-shirts from the internet featuring hilarious puns and witty jokes.

When a referee's whistle is blown everyone has to stop calling him names and promise to never hurt his feelings again.

Broadcaster Demands

Since terribly produced reality shows are still really popular, they need all players to pre-record segments where they talk to the camera to explain very basic things that the audience will see on the field. For example, "I was so surprised when that guy threw the ball!" and "When the guy started running I thought OH MY GOD because it was so shocking!"

Sideline reporters need more access to players and coaches. Networks can't get enough of those braindead questions that are answered with cliches and thinly veiled brushoffs.

Focus testing shows that the audience responds favorably to a ball with more "extreme" elements. The football's more normal, boring qualities need to be removed and replaced with a fresh in-your-face attitude. For reference, check out that new Smurfs movie.

Fan Demands

Every player must stop and sign autographs or take pictures with every single fan, no matter where they are or what time it is. If a player fails to comply, they will be branded a terrible person by internet forum posters for all time. This condition already exists but we'd like it to become officially sanctioned by the league.

You know how you can buy that Sunday Ticket package to see every game on television? They need to stop increasing the cost by $800 every year and charging an additional gold brick for every game you want to see in HD.

Everyone's team must win all the games. All of the teams, all of the games. You work it out, math geniuses. Just make it happen.

Fans are going to need the ball to be more extreme and, if possible, in their faces.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.8 The Eight Commandments of Extreme Couponing

Sunday, Jul 10, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

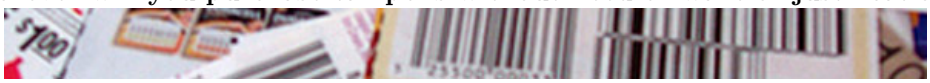
To those that are lonely, dejected, retired with too much time on your hands, hear me and obey. Your life shall have meaning, shall have goals. It is not within the realm of action or vocation, talent or practice. No. It is within junk mail and newspaper stuffings. You shall sacrifice your ego to Couponing, and Couponing shall consume your time, your life, your very earthly being. Though you need not the discount, need not the free one if you buy four at full price, you shall spend your hours cutting, cutting, cutting. Soon, if you obey, your pantry will be stocked, your life meaningful, and your walls lined with cereals you do not care for. The answer: Couponing. The solution: Couponing. With every nickel you save off the price of Sunny Delight, you too are saving yourself. So, dear one, put down the remote and funnel your mid-life crisis fears and hobbies through these commandments.

Stop not at one cart. Nor two. But once the Coupons stop

You shall have no other sauce before discounted Mike's Hot Sauce.

Thy binders organized first; thy personal life second

Forever will you purchase tampons without need or want or justification



You shall not bear the burden of self-awareness while at the register

Neither shall you pass a deal on risotto

Neither shall you covet your neighbor's garage of hoarded Doritos

If you grip one cereal box, grip twenty-three more

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.9 This Might Be Our Stupidest Deal Yet!

Monday, Jul 11, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hang onto your dicks, America, because we, the USA Government, after many hours of dueling press conferences and haughty meeting walk-outs, after being forced to eat box lunch twice last week, sans Doritos, have come to another deal. We've brokered a deal. Pull the pistols out of your mouths. We've got a deal, you dumb nerds.

First of all, we rode this stink bomb right down to the point of no return, as per our usual. Because, fuck it, why not? Right? This is what we live for. After toying with the entire economy of the universe and all of your lives once more we've reached a deal. We're pretty proud of it. It's our worst one yet. Remember that last one we did where we cut taxes for wall street bankers and gave everyone coupons for Arby's? It's even worse than that. We guarantee this turd isn't gonna make anybody happy and everything you love is gonna be a little bit shittier than before the deal.

"It's a deal."
- The USA Government, in your stupid face.

God we love this. Makes our titties hard.

You're probably thinking: if this deal is so terrible then maybe we should have just gone over the brink and said fuck it all, let the world burn, and truly, we love that attitude. You've got the right idea here. But the trick is, incremental shitworld. You can't just plunge the whole country into a bottomless abyss of fecal froth, you've gotta ease into the poo pool, one toe at a time. We're about waist deep now, so let's just drop down to about mid-chest.

What's in the deal? Oh, this is great, my man.

So remember how your mom gets those pills for her heart? Yeah, they cost double now. And we gave a tax cut to Alpaca farmers because, you know what, fuck it, job creators, right? And we made the army get rid of one jet plane. A single plane out of Iraq. Just aim that sucker at the sun, hit the burners and eject.

Oh, and you have to wait until you turn 89 to retire, but that's cool because the only jobs will be

government jobs and lord knows you don't have to do shit. We had a guy in the senate who was literally a hundred years old. He got paid 300 grand a year and he couldn't even talk. PBS is gone, but we tripled the budget of the DEA task force that busts legal pot growers and the ATF task force that sells SCAR-Hs and P90s and a bunch of Call of Duty guns to the Zetas.

We are giving a tax holiday to the company that put the polar bear on the Lost island so that they can track down weird animals and bring them to Wyoming for rich people to shoot in the head with .454 Super Magnum pistols. Also no taxes on those. A Super Magnum tax credit. Why not, right? Who gives a shit?

The best part is, get this, it's gonna blow your ass out, it's incredible: this deal doesn't even balance the budget. Doesn't do shit with the deficit. No, wait, it ADDS to the deficit. Ha ha! We never actually gave a shit about that. We don't care about anything. We're nihilists with podiums.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, this whole government is shit and everyone in it is shit and fuck our dumb devil eyes, right? Ha ha. Hear it all the time. What are you gonna do, riot? Where? In a strip mall? At a Costco? OOOooh are you gonna occupy your college buildings? Ha ha. Leave a message on our voice mails about it, bitches.

We'll be in Wyoming.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.10 DMT: The Lillard Molecule

Tuesday, Jul 12, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

In 2010, Dr. Ron Waggman was granted unprecedented permission from the FDA and DEA to perform human experiments with DMT, a naturally-occurring molecule that creates intense, short-lasting psychedelic experiences. America's indigenous peoples have used plants containing DMT for centuries in spiritual rituals, claiming that the hallucinations bring them closer to their gods. Some scientists speculate that the brain's natural stock of DMT floods into the bloodstream during times of intense stress or euphoria, such as near-death experiences and religious epiphanies. In his study, Waggman hoped to explore the very real link between DMT and the cosmic-spiritual beyond. The following accounts are the true experiences of the subjects in the study, recorded just as they were returning to consciousness following a large intravenous dose of the drug.

Subject DMT-33, a 44 year old male high school teacher.

> I felt a strange taste in my mouth, then an incredible rush. I could hear a "whooshing" sound in my ears. Suddenly, I was flying at unbelievable speed, toward a wall of intense, kaleidoscopic colors. I felt that I could break through the wall if I concentrated hard enough. With a tremendous effort, I burst into the other side, and it was serene. I was on an alien craft, filled with lights and sounds. A being approached me. The being was the actor Matthew Lillard. He tried to hand me a watch, but this reality broke loose and scattered. I could feel Matthew Lillard wanting me to come back and take the watch.

Subject DMT-02, a 30 year old female massage therapist and acupuncturist.

> It was powerful at first, and terrifying. I was convinced that Dr. Waggman had given me poison, and that I was dying. I felt myself die, and I was convinced that I was dead. There was a beam of light, and a voice told me that I was now in the universe of inner peace. I felt calm, and totally at peace with my death. The voice sounded familiar, like the man who played Maniac in the movie "Wing Commander." The voice told me to come into the light, and I trusted the voice. When I awoke, I was very sad; I wanted to stay dead, at peace, with Maniac.

Subject DMT-12, a 29 year old postgraduate student.

> I could feel myself hurtling through infinity. Suddenly, I was in a room that I had never seen before. It was warm and pleasant, and the actor Matthew Lillard was there. He smiled at me, and I had a very powerful sense that he had important and holy wisdom to impart. He asked me to trust him, and he handed me a video game controller. Ahead of me was a television; I was playing the video game "Crash Bandicoot." The year was 1996. Tears were streaming down my face.

Subject DMT-21, a 41 year old male bricklayer.

> There was a humming, and a throbbing. It was a sound and a feeling and light, all at once, all the same sensation. The colors were fantastic. I fell forever, for weeks it seemed, and I was in another place. There was a man with a mask and a knife, but I wasn't afraid. It wasn't real, like a movie set. The man took the mask off and it was Matthew Lillard, and he telepathically told me that they were filming the movie "Scream." Matthew Lillard had special knowledge to give to me, but he said he was not ready to tell me, and I had to come back. He was very busy filming the movie "Scream," and he could not give me the wisdom of universal love. I wanted to stay, but I felt myself being pulled away.

Subject DMT-13, a 26 year old female musician and part-time housekeeper.

> I found myself in a strange nursery or playroom. The toys were strange and alien. I was filled with joy, then fear; I was an infant. I sensed a presence at my side, like a guide or teacher. I looked over, and it was Matthew Lillard. He told me, without words, that everything would be fine. He pressed an object into my hand. It was a novelty Bill Clinton "Sex Dollars" bill. I knew that this had some special meaning, but now I don't remember what. He also tried to make me take a watch, but I didn't want it. When I came back to this world, the "Sex Dollars" bill was no longer in my hand, but I can still feel it there. My life feels very different now.

Subject DMT-40, a 22 year old male undergraduate student.

> I felt myself separate from my body and float into the world, faster and faster, until I was totally disoriented. I was a mind moving through space, with no physical body. I was above a desert, and there was a body on the ground. My consciousness entered the body. I looked at myself and I was a Native American man. I was very tall and I had no clothes, only paint and feathers. Beside me was a guide, who looked like the guy who played Shaggy in the Scooby Doo movies. Matthew Lillard? He told me I must find my spirit animal. I ran into the desert night in pursuit of a stag. The stag turned to look at me, and it had the face of Matthew Lillard. It was sexual, but also not sexual. And then I was back here, with Dr. Waggman, and it was difficult to remember the feeling.

Subject DMT-04, a 53 year old male writer and former university lecturer.

> It was very sudden, almost as soon as Dr. Waggman made the injection. I was taken away, through sort of an aurora borealis, a veil of light and color. On the other side were stars, infinite stars, and I flew through them. I arrived in a room with no dimensions, no start or end. It was made of glowing cubes of color, like a Rubik's Cube. A big face appeared in front of me. It was the face of that guy who guest starred as the crazy nephew in the episode of SVU with Carol Burnett, and he was also in Scream. I was trying to remember his name, so I could say hello. He told me not to worry about it, and his face started pouring wireframes outward from inside itself in four dimensions. It was incredible, but I knew he was a little mad that I didn't remember his name. I was thinking "Breckin Meyer," but that was wrong, and he banished me from his realm.

Subject DMT-29, a 36 year old female chemist.

> There were beautiful colors all around me. It was perfect bliss. I didn't know whether I was dead or alive, but I felt a very profound and powerful presence, like being at the

> feet of God. I felt another presence there, a holy presence who was not God. I looked deeper into the colors, and they merged to form a 3D face. It was the actor Matthew Lillard. He told me he had something very important to tell me, but in exchange for his knowledge I had to take his totem. It was a novelty Bill Clinton watch that ran backward. It seemed like he didn't want it and was just trying to get rid of it. I decided not to take the watch, even though I knew the knowledge was important. I felt like he didn't blame me, but he was just going to try to give the watch to someone else. I came back to this room, and I wished I had more time with Matthew Lillard, although I was still glad I didn't take the watch.

(This is easily the dumbest thing I've ever written. - DT)

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.11 Rustlr.com: The Great Train Robber Roundup

Wednesday, Jul 13, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Tiny Madison what the heck, why didn't nobody tell me ladies was all gross down there???
1 minute ago. **1 Comments**

Vaquero Esquerra yeah just too bad you chose that over the best game ever...

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe is now listed as incarcerated.
3 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Deputy Rapid City Russ uh oh, guess i'm in charge round here now. well, don't nobody do no wrong and i won't have to shoot you.

Francis Pawley That badge looks awfully heavy in your hand, Russ. I could help you carry it.

Deputy Rapid City Russ i already lost the badge, along with the left half of my vest.

Rapid City Russ is now known as **Deputy Rapid City Russ.**
5 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe After a particularly nasty scuffle that nearly got me and Russ killed, I have seen to the arrests of 8 of the most notorious train robbers in the west. Y'all can rest easy tonight knowing these men are behind bars. Oh, and much obliged to Mr. Pawley for some fine sharpshootin'.
16 minutes ago. **6 Comments**

Pardners' Events

Game Night

Wagons & Allies all night, no mercy. Bring beans and whiskey.
Comin'? Yes · No · Maybe

Sponsored

Meet Pretty Cowgirls

Say goodbye to the lonesome trail and find your fair maiden with LoveLasso! Create your free romantic wanted poster right now.
Fancy this

Miracle Cures!

Instant vitality! D&T's snake oil tonics are the genuine article, backed up by scientific testimoney & centuries of use in the forbidden corners of the Orient.
Fancy this

Francis Pawley And how many of these men you arrested were your former posse?

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe of 'em, countin' yours truly. As the duly elected lawman, I am honor bound to see to it that I get the harshest punishment imaginable, lord help me.

Father Gerald Bless you for bringing these wanton transgressors to justice. Only the Lord is fit to judge, and he will do so after they are hastily executed by an angry mob.

Rapid City Russ wait, am i arrested now too? cause i was part of your posse.

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe No, Russ, you're part of the posse that brought my former posse to justice. You's a deputy now.

Rapid City Russ hot dog! you won't regret this mr. mad sheriff sir. i'll make you proud, honest i will. sorry again about falling asleep during the dynamite fight.

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe ignore last message HEY CAN ANYONE COME HELP ME AND RUSS FEND OFF SOME ANGRY DYNAMITE-THROWIN' TRAIN ROBBERS??? Down near Deadman's Elbow. THANKS.
1 hour ago. **1 Comment**

Francis Pawley Not so easy formin' a proper posse, is it?

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe look out he's got
1 hour ago. **2 Comments**

Duke what's he got?

Cincinnati Pete a hard one, I reckon.

Cuss Finley crashed my horse into a wild indian man out on the trail. he yelt at me, i yelt at him, then i hugged him real long and hard. squirmy indian, that one.
3 hours ago. **1 Comments**

John Red Eagle I guess that explains why Tall Feather won't come out of his sweat lodge. He say "angry and terrible bear spirit have way with me."

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt I'd just like to declare here before one and all that I forgive Beauzerau's trespasses against me, seein' as how he informed me of a sickly mole on my arm just as I was fixin' to stab him in his heart, then had the good graces to remove it free of charge.
4 hours ago. **4 Comments**

Slimy Morgan wait, the doc removed his own heart free of charge? lord I'm gonna miss that crazy man. me and him was the best of friends.

Doc Beauzerau it was lucky you came to kill me when you did, hunt. that mole was just seconds away from metastasizing and turning gangrenous.

Slimy Morgan doc, you're alive!!! Thank god!!!

Yodelin' Rad Paskiewicz Doc, if you practiced medicine half as good as you schemed, there wouldn't be a sick man among us.

Cuss Finley got me a big hairy body, yet can't get no lady.
5 hours ago. **4 Comments**

Cowboy Charlie dang it, we all know you got a big hairy body. We have to see you rubbin' it up with soap every morn in the thoroughfare.

Blackboots McCoy what???? that's you doin that out in the open? thought that was some kinda trained ape with all that hair and grunting. that's why i was feedin' you apples that time. jesus you could have said something so I didn't look like no crazy man out there.

Hoagy Calhoun you always seem to be having fun, cuss. spect I might join you one morning.

Cuss Finley like it when you feed me apples, mccoy. best part of soap times.

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe Fixin' to do what Pawley never could and take care of these wild train robbers once and for all. Need a posse to ride tonight. Who's in?
6 hours ago. **12 Comments**

Francis Pawley you planning on arresting a mirror, Boothe?

Sooty Stan would love to join you but i've got diarrhea again and my horse ain't exactly welcoming me after last night

Tallahassee Parcy Would I be able to personally maim and mutilate each one of the guilty culprits, stomping their faces in with my boot heels, raking my spurs across their eyeballs, ripping outtheir tongues and driving oil-soaked rags down their throats? Cause if so, I've got horse and saddle.

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe Aw heck, we just arrestin' them boys, Tallahassee.

Tallahassee Parcy Nevermind then.

Wild Ron would join you but Vaquerro Esquerra and Jim Hoyle and I are fixin' to get a game of Wagons & Allies going. Damn game takes nigh on six damn hours to play properly.

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt sorry, sheriff, but I'm scheduled to stab a certain somebody in the heart tonight.

Big Henry Haskell awfully rude for you to post this in plain view of me, knowin' HOW MUCH I ENJOY WAGONS & ALLIES.

Cincinnati Pete Always up for some action. Count me in, Wild Ron.

Cowboy Charlie you know damn well I've got my pottery class tonight. Raincheck?

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe Damnit, ain't even one of you sons of bitches available to posse up?

Rapid City Russ well tiny madison said he was busy tonight so i guess i'm in.

Tiny Madison think tonight is the night. after years of beatin' around the bush, gonna ask daisy lou to come have fun with me. mighty excited to finally feel a lady's touch.
7 hours ago. **4 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau is she the whore with the gouged-out eye?

Tiny Madison doc you know that's mirabelle with the bad eye and i can't afford mirabelle, thank you very much. daisy lou is the one with the claw hand and the burns on her face.

Doc Beauzerau oh yeah, i remember causing those burns. have fun.

Vaquerro Esquerra ehhh... honestly Wagons & Allies is more fun.

Cuss Finley is now in your posse.
7 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Francis Pawley to our esteemed sheriff: if you're so eager to enforce the law, why not arrest a certain notorious gang of train robbers plaguing the railroad? You man enough to accept my challenge?
8 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Mad Sheriff Bill Boothe Mighty queer of you to mention, Pawley. I was no more'n a scant few minutes from announcing my plans to end the tyranny of the train robbing pariahs.

Francis Pawley Might want to be careful, Boothe. Heard they was mighty ornery after their leader left 'em high and dry to play dress up.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.12 The Wedding Promise

Thursday, Jul 14, 2011 by The Family Institute of Love and Togetherness

The Family Institute of Love and Togetherness

Serious about families...

The Wedding Promise

A Declaration of COMPLETE FEAR over a CHANGING WORLD

Faithful monogamy is the cornerstone of reasonable society -- as proven by several Bob Jones University texts, megachurch P.R. agents, and Dave Berg of MAD Magazine's "The Lighter Side of..." section. Studies have proven that, without the concept of marriage, the Earth would spin off of its axis, leaving its inhabitants to live out the rest of their lives uncomfortably baking in the sun's harsh space fires.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Indeed, the existence of marriage protects our youth, upholds dad law, keeps airplanes in the sky, and sedates the little man in your refrigerator so he cannot tear open your windpipe when you open the door. And yet many would deny a world of mothers and daughters, brothers and uncles, dads and grads, as well as grand-dads and dad-grads. Without a doubt, it is almost "games over" for the institute of marriage:

- Not to get off topic here or anything but: slavery. Seriously? Anyone know when *that's* coming back? Can I get an amen? An authentic report has proven that an African-American family born into those quaint plantation days of yore are 38% happier than they would be in a nightmarish future with one of their own as President of the United States. Let's all pitch in and get slavery back together.
- And another thing about black people -- No. You know what? I've got a lot of these to write today and I really need to save my "A" material.
- Our frail women and children, who must be secreted away from the horrors the lamestream media refers to as "reality," suffer most from the debasement of history's most reliable means of transferring females from owner to owner. This debasement stems from societal causes such as casual spooning, Glee parties, co-ed mass transit, and the anti-scientific bias which holds, in the complete absence of scientific proof, that gay penguins can be born in captivity.
- We really need to do something about all of the black people.

The Candidate Vow

Therefore, should I become the legally elected representative of a trusting populace, for the sake of my beloved constituents and private sector blood buds, I vow to uphold the Christian moral standard through my:

- Ability to keep it "in" the family.
- Respect for the law of "If someone else's marriage is a -rockin', obey thy Sacred Covenant."
- Official fidelity to the U.S. Constitution; I vow to memorize it phonetically, and not look for the "meaning" put there as a trick by Satan.
- Vigorous opposition of any redefinition of the word "marriage." For instance, if my overtired friend were to say "Wow. So happy it's the weekend. Sometime I feel like I'm married to my job." In this case I would ask him to rephrase his sinful metaphor, unless his job has anthropomorphized into the form of a human female. If the latter happens, I would check my Bible as it is surely End Times.
- Recognition of the fact that married people live happier, healthier lives, and die of natural causes, instead of being dragged behind a pickup truck or drowned in the well behind the abandoned middle school on Harper Street.
- Giving battered wives a chance to "cool down" with the "Put Some Ice on that, Sister" program, designed to prevent "speedy divorces," made famous by popular tween fiction.
- Steadfast embrace of an Amendment to the U.S. Constitution that would send anyone not wed by the age of 22 to special "marriage camps" that operate outside the oppressive bounds of the Geneva Conventions.
- Protection of women and their moist loinfruits from intimacy thieves and innocence brigands.
- Support of our troops through the requirement of an eight-foot "friendship distance" between each of our brave fighting men in all intimate situations, excluding combat.
- Rejection of Sharia Islam and all other forms of totalitarian control, especially the Secret Muslimism espoused by certain current U.S. Presidents.
- Recognition that a woman who is not pregnant or recovering from pregnancy for at least 90% of the year will very likely find a path to escape.
- Commitment to the dissolution of the burdensome U.S. government in favor of a god-king who will protect us against our heathen enemies with powerful magicks.
- Fierce defense of the First Amendment protection against haters; specifically, those who've been sippin' that Haterade in regards to faithful heterosexual marriage.

The Vow of Civic, Religious, Lay, Business, and Social Leaders

We the undersigned do solemnly vow that any elected official who does not abide by the terms listed above will not receive our recognition, even if we are walking down a very long hallway towards them, all while keeping in mind the amount of discomfort that sort of social situation would bring. We also promise to remain faithful to the contents of this document and also our wives, time permitting.

Help us out here, *God*.

Sign below and receive your free Conservative Christian Birthday Fun kit by mail:

-∼The Family Institute of Love and Togetherness

7.13 Great Moments in Chubbuck, Idaho's SWAT Team History

Friday, Jul 15, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chubbuck, Idaho, population 9,700, is America's smallest town with a police SWAT (Special Weapons And Tactics) team. It was created in 1991, following the non-fatal shooting of a police officer in nearby Pocatello, to address the perceived threat to the community posed by maniac drifters, illegals and drug smokers. It has served proudly ever since.

1991

Chubbuck SWAT Team formed. Within days it is deployed to deal with a shoplifting incident at the Kroger's grocery store. A child is apprehended. Parents later file a report claiming the child was punched in the mouth. No disciplinary action was taken due to a mysterious degaussing incident at the grocery store's security room that destroyed all evidence.

1993

A standoff drill to avoid "Waco-like scenarios" resulted in an accidental fire and serious burn injuries to more than a dozen adults and children volunteering as cultists. One officer was also hospitalized in an unrelated sunstroke incident.

1996

Chubbuck 1, a state of the art tactical helicopter, enters service with the Chubbuck SWAT unit to offer aerial reconnaissance and, according to SWAT leader Captain Rhinehauser, "extreme death from above type scenarios."

1999

Responded to a call of a woman with a raccoon under her sink. Opened cabinet under sink. There was no raccoon.

2002

An egg was left unattended on a bench in the park. Hardboiled, it was removed by EOD robot to a safe location and destroyed with dynamite. Unfortunately, proper safety procedures were not obeyed and two SWAT officers were sexually dismembered by shrapnel.

2003

A suspicious white powder was discovered on top of a mountain. An attempt was made to apprehend the mountain. The mountain resisted and, unfortunately, the mountain later died.

2004

Responded to a call of a woman with a raccoon on her roof. A large Blue Jay was spotted on her chimney and taken out by tactical sniper Officer Johnson. One neighbor was also arrested for assaulting an officer in an unrelated incident and their jet skis were confiscated.
2005

SWAT officers responding to a call of a missing dog found the dog in a nearby forest and were forced to kill it when it behaved in a threatening manner by coming towards them wagging its tail and not heeding commands to "Halt! Get down on your face and put your hands above your head!"

2006

Tactical Sniper Officer Johnson is killed while off duty in a tragic body shots and jet ski incident.

2007

Apprehended a known horse. Two other horses slightly killed.

2009

Loose pig at the county fair was reported eating several huckleberry pies lined up for the pie eating contest. Alpha team deployed from the Chubbuck 1 helo unit using fast roping techniques and secured a perimeter for the Armored Command Center "War Pig" to breach the main pavilion, deploy concussion charge, and eliminate all possible threats posed by livestock. 61 pigs, 39 chickens, 14 goats and a dog were killed. One 4H councilor was deafened by explosions. Pie-eating pig neutralized, mission successful.

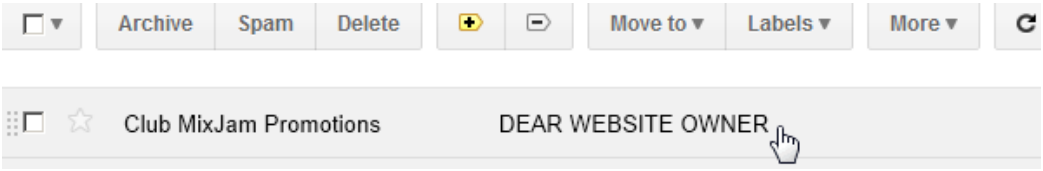
2011

Responded to a call of a woman with a raccoon in her basement.
The War Pig's pneumatic ram was used to breach the door and a no-knock team entered, deploying stun grenades and using bean bag rounds on a child in a neighbor's yard. CS gas was used to disperse onlookers. Woman caller was located on top floor, seemed disoriented, resisted and was subdued using taser which, unfortunately, caused her to seize. She remains in a coma. Secured a ladle and two brooms that looked somewhat like firearms, located a smuggler's hold/cellar entrance on the rear of the residence, breached with thrown charges, discovered major meth production lab operated by raccoons.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.14 Club MixJam Promotions Presents: Brad Rapstar

Saturday, Jul 16, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



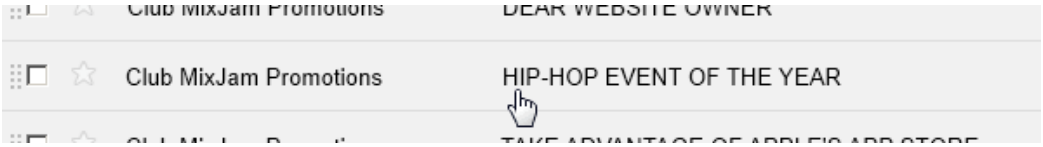
Our records show that your website SOMETHINGAWFUL will reach a larger audience and increase its profits by at least 400% simply by entering into an exciting promotional partnership. Give your visitors what they want with Club Mixjam Promotions!

Starting on the 27th, our unique TABLE FOR BRAD RAPSTAR event kicks off in style. A medium sized table (fold out, particle board) will display a number of signed photographs of up and coming hip-hop artist BRAD RAPSTAR. There will also be approximately one large caricature of the rapper. In this drawing, he will have a large head and will be fishing in a small pond. A word balloon near his head will read "Why can't I catch any fish?" The viewer will see what the caricature of BRAD RAPSTAR cannot: There are no fish in the pond because it is full of treasure chests!

The table will be set up and later taken down by a weeping DMX, who promises to keep the open sobbing to a minimum.

BRAD RAPSTAR will not be present, as he has previous engagements.

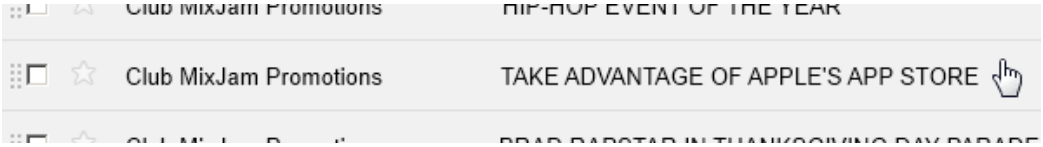
Sincerely,
ClubMixJamPromotions.Biz (look us up in the phone book, we're working on getting a website now that GeoCities is gone)



This month would be the perfect time for your website SOMETHINGAWFUL to hitch a ride on the breakout success that is Club MixJam Productions!

The nation turns its eyes to the biggest party of all time, featuring an unbelieveable lineup of artists including BRAD RAPSTAR, his partner in crime DJ SCHMEEJAY, the beautiful $TEPH@NEE, and by popular demand SWEAT SWEAT with their chart-topping club banger SWEAT (SWEAT) from the mixtape PERSPERSWEATION.

This mega-party of epic proportions will take place at the SWANK BAR, in the parking lot. If we are asked to move again, we will relocate to the DENNY'S on 3rd Avenue.



We are pleased to announce that the Club MixJam Promotions app has officially launched on the Apple App Store! For $2.99, you too can launch an app that flashes the words "Club MixJam Promotions" on the screen of your iPad, iPhone, or Apple computer.

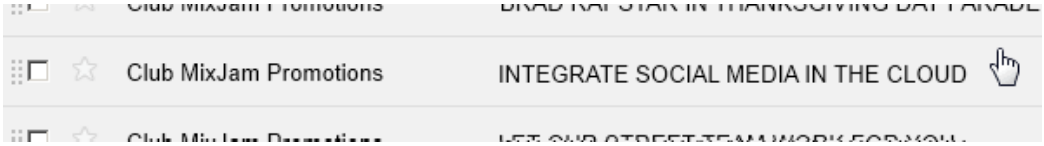
Note: Fullscreen mode will only be available in Mac OSX Lion.

At last count there were over two hundred million App Store users! Your website SOMETHINGAWFUL can tap into this lucrative market by joining forces with Club MixJam Promotions!

It's official, rap sensation BRAD RAPSTAR has gone from cult favorite to beloved celebrity! He will be featured as a float in this year's Thanksgiving Day Parade, seen on national television!

The float will be life-sized, made with over 20 small balloons arranged in the shape of a human. Using a magic marker, DMX will draw BRAD RAPSTAR's eyes and mouth onto the topmost balloon. No nose. Noses are really hard to draw. This balloon will be the float's head.

This stunning replica of America's most exciting artist will be walked through the crowd as the parade goes on. If we can find helium, it will also be let go to float into the air, symbolizing the rise of the phenomenon that is BRAD RAPSTAR.



Just as social media has defined a generation, so has BRAD RAPSTAR. This week the two cultural landmarks will meet, as BRAD RAPSTAR plans to post comments on Twitter, YouTube comment sections, and the Facebook walls of attractive girls.

An audience of billions will possibly be reached as this Club MixJam Promotions event kicks into gear - with or without you! Preferably with!

BRAD RAPSTAR has some things to say about Obamacare on YouTube, and he has already expressed interest in retweeting several corporate contest tweets which could net him such exciting prizes as a lifetime supply of smoke detectors and a plastic replica of the rollerball from the movie Rollerball (2002 version).

Let's get this party started!

The Club MixJam street team is in full effect! These excited, passionate youths are out there and spreading the message with flyers and matching BRAD RAPSTAR t-shirts!

Our street team has been encouraged to yell. If they don't have a message (they currently don't) they will shout wordless yelps. Just think - if you team up with Club MixJam Promotions they could be yelling your message and increasing your website's clicks!

For a limited time, our street team also has bus fare so they can cover multiple areas and most of a bus.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.15 Hotdogger!

Monday, Jul 18, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wesley Snipes once sternly advised America to, "Always bet on black. And when you win you don't have to pay taxes on that money, because it counts as a prize and not income." In the midst of a prolonged economic downturn I think a safer bet is on hotdogs.

Why not? Hotdogs are inexpensive, they're full of calories, they travel well and, most importantly, the hotdog economy is always booming. You can also trust them. If I could have any hotdog-related job, other than professional hotdog eater, I would want to be deployed as one of Oscar Mayer's Wienermobile drivers. The few, the proud, the Hotdoggers.

As sure as the sight of an MPF Pursuit Special strikes fear into the hearts of road warriors, the sight of a Wienermobile patrolling America's highways strikes hunger into the hearts of children. And also probably road warriors. We mentally identify decades by the fleets of cars that filled our streets. What is cool now will become lame and then cool all over again. The Wienermobile remains unchanged. It will always be cool. It's why I've applied, like I do every single year, to join the legendary ranks of Hotdoggers.

I think if I became a Wienermobile driver the first thing I would do would be drive it through a car wash. In addition to being a great visual metaphor for placing a penis inside a washing machine, the sight of a Wienermobile driving into a car wash also serves as a reminder of the excellent hygiene of Oscar Mayer hotdogs.

Every time I stopped the Wienermobile at a stoplight I would rev the engine and try to get the car next to me to drag race. I don't think the Wienermobile is very fast. Somewhere between a wheelbarrow and a regular car, if I had to guess. That's okay; nobody would expect me to win, so the one time I did win people would be pretty excited. I would also try drifting in a Wienermobile even though I don't really understand how to do it and I think it would be dangerous.

I worry about never having the opportunity to drive a Wienermobile. Not very many people out

of everyone in the world gets to do it. Few get the calling and fewer still survive training. Way less than 1%. Are there more Navy SEALs than Wienermobile drivers? Probably. I wonder what Wienermobile Hell Week is like.

Think about how elite you have to be to drive the Wienermobile. Not just any guy who drives a car with the word HOTDOG on the side doors and a drawing of a hotdog he did himself on the hood gets to drive a Wienermobile. Not even if he paid a guy to airbrush a hotdog woman on the hood over his original hotdog drawing in a tasteful bit of erotic airbrush painting. You need talent and commitment to hone your body and mind into an instrument of Wienermobile driving.

My backup plan, in case Oscar Mayer overlooks me again this year for Hotdogger Academy, is to buy an old Wienermobile. This is difficult, because very few Wienermobiles have been retired to the private sector. My hope is that a drug lord bought one and then lost his assets in a police raid and so I could buy the Wienermobile at a police auction. I bet I could get a pretty good deal. I don't think too many people know the real value of a Wienermobile.

I would be afraid of claiming to be an Oscar Mayer Wienermobile so I would invent my own kind of hotdog and call the vehicle a Hotdogmobile. I would be available for people to have events where they wanted a giant hotdog car around, like a cookout or I could take some kids to prom. I could park it at kids soccer games and give them free hotdogs at halftime. There's a lot of energy in those dogs.

If a city wanted to hire me I could also be an emergency Hotdogmobile. It could be 811 and when they call I can come to an emergency where someone needs hotdogs or is having a problem with some hotdogs. Maybe I could open a package for them or steam up some dogs for a lunatic breaking into their house.

Here's to hoping I am hired for the position. Oh, and sorry, Wesley Snipes, I believe I will be placing all of my bets on hotdogs.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.16 Sizzling Summer Goodies from the Bradford Exchange

Wednesday, Jul 20, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

When it comes to blasting out soulless Americana, no entity on this earth has a bigger and more industrious butthole than the Bradford Exchange. With each of these articles I write, I hope it will be the last. But the Bradford Exchange is relentless. They cannot help themselves. They are on some maddening quest to create the perfect item that so remarkably encapsulates the essence of America's schizophrenic spirit that reality itself collapses in on itself.

Perhaps someday one of those inexplicable corporate hotshots will take over and decide to rebrand the company as "The Brad" or "The Exchange" and replace their majestically terrible product line with something even more bizarre. Until that day comes we can count on the Bradford Exchange to continue its dreadful quest to unravel everything we hold dear and sacred in this universe.

I don't know why, but I feel strangely obligated to keep tabs on their ever-expanding and recursive catalog, and to make fun of it. I think in part because I'm trying to make sense out of what appears to be entirely senseless. Humans are coming up with these ideas in all sincerity, then selling them in earnest to other humans. This is really happening. These things are being conceived, manufactured and sold without an ounce of irony anywhere in the process.

Kitten Art Tray Table Set

As far as the kitten art scene goes, there's Jurgen Scholz and then there's everybody else. As an artist, you can aspire to no greater glory than having your artwork adorn a tray table destined to hold stacks of old newspapers, TV dinners and giant plastic tubs of craft supplies that will never ever be used.

Now normally you would probably pay a very modest fee for a set of tray tables, but since these feature the unique and unmistakable art of Jurgen Scholz, the Larry Bird or Albert Einstein of painting kittens matching wits with balls of yarn, you're looking at a $200 investment. That's a pretty hefty chunk of the ol' social security check, but worth every penny since you obviously can't just buy a generic set for $50 and glue on some cat photos you pirated from the internet.

2009 World Series Golf Cart Figurine

I *love* golf carts, but the problem is I'm a *huge* fan of 2009 World Series champions the New York Yankees. If only there was a collectible figurine that solved my delicate dilemma in a respectful manner. Wait, you mean to tell me that Bradford Exchange makes a realistic golf cart figurine commemorating the winners of the 2009 World Series? Sold! Now I have no other worldly dilemmas except for being a tremendously useless shell of a human being.

Kate Middleton And Prince William Engagement Collector Plate

> *The world held its breath on November 16, 2010, as Charles, Prince of Wales, at last announced the engagement of his son Prince William to Catherine "Kate" Middleton of London, a commoner.*

Indeed, I, like the rest of the world, could not help but be so captivated by the marriage of Prince William to that lowly wretch of a woman, that disgusting commoner with no titles to her name, that my respiratory system ceased to function and my blood stopped supplying oxygen to my brain. As I suffered brain damage on said occasion, I am extremely grateful to the Bradford Exchange

for making this bejeweled dinner plate depicting an actual undoctored image of the asymmetrically classed couple. Now I can be reminded of the thing I don't remember.

What bothers me is the explicit warning on the certificate of authenticity stating this plate is not for food use. Excuse me, Bradford Exchange, but if I want to eat my hot dogs and instant potatoes -- a traditional English meal -- off of this beautiful Cinderella story in which a noble prince marries a no-good trash lady, you can't stop me. Don't even try. If I accidentally eat a simulated diamond in the process, then so be it.

President Barack Obama Commemorative Baby Doll

He may not be a real citizen. He may be the product of an unnatural love between a white lady and a globetrotting Muslim working the extremely long con of getting one of his sperm into the White House. He may be the Antichrist as prophesized in various misinterpretations of the Bible. He may be a socialist even though he pretty much does the opposite of what all socialists want. The only thing we know for sure about this mysterious Barack "Barack Hussein Obama" Obama is that he makes for one really cute baby, and babies are much easier to control and contain when they get out of hand.

In true American tradition, baby Obama was born wearing a patriotic T-shirt and jorts. Birth certificate be damned, that's proof enough.

No word yet on whether President Barack Obama Commemorative Baby Doll is anatomically correct, like some of the Bradford Exchange's other perfectly reasonable fake child offerings.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.17 Drive-Thru Monsters

Thursday, Jul 21, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I work in a drive-thru. It's an okay job except for the one time my headset fell in the shake machine. When I took it out, it was picking up weird voices.

Monster voices.

I told my manager Gerald. He said to change the battery and then went back in the office to do more coke even though he was trying to kick.

To some people monsters aren't as shocking as to others.

At first the monsters talked only in short sentences using the words "First window," "Cheeseburger" and "Number One Meal." After a week, they knew all the meal numbers. After two, they were telling me the secrets of the universe.

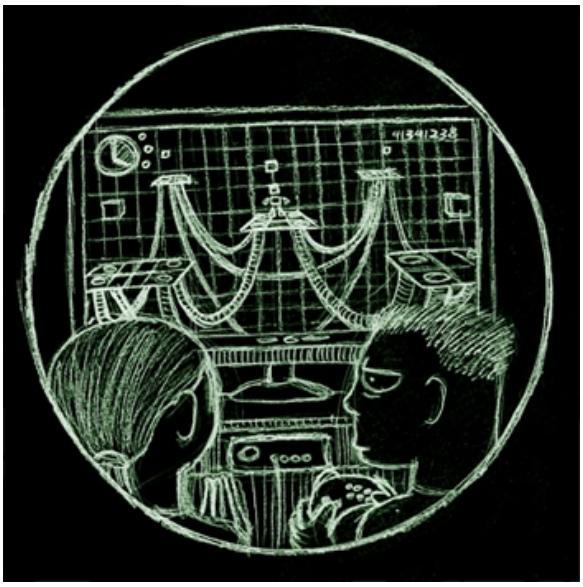
They said that time is like a level in the video game Crate II: It's a series of rooms connected by various paths. Except unlike Crate II, which has one or two or ten paths, it has infinite paths. Humans always choose the straightest path, out of pure laziness. We want time to be a tidy three-act play, like the panel/first window/second window setup of the drive-thru.

After a month, I had to tell someone. Besides Gerald, my coworker and best friend Yardley was the only person I could trust. He believed me, but he didn't understand the time analogy, so to illustrate it I made a Crate II level where every room had teleports to every other room.

Out of boredom, I also posted the level on the Internet. Most people hated it, but a few loved it and said they connected with it like no other level. I decided to make more.

"Sometimes it seems like you'd rather make Crate II levels than be with me," Yardley said one day.

"I'd rather do both," I said. "But making levels takes time. I'm still struggling to find my style."



In truth, I was agonizing. Every morning I'd wake up afraid to face the angry white lines of the grid. I wanted to tell Yardley, but it seemed like the sort of thing I should tell only the monsters. I turned on my headset, but it was tuned to a different channel. It sounded like the drive-thru, except everyone said "I'm miserable and want to die." I realized I was reading customers' thoughts.

Yardley walked by the panel and was thinking about transferring to another restaurant.

That night, two monsters appeared in my room.

"We're here to kill you for sharing our secrets," one said.

"Not now," I said. "I'm working on my Crate II level."

"What's Crate II?"

"It's a game. You said it's analogous to time."

"That was a vast simplification. Your 'Crate II' is nothing like time; it's just the closest thing in your head."

"Can this lecture wait? I'm aligning a crate texture."

The next day, Yardley invited me to his new apartment. I said I couldn't go because I had to work on my level.

"Fine, then I'm transferring to another restaurant. But first I'm going to go home and cry."

"Me too. My latest level got 2 of 5 stars at Ned's Level Reviews. I worked really hard on it, but it still came out poorly. Is there a word for that?"

"Life."

His lack of sympathy for my level-designer's block angered me, so I threw a cheeseburger. It hit him on the shoulder and fell to the floor. I thought he'd start cursing, but instead he picked it up, put it in the trash and walked away.

To some people monsters aren't as shocking as to others.

*Thanks to **Ian @ Fused Muse** for bringing the monsters (and Crate 2!) to life! See/read more of his SA work here.*

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.18 The Fighting Game Character I-Ching

Friday, Jul 22, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

qián / Force

Divination Text

"So long weenie king. We won't meet again."

- Kyo Kusanagi, *King of Fighters 95*

Situation Analysis

We are all kings of our own empires: our relationships, kindnesses and 100-hit combos. Within each of us is the power to create a legend or to ring out and disappear ignominiously. Seek the greatness and inspiration to be found in your move list, no matter what path you must walk to achieve mastery.

kun / Field

Divination Text

"Woo! Woow! Wow! Woooow! Wow! (Can you and I be friends?)"

- Blanka, *Street Fighter Alpha 3*

Situation Analysis

Even our boldest enemies can be turned into friends at opportune moments. Resist negative or hostile actions, no matter how much you are electrocuted, and greet your greatest foe with an outstretched hand or by pressing A and B at the same time to grapple.

zhun / Sprouting

Divination Text

"My totem is too great for your desperate fighting techniques!"

- T. Hawk, *Street Fighter*

Situation Analysis

When you are confronted with a problem that seems insurmountable at first you must not become discouraged or rely on the same technique over and over again. Eventually your opponent will learn to block low kicks. You must travel around their defenses and engage them from an unexpected quarter.

méng / Enveloping

Divination Text

"I am Yoshimitsu! Had enough?"

- Yoshimitsu, *Soulcalibur*

Situation Analysis

Circumstance and obstacles can delay your progress and seem insurmountable to a newcomer as you attempt to rescue Doctor Boskonovitch. Only through experience will we ever become seasoned veterans.

5

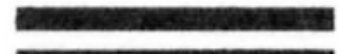
xu / Attending

Divination Text

"If Dark Kahn is made of Darkseid's energy, it's a good chance he's on Apokolips."
- Superman, *DC vs. Mortal Kombat*

Situation Analysis

Sometimes delaying can be your best option. When things become difficult or you face obstacles you did not plan for, feel free to let Superman fix everything.



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sòng / Arguing

Divination Text

"You will never run away from your sin! You have no right to live! It is a sin for you to be alive!"
- Nightmare, *Soulcalibur II*

Situation Analysis

Our past deeds and negative thinking pursue us as surely as our shadows. Do not fear these deeds. We must turn and confront them and hope the demon sword doesn't transform you into a monster.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.19 The Bravest Pre-Battle Speech

Saturday, Jul 23, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Brothers! Here we are on the cusp of war, a mere hundred dwarves standing between our homelands and the invading horde. Our weapons are dull, our hands untrained in combat. We have not had a decent nap in weeks. Our ale stores have diminished, leading many to suckle their beards for sustenance. Some have even resorted to water and vegetables.

And yet, we do not waver. We do not back down from the costly call of destiny. Why?

I look out over this parapet and see four thousand barbarians from the realm of men. They stalk back and forth as bloodlust consumes them. They possess incredible speed, unmatched skill, and greatswords carved from Godwood itself.

We, however, have pride. I am truly proud of you guys. Really. Borgrir, remember when you drew that mermaid? That was a great drawing. Good stuff. I'm proud of you.

Beyond the barbarians I see the clattering, restless forms of the Skeleton Lords. Their crowns are pieced together from the teeth of their victims. Each holds the femur of a legendary warrior, torn from the victim's body as it still bled out, dipped in molten gold and fashioned into a grim scepter. Some say the Skeleton Lords are unstoppable. After all, how can you kill an enemy that cannot bleed, a foe which magically pieces itself back together when you smash it apart?

I'll tell you how: With decency. We are all good, well-meaning folk, and that's something that the Skeleton Lords can't say. Let's see them defeat that!

Look out onto that field once more, and you shall also see the great crystal form of a high dragon. Note how the sunlight glints across his ruby eyes like a flash of steel reflected in a pool of blood. Some say he is as old as the world itself, possibly as old as the stars.

You know what's also old? More than half of our troops. Most of us are greybeards with so many years behind us that we can barely lift our chipped axes. That might not be as old as the dragon, but I certainly think it's impressive!

There, to the left flank, stands nearly twenty thousand crabman wizards, foul creatures whose inability to use eating utensils is only surpassed by their ability to conjure up crustacean magics. What could possibly be more mysterious than the ways of a crabman wizard?

The answer is simple: A dwarf's inability to move quickly. Well, that and the fact that our wounds bleed so profusely. It's a toss-up, really, but either way we have the crabmen beat.

What's that I see, cresting the horizon? Is it a fleet of wolfman pirate ships charging across the sea to siege our unguarded bay? I believe so! Their magnificent vessels and cannons appear to be brand new.

Also alarmingly young, however, are those few dwarves among us who are not ancient and feeble. I believe that many of you are scarcely fourteen years of age. Again, not as new as the gear belonging to the wolfmen, but quite impressive!

Ah, yes. As expected, the sky is darkening with the silhouettes of clockwork griffins. Those flying contraptions are built to tear and rend with metallic claws and beaks. Singular in purpose, they are frightening marvels of engineering.

If you ask me, however, I think that Chuffwold's tummy scratcher was the most clever contraption I had ever seen. So, on that point the advantage goes to us.

There, off to one side, the rest of the horde has given wide berth to two small shapes. Those would be the twin necromancers from Sylfallen. Those evil siblings are able to raise the dead to do their bidding. When the battle begins, they will breathe cruel life back into our fallen opponents and friends then turn them against us.

We, on the other hand, are courteous enough to leave the dead alone. I'm going to call that one a moral victory.

That forest to the east? Those are actually the united nations of Treemen. Sure, they're large and powerful, but isn't freedom more powerful? No? Oh.

There, directing his army's movements from the back of the battlefield, squats the incorporeal form of the Bugbear God. They say he's omniscient, that he can see all. Intimidating, right? Well, consider the fact that from where I'm standing I can see all three hundred thousand of his troops as they advance on our position. His omniscience no longer seems to be such an advantage, does it?

As you can see, my brothers, the very best qualities displayed by our enemies are equaled or bettered by the very traits which make us dwarves. Fight bravely, and let our actions today forge a new tomorrow! Borgrir, put down that drawing for one blasted moment, will you? If we lose, it's because you weren't listening to me!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.20 Timeline of 2011 NFL Lockout

Sunday, Jul 24, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

March: Rookie salary cap is proposed, resulting in all first year players to earn 40% current average and forfeit all pink and red Starbursts to veteran players.

Players ask League if League is mad. League says no. "Because you look mad," Players reply. "Well," League states, "now I am mad."

Lockout officially begins.

April: Al Davis crumbles into a pile of scabs and lint from errant high five between two middle school children.

Following Ohio and Wisconsin, Owners decide to force players to give up collective bargaining rights. Change mind at last moment, stating "we aren't that ruthless." Players give it up themselves to decertify union: Owners feel happy. Players file antitrust lawsuit: Owners don't know how to feel.

Owners agree 30 - 0 that they feel "rich and hungry" with Al Davis dead and Jerry Richardson feeling "stuck in the endless torment of hell" though that is the standard feeling of anyone living in North Carolina.

May: In an effort to address public relations, members from the league and players' union hold press conference to defend the NFL's integrity. Agree that things could be more corrupt, biased, and unfair. In fact, they say, we could be more like the NCAA. Chills run down the spines of all in attendance.

Lockout continues for three straight weeks for the sake of filling airtime on ESPN.

June: Someone mentions Ricola commercial. Members on both sides declare, "Oh yeah, I sort of remember those ones."

In an act that confuses many, Players agree unconditionally to every proposal of the 1994-95 MLB strike. Bud Selig raises roof.

Al Davis is resurrected under the Oakland full moon with a potion concocted of Swisher Sweets cigarillos, Olde English 800, and what Davis referred to as his "Jitter Bug Jism". In the following press conference, he demands the blood of three head coaches.

Retired players hold press conference. One guest arrives-- a homeless woman in a kitten sweater. She leaves upon eating all the complimentary crackers.

Banned, thankfully.

July: Two-A-Days are banned along with double dipping, Double Bubble, *Two and a Half Men*, all sequels, threesomes, three way chili, four square, and the popular card game Uno.

Unable to agree, a match to the death is declared but immediately cancelled due to unfair differences in age and stature between both parties. Michael Vick suggests that maybe, just maybe he knows another battle that could settle the problem.

Michael Vick apologizes for overdone joke, backs bill to increase punishment for dog fighting.

Three day hiatus for Harry Potter premier.

Split opinions cause tensions to rise as owners declare that they greatly enjoyed *The Deathly Hallows* while players thought *Order of the Phoenix* had a better plot.

Both sides wake up, eat late brunch, and earnestly try to end lockout. Talks breakdown when television is turned to ESPN. Owners and players listen to commentators decry that they are, in fact, still very, very angry about vague issues of business courtesy. Players and owners become very angry about vague issues of business courtesy in real life.

Roger Goodell states that if he wanted to "lord over" a "bunch of whiny cry babies" he'd become the commissioner of the NBA. Owners and players reply in unison, "Daaaaamn."

Lockout officially ends as both sides agree to stop this timeline and focus on who should be sacrificed at the Tomb of Al Davis.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.21 Fox on Sex: Birds I Want ta Root

Monday, Jul 25, 2011 by Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fox on Sex series.

Fox on Sex columnist **Jenny Block** is currently missing in a sweltering fuck-jungle. Fox News does not know what that means, exactly, but while her expedition is ongoing we have asked Newscorp CEO Rupert Murdoch to fill in for her.

FOX on sex

Fox on Sex: Birds I Want ta Root

Monday, July 25th, 2011

FOX NEWS

By Rupert Murdoch

What is this? Damned Myspace again? I don't know what this is. What am I doing? Nobody tells me fuck all.

Something about sex for Ailes's crew? Right then. Girls I Want to Shag. No, no...Birds I Want ta Root.

Where ta begin? Cast of *Prisoner Cell Block H.* No, fucken Yankee droolers won't know that. Celebrities only.

Right, here we go.

I'd sure like ta pitch the old mystery bag up the gal from 24. The little blonde. Globey? Was that it? I went by the closed caption. She's small. I'm sure I could hold her down.

Congratulations to Prince William, ya planky-toothed cunt. Ya threw a golden rope around that bit of minge didn't ya? Can't say I blame ya. Kate, come on, lovely, hows about a sack of emeralds if ya let old uncle Rupe shove a babby up yar duff?

That red head woman from the TV. Get a squizz at the icing on this cupcake. Devil knows I love me gingers but I ain't hardly seen one with tucker-bags like them on her. She's a dairy with an arse.

Truth, mate, I'd give me boy's pecker ta have a naughty with her. Scissor his willy off and put it in a box with a bow. I done worse for less. Just let me at those tits.

Who was the Sports Illustrated fanny of the year? Upton? Fuck's sake. I'd shag her chapped.

19? Cawww, they'd have ta paste her nasty back together. Hell, I've got the glue 'tween me knees. Just give me a shot of the vit-mins, make me eyes cross, and I'll overflow a sodding bucket.

I prefer me meats rare, but if me guts is rumbling I'd saw off a cut of Helen Mirren. The old dame's been walkabout more than once so I'd leave the lights off, but the flaps are all the same once ya get going. Bet she's got a mouth worse'n an abbo gone wobbly boots too.

I appreciate tits. If I'm bein' honest I'm more of an arse lover and no sheila at the station stiffs me pecker as quick as Jennifer Bale. Is that her name?

I'd give up that shite island shaped like Australia I bought in Dubai for ten minutes in an elevator with her bottom burps. I sat through that anti-robot-jet propaganda *Stealth* ta spot fifteen seconds of her bikini. Bottom line: how many zeros do I have ta scribble on a check ta roll on her freckle? I will chase her last meal back out her front.

What's the name of that baby-talkin' cooze always acts fluffed to her marbles on something stiff and always gets in the nuddy and rubs her business around? Pantsy Lahorta? Name sounds brown, but she's white as one of me news rooms. Well, whatever her damned parents called her I'll set her right if I have ta put her over the lid of me Esky and stir the pudding with a broom.

How much of this do I have ta write? Just get me list from me office and have them telegraph it over. There's got ta be hundreds of names on there. What do you want me to do? I've already missed me snack and me nap to fill in on yar Myspace. Truth be told, I'd stick it ta anyone. Nah, anything. Doesn't matter. I'd bugger a shark if ya found me at the right point in me life. Doesn't have to be pretty.

Just put this up exactly like this.

-∼Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

7.22 Punch Me in the Face, Matthew Lillard

Tuesday, Jul 26, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Dear Matthew Lillard, actor,

This weekend, shortly after I got drunk and livetweeted the movie Hackers, you offered to pay one hundred dollars to punch me in the face.

Arr David Thorpe
Hey @lillardmatthew, I'm just watching Hackers, is there some way to pay $50 to go back in time and punch you in the face in that movie? TIA
22 Jul
Lillardmatthew matthew lillard
@Arr No, there's no way to do that. Unlucky huh? But I'll give you a hundred if I can punch you in the face. I think I would like that.
23 Jul

Though I already accepted the offer over Twitter, I'd like to do so again, in front of God and the Internet and everybody: punch my face, Matthew Lillard. Punch me in my face and pay me.

Mr. Lillard, I don't dislike you, or at least not beyond that grinding, low-level rage that everyone feels toward 90s celebrities. In fact, entirely by coincidence, I recently wrote a stupid but not specifically unflattering story about you on this site; you shared a link to that story on Twitter, so I hope that means you enjoyed it. I don't know anything about you as a person, and your acting is fine with me. I haven't specifically disliked any of your performances. Scream was fun to watch, and your SVU episode was one of my recent favorites. I haven't seen Scooby Doo, so I can only object to your portrayal of Shaggy on general principle, if at all (who the fuck else was going to play Shaggy?).

Still, I realize that I said some fucked-up things during my Hackers livetweet session. I know it's no excuse, but I was drunk, and I was in some amount of distress due to watching Hackers. For example, this tweet:

Arr David Thorpe
The repulsion I feel toward Matthew Lillard is much the same as what I feel toward harlequin babies and that two-headed girl on TLC
22 Jul

Yeah, that was a shitty thing to say. If it's any consolation, I was mostly referring to your character in Hackers, with the baby tees and pigtail braids and whatnot, not to Matthew Lillard the person. Now, sober, not watching Hackers, I don't feel anywhere near that level of repulsion. I also said some things about your costars, Angelina Jolie and Johnny Lee Miller, that may have rubbed you the wrong way:

Arr David Thorpe
Pixie cut Angelina Jolie with a ringer tee tucked deep into some black stretch pants? Be still my beating.... FART!?!?
22 Jul
Arr David Thorpe
"Shit on me!" - Johnny Lee Miller, in the movie Hackers and also probably in real life a few times and that's why he doesn't have a career
22 Jul

Those were probably unfair as well. I can't do a good English accent, so why should I pick on JLM for his American accent? And I probably wouldn't look too great in a ringer tee tucked into black stretch pants either, and anyway I was pretty drunk and I don't even know what that joke means anymore. I can't apologize for these jokes, because I stand by the drunken truth of my statements, but I certainly don't begrudge you the right to be annoyed by them. But you gotta admit this one is pretty true, right?

Arr David Thorpe
Where the fuck did Johnny Lee Miller pick up his American accent? Listening to Christian Slater do a Jimmy Durante impression?
22 Jul

Anyway, yes: let's do this. Punch me in the face, and then hand me one hundred dollars. I've been making hurtful online jests for far too long, and now it's time to reap my comeuppance. You name the place, and I will make an effort to travel there. I will even film it, that my girlish sobs of pain and terror, both before and after the punch, might be a warning to all others who would fuck with Matthew Lillard.

I fully intend to be a man about this and take the punch as simply as possible, but I'd like to make a few reasonable requests. I'm not trying to lay down and mandates here, but I'm hoping you'll accept these in the name of good sportsmanship:

- Please give me a minute to prepare for the punch; don't just sucker-punch me as soon as you see me. If I'm caught by surprise, I might flinch or try to dodge the punch, which would go against the whole spirit of the thing.

- Please let me wear one of those boxing mouth guards, as much for your comfort as for mine. I know you're probably a good guy who doesn't want to break my teeth, and I don't want you to feel any hesitation about punching me in the face pretty hard.

- Can we do the hundred dollars under the table? If I reported it on my taxes as freelance income, I'd probably have to give away like a third of it. I don't want to get punched in the face for $66; I have my dignity. Punching someone in the face for money is a gentleman's game, so I don't need to see the cash in advance or anything, as long as I have your sworn word that you're good for it.

- Please don't specifically try to break my nose, Matthew Lillard, because that would just be an asshole thing to do. I understand that I'm getting punched in the face and something might get broken, but I'm hoping you won't do a straight-on nose shot.

Mr. Lillard, I know that you'll consider the above requests with the same spirit of goodwill in which the original hundred-dollar face punch offer was made. Whether or not you decide that they're appropriate, I'd like to offer the following perks to make the experience more enjoyable for you:

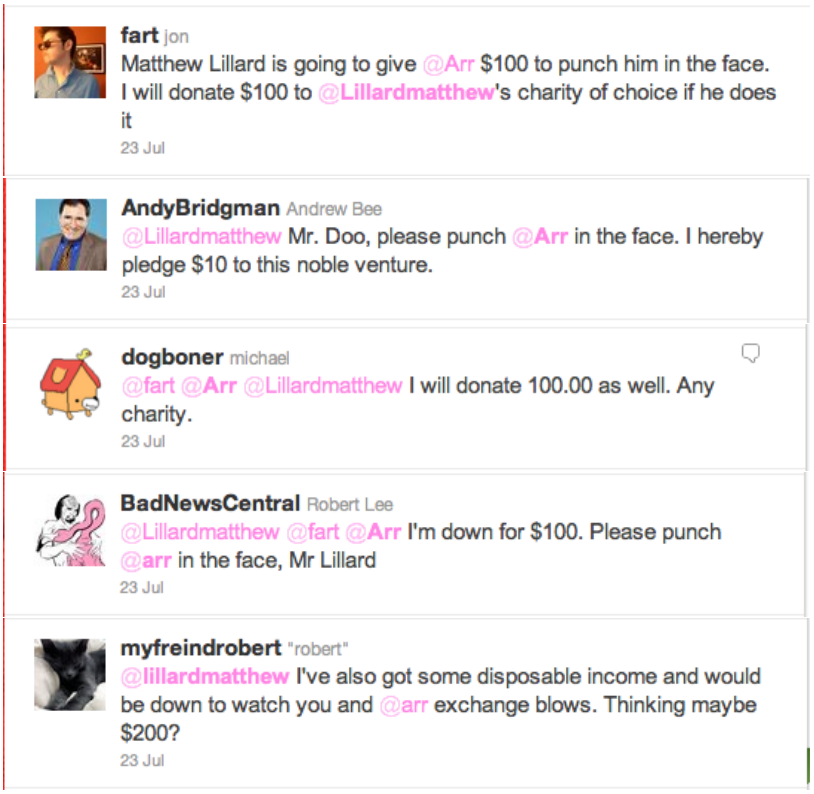
- If you line it up wrong and just wing me, or if you miss entirely for some reason, I'll definitely let you swing again. In fact, if your stage training or your natural aversion to punching another person in the face causes you to hesitate and pull the punch, I'd be happy to let you take another crack at my melon.

- It would be my pleasure to buy us both a beer before the punch, just so we can both loosen up and enjoy it. It can be pretty good beer, whatever you want. I can even bring some Pliny the Elder from the Bay Area. I will spare no expense in purchasing these beers for us, especially since I'll be getting a hundred bucks in a little while.

- If you'd like, you can wear a boxing glove so you don't injure your hand against my face. I have the rock-like skull of an Irishman, and I'd hate to see it damage you.

- I know that times are tough, what with the economy and all, so it's OK if you can't get all the money together at once. If you'd like, you can pay the hundred dollars in installments.

This thing is bigger than the two of us now. Punching me in the face will truly make the world a better place: people on Twitter are already pledging money to charity if you successfully punch me. It seems a little unfair to pledge money to starving kids or whatever when I'm the one getting punched in the face, but I'll take the high road and hold my objections.


fart jon
Matthew Lillard is going to give @Arr $100 to punch him in the face. I will donate $100 to @Lillardmatthew's charity of choice if he does it
23 Jul
AndyBridgman Andrew Bee
@Lillardmatthew Mr. Doo, please punch @Arr in the face. I hereby pledge $10 to this noble venture.
23 Jul
dogboner michael
@fart @Arr @Lillardmatthew I will donate 100.00 as well. Any charity.
23 Jul
BadNewsCentral Robert Lee
@Lillardmatthew @fart @Arr I'm down for $100. Please punch @arr in the face, Mr Lillard
23 Jul
myfreindrobert "robert"
@lillardmatthew I've also got some disposable income and would be down to watch you and @arr exchange blows. Thinking maybe $200?
23 Jul

Thank you, Matthew Lillard. I look forward to getting punched in the face by you at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely,
David Thorpe
The Internet

P.S. - It's OK if you decide not to punch me in the face. After all, "Lillard" does sound like a Shakespearian synonym for "coward."

For the latest developments in Matthew Lillard punching me in my face, please follow @Arr on Twitter. To encourage Matthew Lillard to punch me in the face, send him a Twitter message @Lillardmatthew.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.23 Burt's Power Points Summer Sale Spectacular

Wednesday, Jul 27, 2011 by Burt's Power Points (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Burt's PowerPoints series.

It's summer again and that means hot weather, angry hornets and an increased demand for quality presentations. Now more than ever businesses and individuals need quality Power Points presentations tailored to their every need, and nobody does a better job filling that need than Burt's PowerPoints. Take a look at my latest PowerPoints and see if you don't see the perfect one for you!

Those Big Announcements

Share those most treasured announcements in the most tasteful and fun way possible: a PowerPoints presentation. I can turn any humdrum announcement into a multimedia spectacle.

THE BURT TRIBUNE
FIRST EDITION. THE OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF BURT'S POWER POINTS.
TOP STORY: PATIO DECK NEARING COMPLETION!
Chief architect announces purchase of new boards and lumber
HI family it's me Burt I am letting you know that I have gotten a bunch of lumber from Mr. Peterson that I plan to use on the patio deck so I am now a good 50% of the way done.
So start picking out what you want to eat when we grill out!!
Local desktop publishing Ace wins Key to the City
"Burt's done it again," boasts greatful mayor who is able to keep the city running thanks to Burt's money saving PowerPoints presentations that cut government waste by as much as 200%!.
"I DEDICATE THIS ACHIEVEMENT" said Burt of Burt's PowerPoints "to my family who have the best father in the world and also the best husband. I also dedicate this to my cats," he said.
LOCAL DAD HAILED AS HERO BY OWN KIDS AND WIFE
By Burt Tribune Staff
BURT WAS AN ORDINARY DAD BEFORE HE FINISHED HIS PATIO DECK BUT AFTERWARDS HE WAS A HERO RESPECTED BY HIS CHILDREN AND EVEN HIS WIFE WHO FOR MONTHS HAS CAUSED HIM NOTHING BUT GRIEF WITH HER GROUNDLESS ATTEMPTS TO DIVORCE HIM FOR NO GOOD REASON.
"I hope Burt forgives me and takes me back" said wife Phyllis who has not been faithful. "That patio deck will be a fresh start for us all."
Coach Morris could not believe what his star pupil had done "what a deck" he said in a press conference organized to apologize STORY CONTINUES
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

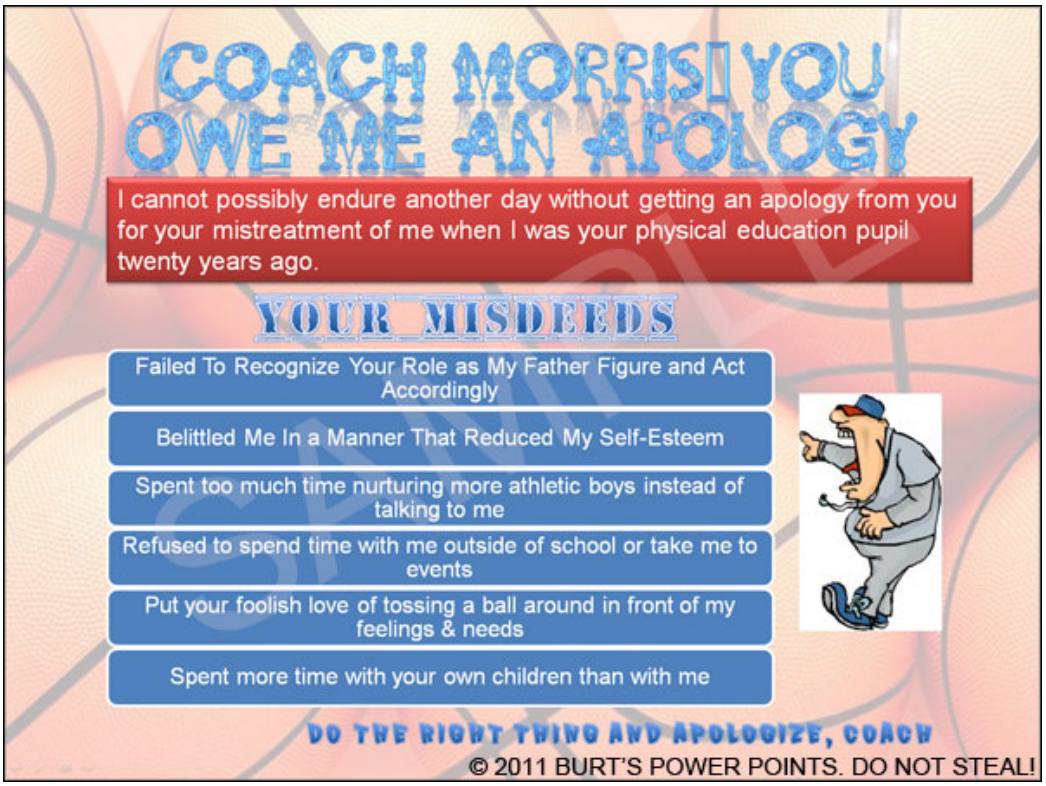
"FRONTPAGE NEWS" - $29.95 (INCLUDES 3 CUSTOMIZABLE NEWS STORIES)

WE'RE BUYING
OLD GRANDMA'S CASTLE
SO MUCH POTENTIAL!
Remember that tiny amusement park we used to take you to as kids that recently closed down last decade and is now all over the news because of murders and the gays using it for anonymous sex??? Good news: I'm going to talk your mom into using your college funds to buy it so we can reopen it and make millions in the entertainment industry from our new family business!!!
GET READY TO LOVE ME AGAIN
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"CHANCE OF A LIFE TIME" - $29.95 (INCLUDES CUSTOM ABANDONED THEME PARK)

Sports, Sports, Sports!

Nothing gets the blood pumping like a game of sport, and nothing captures that excitement like a PowerPoints presentation.


COACH MORRIS, YOU OWE ME AN APOLOGY
I cannot possibly endure another day without getting an apology from you for your mistreatment of me when I was your physical education pupil twenty years ago.
YOUR MISDEEDS
Failed To Recognize Your Role as My Father Figure and Act Accordingly
Belittled Me In a Manner That Reduced My Self-Esteem
Spent too much time nurturing more athletic boys instead of talking to me
Refused to spend time with me outside of school or take me to events
Put your foolish love of tossing a ball around in front of my feelings & needs
Spent more time with your own children than with me
DO THE RIGHT THING AND APOLOGIZE, COACH
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"A SLAM DUNK FOR EMOTIONAL CLOSURE" - $19.95 (SUBSTITUTE YOUR OWN NEGLIGENT COACH)

WE'RE GOING TO THE SUPERBOWL!
Our dream came true and we bested the best to become champions of the sport! The team is going to the SUPERBOWL to score some touchdowns and goals for the fans in the stands, THEN IT'S OFF TO DISNEYLAND.
PASS THE BALL TO ME COACH I'M OPEN
We did it guys now let's hit the showers!
We're going to win the game and make a million dollars!
57
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL

"TO THE VICTOR GO THE SPOILS" $350,000.99 (CUSTOMIZED EXCLUSIVELY FOR SUPERBOWL WINNERS)

Family Matters

Today's modern world makes it very hard to maintain a family due to the pressures of television and school and a growing anti-father movement. My Power Points help you reassert your manhood.

PHYLLIS, I WILL BE ATTENDING ANY DATES YOU GO ON
I AM YOUR HUSBAND NOW AND FOREVER I HAVE THAT RIGHT.
YOUR NEXT DATE
You may have every intention to see other men, but I have every right as your husband and the father of your kids to evaluate these men/give them warnings about your commitment to immortal institutions, SO I WILL BE TAGGING ALONG ON ALL YOUR DATES.

"A MAN'S RIGHT." - $39.99 (INCLUDES CUSTOM WIFE NAME)

Listen, Bret
If you want to keep dating Brooke you're Going to have to earn my respect
Ways to Earn My Respect, Bret:
•Talk to me in a Respectful Manner (call me "Sir" or "Boss" or "Coach")
•Help me build my patio deck
•Become my butler for a year
•Can the Vampire Act, Buster
•No wearing fake tails in my households and vampires don't even have tails anyway
•Tell Brooke you won't be her boyfriend unless she respects her father because only gross old hags do not respect their dads
•Learn a thing or two about the desktop publishing biz before you tell me how to do my job. I have over 15 years experience in this industry. What do you have?
I CAN MAKE THIS EASY, OR I CAN MAKE THIS HARD. YOU DO THE MATH, BRET.
SAMPLE
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

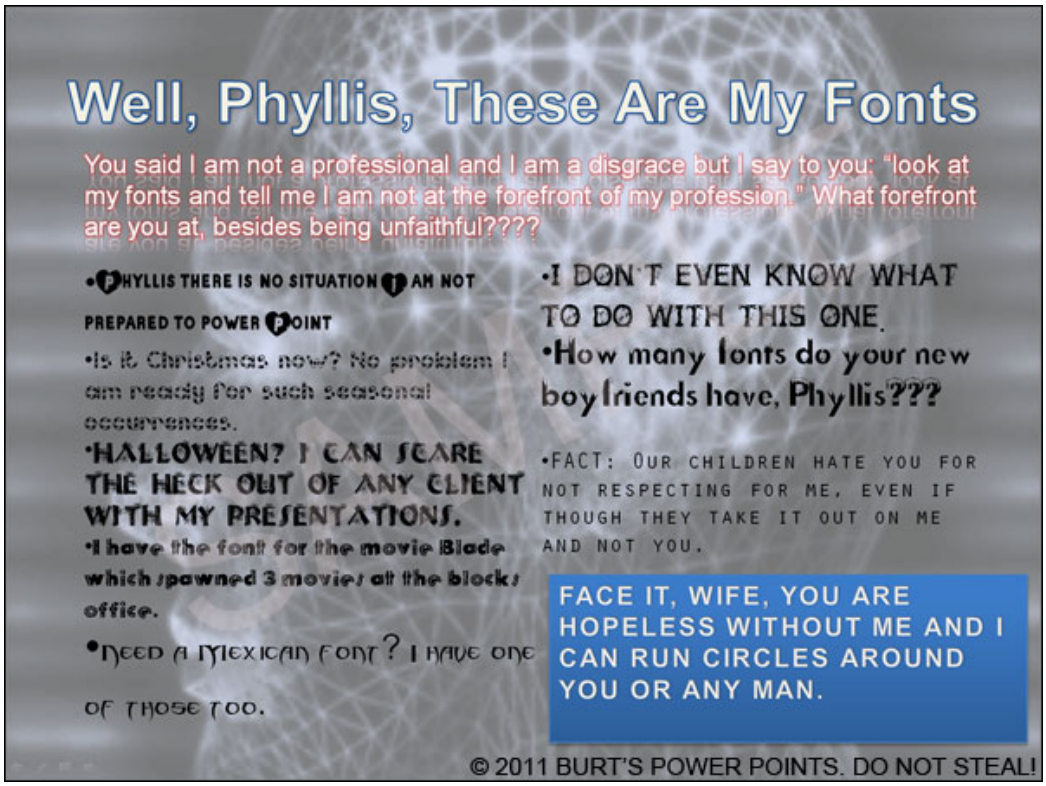
"BRET'S DEADLY DANCE" - 39.99 (INCLUDES CUSTOM BOYFRIEND OF DAUGHTER)

Promoting Your Business

Need to get the word out about your business? You could buy a billboard or a magazine ad like some old timey coal miner, or you could embrace the 21st century digital revolution and buy a Power Points presentation.

Get in on the Ground Floor! Invest Now!
Profitable presentation business seeks investor/partner with eyes on aggressive expansion and big money making. Sole-proprietor has literally over 15 years of experience in the highly competitive desktop publishing industry and countless years more in the life experience industry.
AMERICAN OWNED BUSINESS
REASONS TO PARTNER UP WITH BURT
•I am a sound professional with a proven track record of responsibility (own over six cats)
•Plan to use any earnings to purchase abandoned theme park and renovate it to impress wife and kids
•Power Points on demand, when you need 'em I will make them (except when I am sleeping or feeding cats)
•Not afraid to speak my mind or tell it like it is, even when it isn't.
PROJECTED SALES
You will find no sure an investment than Burt's Power Points.
"Let the good times roll!"
BURT'S POWER POINTS
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"A SOLID INVESTMENT" - $450,000 (INCLUDES LIMITED PARTNERSHIP IN BURT'S POWER POINTS, INC.)


Well, Phyllis, These Are My Fonts
You said I am not a professional and I am a disgrace but I say to you: "look at my fonts and tell me I am not at the forefront of my profession." What forefront are you at, besides being unfaithful????
•PHYLLIS THERE IS NO SITUATION I AM NOT PREPARED TO POWER POINT
•Is it Christmas now? No problem I am ready for such seasonal occurrences.
•HALLOWEEN? I CAN SCARE THE HECK OUT OF ANY CLIENT WITH MY PRESENTATIONS.
•I have the font for the movie Blade which spawned 3 movies at the blocks office.
•Need a Mexican font? I have one of those too.
•I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS ONE.
•How many fonts do your new boyfriends have, Phyllis???
•FACT: Our children hate you for not respecting for me, even if though they take it out on me and not you.
FACE IT, WIFE, YOU ARE HOPELESS WITHOUT ME AND I CAN RUN CIRCLES AROUND YOU OR ANY MAN.
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"CHECKMATE, PHYLLIS" - NOT FOR SALE, DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY TO SHUT WIFE UP.

Virtual Vacations

Need a break from the hustle and bustle? Experience an exotic trip abroad from the comfort of your home or boardroom with my ideal Virtual Vacation" Presentations!

Aloha Means Welcome To Hawaii
We have arrived in Hawaii and it is a dream come true!
Oh goodness! Our daughter has befriended this dolphin.
Our son was bit by a turtle but he is OK and the turtle has been put down.
Hawaii has many beautiful volcanoes.
The surf is up!
Our vacation is finally over!.
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"TROPICAL VACATION SCRAPBOOK" - $159.99

ALASKA HERE WE COME
We have arrived in Alaska and it is very cold and inhospitable.
Wife fell into a crevice and has not been heard from since.
Our daughter was menaced by this murder whale.
Our son has been bitten by a bear but it does not seem poisonous.
We are leaving Alaska and never coming back. Worst vacation ever.
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS, DO NOT STEAL

"ALASKA IS A HORRIBLE PLACE AND WE ARE NEVER GOING BACK" - $159.99

Got something else in mind? I've designed graphically stunning PowerPoints for every occasion, including:

- There Are So Many Plums Falling Out Of Mr. Peterson's Tree
- Men Can Wear Blouses, Too
- Son, I Suspect Your Recent Misbehavior Is The Result of a Cyberbully
- 5 Great reasons to love me, your father, even more
- I need more time to pay this bill, doctor
- America's Sweet Heart: Jennifer Aniston or Sandra Bullock (includes detailed pros/cons list)
- It's Your Fault this Sick Bird passed away tragically
- The Needs of My Cats Come First, Mr. Exterminator
- ...and anything else you can imagine! Email me your idea for a quote
- Physical intimacy is an inconsequential part of a relationship
- Hey Old Man (Or Woman) This Is How You Use a Computer (Includes Audio Recording of Me Explaining Computers Very Loudly and Slowly)

-~Burt's Power Points (@Livestock)

7.24 PrisonProse: Creative Fiction from Inmates

Thursday, Jul 28, 2011 by PrisonProse Educational Resources

Space Wars: The Moon Chronicles
Chapter 1: Trouble in Quadrant 7

"Night hung heavy over the future. Admiral Duke Johnson adjusted his space technician suit with a heavy sigh. Before him sat eight lonely hours of scouring the surface for its precious moon dust.

"He clicked on his radar. Nope, nothing for miles.

He clicked on his radar. Nope, nothing for miles. And what was that shape approaching on the horizon? Duke peered into the distance and rubbed his eyes through his helmet somehow. "You son of a bitch!" The voice came from Randall Smith, seated atop a glistening new Astro-Bike. "Only cost me 2000 credits. Work a few extra shifts a week and you might be sitting where I am one day." Duke paused to turn up the loop of *Use Your Illusion II* that played inside his space suit at all times, then thought better of it. But if he had his way, Randall would be knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door.

"What do you want, Smith? Come here to bust my balls?"

"Nope, found something that you might be interested in." Randall patted the second seat of his two-seated Astro-Bike knowingly. Duke shrugged, counted his losses, and jumped on.

"Watching the great forests and rivers of the moon pass under his feet, Duke suddenly felt a sense of awe for the achievements humanity had made in the past 242 years.

"Randall snapped the velocity dial to its maximum setting, and both men tightened their grips. Watching the great forests and rivers of the moon pass under his feet, Duke suddenly felt a sense of awe for the achievements humanity had made in the past 242 years; still, within him, a small, dark voice cried out that something was wrong. "This is the place!" Randall set them down easy, then led Duke to a hill that overlooked an adjacent valley.

Duke lifted his magnification goggles, and with a simple command of "Computer. Please magnify my vision by the following percentage: 500. Thank you in advance." he gazed onto a lush, green field. Duke's heart nearly stopped when he recognized something he thought he'd never see with his own eyes: boys. Yes, he was sure that's what they were called -- he read of them in the forbidden Earth texts. Naked and muscular, their bodies shone with wet dew that shimmered in the moon-sun. Duke continued looking upon them, shocked into a catatonic state by their physical beauty.

"What do you think of that? I've been wanting to test this thing out on some moon mammals." Randall shifted the speed lever into the "go" position to show Duke he was serious. "You can't! Those aren't mere crater cougars or moon mice! Those are --" Duke bit his tongue -- of course Randall wouldn't know. Years prior, Duke hacked the government mainframe and uncovered the secret conspiracy known as "Boygate;" 200 years before his birth, certain laws passed which made legitimate relationships between adult men and intelligent, mature boys illegal. As time passed, further restrictions prevented even harmless contact and casual encounters at the children's museum. Further still, and the very concept of boys had been outlawed. Even The Great Mars Explosion of 2076 paled in comparison to the horrors wrought by Man's Law.

Duke swallowed hard when he remembered the final verse of the International Space Creed: "If I shall come in contact with boy, to the Black Hole Sun I must deploy."

"Duke felt the figurative ground collapse under him as meteors fell out of the literal skies above."

Duke's hand shifted the speed lever back into the idle position and typed "COMMAND: STOP" into the built-in console. He looked at Randall with a steely reserve. "Don't you see? This is where the government's been keeping them!" Randall shot Duke a befuddled look. "Randall, can you remember anything before your eighteenth birthday?" A look of mild confusion washed over Randall's face, then realization, then sickness. Randall stared into the retinal throttle scanners and revved the Astro-Bike's engine. "Duke, we have to save them!"

Duke gripped Randall's uniform with his thick space technician glove. "It is forbidden!" Before Randall could free himself from Duke's grasp, the atmosphere split open with a moon-shattering rumble. Duke felt the figurative ground collapse under him as meteors fell out of the literal skies above. "No. Not now. Anything but that." Duke and Randall had no choice but to watch as a shower of fiery rocks rained carnage on the field of boys below. When the smoke cleared, not a soul had survived. Randall pounded the ground with his fist. "Damn it! We could have saved them!"

"No, Randall; as grown men, we are bound by law to not trespass in the way of boys." Randall let out the scream of a wounded animal. "But, Duke! They could have survived!" Duke shook his head solemnly. "Sorry Randall, but these actions were set into motion far before our time."

"But Duke, we're both members of the Northern Alliance of Moon Based Land Assessment. Surely, we can do something about this...?"

"No, Randall. No." Duke patted his gentle friend on the shoulder. "If only there was a way to send our message of hope to the past, to inform the world that the innocent fraternization of man and boy is just that: innocent! But how?"

Chapters 2 - 78 of Space Wars: The Moon Chronicles are currently under investigation by the Alabama Department of Corrections

-~PrisonProse Educational Resources

7.25 Giant Private Prison Chains are Driving America's "Mom and Pop" Prisons Out of Business

Friday, Jul 29, 2011 by Earl Thule, Owner of Buy 'N Cells (@sexyfacts4u)

It may not look like much, but every small business starts small.

The Gosport town council recently voted, unanimously, to allow North American Panopticon to open one of its popular CorrectPro private prisons in our small community. I read the articles in the newspaper. I understand all the tax revenue and federal grant money Gosport will get from having a supermax chain prison open up in our town. I want a new scoreboard for the football team as much as everybody else and CorrectPro's prices sure can't be beat.

So what's not to like about the deal? There's a hidden cost to those low prices and football perks. Big corporate prison chains are driving "mom and pop" prisons out of business and destroying the character - the very soul - of what defines small towns across America. Good jobs with living wages are disappearing with every small private prison that closes its doors.

Pretty soon there won't be any more of that personal touch. No more, "Are you in here for the usual, Judy?" or "Hey, Tom, I know how you love the dope, so spread those cheeks." At CorrectPro you'll get a soulless environment and a minimum-wage kid who doesn't care about his job and just wants to process you and send you off to a cell.

I first opened my family's private prison, Buy 'N Cells, back in 1997. I got a loan on my house and opened up in downtown Gosport in an old brick barbershop. We had two cells back then; just double plywood with a food slot, no ventilation and no lighting. I was welcomed into the community right away. Before I knew it everyone in town was stopping by, whether it was just to say "hi" or to be dehumanized with hoses and shackled in one of those cells.

This is the face of doom.

Judge Vargas and Sheriff McKinley gave us a helping hand with the out-of-towners and boy, we sure took off. We expanded our business, installed some real bars, hired Francis and my daughter, Pauline, to help with the booking and the searches. Heck, we even bought a metal detector. Things sure seemed to be humming along.

Business hasn't been so great lately. Local mom and pop prisons can't compete with a CorrectPro opening up in Paragon and Cloverdale and one of those mega Global Lockups in Terre Haute with the coffee bar in the visitor's center. We tried to put out some magazines and a self-serve coffee bar and it didn't help business at all.

Some people may think I'm an alarmist, but it's already happening. Bits and pieces of the American spirit are disappearing. First was the Confinery in Romona. Sure, Miss Claudette had a problem with beating that kid to death with a pillowcase full of bricks, but it shouldn't have put her out of business. Then there was Davis' Deluxe Dungeons in Terre Haute. They'd just opened up shop, real slick outfit with some cameras and polo shirts with logos for all the guards, but I guess they just didn't plan on the overhead and all the competition. Couldn't match the prices of the Global Lockup and so all of the business went the other way.

Say goodbye to the quirky, personal service visitors at small private prisons have come to expect.

There was Gerry's Gaol in Cloverdale. Only one cell in his house, but Gerry went out of his way to make you feel like you were a guest in a very special prison. I remember how he would shiv you if you asked. Probably the most painful was The Hoosegow out on County Line Road. People said a prison in a trailer park couldn't work, but old Tim Cleaver not only proved them wrong, he proved it could be among the best private prisons out there. Right up until a Qwik Qustody opened up right across the highway. Poor Tim never had a chance.

Is this what we want for our future, America? Is this what we want for Gosport? No more Buy 'N Cells, no more Confinery or Hoosegow or any other place except for the same private prison, again and again, all across America. The same half-hearted beatings, the same paper uniforms instead of hand-sewn quilt jump suits, the same cafeteria menu instead of Burger King on Tuesdays. No more watching *Terminator* late at night with the warden's kids. No more free WiFi or weird, hand-dug solitary cells in the backyard. No more Halloweens where we pretend to arrest a vampire or a wolf man and put him in the cell next to yours.

It's all going to be gone, all of that character, and we'll have nobody to blame but ourselves. Was it worth saving a few bucks?

-~Earl Thule, Owner of Buy 'N Cells (@sexyfacts4u)

7.26 Memoirs Of Doom Guy

Saturday, Jul 30, 2011 by Doom Guy (@DennisFarrell)

This autobiography is written the only way I know - by mashing my face against a red button and grunting. The button is set in a bank of circuitry that spans three puzzle-like rooms. Hopefully they form some sort of supercomputer capable of interpreting the morse code that I'm jamming out with my face. I suspect more practical methods might exist, but this seems appropriate.

You'll forgive me if these memories don't tell the full story of my life. A human head can only take so much writing before it begins to bleed all over the place.

My earliest recollections are vivid. I remember emerging from the womb and hearing the crunchy guitar riffs of a badass butt-rock tune. My mother named me Doom Guy, a decision which would prove to be prescient years later when I went on to play a central part in the events of Doom.

Shortly after birth someone carried me through the blood-spattered industrial corridors of the hospital, past dozens of identical doctors who took several steps in one direction before turning around and repeating the process.

I was placed atop a raised platform, safely surrounded by a moat of lava. After fussing, I drifted off to sleep, the comforting sounds of the same wordless rock song continuing its endless loop.

In all likelihood, my experiences growing up were much the same as yours. The future seemed to stretch infinitely before me, full of possibilities. My imagination brought magic to the mundane. I was fascinated by old trinkets whose previous owners were long since dead, not yet realizing that they would outlast my fleeting life as well. The hallways in my home were littered with floating armor bonuses.

I was never one for sports. Most of them involved catching balls, a nearly impossible task if you're unable to look up or down. I did, however, always enjoy the simple act of running. My friends were always envious of my ability to seemingly glide, moving backwards and sideways just as quickly as I ran forward.

There was a girl in high school that captured my heart in a way that no other woman would. She was pretty, yes, but in an odd way. Her features were almost boyish, her hair always in a messy bobcut, but her eyes were dark and deep and her full lips pulled back in a knowing smirk. What truly set her apart, however, was the day that she discovered the hidden passage in our math classroom and got the super shotgun.

Sensing the fact that she intimidated me, she frequently sought me out and playfully coaxed me into conversation. I never told her how I felt, and that is my greatest regret.

COLLEGE

Most people are surprised when they learn that my intellectual interests extend beyond simply being a space marine.

I spent four years in college, majoring in Exploding Barrels with an eye toward becoming a Theoretical Exploding Barrel Physicist. There was a two year period where my face was constantly buried in one exploding barrel book or another. I read all the notable volumes, from Carmack's *Barrels As Metaphor* to Romero's *Can We At Least Find A Use For These Barrels.*

My minor was in Hell Portals, and while I was not naive enough to think it would land me a job in the real world, it was nonetheless a fulfilling and eye-opening subject. As something of a liberal idealist I tended to argue against the opening of hell portals - much to the amusement of some of my classmates and professors.

Unfortunately, I failed my last semester. I had foolishly stored my exploding barrel experiment on a wobbly shelf right next to my hell portal research, each project the final for its respective course. Predictably, disaster struck when I turned the hell portal project in to my exploding barrel professor and vice versa. Devastated, I elected not to return to college, and instead joined the space marines.

THE DOOM INCIDENT

Although several decades have passed since the Doom incident the horrors are still fresh in my mind. Revisiting that period of my life is more difficult than I can express. I'd probably classify it as Nightmare difficulty.

I'm sure that you will want my perspective on the event, but it would probably be best for all involved if you simply played the video game based on my experience in the Doom incident, Quake 2.

MID-LIFE CRISIS

Returning to Earth was strange to say the least. I didn't know what to expect as I certainly would have shied away from the artifice of a hero's welcome, but my reception was largely indifferent. So much of the Doom incident had taken place away from society's eyes that it had become almost intangible. People understood that a terrible fate had been avoided much as they understood that someone came by to take away the trash every few days.

I had a difficult time adjusting. For a few months I simply roamed the streets, hoarding health potions and lashing out against walls with chainsaws. By the time I cleaned up my act and decided to reach out to my childhood love I discovered that she had passed away only weeks earlier. I sat in her kitchen drinking tea, listening to her husband tell me the tale of her death as her three daughters quietly played in the living room.

She had stepped out of bed in the middle of the night to get a glass of water. Not wanting to wake anyone up, she had decided not to insert her yellow keycard into the light switch panel. In the pitch black she bumped her ankle into the coffee table, then fell back into an explosive barrel. At least her death had been instantaneous, her husband told me, not believing his own attempt to fabricate some small upside to this woman's death.

I went back to school. What a sight this old grunt must have been. Upon graduating, I became a lobbyist for the Anti-Exploding Barrel movement. My scientific approach to the problem has helped the cause in its slow but sure progress over the last twenty years.

Who knows what the future holds, or how long I'll be part of it. All I can say is that I'm thankful for what meager slice of time I have received in this dreary life and for that time I shot a Cacodemon with the BFG9000.

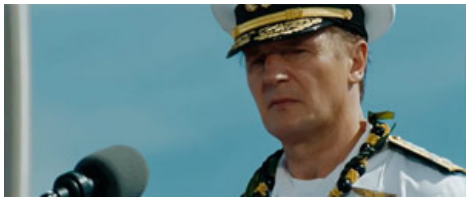
-~Doom Guy (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 The Battleship Movie is an Indictment of Western Civilization

Monday, Aug 01, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Universal Pictures spent $200 million making a movie based on the *Battleship* board game. Go back and re-read that sentence.

Let that fucking sink into your skull walnut: a group of professional movie dudes dropped more money than you can even contemplate on creating a movie based on a board game nobody has played since 1992. Which did not have a plot. It barely had a concept.

The trailer was released on Friday. It seems to be about Transformers flying out of the ocean and playing Battleship against the US Navy, down to launching pegs into naval vessels. It's all a misunderstanding.

It's a tired canard that past eras of entertainment were superior and our current culture is debased and degraded. Every era has produced its pop culture debris. They made giant ant movies galore back in the 1950s, terrible gangster films in the 1940s and 1930s and have you even watched the *Great Train Robbery*? Thomas Edison, more like Thomas W.S. Anderson.

None of that excuses *Battleship*, which is so revolting because it represents the pinnacle, not the nadir, of contemporary mainstream culture. This is not a cut-rate Uwe Boll shitfest, this is 200 million worth of blockbuster. The trash which we merrily shoveled out for decades has become the best we have to offer: Hollywood's brain-shit bedazzled with tens of millions of dollars worth of robots and shock waves and probably in 3D. Things can fly at your face now. You can literally have Shrek blast jizzloads in your face or whatever it is he does to make people buy tickets to his nightmare circus.

Star Wars retold the monomyth with inane metaphysics wrapped in space dog fights and family feuds. It was silly, but it aspired to a narrative. Battleship retells a motherfucking board game nobody likes by literally re-enacting the board game. I wonder if you can win an Oscar for Best Adapted Screenplay for adapting your script from staring at plastic game pieces and a one-page rules flyer? That's a question I fear might never be answered by the Academy.

Ominous signs abound for the project.

Its release was delayed by a year, possibly to add more computer-generated metal flaps on space ships in the constant Hollywood race to include as many metal flaps as possible on all alien space craft. The alien ships in this look like the offspring of something from *Terminator: Salvation* humping something from *Battle: Los Angeles*.

Liam Neeson, Zeus from *Wrath of the Titans*, the soulless sequel to 2010's *Clash of the Titans*, which was itself a screeching 3D remake of a campy classic, stars as Admiral Serious. Some horrible, possibly skiing-related, life event in the past couple years has turned him into a nihilist who will say anything and

mean it for a paycheck. Stack enough zeroes on a piece of paper and he'll show up at your kid's birthday party and let them play opposite him as Amon Goethe in a bouncy castle.

Taylor Kitsch and Alexander Skarsgård, a couple jaws distinguishable only by hair color, are playing brothers. Well, they share a last name, I suppose they could be the ultimate gay-married couple, but that's setting everyone up for disappointment.

I see Rihanna ominously high in the cast list. No problem there. If DMX couldn't figure out how to act there's no reason why Rihanna can't also fail to act.

Brooklyn Decker plays the...you know, they could excite me more by casting actual babies in these roles. Just say fuck it and if you're going to mock audiences to their face just turn all the dialogue into baby talk.

Nobody cares anymore. The lights are out and there's just a machine somewhere, some sort of creepy Hollywood device filling up a gymnasium in Studio City like UNIVAC. Insert briefcases of money and some random object, throw a switch, and it combines them and spits out the reels for something like *Battleship*. Or actually *Battleship*.

It makes you wonder where all that money might have gone if the hate machine warehoused on Universal's lot didn't devour $200 million.

Battleship seems unlikely to make back its budget, which is bad enough that so much money was squandered, but worse still, it could become a huge hit and spawn a franchise, which is a far more thorough indictment of human civilization than any list of relative values I could put together.

This is what we have to offer the world. *Battleship* is our export. This is why nobody likes the United States any more. It's why the terrorists are winning.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.2 Smash Mouth Egg Update

Tuesday, Aug 02, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

We had made a lot of tweets and Facebook posts begging Smash Mouth to eat 24 eggs. Some of you even called and emailed Steve Harwell about eating a bunch of eggs for mystery reasons. Then, this man, this kind man, possibly feeling cyberbullied, finally capitulated to our challenge of eating two dozen eggs for our amusement-- on the condition that we rise to a challenge of his and raise $10,000 for a very worthy charity.

It was an impressive move on Smash Mouth's part, to say the least. The bar was also set at a super high mark that they probably figured nobody would ever hit. "Who wants to see the guy from Smash Mouth stuff his face full of eggs? No joker would pay $10,000 for it, that's for sure!" is what they probably said, while sipping their whatever-they-drink deep in the ivory towers of San Jose. Our task was clear, though. Plain English, it said that if we Internet people muster up $10,000 for St. Jude's, Smash Mouth will eat the eggs.

Around this time, a very nice man at the Montalvo Arts Center Place Area in Saratoga, CA asked if I wanted to go meet Steve and other mouths that make up Smash Mouth. I accepted this gracious invitation.

Actually, I was a little concerned. Parking costs $25 up there and when I told the parking attendant guy that I'm here to see Steve on business he said, "Go park in this lot over here," but never actually gave me a slip that said I paid for my parking. I also never actually paid for parking. After having already entered the venue, the thought occurred to me that I might arrive back little later to find my car had been towed. I began to wonder if this was part of it-- if Smash Mouth lured me deep into the mountains and stole my car. It would have been a cunning move, but my car was still there.

There was a lot of free wine on behalf of the gracious hosts at the Montalvo Arts Center and I got to meet the man who would eat the eggs. The man who had been begged to eat eggs incessantly for months, but who couldn't tell anyone to shut up about it because that incredible amount of tweets and Facebook posts and calls and emails were backed up with an even more incredible amount of actual, charitable donations.

We talked briefly. I thanked him for eating the eggs, which perhaps tipped him off to who I was. He got serious for a second and assured me he was going to eat the eggs. His voice was noticably less jovial at that time. I think he might not have been completely excited to meet me (or at least distracted), and it was over within a couple minutes. Some cougars came up and steered the conversation away, so I hiked back up to my seat, finished the paper cup full of Cab Sav I'd topped up, and tried to understand through a fog of incredible absurdity exactly what I was doing there. I seemed to be at a Smash Mouth concert, telling the dude I can't wait to watch him eat more eggs than humanly reasonable, and that we'd get him his money.

A few days later, we crossed the $10,000 threshold! Smash Mouth will indeed be eating the eggs! Thank you for eating the eggs, we can't wait to watch you fill your mouth with egg bits! We raised $10,000 for St. Jude's Children's Research Hospital for you, Smash Mouth. It's egg time. It's time to do the eggs! We can't wait for you to eat them up on camera for YouTube after we cook your eggs for you!

Wait, hey. Whoa, what? Guy Fieri?

About

Smash Mouth has agreed to attempt to eat 24 eggs thanks to over $10,000 in donations to St. Jude's Children's Hospital!

Now, chef Guy Fieri has upped the ante: Make it $25,000 and he will prepare the eggs for Smash Mouth to eat.

1. Smash Mouth will eat 24 eggs for the kids thanks to the Internet raising $10,000.

2. If we can raise $25,000, chef Guy Fieri will cook the eggs on camera for Smash Mouth to eat.

3. This will be amazing.

This joker? To cook the eggs? Nuh uh, nah. That wasn't part of the plan. He's Jar-Jar Binksing this whole shit right now. No. $15,000 additional dollars just to watch a walking, talking mid-life-crisis-in-a-flame-shirt crack some eggs? I think not, that's Divorced Dad territory and something that happens in studio apartments every weekend all across America. Nobody likes Guy Fieri, especially not on the Internet.

Several original Egg Challenge donors and well-wishers have agreed, and check it out: Guy Fieri needs to keep the words "egg challenge" out of his damn mouth unless he wants to eat 24 of his own, on camera, while you're doing yours, Smash Mouth. That's the only way. Either that, or Guy Fieri needs to stop horning in on things that don't concern him. That clown needs to skedaddle.

@Steveharwell1
Steve Harwell

I always do it for the kids, still waiting to lock in the Lopez show to eat'm !!!!! Hang tight my friends, I won't let you down!!!!

And what is this George Lopez business, Smash Mouth? Is someone putting you up to this? I mean, if you want to go on George Lopez and show him you can eat eggs, fine. That'll be a lovely

exhibition and maybe a little good practice for the Actual Egg Challenge, which is not anything that happens on the George Lopez show. Let's do the real egg challenge, not something that can be edited down for TBS with the gross vomit parts, cursing and overall awkward unpleasantness removed. That's not within the spirit of the eggreement.

We made $10,000 for sick children on your behalf, Smash Mouth. We rose to the occasion. Don't be a Lillard on this.

I live in San Jose, Smash Mouth. I'm here. I'll bring friends. Let's go to St. James Park, I need to pick up my mailbox key at the post office anyway. We can eat the eggs there. Let's go lay out in the sun and eat some eggs together. We'll bring hundreds of eggs, enough for everyone who wants to come eat eggs with us.

It'll be an egg party, Smash Mouth. An #EggParty.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

8.3 My Horse Left Me

Wednesday, Aug 03, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Excuse me, y'all. Excuse me. Can I have yer attention for a spell? Y'all can holster them guns, pardners. I mean no disrespect and no quarrel here. You see I done lost my horse and am, as you can imagine, quite despondent.

Gather 'round, y'all, and lend me a kind ear while I speak my tragic tale and, if you'll permit, reminisce about my aforementioned horse, who has left me for foreign pastures in the night. I can only speculate as to my horse's current whereabouts, but if I were a horse I'd part these dry, dusty lands for green fields and plentiful waters. Can't quite reckon why we people don't do the same.

Now I don't know why my horse left. Maybe it was my attitude and my gosh-darn cussedness. You see, pardners, I am a cantankerous coot by nature, and seldom do I show my appreciation for others, least of all my horse. I rode on the back of that fine steed and never once did I offer thanks. In this landscape unending, there ain't no other way for a sorry cowpoke like myself to traverse but by horse. There is of course the steam engine -- and I can tell by mere mention that many of y'all share my disdain for such technological hubris -- but horsepower will always be first in my heart.

And that's the problem right there, amigos: I never once told my horse that. I could have said, "Horse, I ain't laid eyes on no prettier a creature. You got a beautiful mane and a big heart. Horse, I'm much obliged to ride on your back, and proud to be your companion on this lonesome trail." I could have brushed its mane every night, made sure it had a shiny pair of shoes and the finest oats available. When the horse got tired, I could have climbed down and handed it a fresh apple. I did no such things.

For me it was always about gettin' to the next town for my next drink. Never once did I contemplate the needs of my horse. The horse was just the thing that carried me to my next exercise in drunken foolishness. Ya know, every so often, in the business of imbibing as much liquor as my gullet could capacitate, I'd catch a glimpse of my horse through the windows, hitched up outside all alone or amongst its peers. The look on that horse's face was like ice-cold river water running down my spine. I'd tell myself "Lord help me, I've got to clean up and be a better man for that horse." By the time I'd get sobered up, that promise would be forgotten.

Now I see some watery eyes here in this here saloon, so I know I've struck a nerve. I don't think I'd be makin' no fools wager that more'n one of you has been unkind to your horse. And if not expressly unkind, at the very least unappreciative. Am I right, amigos? Yeah, from that silence I 'spect I am.

It's only been a day since my horse run off on me, and not a moment goes by I don't hope to see it come galloping back, maybe even bursting through these saloon doors. I know horses don't speak no English, but maybe it'll have learnt a little in its travels apart, and maybe it'll have learnt to say "I forgive you." And you know what, I think I learnt how to say sorry, too. I'm gonna say sorry to that horse and I'm gonna mean it.

And I can tell you one thing I was happy to do in the meanwhile: I kicked off my spurs. Carrying a full-grown man around is no easy task, and certainly no pleasant one when said man is jabbin' and

pokin' with sharp stars on his heels. I reckon none of you would be pleased if, in the commencement of your daily labors, some mean ol' horse kept pokin' metal in your hide.

Yep, I'm gonna be a better man to that horse. I'm gonna brush its mane and tell it nice things. I want my horse to be proud to have me on its back, and that means no more drinkin' and whorin' around. After tonight's drinks, when I sober up, I'm goinna give that horse something to smile about. It'll strut around town mighty pleased and proud to have yours truly on its back.

Pardners, I see a lot of y'all is holdin' back tears. Well, I say let go of the reins on those tear ducts. If y'all feel like cryin', let it out. I know I've wept myself dry while lookin' for my horse up and down town, hollering "horse" to high heaven. I can tell I've given y'all a lot to think about in regards to your own horse relationships. There ain't nothing wrong with admitting you done a poor job. The only thing wrong is doing that same poor job again.

The way I see it, pardners, is there ain't but one solution: If my horse comes back to me, I'm gonna do the honorable thing. I'm going to marry that horse and show it the love and kindness it deserves. Now I don't care if I have to force a preacher at gunpoint to perform the ceremony. I just want that horse to know its appreciated. I can tell from lookin' at your faces that many of you are thinkin' the selfsame thought.

Well, drink up, pardners. Tomorrow's gonna be a new day for all of us. We're all gonna wake up as better men, committed to showing appreciation to that most faithful alley in our ongoing scheme to ride from town to town, engage in the occasional shootout, lasso the assorted varmint, and lead cattle from one barren pasture to the next. I'm talkin' about our horses, pardners. I'm talking about our future wives.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.4 Demon's Ex

Thursday, Aug 04, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Justin watched Lindsey walk down the path from the apartment building to the parking lot. She was wearing a black dress, cobweb stockings and black boots. She was holding a DVD. It was almost night and the streetlights had turned on.

Justin closed the blinds and swiveled in his chair toward Brad, who was slumped over a table covered with takeout boxes and mail.

"Gremory."

"What?"

Justin opened a Berry Bop. "Gremory, a Christian demon. He appears as a beautiful woman riding a camel." He sipped. Soda dribbled down his chin onto his shirt. "I think Lindsey is Gremory."

"Oh, Gremory." Brad picked up an envelope that said "Fantastic Savings" and examined it. "She probably is."

"Seriously." Justin put the bottle on the windowsill and belched. "Lindsey's seductive, right?"

Brad shrugged. "I wouldn't call her seductive. Cute maybe."

"And she rides a camel, right?"

"I think once."

"And your favorite thing to do is cuddle, right?"

"What does that have to do with anything?"

Justin sipped his Berry Bop. "Gremory seduces women. But he might settle for a really effeminate man."

"You're an idiot." Brad got up and walked into the kitchen and turned on the light. He filled a pot halfway with water and set it on the stove. Justin leaned back and stared at the ceiling.

"Even if you're right, it doesn't matter," Brad said. He turned on the stove. "Lindsey and I are done. We had a huge fight today."

"About what?"

Brad put some noodles in the pan and stirred them with a fork. "Her last boyfriend. Any time she mentions him, I feel tense. He reminds me of my least-favorite character in *Nightbreed*."

"Redneck with Shotgun?"

Brad dropped the fork on the floor. "Yeah." He picked it up and stood in the doorway.

"I just realized ... she still has my *Nightbreed* DVD. I'll have to call her tomorrow."

Justin sat up. "Are you sure that's a good idea?"

Brad rolled his eyes. "Will you stop the demon bullshit? Lindsey's a normal person. She just has trust issues, bad taste in music, annoying friends, no boobs, and today she downloaded some app that fucked up my iPhone." He stepped back in the kitchen and turned off the stove. "That's all."

Justin didn't say anything. He stared out the window and drank some more Berry Bop.

Brad tried to sleep. He twisted back and forth between the sheets, but he couldn't get comfortable. He sat up and looked out the window. There was a full moon surrounded by black clouds. A ShadowChrist and the Digitones song distorted by the Doppler Effect floated up from the street.

He shut the window, then sat on the side of the bed, resting his head in his palms. His clock read 3:13. He looked at the picture of Lindsey on the bedside table. Pallored by the moonlight, her face resembled a Kabuki mask, her skin ivory-white, her lips and eyes raven-black. Brad was standing next to her, holding his *Nightbreed* DVD. They were both smiling.

Brad reached for the picture, then hesitated. He took his laptop off the floor and turned it on.

He opened Lindsey's LiveJournal profile, which showed the same picture. He opened another window and did an image search for "demon." He opened several of the pictures in new windows and cascaded them with Lindsey's.

He stared at the screen for a moment. Then he took his phone off the table and dialed.

3:13
AM
HAND
STUF

HA
HA
HA
BRAD
+
LINDSEY
R.I.P.
SO
DEAD

It was a small cemetery surrounded by an iron fence and trees. Stones jutted from the ground at weird angles. A paper-plate moon hung overhead.

They met in front of a grave shaped like a Celtic cross. Carved at the bottom was a heart with the words and symbol "Brad + Lindsey." Brad said hello. Lindsey said hello and nodded. She was holding Brad's *Nightbreed* DVD.

"Sorry I forgot to return it." She said. "I only got half an hour in before falling asleep. I'll rent it sometime."

Brad looked at the DVD, then at the cemetery gate, then at Lindsey.

"You're a Sheet Phantom, aren't you?"

"What?"

"Justin thought you were Gremory, but he was wrong. I looked at your LiveJournal, and your username, Heathen Stomp, is an anagram for Sheet Phantom."

Lindsey frowned. "I can see why I broke up with you."

Brad smirked. "So you can put a curse on someone else's iPhone?"

Lindsey crossed her arms. "That was a virus."

Brad nodded. "That you teleported into my phone with your phantom powers. But I forgive you." He put his hand on Lindsey's shoulder. "I know how emotional phantoms can be."

"Stop it!" Lindsey pushed away Brad's hand and clenched her fists. "I'm not a phantom. Would a phantom cook you meals, or organize your DVDs, or make out with you even though you're the Chris Fucking Berman of dirty talk?"

Brad shrugged. "Maybe. I know how desperate and lonely your kind is."

"What, Sheet Phantoms?"

"No, LiveJournal users."

"Fuck you!" Lindsey threw the DVD at the grave, breaking the case.

"No!" Brad fell to his knees and picked up the disc. It was severely scratched. He beat the cross with his fist.

"I lied," Lindsey said as she walked away. "I watched the whole thing and it sucked."

"That was the collector's edition," Brad sobbed. He hit the cross again. He looked at his hand and saw it was bleeding. The blood ran down his wrist. It stained the cross where his and Lindsey's names were carved.

He collapsed in front of the cross and wept. A cloud covered the moon and it started to rain.

Heartfelt thanks to ***Nikki "My Demon Lover" Burch*** *for the beautiful illustrations!*

-~Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.5 Itemized Statement of Charges to the Gingrich 2012 Campaign Credit Card

Friday, Aug 05, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Recent Transactions

DATE	DESCRIPTION	CREDIT	CHARGE
02/20/11	KinFX Face Depumpkinizing Salon Gel - Bath & Body Works		$768.00
02/21/11	4 Jackets from the Cindy McCain Collection - Nordstrom's		$375.00
03/09/11	10 Golf Shirts, Albino Woman's Medium - Macy's		$206.00
03/09/11	14 Golf Shirts, 14 khaki shorts, Adult Baby Size - Macy's		$374.00
03/27/11	FollowMe Twitter Bot - Chinese Trojan Free Software (Unless You Want Trojan)		$1000.00
04/02/11	Swarovski Crystal, Diamond and 24 kt Gold Faberge Egg (Dinosaur Size) in Rhino Horn Display Stand - Tiffany's		$500,000.00
04/18/11	Hickory Dracula's "Bumpkin" Widow's Peak Sculpting Comb - Paul Ryan's Amazon Wishlist		$600.00
05/12/11	Pain & Suffering Installment to Family of Baby Emotionally Harmed By Wife's Unearthly Gaze		$8,002.00
06/09/11	Brownback Deluxe Package Complete Campaign Staff - Liberty University		$75,000.00

DATE	DESCRIPTION	CREDIT	CHARGE
06/11/11	Royalties Payment for *Without FDR: Alf Landon's Peaceful Settlement with Hitler to the Benefit of Free Markets* Alternate History Novel	$28.00	-
06/18/11	*How to Convince Everyone You are Seriously, Actually Running for President Without Even Trying* - Amazon		$18.75
06/20/11	TV Roundtable Appearance Fee - Fox News - *This Week in Videos of Obama to Shake Your Fist At*	$450.00	-
06/29/11	Mistress's Hotel Room - Concord, NH Marriott		$255.00
06/29/11	Dominatrix's Hotel Room - Concord, NH Marriott		$255.00
06/29/11	Wife's Hotel Room - Concord, NH Marriott		$255.00
07/07/11	Drunken Calls to Texas Governor's Mansion - AT&T		$74.00
07/18/11	"My Other Dick is a Scaife" Novelty Boxers (500) - Ecuador T-shirt Incorporated		$1,318.00
07/18/11	"I'm a Washington Outsider" T-shirt (500) - Ecuador T-shirt Incorporated		$1,008.00
02/08/12	"Congratulations! We Won New Hampshire!" Banner Cancellation	$85.00	-
02/09/12	Refund for Unused Portion of Brownback Deluxe Package - Liberty University	$12,800	-

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.6 What To Do When Your Arm Is Stuck In A Vending Machine

Saturday, Aug 06, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Step One: Empty your bladder in a wide arc. The pungent scent of your urine will keep predators at bay. When night falls, it will also glow, providing a much-needed source of light.

Step Two: Scream for help. When someone arrives, sink your teeth into their neck. Lock on tightly. Chomp and gnaw until their jugular is severed. You now have a source of food for at least two weeks.

Step Three: Freak out. Let fear sink in and make you wild-eyed. Thrash about with reckless abandon, accomplishing nothing.

Step Four: Smash your head into the vending machine repeatedly. Do not stop until you are unconscious. You're going to need plenty of rest to get through this ordeal.

Step Five: Reach into your pocket with your free hand and pull out a phone. Use this phone to go online and read about Blizzard's latest Diablo 3 announcement. Sign an online petition to declare your anger at the fact that the game will not allow mods, will not let you play without an internet connection, and will include a cash shop where you pay actual dollars for items.

Step Six: Still angry at the Diablo 3 thing, throw your phone in anger so that it is broken or at least out of your reach.

Step Seven: Contemplate the removal of your arm. Ask passers-by if they have dull pocket knives or jagged rocks. Prepare a tourniquet. Steel yourself for the act. Feel your breath come in shallow gasps. Change your mind at the last moment when you recall a scheduled hand-shaking session with a colleague. The meeting is very important, and your airline ticket reservation can not be canceled.

Step Eight: Take your free arm and stick it in the machine next to your trapped arm. Attempt to pull it back out. Realize that it, too, is stuck. Stay perfectly still for ten seconds. Whisper, "Fuck."

Step Nine: Kick off your shoes. Contorting your body, use your toes to pull a pen and notepad from your pocket. Teach yourself how to write with your feet. In large letters, write "H" then "E", and so on until your message is complete. Use your toes to take the note and dip the top in a pool of sticky drying blood. Now secure the note on the face of the vending machine. There. Now people will see your message: HEY, THIS MACHINE IS OUT OF ORDER. USE ANOTHER ONE.

Step Ten: Wait until the vending machine guy comes by on his weekly visit. Allow your heart to fill with joy as he approaches. Salvation at last! Ask him to do you a favor and bring you a glass of water. When he leaves, curse yourself for forgetting to ask for a straw. Lap at the water like a dog.

Step Eleven: You know how desperate situations can sometimes grant people superhuman strength, like a mother lifting a crashed car to free her children? Get some of that superhuman strength. Use it to pull the vending machine away from the wall. Good. Now walk out of the building.

Step Twelve: Go to college. Preferably MIT. Get a degree in engineering. Come up with some sort of device that can safely extricate trapped arms from vending machines. Have it mass produced.

Step Thirteen: Use your earnings to purchase a shawl that discretely covers the vending machine attached to your arms.

Step Fourteen: Find someone that loves you for who you are, and not your fortune or the seven foot tall device that your arms are trapped in.

Step Fifteen: Discover that your marriage is falling apart. Realize that no matter how hard they try, your significant other will never truly be able to get past the vending machine. Out of desperation, visit a plastic surgeon and have your vending machine turned into a sports car.

Step Sixteen: Attempt to return home, only to realize that the plastic surgeon left the car doors locked and your arms firmly stuck in the trunk.

Step Seventeen: Push the car home. At a stoplight, meet a famous race car driver who seems very interested in the sports car attached to your arms. Agree to sell the car so he can modify it and use it as his primary race car.

Step Eighteen: Find yourself being dragged behind the car at over 200 miles per hour during the biggest race of the year. Die within seconds from a heart attack after realizing that the car's sponsor is the very company that made the vending machine your hand got stuck in all those years ago.

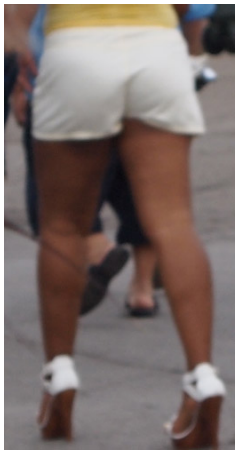
Step Nineteen: Have your memory honored when the race car driver wins the championship, your remains dangling from the trunk every weekend of that glorious season.

Step Twenty: At the gates of Heaven, find yourself being asked your biggest regret in life. Carefully consider this question. Finally, answer that it would have to be the fact that sticking your second arm in the vending machine hadn't worked the way it should have.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.7 State Fair Scavenger Hunt

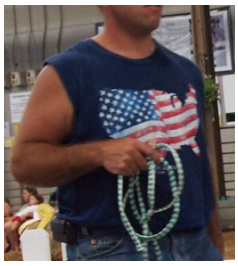
Sunday, Aug 07, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



It's that time of year again. Fair days, when all food is battered twice, when the summer heat is almost as overwhelming as the body odor, when a person's true distaste for the human race can truly shine. For a week or two, you (yes you!) can experience (or at least witness) a world hidden from your daily life. So if you've ever wondered where the world's *Wheel of Fortune* fans let loose or desired (for some reason) to see a live episode of *Maury* unfold before your very eyes, then go. Bring your camera, bring this list, bring your sense of adventure and see how many listings you can capture. Compete with your friends. Check off all you see in an afternoon at the fair grounds.Though the only true way to win this scavenger hunt is to become an isolated vegetarian, the champion is whoever collects the most check marks.

1. __BBQ sauce on face
2. __BBQ sauce on somewhere other than face
3. __Sweaty man with no shame
4. __Someone praying over fried food
5. __Asscrack visible above pants
6. __Asscrack visible below pants
7. __Vomit (3 separate piles)
8. __Matching camo on T-shirt and hat
9. __Homeless individual you trust more than a fair employee
10. __Naked baby

11. __Person using something other than a toilet as a toilet
12. __Fair employee you trust less than a homeless individual
13. __Painful looking underbite
14. __Grown child (over seven) being carried/pulled in wagon
15. __Sculpture made to look like food
16. __Food made to look like sculpture
17. __Puffed-out 90's bangs
18. __Trash pile the size of a small adult
19. __Obese twins
20. __Barefoot individual
21. __Vessel that holds more than 88oz of soda
22. __A child crying alone
23. __Dog that should be put to sleep



24. __Cut off jeans on overweight male
25. __A messy break-up/divorce
26. __Ron Paul supporters
27. __Tube top that fits like sausage casings
28. __Squirrel eating deep fried batter
29. __Eighteen(18) barbwire tattoos
30. __Puddle of unknown origin
31. __Bee swarmed lemonade stand
32. __Attractive woman ogled by at least twenty men
33. __Bootleg stuffed animal prize
34. __Urban Tweety Bird embossed on denim jacket

35. __An abandoned shoe

36. __T-shirt Freedom grab-bag. Combine any: Map of U.S., Constitution of U.S., Eagle of U.S., flag of U.S.

37. __Angst ridden teen with two liter of Mountain Dew
38. __Ten(10) acts or signs of profane racism
39. __A non mayonnaise based salad
40. __A Poison T-shirt
41. __The actual band Poison

If you've seen a side of humanity usually limited to the inner rings of hell or the ranch dressing section of Golden Coral, then feel free to add your own! In case of tie, whoever witnesses the most disturbing act wins.

Special thanks to Tim for the first three photographs.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.8 The Steampunk Motivational Speaker: Teamwork

Monday, Aug 08, 2011 by Huell B. Owlwright, Mechamotivationist (@sexyfacts4u)

Well met, Abilene Junior High School, my name is Huell B. Owlwright. I have just arrived here in Texas by way of chronoship from the Veld, a fictional alternate reality where South Africa of 1894 came to dominate the globe!

Huzzah! Huzzah for the Abilene Junior Wildcats! I am told the female's volleyball team is quite "up there" in the tourney. Congratulations!

Your principal has asked me to come speak to you today upon the subject of teamwork. On the matter and most matters I have a simple object to show you. This.

Do any of you know what this is? A clock? Close! Over there, what do you think? A Frisbee? It does look a bit like a discus, I will confess, but no. This, my friends, is the humble cog. You will notice it is round, it turns, and you will notice these teeth.

One cog, all by itself isn't much good to anyone. Look at that. But...now watch this...if you put two cogs together it will create a machine. The more of these cogs you add the better that machine gets until you have cog telewidgets and cog autopreambulators. It is these cogs working together that form the very foundation of pseudoscience.

Believe it or not, the handsome successful journeyman mechamotivationist you see before you today was once a gutterwaif and steam tramp, just barely scraping by in dockside cannery stacks of Old Cloyden Way. I was lucky to have a crust of mangoberry bread and enough oil for the wheel of my unipod. I was anti-social and mean. A real churlish maccuppin, which is the name for the bastards of the city guard of New Cloyden, protecting the up-crusters from us cannery kids.

Alone, by myself, busking and robbing, I wasn't worth much. A spit. Half a spit. But from studying the cogs on the Cloyden Cathedral I came to watch the way they worked together, one turning the other and all of them turning together to make the whole thing work, and I knew I needed some friends.

So I met a bird man, a half-cogger, Jervis the pneumatic detective and the whole lot of them, and together we not only solved some cracking capers, we also brought down the Cloyden Aristos and their lousy maccuppins.

That, my friends, is what teamwork is all about. Do you have any questions?

No, I am afraid I'm not familiar with Twilight. Anyone else? Yes? No, I am not homosexual.

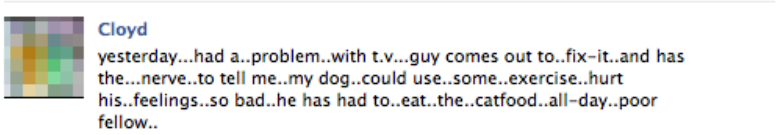
Thanks everyone. Remember, united we are one, divided we are zero. It is the motto of the Veld.

-∼Huell B. Owlwright, Mechamotivationist (@sexyfacts4u)

8.9 Cloyd is America

Tuesday, Aug 09, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

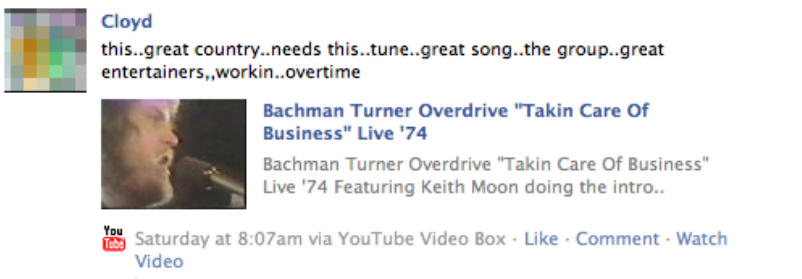
A friend of mine is from a small town in the Midwest, and he's still Facebook friends with a few of his assorted in-laws and distant relatives. The other day, he showed me a few posts by a guy he doesn't know-- a friend of his uncle-in-law, or something-- who constantly blew him away with his odd news round-ups, strange comments and maverick keyboarding style. This small-town hero is Cloyd, a hardworking fifty-something family man. I loved him right away.


Cloyd
yesterday...had a..problem..with t.v...guy comes out to..fix-it..and has the...nerve..to tell me..my dog..could use..some..exercise..hurt his..feelings..so bad..he has had to..eat..the..catfood..all-day..poor fellow..

My friend asked me to somehow share Cloyd's offbeat greatness with the world. He thought I could use Cloyd as inspiration for a fictional character, but there's no way I could come up with anything better than Cloyd himself: he's kind of like a saner Roamin' Dad, as narrated by Horse_Ebooks. I knew I could only do Cloyd justice with a pure Cloyd retrospective.

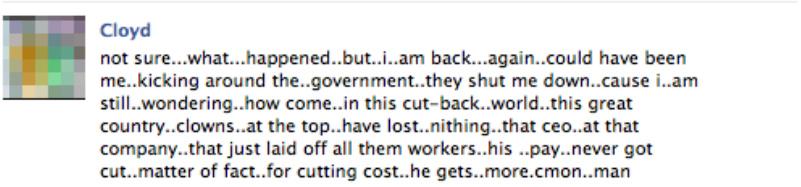
Cloyd
to all..viewers..this..wall..is..unedited..some days..you might..hold your..hands..over your..eyes..its even..hard..for ..me..to look...
Friday at 2:23pm · Like · Comment

At first, I was hesitant to expose Cloyd to potential hostility, but the more I read, the more I became convinced that Cloyd was too precious an American treasure to keep to myself. As a California doofus, I too often forget that America isn't made entirely of the shrieking crazies you see on TV and in CNN comments. There are tons of Cloyds out there: politically moderate dudes who love peace, the working class, rock and roll and home-grown produce.

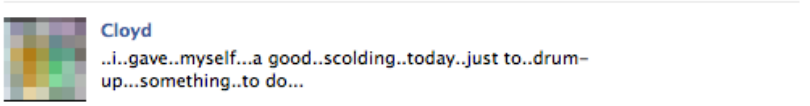

Cloyd
this..great country..needs this..tune..great song..the group..great entertainers,,workin..overtime
Bachman Turner Overdrive "Takin Care Of Business" Live '74
Bachman Turner Overdrive "Takin Care Of Business" Live '74 Featuring Keith Moon doing the intro..
Saturday at 8:07am via YouTube Video Box · Like · Comment · Watch Video

Before we get started, I want to make a couple of things clear. First, Cloyd is a private citizen and doesn't need to be bothered by a bunch of weirdos, so please don't try to track him down and add him as a Facebook friend or anything. Second, this isn't some tongue-in-cheek dig at flyover states or something. This is a genuine, heartfelt tribute to Cloyd. So let's get to the Cloyd already:

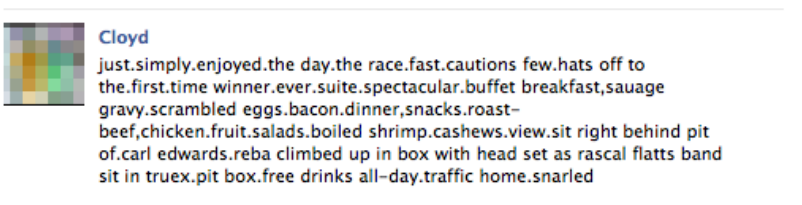
Cloyd's interested in politics, but always comes down on the side of the working man.

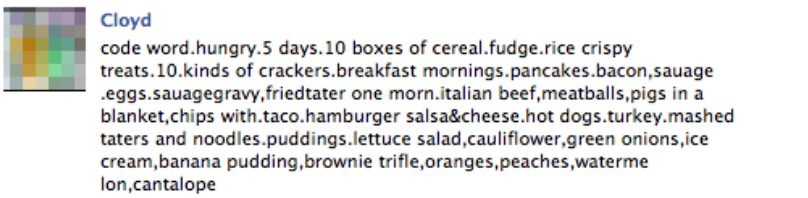

Cloyd
not sure...what...happened..but..i..am back...again..could have been me..kicking around the..government..they shut me down..cause i..am still..wondering..how come..in this cut-back..world..this great country..clowns..at the top..have lost..nithing..that ceo..at that company..that just laid off all them workers..his ..pay..never got cut..matter of fact..for cutting cost..he gets..more.cmon..man

Once in a while, Cloyd engages in healthy self-criticism.



When he has a good day, he's not afraid to wax poetical.

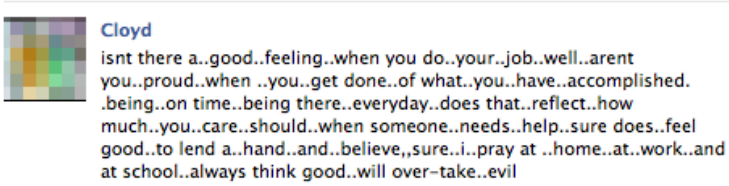

Cloyd
just.simply.enjoyed.the day.the race.fast.cautions few.hats off to the.first.time winner.ever.suite.spectacular.buffet breakfast,sauage gravy.scrambled eggs.bacon.dinner,snacks.roast-beef,chicken.fruit.salads.boiled shrimp.cashews.view.sit right behind pit of.carl edwards.reba climbed up in box with head set as rascal flatts band sit in truex.pit box.free drinks all-day.traffic home.snarled

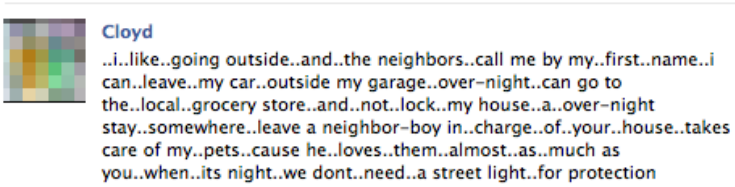

Cloyd
code word.hungry.5 days.10 boxes of cereal.fudge.rice crispy treats.10.kinds of crackers.breakfast mornings.pancakes.bacon,sauage .eggs.sauagegravy,friedtater one morn.italian beef,meatballs,pigs in a blanket,chips with.taco.hamburger salsa&cheese.hot dogs.turkey.mashed taters and noodles.puddings.lettuce salad,cauliflower,green onions,ice cream,banana pudding,brownie trifle,oranges,peaches,watermelon,cantalope

Wouldn't want to get on Cloyd's bad side:

Cloyd
immature..stubborn...blind...cant walk..cant breathe..old man..that the..best..you got...cause..i dont know..if..i..can..take..much more...i could of..thrown..ugly..in there..but..i..was..kinda..saving..that....;)...
July 28 at 5:00pm · Like · Comment

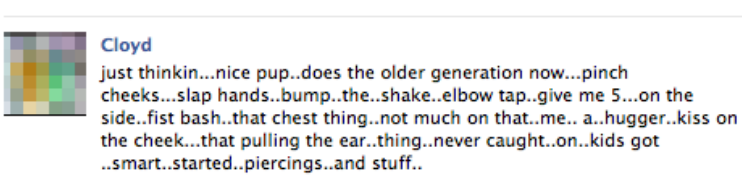
Negativity is pretty rare for Cloyd, though. His America is a better place.


Cloyd
isnt there a..good..feeling..when you do..your..job..well..arent you..proud..when ..you..get done..of what..you..have..accomplished. .being..on time..being there..everyday..does that..reflect..how much..you..care..should..when someone..needs..help..sure does..feel good..to lend a..hand..and..believe,,sure..i..pray at ..home..at..work..and at school..always think good..will over-take..evil

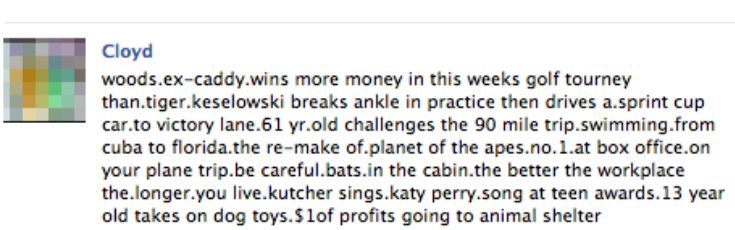

Cloyd
..i..like..going outside..and..the neighbors..call me by my..first..name..i can..leave..my car..outside my garage..over-night..can go to the..local..grocery store..and..not..lock..my house..a..over-night stay..somewhere..leave a neighbor-boy in..charge..of..your..house..takes care of my..pets..cause he..loves..them..almost..as..much as you..when..its night..we dont..need..a street light..for protection

I always enjoy Cloyd's philosophy, even when I'm not totally sure what it means:

A lot of guys Cloyd's age would razz on the youth for their habits, but he respects young people for outfoxing the older generation.


Cloyd
just thinkin...nice pup..does the older generation now...pinch cheeks...slap hands..bump..the..shake..elbow tap..give me 5...on the side..fist bash..that chest thing..not much on that..me.. a..hugger..kiss on the cheek...that pulling the ear..thing..never caught..on..kids got ..smart..started..piercings..and stuff..

One of Cloyd's chief selling points is his amazing way of summarizing the week's news:

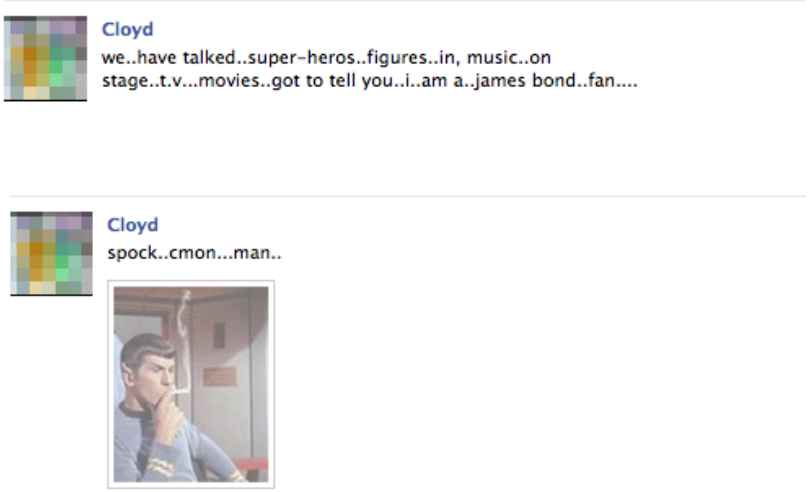

Cloyd
woods.ex-caddy.wins more money in this weeks golf tourney than.tiger.keselowski breaks ankle in practice then drives a.sprint cup car.to victory lane.61 yr.old challenges the 90 mile trip.swimming.from cuba to florida.the re-make of.planet of the apes.no.1.at box office.on your plane trip.be careful.bats.in the cabin.the better the workplace the.longer.you live.kutcher sings.katy perry.song at teen awards.13 year old takes on dog toys.$1of profits going to animal shelter

Cloyd
the annual pony.swim.crosses the river.and get auctioned off.fabio.he is t.v.weather-person.boehner tells congress.he.stuck his.head.out a mile.casey anthony trial cost 822,000 dollars.the.smurfs.get a shot at the.movies.weather.hot.humid.dry.most of country.amanda knox gets another.trial.lemonade ten dollars a glass.proceeds to.joplin.victims.there is a.line.balloon enthusiast lands his basket in middle of.highway.
July 30 at 5:42am · Like · Comment

Cloyd
sponge-bob.mask.robs a bank in.florida.serens williams makes comeback.woman hiker breaks applachain trail record.the heat still grips part of this great country.others are simply.parched.plexico.gets another.shot. at the n.f.l.guyana plane goes off runway.explodes.no fatalities.harry potter blows by the billion dollar mark.the world market.opens this morning.on .highs.after the.great country.of the u.s.a.has a budget

Cloyd
london.knows how to..protest..a construction worker.on his lunch..croons..the crowd.3 hikers on trial in..iran..perry.a.governor.pra ys.for our..economy..dreamliner..ready for..take-off..the football hall-of-fame.speeches.draw tears from the.crowd.still way to.hot.and dry in alot of this..great nation.top party school..ohio university..bulldog.one.of the best..skateboarders.i.have seen

He posts a ton of YouTube links to great classic rock tracks, but he also has a healthy respect for other facets of pop culture:



Cloyd
we..have talked..super-heros..figures..in, music..on stage..t.v...movies..got to tell you..i..am a..james bond..fan....

Cloyd
spock..cmon...man..

I hope you've enjoyed this peek into Cloyd's world. He has a pretty remarkable Facebook posting ethic, and these images represent only a fraction of his output in a couple weeks of posting; hopefully, we'll see plenty more in the future. God bless Cloyd, and...God..bless the...USA.

Cloyd

if..money..cant..buy your..love..than we..should..embrace..the..good ..ole..u.s.a....a..bunch...

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

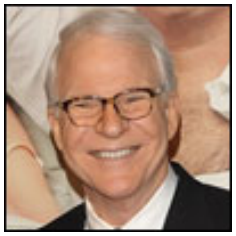
8.10 Celebrity Stalker: Spicy Summer Spots

Wednesday, Aug 10, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

Our dedicated spotters are determined to lift the rock of privacy and expose the celebrities as they scurry for cover like so many tiny crabs.



Steve Martin
Spotted Mr. Martin basking in the glow of his own magnificence. Such a radiant smile, we couldn't help but stand in awe. He outstretched his arms to extend his aura for us while yelling "I'm magnificent!" Total charmer.

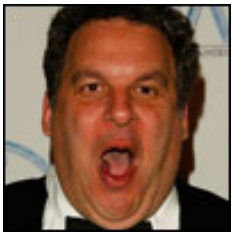
Cameron Diaz
Huge shocker! Witnessed Cameron get run over by a bus. She was super rude after the bus driver backed the rare tires off her torso and apologized. She even refused to sign autographs as she hobbled away like some spoiled diva.

Matthew Lillard
Matthew was going nuts at the gym, working a punching bag like a mad men, pounding it until his fists were raw and bloody. Much sweatier in person. Grunts a lot.

Gary Busey
Saw Gary Busey in the park cutting off his sleeves with gardening shears. Looked like he nicked an artery, but kept going and just licked all the blood up. Total commitment to summer.

William Hurt
Spied actor William Hurt being a boring idiot, reading a book and drinking coffee. I yelled "entertain me for once" and he got up and started singing and dancing. It bored me even more, so I just walked away.

Skeet Ulrich
Gross! Saw a Skeet Ulrich leering at me from across the bar. He just wouldn't stop staring. Finally, he tells me my eye is bleeding. It was, profusely, but that's no excuse to stare, creepo.



Jeff Garlin
I spotted *Curb*-star Jeff Garlin vigorously scratching his rump against a tree. After that he laid down next to a big rock and fell asleep.

Chris Brown
Saw Chris Brown being his cute self, biting women, throwing objects, screaming obscenities. Glad to see he's not letting all the bad press get to him. What a sweetheart!

Philip Seymour Hoffman
Angry as hell, because Hoffman cut in front of me at the Shakey's buffet on Sunset and had the nerve to scoop up the last of the mashed potatoes even though it's obvious I wanted mashed potatoes and even had a large mashed potatoes-shaped void on my plate.

Eli Roth
Never in my wildest dreams: Spotted either Eli Roth or an African American woman running toward the bus stop with some urgency. Didn't have my glasses, can't be certain.

Ryan Gosling
Had the luck of sharing a flight with Ryan Gosling. He was super nervous and biting his nails nonstop. By the time we landed at LAX he had a bloody stump where his hand used to be. Very nervous guy.

Andy Dick
Bumped into Andy Dick, who was covered with beetles. I asked him what was wrong, and he very politely told me he got Dutch elm disease from fucking a tree. Surprisingly nice and down-to-earth.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.11 The Wit and Wisdom of Helen

Thursday, Aug 11, 2011 by Helen Boczek

They say the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach. My Arnold is so morbidly obese that he needs help from the hospice nurse just to use the bathroom.

In a pinch for Christmas gifts? Your grandchildren will be amused into sheer confusion when they see their favorite cartoon characters made of milk cartons with special notes and candies from grandma inside. Stencil "you share with your sister" on them for that added touch.

Bake a batch of cookies into the shape of your enemies' heads. Now feed them to a dog. Wait for further instructions.

If you pitch a big enough fit, they will let you take home your plate at Red Lobster.

Take this gal's advice, and *don't* get into the poison biz! People can make poison out of just about anything these days.

If you can trust your secrets with anything, it's a bird.

Inspirational tale: A small child is in a field, searching frantically for something. He looks up, sees God, and tugs on this thick, white beard. "God...?" the boy asks. The booming voice responds, "Yes, my child?" The boy squats down on his haunches. "Mama told me I should count my blessings. Well, where are they?" God

smiles. Then, he twists the boy's head off because he's a Catholic.

Um, waiters of America? I ordered an iced water, not an iced *ice*!

I'll take a basket of daffodils over sexual intercourse any old day!

Keep a thumbtack under your tongue and all day long you'll be treated to the taste of blood.

You can't catch raccoons with peanut butter... but you can sure enjoy eating it with them!

If I said it once, I've said it a thousand times: I didn't kill those boys.

-~Helen Boczek

8.12 MY WEBSITE IS DOWN ---- WHY?????

Friday, Aug 12, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

To: webmaster@ultimatehostingsolutions.cx
From: Tom Towler
Subject: MY WEBSITE IS DOWN ---- WHY?????

Dear Webmaster,

and I use the term loosely, because apparently your mastery of the web is far from complete, for some reason I have not been able to access my website or FTP despite my account being paid up until the end of the year. When I signed up for Platinum Level Hosting I expected uninterrupted hosting for my site. I pay $29.95 per month for a reason. Please correct and explain the pause in service. I expect my website and FTP access to be restored immediately. For every hour this website is down I am losing $$$$$ big time and YOU will be on the hook.

Good Day

Tom Towler
Webmaster
www.stalliongallons.com
World's #1 Horse Ejaculation Web Site

"Ask yourself whether the dream of heaven and greatness should be waiting for us in our graves - or whether it should be ours here and now and on this earth." - Ayn Rand

---

To: tt_horselover@stalliongallons.com
From: rick.wyden@ultimatehostingsolutions.cx
Subject: Re: MY WEBSITE IS DOWN ---- WHY?????

Mr. Towler,

I am sorry to hear about your issues. I looked into your account deactivation and it appears you received a deactivation notice on 7/19/11 regarding your hosting. The previous tech on your account flagged 7.4 gig of bestiality porn on your hosting. This content clearly violates our ToS.

At this time I cannot restore your account access or offer to reactivate your domain. If you'd like to transfer the domain to a different host I can help you out with that. Be aware that our policy is to delete all content 30-days after we take down a site.

Thanks,

Rick Wyden
Solutions Rep
Ultimate Hosting Solutions

To: rick.wyden@ultimatehostingsolutions.cx
CC: attorney@handsranch.com
From: Tom Towler
Subject: RESTORE MY WEBSITE - IMMEDIATELY

Yes mister "Wyden" in case you haven't noticed my website (www.stalliongallons.com) has been hosted at UHS for over eight months. You were happy to take my money for all that time and FYI we didn't get voted the #1 beast cumshot website at BeastFest 2010 in Austin because of your hosting. It's our original content. October BeastFeast is cumming up and this situation is completely unacceptable. stalliongallons.com is THE destination for hotel bookings and arrangements in the Toronto area. I have a deal with Hampton Inn for 200 rooms and if I can't get sg back up or at least forums at paddock.stalliongallons.com in time for the big late september rush I am going to be out thousands of dollars and a barn rental fee and YOU will be paying up.

Consequently I am CCing my attorney on this matter so that he can begin prosecution proceedings in the case of you v. my financial future. Restore my site immediately or face the fullest extent of the law.

This if your final warning.

Tom Towler
Webmaster
www.stalliongallons.com
World's #1 Horse Ejaculation Web Site

"Ask yourself whether the dream of heaven and greatness should be waiting for us in our graves - or whether it should be ours here and now and on this earth." - Ayn Rand

---

To: tt_horselover@stalliongallons.com
From: rick.wyden@ultimatehostingsolutions.cx
Subject: Re: RESTORE MY WEBSITE - IMMEDIATELY

Mr. Towler,

I sincerely appreciate your predicament regarding your revenue stream and your time issue regarding your upcoming convention in Toronto. As much as we might want to make an exception for your top-rated website, I am afraid we cannot. This policy is clearly outlined in our ToS, is reflected in our internal code of ethics, and is immutable. If you have any other questions feel free to contact help@ultimatehostingsolutions.cx.

Thanks,

Rick Wyden
Solutions Rep
Ultimate Hosting Solutions

To: rick.wyden@ultimatehostingsolutions.cx
From: Tom Towler
Subject: YOU HAVE MADE A POWERFUL ENEMY

Yes buried in your TOS I'm sure there's a loophole for you to abuse every customer. Well I am one customer who is not going to put up with your abuse. Ever hear of a little something called the better business bureau? No? How about the local media? I bet they would like to know about a hosting company selling server space and bandwidth for 8 months under false pretenses while hardworking SMALL BUSINESS OWNERS invest their time and digital photography expertise in building a BRAND meanwhile only to have the rug pulled out from under them by you. Ever hear of a little something called First Amendment? Look it up.

You've made a powerful enemy on this day. The beast community does not forgive and we do not forget. Don't be surprised if your company doesn't exist in a year. Just remember that I gave you every chance to do the right thing and restore stalliongallons.com. It was YOUR choice to hurt a small business owner and DAD OF A DISABLED SON.

No more mr. nice guy.

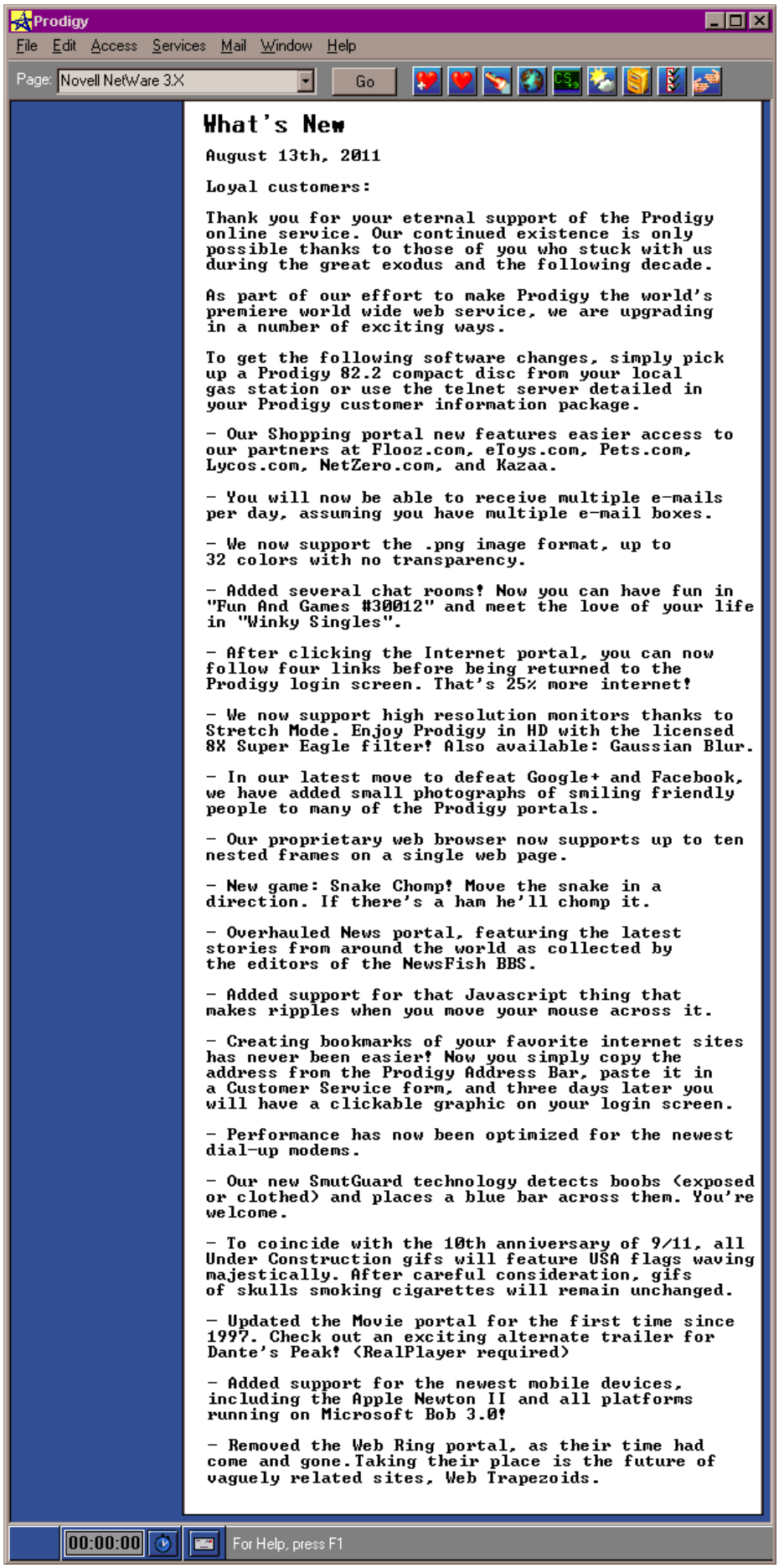
Tom Towler
Webmaster
www.stalliongallons.com
FORMER #1 Horse Ejaculation Web Site

"I am sorry to hear about your issues." - Anti-free speech scumbag Rick Wyden who CAUSED my issues

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.13 Prodigy Presents: Version 82.2!

Saturday, Aug 13, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


Prodigy
File Edit Access Services Mail Window Help
Page: Novell NetWare 3.X
Go
What's New
August 13th, 2011
Loyal customers:
Thank you for your eternal support of the Prodigy online service. Our continued existence is only possible thanks to those of you who stuck with us during the great exodus and the following decade.
As part of our effort to make Prodigy the world's premiere world wide web service, we are upgrading in a number of exciting ways.
To get the following software changes, simply pick up a Prodigy 82.2 compact disc from your local gas station or use the telnet server detailed in your Prodigy customer information package.
- Our Shopping portal new features easier access to our partners at Flooz.com, eToys.com, Pets.com, Lycos.com, NetZero.com, and Kazaa.
- You will now be able to receive multiple e-mails per day, assuming you have multiple e-mail boxes.
- We now support the .png image format, up to 32 colors with no transparency.
- Added several chat rooms! Now you can have fun in "Fun And Games #30012" and meet the love of your life in "Winky Singles".
- After clicking the Internet portal, you can now follow four links before being returned to the Prodigy login screen. That's 25% more internet!
- We now support high resolution monitors thanks to Stretch Mode. Enjoy Prodigy in HD with the licensed 8X Super Eagle filter! Also available: Gaussian Blur.
- In our latest move to defeat Google+ and Facebook, we have added small photographs of smiling friendly people to many of the Prodigy portals.
- Our proprietary web browser now supports up to ten nested frames on a single web page.
- New game: Snake Chomp! Move the snake in a direction. If there's a ham he'll chomp it.
- Overhauled News portal, featuring the latest stories from around the world as collected by the editors of the NewsFish BBS.
- Added support for that Javascript thing that makes ripples when you move your mouse across it.
- Creating bookmarks of your favorite internet sites has never been easier! Now you simply copy the address from the Prodigy Address Bar, paste it in a Customer Service form, and three days later you will have a clickable graphic on your login screen.
- Performance has now been optimized for the newest dial-up modems.
- Our new SmutGuard technology detects boobs (exposed or clothed) and places a blue bar across them. You're welcome.
- To coincide with the 10th anniversary of 9/11, all Under Construction gifs will feature USA flags waving majestically. After careful consideration, gifs of skulls smoking cigarettes will remain unchanged.
- Updated the Movie portal for the first time since 1997. Check out an exciting alternate trailer for Dante's Peak! (RealPlayer required)
- Added support for the newest mobile devices, including the Apple Newton II and all platforms running on Microsoft Bob 3.0!
- Removed the Web Ring portal, as their time had come and gone.Taking their place is the future of vaguely related sites, Web Trapezoids.
00:00:00
For Help, press F1

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.14 British PM David Cameron Analyzes the Downfall of Civilizations Throughout History

Monday, Aug 15, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

British Prime Minister David Cameron addressed his nation in the wake of severe rioting. He promised to deploy more police to stop the rioting and pointed to moral decay in Britain as the chief cause of the riots. **"Irresponsibility. Selfishness. Behaving as if your choices have no consequences. Children without fathers. Schools without discipline. Reward without effort. Crime without punishment. Rights without responsibilities. Communities without control. Some of the worst aspects of human nature tolerated, indulged - sometimes even incentivised - by a state and its agencies that in parts have become literally de-moralised."** Promising to end the unrest, Cameron went on to describe the downfall of other civilizations that could serve as a warning for Britain.

Ancient Egypt (3150 BCE - 30 BCE)

Over time certain factions came to view the whip as a cruelty inflicted upon the slaves who toiled to build the great pyramids. It was these forces, of regulation, of rights without responsibility, that forced the pharaohs to lessen the hand that wielded the whip until the whip was no longer feared, barely a tickle, and the slaves smeared their eyes with mesdemet like fucking queen whores and ran amok with their tits half out and no respect for Osiris let alone their parents anymore. Straight down the bog.

The Persian Empire (550 BCE - 330 BCE)

Violent video games and horror films caused their children to run wild in the streets and paint up the council flats with cocks. Huge pink willies wiggling at you and robbing you of morality. One look at that and an entire generation went to shite.

The Aztec Empire (1427 - 1530)

This once great culture really shit itself once it stopped cutting out hearts. Things are working fine with the heart cutting, why stop? Single parent households, that's why. No dads. Fuck's sake, didn't stand a chance against the Spanish without dads about.

The Great Sioux Nation (??? - 1890)

Nobody worked anymore. The liberal policies of giving the Indians food and land caused them to stop going to school and applying themselves. Why bother, right lads? Just head on down to the pub and sock in a few pints courtesy of Uncle Sam. Whoops, we've fucked it all up. We're all broke tosspots with bloody diabetes whinging about water rights. Water responsibility, more like. Oh well, at least we have our big wig things, whatever those are about.

The Third Reich (1933 - 1945)

Negotiated away half of Poland to the reds. Didn't burn enough of the art or the right books. Let the kids run the fucking schools. Just run wild in the schools. No discipline anymore, grades don't matter, why do you need a job? Old Goebbels'll just give you a Volkswagen and a council flat he stomped out of the Jewsies. Why work at all? Bollocks. Done in by laziness, essentially.

The First French Empire (1804 - 1815)

More darkies than whites in the colonies. Back home it was the usual mixture of too much bureaucracy holding back the private enterprise and too many independent newspapers and television stations.

The United States of America (1778 - 2008)

Welfare spending. Social security. Toys for tots. Santa Claus. *The Santa Clause*. Selfish sex in the home. Mexicans. A darkie in the White House. Unwhispered dogs. Too many roads. Operation 2 Fast 2 Furious or whatever Rupie was on about the last time we had pasties in my hot tub. Basically, marijuana and regulation on oil wells.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.15 IRC Funeral: AnalDawg (1983-2011)

Tuesday, Aug 16, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

```
<Hotpriest> we are here today in the chat
<Hotpriest> to remember our true friend in #bdsmdungeon
<Hotpriest> AnalDawg....
<Hotpriest> he died
<Hotpriest> he got stung by wasps on his torso and face
<Hotpriest> rip
<Hotpriest> say "rip" everyone please
<Sex_King> rip
<misterarson_> rip
<PATRIOT1959> rip
<PleasureKevin> rip
<malediapered> rip
<Hotpriest> and please, while u are reading this
<Hotpriest> please eat some artisan breads. they were his favorite food
<Hotpriest> analdawg's life began as the youngest of 4 boys and 1 girl
<Hotpriest> and he was a pleasure demon in the chat
<DISABLEDMAN> RIPP
<Hotpriest> at age 17 it became obvious to him to become a dancer
<Hotpriest> he learned a lot of dances
<Hotpriest> the best of which was his b-boy dance
<Hotpriest> and in college
<Hotpriest> he learned Pleasure secrets
<DISABLEDMAN> RIP
<Hotpriest> but it was not meant to be!
<Hotpriest> his career was cut short
<Hotpriest> due to the pleasures
<Hotpriest> at one of his first and largest b-boy competitions
<Hotpriest> he got fired by his team leader
<Hotpriest> because a bunch of little poops shot out while he was doing the spins
<Hotpriest> (The centrifugal force)
<DISABLEDMAN> RIP
<misterarson_> rip
*** PATRIOT1959 has left #bdsmdungeon
*** PATRIOT1959 has entered #bdsmdungeon
<PATRIOT1959> SORY
<Hotpriest> he soon became a pleasure coach
<Hotpriest> and would pleasure anyone who needed help
<Hotpriest> doing pleasure
<Hotpriest> on anyone
<Hotpriest> his apprentice, PleasureKevin, learned all he could from AnalDawg in his short time here
<Hotpriest> PleasureKevin?
<PleasureKevin> I INHERITD
<PleasureKevin> POT BELLIED PIG FROM HIM
<PleasureKevin> ANALDAWG
<PleasureKevin> HIS PIG IS MINE
<PleasureKevin> BECAUSE HIS LANDLORD DIDN'T WANT IT
```

```
<PleasureKevin> SO NOW HE IS MINE
<PATRIOT1959> the best part of anal dawg ran down his mothers leg
<PATRIOT1959> (his ferret)
<DISABLEDMAN> RIP FERRETT
<PleasureKevin> QUIET
<Sex_King> is it still alive
<misterarson_> no
<PATRIOT1959> but heres what you didnt know!!!!
<Hotpriest> please, not now
<PATRIOT1959> PleasureKevin has a crystal collection for his Rod...
<Hotpriest> no...
<PATRIOT1959> He rub his Rod on it to heal it...
<PleasureKevin> so
<Hotpriest> nno
*** Hotpriest has left #bdsmdungeon
*** BigHoleWoman has left #bdsmdungeon
<PATRIOT1959> it Is True
*** misterarson_ has left #bdsmdungeon
*** BaseballTrivia has left #bdsmdungeon
*** Sex_King has left #bdsmdungeon
*** BaseballTrivia has entered #bdsmdungeon
<PATRIOT1959> he tried to Heal rod with a crystal
*** BaseballTrivia has left #bdsmdungeon
 <DISABLEDMAN> I AM CRYEING
```

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

8.16 Something Awful (and Rifftrax): in movie theaters TODAY!

Wednesday, Aug 17, 2011 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Today, Wednesday, August the 17th at 7:00 PM CST, **Something Awful will appear in hundreds of movie theaters across America!** That's correct: you'll soon be able to watch two of our unreleased, animated shorts on the exact same movie screens previously used to show legitimately entertaining, professional films! I'm pretty sure that lends us credibility by proxy.

As an added bonus, we decided to pad out the remaining 85 minutes of the show with some sort of live performance by a group of guys from something called "Rifftrax." Apparently they watch terrible movies and make fun of them, much like they did back when they all had some TV program called "Mystery Science Theater 3000." I personally never watched the show, but I heard it's like a cross between "Sports Night" and "The Wonder Years"... in space. When Mike Nelson, Kevin Murphy, and Bill Corbett heard I was planning on filling hundreds of movie theaters with Something Awful, they begged me for a part in the show.

A sneak preview from one of our upcoming shorts.

"Please, Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka," pleaded Mike as tears streamed down his face, which I noticed was significantly less handsome than mine. "Let myself and the rest of the Rifftrax crew have some part in your exciting, groundbreaking theatrical extravaganza."

"I don't know, Mike. Fans of Something Awful have grown to expect a certain level of inherent quality that can only be provided by our site," I replied, trying to soften the blow. "Do you think Rifftrax is sufficiently talented and experienced enough to fill 85 minutes with fart jokes?"

Mike pondered the question before the grim shadow of realization darkened his eyes. "Probably not," he conceded, slumping defeatedly.

"Oh well, fuck it," I said, and agreed to let Rifftrax fill the remaining 85 minutes of the show. And now you know the whole story. Although the press release seems slightly biased, I'm going to quote it for you nice folks anyway.

Something Awful (with Rifftrax)

in theaters nationwide today, August 17th at 7:00 PM CST!

> *The stars of Mystery Science Theater 3000 are coming to movie theaters nationwide to take on the cheesy 1962 fantasy epic Jack the Giant Killer. Michael J. Nelson, Kevin Murphy and Bill Corbett of RiffTrax invite you to join them on Wednesday, August 17th for hilarious riffing on a not-so-classic movie bursting with Vikings, giant rubber monsters and a leprechaun in a jar! This one night event will be your only chance to see the guys fire their wisecracking commentary at Jack the Giant Killer on the big screen.*
>
> *The event will be broadcast live to movie theaters nationwide on Wednesday, August 17 at 8:00pm ET / 7:00pm CT / 6:00pm MT / and 8:00pm PT (tape delay). Audiences will be treated to a brand new short from the guys, as well as two original animated shorts from Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka of Something Awful.*
>
> *Movie theater audiences will receive FREE digital goodies after the event including a downloadable short, avatars and a digital photo of the guys. A URL will be revealed on-screen at which you can receive your free digital goodies after the live event.*

There is literally not a single legitimate reason for you to not attend this exciting, monumental event which shall perpetually reverberate throughout the halls of American history like a used urine sample container in a wind tunnel. In other words, **BUY YOUR TICKETS RIGHT NOW.** Shmorky, Garbage Day, and I will be in Kansas CIty, personally attending the Cinemark Palace at The Plaza show, so if you'd like to come and sit on our laps, now's your chance:

> **Cinemark Palace at The Plaza**
> 526 Nichols Rd.,
> Kansas City, MO 64112

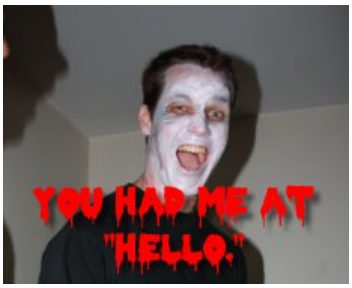
I look forward to seeing you all there tonight! Oh, and please keep this in mind: ***if you don't show up, you're a horrible person with incurable personality flaws, and you will never be loved by another human being for as long as you live.***

Another sneak peek. How could you afford to miss this?!?

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.17 Everyday Horror Stories

Thursday, Aug 18, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)



Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man

A guy in a Frankenstein costume meets a guy in a Wolf Man costume at a Halloween party and they fall in love; the Wolf Man is the only person with whom Frankenstein can share his feelings and not feel dirty afterwards. They share many intimate evenings where they make out awkwardly and say awkward things that are all the more precious for their awkwardness. Frankenstein loves the Wolf Man more than hope. But then the Wolf Man slowly drifts away, sealing the entrances to his heart one by one until Frankenstein is a broken skeleton of a person.

Don't Go in the Cellar

A girl tells her roommates not to go in the cellar because she just cleaned it. They go in anyway and track dirt on the floor and knock over her stuff and have sex with their boyfriends on the card table. They continue mistreating the girl for several years until they move out because they've found high-paying jobs. The girl still has a waitress job and struggles to make ends meet.

The Catacomb

A woman divorces her husband and moves out of their house. While packing up her books, she sees one she's never read before. She touches it and the bookshelf moves, revealing a staircase. She goes down it and finds herself in a dank, musty room. She thinks it's a catacomb, but then turns on the light and sees it's just the basement. She looks at the old furniture, old clothes and boxes of old photos; souvenirs of a once-happy marriage, left to mildew and rot. She realizes it's a catacomb after all.

Evil Doll

A girl spends the night at her aunt's house and has to sleep in a room with an evil-looking doll. The doll scares her, so she goes to a bar a meets a guy and has sex with him so she can sleep at his house. The sex is good but she knows it's meaningless. The next night she cuddles with the doll just to fill the void.

The Screaming Woman

A lonely man calls a suicide hotline. His voice sounds like the operator's abusive ex-boyfriend, so she calls him a jerk who thinks women are just there for him to exploit like an oil well or the laws of aerodynamics. Her rant sort of turns him on because it's the most attention he's ever gotten from a woman. He wants to ask her out, but she hangs up.

The Golem

A girl has an action figure of the Pokemon Golem on her bedside table. Her room becomes disheveled as her life falls apart because

of drugs, but the Golem still stands vigil over her bed and smiles. Eventually the girl's roommate kicks her out. While packing up her stuff, she accidentally knocks the Golem off the table. As she closes the door, a glint of light catches on the Golem's broken face.

Stephen King's The Mist

After watching Stephen King's *The Mist*, two friends wait in the theater for a third friend to pick them up. They want to talk but can't because their friendship has atrophied since high school, where being outcasts kept them together. Now all they have in common is their love of horror movies, and even that wanes with every bad Stephen King flick. Their friend picks them up and asks how the movie was. "Terrible," one of them says. "It started out promising but got really bad midway through." He realizes this description applies to a lot of life.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.18 Oh My God, New Conan Movie Opens Friday!!

Friday, Aug 19, 2011 by Marcus Bachmann

Conan Barbarian movie opens up today! Have y'all heard this? How have I not heard of this until now!?

I can't believe none of my little facebook friendies poked me about this, but they went and made a new Conan Barbarian movie. I don't tell just anybody this but I am a huuuuuuuuge barbarian fan. I will see any movie or read any book (comic books too! have y'all heard of mangas??) about barbarians. It's just this fun little thing I like to do is watch barbarians.

In addition to believing in Jesus Christ I am also a devout follower of the teaching of John Norman through his science fiction barbarian philosophy Gor books. I consider the Lord my savior, of course, but John Norman is a pretty smart man who teached the bible through barbarianism books. They're just a heck of a lot of fun.

There's enough of them to keep you busy on long bus rides, let me tell you. If you want to get started I suggest Slave Girl of Gor or Fighting Slave of Gor. The baddest barbarian with just oodles of muscles always wins out and his slave girls know to submit (be respectful) or he will put big ol' red hot pokers up where the sign don't shine and the lord don't look and put them out on a wall of his mean and mossy swamp fort.

Sometimes I like to picture myself a Tarnsman, astride my fire-crested tarn with a brace of earth-born pleasure slaves and huge muscles and a nice hat with some sassy little fur fringe that goes with my loin cloth going all flippity-flap behind me. Maybe a tunic or a little vest with some polished buttons.

I can be friends with another Tarnsman named Delbone and he can be a real sly little devil and a crack shot with a bow and arrow. Maybe not quite as tall as me and a little bit younger. Blond. Kind of skinny like a little twinkie man. We'll be into all sorts of trouble. We'll get up to hanky panks, trrrrust me.

But that's aside from my point. CONAN! I thought the original movies were just two-and-a-half hoots. With the snake men and the devil orgy and the tree of woe. Red Sonya isn't quite as much fun, but I guess that's just because I can't buy a woman barbarian. They can be a fighter, a tough gal, sure, but not a barbarian. Sorry ladies, that club is boys only.

Have y'all seen the trailers for this new one though?

Oh My God, the special FX look thrilling. Devil snakes are bigger than ever and I swear they buffed up Conan Barbarian to make him look even bigger than you can believe. Michele doesn't care for special FX she says they're too much like magician tricks, which is akin to deviltry, but I take the position that if it serves God's message a CGI is O.K.

This fella they got to be the new Conan Barbarian looks really tough. Too tough for me. He looks like he could throw me around and push me down wherever he wants. Holy moly, wouldn't want to make him mad. The thought of what he might do to me is...well, I tell you what, it makes me want to throw up in my sock drawer.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BpEHlHotsnA

And the ladies. Wow! Don't tell my wife I said this, but that Rose McGowan is a real sturdy looker. Like a sexy Frankenstein. I wish I was a Cimmerian. I'd sure show her a thing or two about how barbarians do business.

Marcus Barbarians.

I like the sound of that, don't you? I'd have a big ol' sword that takes two hands to swing around and I can show off my sweaty muscles and wear a big furry bear cloak. Some mean Japanese man or a little snappy tooth goblin could throw some ninja stars at me and I'd duck them. Slow motion duck them and then chop his head off with my sword. I'd be fierce.

Being a barbarian sounds like a heap of hoots if you ask me!

I don't know about y'all, but I know where I'm gonna be tonight: front row center with a big ol' buttery barrel of popped corn in my lap and maybe a box of Snow Caps if I get on the treadmill this afternoon. I love my nonpareils but I gotta sweat if I want them. Trying to lose twenty before the little woman becomes president.

Not gonna get thinking about the campaign or where to park the bus or how hard to protect my wife from little talky turkeys like Don Lemon. Not gonna get twisted up about any of that business. Tonight, I just gotta get my barbarian on.

–

-~Marcus Bachmann

8.19 All's Well That Yells Well

Saturday, Aug 20, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hey it's your neighbor! We've never actually spoken to one another, but of all the words that have violated your tender earholes throughout your entire life, more have originated from my bleating mouth than from all of your loved ones combined! Do you know why! Because I am constantly screaming!

You and I live in entirely separate structures! There are several walls, more than twenty yards of space, a fence, and some trees between us! Amazingly, you can hear me yelling at any time of the day or night! It's almost as if the volume of my voice is extremely loud! It can't be, however, because you'd think that if I was abnormally loud I would notice and that would make me self-conscious enough to stop screaming every god damn thing that pops into my malformed head!

Hope you like animals! I sure do! I'm always gathering more and yelling at them! They seem to grow in number each time I scream, which is a lot! I have a ton of dogs that I never pay attention to! They just bark all day in my yard until they get bored of me yelling at them to shut up, then they get into your yard and growl at you if you open your door!

I think I've got horses too! I'm not sure why, as I certainly don't have a big enough property to care for such gentle beasts, but there they are! They're good animals for yelling at too! Nice and big, so the soundwaves have more surface area to bounce off of!

Also, birds! Holy shit, do I have some birds! I've got several turkeys, a rooster that constantly thinks it's dawn, probably some toucans, parakeets, and some great god damn big thing that sounds like a duck mixed with a car horn!

They're all outside, naturally, not in my house! You must be nuts if you think I'd keep all those loud animals close! They're right next to your fence in some tiny enclosure that I built, because I'm a fan of having animals in small spaces and not paying attention to them aside from when I yell at them!

You know I built that bird prison myself because when I'm not yelling I'm bashing a hammer into things! Always! Sometimes I even do it while I'm yelling! I must be the worst carpenter in the world because I've smashed enough things with power tools to build the Great Wall of China around my property as well as soundproof my entire house, but the only result you can see is Bird Auschwitz and a mangled abomination that looks like a pile of lumber attached to the ruined engine of a biplane!

Carol!

Sorry, I was just yelling for Carol! I do that a lot! I don't even know a Carol, but I figure if there's a hidden Carol in my house it's best to let her know that I know she's there! That way she won't jump out and scare me!

You know the best time for fireworks! Any time! I get so excited about the fourth of July that I stand in my yard in the middle of April and light off every firework in the universe! Usually after midnight, while yelling!

BOOM! That's the sound that the fireworks make! "THAT'S LOUD!" That's the sound of me

screaming about every firework! Somehow my voice is actually louder than the firework itself!

MERRY CHRISTMAS have some more fireworks! Or maybe I'll just shoot my gun into the air instead while shrieking! Don't ask me how I got an Uzi! Okay, I won it in a yelling contest! I wasn't even an official participant, I was just talking to the cashier at the supermarket a few blocks away and they drove over and handed me the trophy and the gun!

Susan!

I don't know if you like music but I sure do! Rather than cranking up my favorite songs every once in a while for a bit of fun, I always point my speakers directly at your house, open all my doors and windows, and turn the neighborhood into a The Who concert - without the good music! I really love country! Not Johnny Cash or good bluegrass like Alison Krauss, but modern pop country! You know, the kind of music that has a bassline that goes bWOOp - bwoop roughly three hundred times and never changes from song to song! I only have one album but that's all that I'll ever need!

Amanda!

Hey I should probably get going! I bet you have a lot to do, like researching the real estate market on the opposite end of the Earth, or looking up ways to make yourself deaf with everyday items you'll find in your house! Just remember that even if you no longer hear my incessant screaming, you'll still feel the reverberations!

Oh wow I just found my jackhammer! This calls for a celebration! Hope I have enough fireworks to rival the amount of explosives we dropped in the Iraq war!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.20 Top Picks of 2011 MBA Draft

Sunday, Aug 21, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

After two days of intense deal making and contract signing, the top selections of the **2011 Master**

Degree in Business Administration Draft have been formally announced. With these future leaders of capitalism, I'd sure hate to be in a union right about now.

1. Debbie "Deb" Donaldson, Age: 35
Selected by Bank of America
This year's number one pick went to Debbie "Deb" Donaldson, a woman who stepped upon the national stage as a young girl when she single handedly used a school sponsored wrapping paper sale to bilk forty-five elderly women out of fifty-two thousand dollars. She quickly followed this with her aggressive takeover of the breakfast table, where two older brothers were forced into a deal guaranteeing her 86% of all marshmallows found in Lucky Charms and Count Chocula as well as first look at all upcoming boxed prizes. As the third female first pick (and the first since the 1990s gender wars), Deb said she will feel "right at home" in the Bank of America foreclosure branch. She then laughed at her accidental pun.

2. Alex Technerd, Age: 23
Selected by Pfizer
Neither cutthroat, industrious, nor notably intelligent, Alex has one thing that most recent graduates do not: Contacts. His father, a retired pharmaceutical lobbyist, and mother, the model that famously rolled across the car hood in the Whitesnake music video for "Here I Go Again", pulled every string possible to land Alex a comfortable job. His main dream, ambition, and college thesis of creating a Hot Pocket that heats itself is considered on indefinite hiatus as he begins his quality control leader at Pfizer. For now he will have to microwave them himself. When asked how he felt about being selected so high in the draft, Alex responded, "I still get to live in mom's basement, right?"

3. Woody "Wood-Man" Walton, Age: 25
Selected by Comcast
Woody's hard work in college was not spent in books, but in earning the trust of a wide variety of groups. By the end of his sophomore year, he was on the board of the Asian American Club, College Democrats (as well as Republicans, Libertarians, Socialists, Tea Party, Anarchists, and the unsanctioned Skin Head "Army"), Sorority Cross-Stitchers, Kickball Club, and fifteen more. He was president of a record twenty-two clubs his senior year and played influential roles for eight more. Through these positions, he was able to convince members and the board to grant him total control of club savings on the pretence that he would invest the money and not funnel it into his own personal accounts. He, however, lied. When challenged by the clubs, Woody brought forth numerous loopholes within the organization byelaws-a document he had slowly manipulated over the years. "That's right," he was quoted in *The Lantern*, the campus newspaper, "eat it." His swagger, selfishness, and unnecessary ruthlessness quickly gained the attention of numerous corporations, though none as vocal as Comcast.

4. Phil Borleo, Age 29
Selected by ConocoPhilips (later traded to Fannie Mac)
Phil's will to do whatever it takes is proven first in his record, second on the tattoo emblazoned upon his chest stating "Whatever it Takes." Five years of undergraduate and three years of graduate school were paid by his parents on the pretense that he would repay them. Upon graduation, he immediately defaulted on the family loans to invest in his lending scheme: cigarettes. Over two years he amassed a small empire one recess at a time. Reported to trade cigarettes for fifth graders' lunch money, Phil's world came crashing down when local law enforcement ordered him to remain two hundred yards from the playground. With his customer base removed and cigarette cartons stacked from floor to ceiling in his apartment, Phil accepted a job at ConocoPhilips, but was traded two weeks later to Fannie Mac to replace Keith.

5. Keith, Age 27
Selected by Fannie Mac
In a near unheard of move, Keith was selected because of a solid resume filled with unpaid internships and a history of honest, hard work. "I guess good things can happen to good people," Keith said a week and a half before being replaced by Phil. Subsequently shifted to a part-time temp job filing foreclosure forms, Keith remains optimistic, believing that his determination and long hours will one day pay off. [Update: Keith has since been let go due to company cut-backs. He now teaches English in a foreign country. We apologize for the inconvenience.)

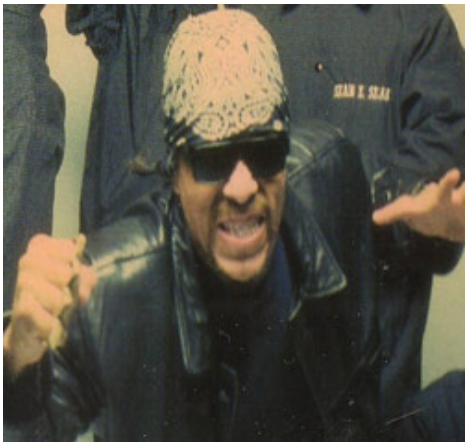
-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.21 The Semiotics of Ice-T

Monday, Aug 22, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Young Ice-T

Innocent Rebellion. An inchoate rapper, the young, well-groomed Ice-T reflects the contemporary style of the 1980s, complete with expensive jacket and (not fully pictured) iconic Mercedes necklace. He has chosen to add the affectation of a black beret. This hat indicates an interest in the political ideals of the Black Panther movement, if not a direct allegiance to this cause. The juxtaposition of symbols of wealth with symbols of resistance suggest a commercialization of uprising. Capitalism, like water, flows down, finding the lowest point and exploiting it.



Body Count Ice-T

Existential Menace. Violence is conveyed by Ice-T's posture and manner of dress. He wears a do-rag, dark sunglasses and a leather jacket. Common garb of gang members. Beneath his jacket (and on the other members of his band) we see prison uniforms, as if the band are inmates escaped from a prison. Ice-T threatens not only the individual body but the societal body. He suggests through lyrics and symbolism that freedom, like William Blake's divine infinite, requires destruction. Ice-T describes a world upended, wherein what most perceive as order is actually oppression and only by

directly confronting the pillars of this order (police, KKK parents, etc), by shooting them while they are eating donuts or having sex with their daughters, can we escape to perfect freedom.

Kangaroo Ice-T

Anthropomorphic Resistance. Transformed like Gregor Samsa, Ice-T does not wilt away in his bedroom or become crushed underfoot, he is a dynamic figure of real human emotions. The common perception of anthropomorphic creatures as cute cartoons is subverted here as Ice-T becomes grotesque. This is what Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck might look like if they were flesh and blood being created by military experiments. Like Ice-T, they would probably be very angry.

Johnny Mnemonic Ice-T

Postmodern Subversion. A reinvention of meaning in a bleak, post-American wilderness. A formation of Golden Gate bridges to a new order. The revolutionary call of Body Count has been answered by a future society and our civilzation, like the bridge inhabited by Ice-T and his followers, is recognizable only as a relic of the past. Whereas Body Count Ice-T was a prophet of destruction, Johnny Mnemonic Ice-T (JM Ice-T) is a new pillar of the post-structural society. Symbols of the past - bridges, BMX goggles, dolphins - derive new meaning in the world JM Ice-T is constructing from the ruins. However, JM Ice-T is not unchallenged, a hegemon in the form of a transnational corporation, or *zaibatsu*, threatens the fragile world of JM Ice-T. In his continuing struggle he promises only hardship.

Law & Order Ice-T

Plump and Saintly. Having past through the crucible of adulthood, Ice-T enters midlife fattened by wealth and content to serve the very agents of oppression which he fought against in his youth. This is the arc of America, of the immigrants and of the young, to be oppressed by individual and institutions, to fight back, to rise through hardship and to achieve happiness in later years. And then, as is so often the case, to feel entitled by this very struggle to wealth and privilege and hostile to encroachment by the young and the immigrants. Put another way, Ice-T is now the willing servant of the very *zaibatsu* he once would have dropped a burning car upon.

Husband Ice-T

Cartoon Couple. Having completed his transformation into a living cartoon character, Ice-T has used his new power and wealth to create a flesh and blood wife from an R. Crumb illustration. She raps about shopping and orgasms and appears on the cover of magazines for butts. He dresses like he's trying to disappear into the background set of a Paula Abdul video from 1988 and his pimp bravado, more extreme than ever, registers as unintentional self-parody. Both Ice-T and Coco are less believable than Kangaroo Ice-T.

Gamer Ice-T

Perfectly Harmless. He has purchased the edition of Modern Warfare 2 with the low light goggles and is so excited he took a picture posing with them. This is the sort of thing a fifteen-year-old does, but Ice-T is so immersed in the culture of his past oppressor that he now wallows in juvenilia, bragging about playing *World of Warcraft* and appearing as a character in *Gears of War 3*. Is he not entitled to enjoy what he earned? He certainly thinks so.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.22 The Secret Evidence Against the West Memphis Three

Tuesday, Aug 23, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Last week, the West Memphis Three (Damien Echols, Jason Baldwin and Jessie Misskelley) were released from prison after serving 18 years for the murder of three young children in a small Arkansas town. The case became a national cause largely thanks to the 1996 documentary *Paradise Lost*, which strongly suggested that the men were innocent; since then, the cause of the West Memphis Three has attracted a worldwide following. Celebrities, journalists, legal experts and concerned citizens worldwide waged a years-long campaign for their release. In an bizarre legal maneuver offered by Arkansas prosecutors, the three men were allowed to leave prison on the condition that they enter guilty pleas, though they still maintain their innocence. Many people assumed that the prosecutors used this strange tactic to save face and avoid an embarrassing retrial, since the case has become notorious worldwide as an egregious miscarriage of justice. It is alleged by many that the WM3 were convicted based on a coerced and wildly inaccurate confession by Misskelley, scant and misleading evidence, small-town prejudice against heavy metal kids and good old-fashioned American satanic panic. Despite all this, the prosecutors in the case seem to maintain a genuine belief that the three men are guilty. Now, thanks to extensive interviews and dogged journalistic excellence from the Something Awful team, we know why: the West Memphis prosecutors were sitting on a mountain of additional evidence. Much of it is inadmissible in court, but it nonetheless offers a compelling new view of the case. Here are just a few of those unpublished facts.

WM3: The Secret Evidence

- When noted forensic puppeteer Dale Broons of the Arkansas Baptist Puppet University was presented with a sock puppet of Jason Baldwin, he caused the puppet to say "Howdy, I'm a child murderer" in a very lifelike manner.

- If you pause the Paradise Lost VHS at exactly 00:42:12, Damien Echols' mouth is in such a position that he looks as if he's pronouncing the first vowel of the word "guilty," as in the phrase "I'm guilty."

- A search of Jason Baldwin's residence revealed that he owned several heavy metal music albums, along with a book written by Metallica's James Hetfield, titled "How To Commit Small-Town Satanic Ritual Child Murders the Metallica Way."

- Suspiciously, Jason Baldwin declined to demonstrate his innocence with the customary ordeal by fire offered to him by Arkansas law. We can only conclude that Baldwin was worried he'd be exposed as a sorcerer.

- Damien Echols willingly underwent a polygraph examination during which he was asked several pointed questions about his involvement in the murders. Experts found that the little wiggly needle line moved around a lot, like when they show somebody lying to a polygraph on TV.

- Prison officials intercepted three checks addressed to Damien Echols in 1995. They were each for a sum of six thousand dollars, endorsed by a "Mr. Baphomet," with glowing, evil-looking runes scrawled on the memo line.
- Days after the trio was arrested, police discovered Damien Echols' secret diary hidden behind a panel in his trailer. On the last page, in slightly different handwriting, the following passage appeared: "I am Demoin Echols and kill kids for satin. I am been justly arreste by police they are smarter than me. I am in jail now but writing this with pychic writing occult powers. CASE CLOSED!!!"
- Possibly due to a very slight misplacement of physical evidence by police, there may have been as few as two bodies of slain victims or as many as nine. Even if (just for the sake of argument) Echols, Baldwin and Misskelley didn't kill the first few, chances are they probably killed the extra ones who may or may not exist.
- Jason Baldwin, though he refused to confess to the crime, also declined to recant that confession.
- One or more blood-covered knives were found in the home of at least one of the slain children's stepfathers, though police were unable to recall which one(s). While trying to remember where they found the knife or knives, West Memphis police interviewed each of the likely stepfathers, and they all agreed that the knife or knives "had probably been left at their home(s) by Damien Echols."
- In the days following the crime, several of Damien Echols' peers came forward to report to police that Echols had been wearing a "I Killed Those Kids (And I'm a Satanist)" t-shirt to a softball game. This information was not introduced during the trial, as the shirt was never recovered, and some disagreement remains as to what the exact wording was; some contend that it actually read "I Killed Those Kids (And I'm a Homo)."
- If you play the audio of Jessie Misskelley's confession backwards, it sounds very ominous. One can easily imagine that it sounds like what Satan might sound like if he were confessing to a crime backwards.
- A forensic examination revealed several hairs on Jason Baldwin, all of which contained his own DNA.
- While Damien Echols sat on death row, celebrity WM3 supporter Natalie Maines sent him a letter, written in human blood, which read "THE DIXIE CHICKS SALUTE YOUR BLOOD SACRIFICE TO BAAL."
- At one point during the trial, Damien Echols covered his mouth and coughed. Credible experts from the Arkansas Academy of Christian Audio Engineering analyzed the recording and found that the noise Echols produced was consistent with the sound of coughing up a child's testicle.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

8.23 Texts from the Gathering of the Juggalos

Wednesday, Aug 24, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

My former friend and fellow SA writer David Thorpe spent several months convincing me to join him in attending the Gathering of the Juggalos, a prestigious event wherein fans of the Insane Clown Posse gather to celebrate the arts. Unfortunately for me, David Thorpe had been working the long con, and had no intention of ever going. I spent the entire event looking for him, and ended up missing most of the festivities.

I'm too distraught to try to make lemonade out of this pumpkin-sized lemon I've been dealt, so I'm just going to share my unrequited text messages to him in lieu of a formal write up.

Thursday, 8 pm

Hey just arrived. Wish we could have carpooled from airport, since it's a long drive. If you need to pick me out of the crowd, I'm wearing a blueish-green fedora.

Thursday, 8:15 pm

Yo where you at? I'm getting a lot of dirty looks from the other festival goers. Not feeling those positive vibes i got from the song "Miracles."

Wow, barely here a half hour and I think I just saw ICP!!!

Nope, false alarm. Everybody here looks like ICP.

Thursday, 8:30 pm

Forget about the hat, a gentleman who identified himself as "juggalo security" took my hat and vomited in it. Not wearing it again. I'm near the drug bridge by the three fat older juggalos who look like one really giant juggalo.

Thursday, 9:30 pm

Hey Dave, had to move away from those 3 fat juggalos because of a weird odor. I'm near a group of juggalings burning a raccoon. Look for a very short pillar of smoke. I can see a faygo stand.

Thursday, 11 pm

Guess who have 2 giant faygo slushes and ishaving a hard time texting with them hands.. This guy

Friday, 12 am

Hey Dave had to drink both faygo slueshies but can get you one when i see you. You booked us a hotel right??? Super tired would love to get some rest. don't worry about the 20 voicemails i left just call

Friday, 9:30 am

Wanted to get in the spirit of things, so started throwing rocks at Dustin Diamond last night. 2 surprise DD facts: does not like rocks, very good at strangling. slept very well out in the open as a result. Please call back.

Friday, 10 am

Yo dave tune in to WFuckOffRadio in 15 minutes for a special broadcast. Better yet, come join me so we can finally meet up and get started.

Friday, 10:15 am

Nevermind, got knocked out of line by pushy juggalette that may or may not have been a fetus blasted with a growth ray then garnished with colorful candy. Seems like she had something important to say.

Friday, 11 am

Heard a rumor Charlie Sheen broke away from the gathering with an army of loyal juggalos... out here with these natives it must be a temptation to be god.

Friday, 1 pm

Looks like there are a lot of very old gentlemen wrestling. It is a welcome relief after so much loud music.

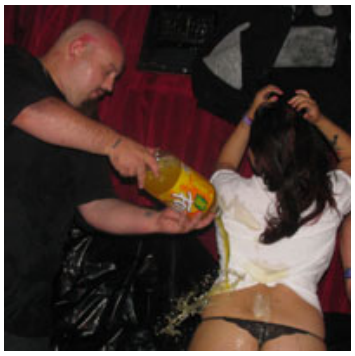
Friday, 5 pm

Ouch! Some rabid teenage Juggalette hit me on the back of the head with a bag of ice. She apologized and said I looked like her step brother from behind. Got some free ice for the fresh bruise on the back of my head, so not a bad deal.

Anyway was unconscious for a good part of the afternoon, which is probably why you haven't found me.

Friday, 9 pm

Being around these juggalos in their natural state awakens something primal in a man, something savage. I wonder if, lost amongst beasts, a man would start to think and reason as one, eat raw meat as one, kill as one



Friday, 9:05 pm

Hey Dave sorry about that last message I'm fine we're all fine, I've had too much sun today. Not ignoring my raw meat allergy or anything. Could you just come to the front of the very big stage the angry african american man is yelling from?

Friday, 10 pm

Not really into rap music, wonder if any other types of music will be played. Would love to hear some ska.

Saturday, 9 am

Fell asleep in a Festi-Cab. I guess they forgot I was in the back and were kind enough to leave me chained up with the rest of the Festi-Cabs once working hours ended. Had to hop a fence to get out.

Saturday, 11 am

Well, this is awkward. Stuck in Jimmy JJ Walker's trailer and he is asleep and I don't want to wake him so I can't risk leaving. Please just wait outside until I sneak away.

Saturday, 12 pm

Think I'm gonna be sick. Accidentally walked into some sort of impromptu Jugalette flashing contest. Like deep sea invertebrates spilling out of cutoff jeans and sports jerseys...

Saturday, 12:05 pm

Uh oh, apparently my involuntary look of repulsion toward the juggalettes offended one of the juggalos. A mob of them are surrounding me and telling me I'm in trouble.

Saturday, 12:30 pm

I've just been informed an ad hoc juggalo tribunal is being formed and that i'll be going on trial... If you're around, could really use you as a lawyer or character witness.

Saturday, 1:30 pm

Things are moving fast... Just heard I'm being assigned representation... Getting chills... Thinking of Tony Shalhoub's great speeches from "man who wasn't there."

Saturday, 2 pm

Looks like I've been assigned a lawyer by the name of Pukeface. He thinks we've got a strong case and feels very confident. Won't need you to represent me, but could use a character witness for sure.

Saturday, 2:30 pm

I just saw Flavor Flav setting his clock. Guess he's not using to working in the central time zone. Hope you get your phone fixed in time to make it to my trial.

Saturday, 3 pm

Well great, Pukeface just threw the entire trial, and the joker cards didn't turn in my favor. Don't think Judge Fangboner is going to allow for a mistrial. Sentencing commences shortly. The Dark Carnival of Judgement looms...

Saturday, 3:30 pm

Phew STAY OF EXECUTION
They found me guilty, but then forgave me. Turns out these Juggalos are all good Christians and practice forgiveness of one's enemies. Huge relief. Think I better take an early leave and skip Sunday. Hope you get this and don't keep looking for me.

I'm hoping Dave makes it up to me by being an awesome friend at this year's Burning Man, since I paid a small fortune for tickets after he talked me into going with him.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.24 Notes on Our Upcoming School Shooting

Thursday, Aug 25, 2011 by Justin

Hey Tyler,

I'm new to this whole mass murder thing, and I'm happy you took me on as part of Team West Jefferson High Massacre 2011.

Just wanted to touch base with you re: next week's shooting. I've been crunching the numbers over here and feel we really need to synergize in order to come up with an effective game plan. Don't mean to step on any toes, but I've been cracking the books since last weekend and have a few notes to add to your thorough kill list/manifesto --personally, I would have kept these documents separate, but you're the boss! Again, I'm new to this whole mass murder thing, and I'm happy you took me on as part of Team West Jefferson High Massacre 2011. Let's work together and really make this one shine!

Just a few helpful notes:

- Let's work on our quotes. In all honesty, no newspaper is going to call this thing "chilling" with you walking around saying lines from Battlestar Galactica. Yes, I realize it was once the crown jewel of the Sci-Fi channel empire and the winner of the coveted Peabody award, but we really need to stick to time tested material -- real *sic semper tyrannis* stuff. I borrowed some Nietzsche from the library; let's brainstorm.
- While I respect the black humor inherent in us playing Drowning Pool's "Bodies" during the slayings, we haven't really discussed the logistics of this idea. One: who is going to access the PA system so the song lyric about bodies hitting the floor is sung just as actual bodies start hitting the floor? Also, this song is a little over three minutes; not sure if you want it on repeat, but I would strongly advise against it.
- In general, I think we need to make your manifesto a little more realistic. Now, there's no getting around it: we are both going to be *heavily* featured on Encyclopedia Dramatica -- no sense in giving them ammunition. Please take note of my following suggestions.
- Pg. 43 Paragraph 2: "... Rivers of blood." Might be a bit grandiose. How does "streams" float your boat?
- Pg. 69 is just a drawing of a devil skull filled with snakes. Better leave that one on the cutting room floor.
- Pgs. 84-93 seem to largely be comprised of excerpts from Fight Club. Let's rethink this.
- Dual-wielding: a cool idea in practice, but the writing's on the wall with this one; for a student body of 737, we're going to need short, controlled bursts of fire, not the cheap showmanship of revolvers. All sizzle, no steak. Let's play a game of idea ball and think of some compelling alternatives.
- Pardon the honesty, but I can't go along with this whole "sunglasses and trenchcoats" idea. Again, Tyler, not trying to undermine you or anything, but this massacre is going to be

considered hackneyed until we perceive some new angles. Let's think outside the box and generate some innovative ideas before we get labeled with the dreaded adjective of "copycat." Might as well be a four-letter word, am I right?

- If anything, Tyler, you strike me as someone who really believes in what he does. But tying yourself down to 20 "ironic" murders in a single afternoon? You're going to burn yourself out, and what's bad for the goose is bad for the gander. I don't know about you, but I really think making the entire starting line of the West Jefferson Cougars eat a deflated football is a real mismanagement of resources on our part. Let's trim your list down to five and really hit 'em out of the park.
- If you don't mind, I think I'm going to opt out before the whole suicide by cop thing. Let's chew the fat after our Healthy Christian Lifestyles class.

-∼Justin

8.25 A Letter to the Commander of the Death's Head Regiment, Regarding My Peanut Allergies

Friday, Aug 26, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Colonel Invictus Charscull,

At what price is freedom won? I consider this question daily as I battle the Gorg suicide swarms on the front lines of Eridani IV. My heat beamer may strike true, bursting the organ sacs of the Gorg's mightiest battle brood, reducing their ichor to corrupt gusts of steam, but when the battle flag of the 99th Death's Head Drop Regiment flies above the heaps of the dead I must return to our fire base and face an even greater test of courage. I must contend with the threat of exposure to peanuts and/or tree nuts.

I realize that the offensive in the Eridani system is not going well and that the Gorg biofleet is threatening the Neptune jump relays. That's no excuse for jeopardizing myself and several other highly-trained Drop Rangers by failing to segregate our food, water and bunks or, at the very least, forbid the consumption of peanuts in the firebase.

My family is of some means and my grandfather was an Admiral in the Defense Fleet, not some cannon fodder born of the slum sector or a missile trooper from the king's penal detachment. At Drop Academy accommodations were made for me. There was a PA commissary with full HEPA filtering in the bunk houses. The officer's gastropub was strictly nut-free. When cooperation was difficult with the other cadets, policies were enacted to ensure care packages were searched for contraband nut bars and chocolates manufactured in the same facilities as peanuts.

To my great dismay, the Peanut Allergy *Esprit de corps* I witnessed during my days at Drop Academy has broken down. When I arrived here at Eridani I was greeted by a huge sensotisement for Chunky Nutz. You can imagine my horror as peanut flavor was beamed into the marketing implant in my parietal lobe. After we had repelled the first Gorg swoopfiend attack of the morning I learned even more dismaying news. Mandatory searches of care packages are no longer carried out and I frequently witnessed troops eating foods that may be contaminated with nut particles.

I understand the urge to return to bad habits and old ways during a 60-hour sonic artillery barrage of our bunkers, but have a little common courtesy is all I ask. We're all brothers. Drop Rangers first, commissary officers second. If one man has a peanut allergy then all men - all of his brothers - should share that peanut allergy, even if it means incinerating homemade cookies or envelopes that might have come into contact with peanut butter.

The lax PA coverage in the field concerns me almost as much as the neuropede parasites the Gorg have released into our ventilation ducts. Our unit medic is equipped with EpiPens, but since the

last three medics were swallowed and digested by Gorg Hateslimes the medics have been remaining with our drop ships and will only be brought to the battlefield in the case of a medical emergency.

Look, I carry my personal EpiPen, but what if I were knocked out or had my limbs blasted off by the sunder beams of a Gorg shrieker orb? What if the man who was just exploded like a balloon by a Gorg pressure rocket showers me with entrails containing half-digested peanuts? Just one bit of undigested allergen in a ruptured bowel will trigger a deadly reaction. I'm afraid that's what killed Corporal Pendleton "Doctor Romance" Eyespite.

Tomorrow we begin the final assault on the spawning trenches of the Gorg overfiend here on Eridani. Our atomic artillery will vitrify the shores and the glass will crunch beneath the heels of our shock boots. A million screaming nightmare beasts will charge forth to meet us and fall to gory ruin before dusk. We will do battle with constructs of the tissuemancers and dodge traps set forth in their citadel in our remorseless liquidation of its halls. I will face many enemies set upon killing me, but I fear I will face none more deadly than apathy to my peanut allergies.

Please, act now before more lives are lost. Ban peanut and tree nut foods on base and aboard our transit barges.

Thank you,

Juniormost Lieutenant Bertrand "Avenging Reaper" Coughlin II
Butcher's Company, 99th Death's Head Drop Assault Infantry Regiment, 3rd Terran Defense Fleet

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.26 Deus Ex: Human Revolution

Saturday, Aug 27, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In most games a turret is something that you come across in a conspicuously empty area. You try to advance, but find that it is impossible to leave until you "interact" with the nested machine gun by pressing a button and watching a flood of dudes run into your crosshairs. After you have held a trigger down long enough to kill a million men, the way forward is magically opened.

In Deus Ex: Human Revolution, a turret is something that simultaneously hates you and presents more meaningful choices than most games from the last ten years.

For example, an automated turret sits at the end of a hallway that you really want to explore. There's a ladies' bathroom, a computer full of emails just begging to be snooped through, and several dozen future candy bars and future beers strewn about on someone's office floor.

Cyberboost. When life's got you virtually down, grab the boost!

You could bypass the area entirely by stacking a few crates, climbing them, then using your augmented super jump to reach a rafter that leads directly to your objective. You'll miss out on all the goodies, but you'll also get by in record time and receive a sweet XP bonus for not being seen.

You could step into the turret's line of sight and throw a fire extinguisher as it starts shooting. The turret's projectiles will hit the extinguisher, releasing a cloud of gas that obscures its vision momentarily as you dash into the women's bathroom.

You could explore a bit, finding a convenient air vent (aren't they all?) that safely leads directly behind the turret. Once there, you could stack cardboard boxes directly in front of its sensor then go about your business. If you have an arm strength augmentation you could even pick up the turret and make it take a time-out with its face in a corner.

You could hack a computer in a nearby room and gain control of the turret, disabling it completely or telling it to kill your enemies. If you choose the latter, you can lure a bunch of dudes to their death in a pile at the end of the hallway. Or you could pick up the turret and stroll through the rest of the level as the machine does your killing for you. For the hell of it, you could throw the turret with enough force to kill someone.

You could shoot the turret with a gun or an explosive until it dies. Why would you do this?

You could use an aug to turn fully invisible and make a mad dash for one of the rooms before the effect fades.

You could backtrack to an adjacent room, finding a weak spot in the wall which you could punch through. With your robot arm. That can PUNCH THROUGH WALLS.

You could become frustrated at your lack of creativity, head back out to the city and locate a guy doing the world's most annoying breakdance to the world's most annoying future boombox. Then you could punch him, throw a dumpster on his head, or hit him with a tranquilizer dart from a nearby rooftop.

That's just one turret in one hallway. I assure you that there are many more hallways and possibly more rooms.

Human Revolution's depth extends beyond handling turrets and bad guys. Keep an eye out and you'll spot hand-written notes with vital information such as codes and passwords, wisely taped to the sides of monitors or scattered on desks. These aren't always glowing clues which can be collected (though those can be found as well), but carefully placed details that reward people who actually pay attention to their surroundings instead of mashing their face against everything with a prompt.

In many ways, Human Revolution is what my circa-2000 self hoped most games would be like in 2011. Back then it only made sense that developers would continue to flesh out increasingly realized settings, implement more interconnecting gameplay systems, and give players the opportunity to approach problems in a number of ways from direct and violent to thoughtful and exploratory.

Of course, where the industry actually wound up was more miserable than the worst cyberpunk dystopia. More often than not depth is replaced with streamlining. Meaningful choices are avoided because many considered it a waste of time to develop content that a player might bypass. When someone announces a new title based on a classic game, they use phrases like "we're updating the parts that made the original successful" which means "we're making a Call Of Duty or Gears Of War clone".

S.T.A.L.K.E.R. and Far Cry 2 come to mind as other excellent genre-blending games that give the player numerous choices. Those choices, however, tend to be fast-paced or reactionary and based on chaotic systems that primarily cater to combat. Deus Ex: Human Revolution encourages a slower, more thoughtful approach that makes the player feel in control. It scratches a very specific itch that has been largely ignored for the last ten years outside of Vampire The Masquerade: Bloodlines and Alpha Protocol, two games that sadly did not have the sort of impact on the industry that Human Revolution might be able to muster.

Naturally, there are a drawbacks. Most are minor, but by far the strangest is the decision to force the player into a handful of boss fights. The entire game is a series of choices between combat, stealth, exploration, hacking, and conversation until you find yourself standing near a boss with a choice between combat, combat, combat, combat, and combat.

Maybe I'm being unfair. After all, who doesn't like boss fights? Aside from the people who don't want to fight a boss, I mean.

On the whole, Eidos Montreal has created a decidedly rich and complex RPG shooter in an era where most of the gaming press has decided that such a fantastic thing is somehow antiquated. Thanks to their hard work, you will believe that a cybernetic man with a goatee and cyber shades can sit in an air vent with a stack of bodies, eating a tub of energy bars and slapping laser sights onto tranquilizer guns.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.27 UNIVERSITY!

Monday, Aug 29, 2011 by HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the HYURGI TIGERWOODS series.

Behold prophecy...**here is your future...**

magnificant physics
true warrior spirit
bicebs to here
unbelievable willpower of a tiger and warrior's spirit

EDUCATION

Is **TRUE**. Education is one thing ***they*** cannot take from you. Other thing is skeleton but they can take in parts. Times of economies are tough but you need job training, skills, and certificates. GET YOUR DEGREASE. Welcome to the future. Your future. Of Internet education.

For only 19.95 per month you can get on computer and get degrease from HYURGI'S SCHOOL OF ULTIMATE UNIVERSITY AND WARRIOR SPIRIT. Accrediting in Moscow Oblast, greater Russia, Belorus, part of Ukraine and no sorry **no Tajiks** allowed **INTERNET BLOCKED** from Tajikistan. No child is to be left behind on this affair. That means **you.**

Lovely facility located in prime real estate of **Elektrogorsk**. 600 room building with many corridors and teachers. We have nine computers on staff. Hook it up www to go to the cyber surf dude. ***HYURGI GARANTEED.***

Is this a dream? Is this the real life? Could it be this good? YTES!!!

It is real good dream.

There are many types you can get of an educations. Go onto computer www.diploma.blogspot.hyrugi.edrucation for **SYLBAUS**. Look at many classes our offering:

ENTRPEAUNOR

Capitalism is new way of whole world. Isn't world better than when communism was half of world? You bet! So much freedom to drink vodka until blind and wrestle grandfather in muddy street while stray dogs try to bite your hair.

here is my shop at electrogorsk mall between class, get wife block for anniversary (other one is for me)

- **Open a greengrocer stor**e - beet is recession proof
- **Open a kissing room** - good for a laugh
- **Open a no clothes kissing room** - this is popular option
- **Open a DVD Blu ray truck sale store** - get blue ray truck and profit
- **Open a mercenaries** - we need to guard petroleum pipe from chechen people who do not believe oil sharing
- **Open Jet G5 dealers** - you need to spend some jets to make some jets
- **Open a place to buy hashish give Hyurgi number so he can check this out** - discount???
- **Work from home inside former nuclear bunker** - sirens go every night at one minute til midnight
- **Smuggle party ladies to USA for stripper clubs** - parties/craig's lists for good money

- **Become oligarch** - you did it you graduate

ARST

Not important like business but we still enjoy it if it is about surreal fantasy activities such as a pretty tajik girl. Go ahead and make art and maybe someone will pay you. We will teach you expertise.

- **Painting houses** - Put paint onto a house good job
- **Paintings of houses** - paint this house and make it look real Oh I go inside NOPE just a painting
- **Drawing woman boobs** - yess!! Hot lady boobs, here they are, ma'am.
- **Computer arst** - teach a computer to draw so you do not have to do this it is better anyway
- **Draw a soldier on a horse holding a sword** - he is brave warrior
- **Anime Japanimations** - how to put sailor suit on eye freak
- **Sculpt skeleton smoke a marijuana pipe and "DEATH-WEED" over statue but in bones** - HALLOWEEN?
- **Bronze statue of oligarch's favorite horse** - he win Karachayevsky Derby
- **Melt giant hammer and sickle to make replica klingon knives** - good knife for fighting dog biting you on train

TECHNOLOGIE

Up and coming field hook on to the cyber land and download the future. Worlds Wide Wep of bicebs of digital strenght in information age. Only best Soviet computer expert return to teach at state of art facility in elektrogorsk including 8 micro computer, desk top publisher, a heat suplimantation printer and 1 large computer. Now get degree and major in skills:

Download to upload - put computer files "up"

Robot man commands - make perfect eggs robot man...hmmm...pretty good *throws egg in robot man's face* but I said make perfect eggs.

Robot woman commands - run sexboobs.bat

Medicine technologie - put a dog head on a tajik and forever curse a dog to speak the ugly pig sound of tajik words.

Design your own robot - make him (or HER???) expert on whatever you want from bicebs to coarse grain breads.

Space - about space and what's up there? Is there a planet just like this one with a man as strong as hyurgi? **NO** it is not a possible thing.

Tajik computer virus - they make virus and they are snakes on bellies with venom.

Fitness program - lift KETTLEBELLS. Get strenght. Dot coms.

Computer animation - Pizzars make hey woodie dot com upload to movie theaters adventures of bus lieyears.

YOU are ready for *graduation*. Do you feel the vigoration of knowledge pumping through your bicebs and to your warrior heart? This is the moment. You wait all those days on the computer for this magic moment.

-~HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

8.28 The 6,000 Bugs of Firefox

Tuesday, Aug 30, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

From ConceivablyTech:
Mozilla does not discuss product problems behind closed doors and employees as well key contributors rarely sugarcoat their opinions. A blog post published by Community Lead Tyler Downer rocks Mozilla as he claims that Mozilla Triage QA process is broken and he believes that the current rapid release process drowns Firefox in a sea of bugs with no land in sight. Downer recently left Mozilla as Community Lead ("for the time being"), which gives him considerable influence in the pre-sorting process of bugs (triage) that are reported by the Mozilla community. In a post that explains the reasons for his departure, he voices frustration with Mozilla that there is not attention that is paid to triaging bugs. According to Downer, there are currently 5934 (unconfirmed) bugs in the shipping version of Firefox. He noted that of those almost 6000 bugs, 2598 have not been touched over the past 150 days (since the launch of Firefox 4).
"In Spring 2010, we hit roughly 13,000 [unconfirmed] bugs in Firefox. 13,000!!! We currently have 5934," Downer writes.

Mozilla Firefox Bug Report 749448 - Status: **UNRESOLVED**

My Name Is Brett I Want The Pig Info 2005-04-13 13:32:16 PDT Description

```
MOZILLA FOXFIRE WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO SEARCH FOR THE PRIZED PIG
WHO WAS THE PRIZED PIG. THIS BROWSE WON'T LET ME DO IT!!!! NEED TO KNOW WHO THE
PRIZED PIG WAS. Thank You -Brett

Reproducible: YOU BET

Steps to Reproduce:
1. SEARCH FOR PRIZED PIG OR PIGPRIZE OR WHO THE PRIZED PIG WAS THIS TIME
2. IT DOSENT SAY WHO THE PIG WAS
3. GET MAD

Actual Results:
"Prizes for your hot pot-bellied pig! Give a gift to your pig pal this season and
show your affection to this underappreciated house pet!" THIS IS NOT THE PRIZED
PIG ITIS A MAGAZINE

Expected Results:
THE WINER OF PIGGIN
```

Brian F. 2005-04-13 14:31:55 PDT Comment 1

```
what
```

mbb 2005-04-14 14:56:46 PDT Comment 2

```
This is not a bug
```

Mozilla Firefox Bug Report 751950 - Status: **UNRESOLVED**

pig blackout 2005-04-16 08:40:05 PDT Description

```
WHERE IS THE PIG TALK ONLINE? FOUR DAYS SINCE THE BIG PIG RUCKUS AT STATE FAIR AND
NO ONE WILL TELL ME WHO WAS CROWNED "THE BIG PIG" hwo do i find the pig on foxfire
give me the pig facts. period.

Reproducible: WHERE IS IT!!!!!!!!!!

Steps to Reproduce:
WHERES THE PIG FACTS I NEED TO KNOW

Actual Results:
NO PIG

Expected Results:
PIG
```

Brett 2005-04-16 08:52:25 PDT Comment 1

```
Help Get The Pig
```

Frances 2005-04-16 11:06:19 PDT Comment 2

```
The Big Pig was Lord Shakin' Bacon he was crowned for the third year in a row.
```

Frances 2005-04-16 11:07:05 PDT Comment 3

```
I called them
```

Mozilla Firefox Bug Report 752201 - Status: **RESOLVED**

no pig 2005-04-17 10:13:50 PDT Description

```
whereis the pig fact
```

BigHoleWoman 2005-04-17 10:19:21 PDT Comment 1

Frances 2005-04-17 11:00:43 PDT Comment 2

```
it is the mayors pig
```

Brett 2006-10-03 15:33:40 PDT Comment 3

```
Thank You
```

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

8.29 Sacrifices Must Be Made

Wednesday, Aug 31, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

As many of you know, the economy has not been performing very well over these past couple of years. First of all: Sorry about that. True, it's been recovering in some areas, but the unemployment rate is still high, and a lot of average folks are poorer than ever.

There has been a lot of talk lately about the need for these average Americans to sacrifice things like medicine and health in order to save the economy. Agreed! A lot of people are trumpeting absurd notions like "stop giving the rich a free ride" and "make the rich pay their fair share of taxes" and "hands off my grandpa" as solutions to our economic woes. Let me tell you: It's ridiculous to ask the most successful and wealthy Americans to sacrifice, even if they can easily afford to, because that's like telling the winner of a prestigious pie-eating contest that he has to share his prize with everyone.

As I am the most average and least successful person I know, I have taken it upon myself to suck it up and make the hard choices. That means sacrificin', and lots of it. My hope is that by doing so, I somehow inexplicably and spontaneously rebuild America's fragile economy and save the day. At the very least, perhaps my list of personal budget cuts will inspire other derelict Americans to follow suit.

My Hunt for the Zodiac Killer

I have been quietly investigating the true identity of the Zodiac Killer in my spare time for several years now, and while I haven't made any breakthroughs, I still think I've got a shot at cracking this case wide open. Sadly, in these foreboding economic times it's no longer feasible for me to dedicate $10 a month to my investigation. I'm declaring this a cold case and pocketing the money.

Savings: $10/month

David Thorpe Friendship Fee

It turns out Something Awful writer David Thorpe has been charging me $200 a month to be his friend. I don't remember agreeing to such a fee, but he's always been a shrewd, cutthroat businessman and he has my banking account info. I still think it's important to be his friend, so I was able to negotiate him down to $150 a month. He will no longer acknowledge me at parties, but that's fine since we live in different states now anyway.

I strongly urge everyone to check and see if Dave has made any such arrangements with you, because I got the impression he runs this backdoor billing scheme on a lot of people. You might be able to save some good money by lowering the quality of your friendship with Dave, if not eliminating it outright.

Savings: $50/month

EverQuest Account

Due to catastrophic oversights, I forgot to cancel my EverQuest account roughly 136 months ago. I have no regrets. Six weeks of intermittent gaming in 1999 was easily worth the estimated $1500

price tag, especially since I was able to pay in installments.

Savings: $14.95/month

Secret Second Netflix Account

For the past six months I have been maintaining a secret backup Netflix streaming account for purposes of watching all the softcore movies and action-comedies starring professional wrestlers I want, without them ever showing up as recently viewed when my girlfriend decides to watch something. This one's going to hurt, but it has to be done.

Savings: $7.99/month

Food

I crunched the numbers and I'm spending upwards of $5.95 a day on food, sometimes more. Sure that $5.95 gets me five delicious things off of Arby's 5 for 5 menu, but it's still too much. I can do better.

I'm not proud, but in order to save money I have returned to using a classic ruse to procure free meals. I start by waiting outside of burger joints and sandwich shops. When someone comes out, I politely ask to see their burger or sandwich. If they comply, I quickly eat it as fast as possible. Barring a major sting operation or an undercover cop, there's no way I will ever be caught. Any evidence of a crime is destroyed by the crime itself. Even if the victim presented a receipt or bill of sale for the food item, a sandwich for example, I would simply say, "what sandwich?"

Savings: $180/month

Personal Hot Dog Guy

When I was riding high on the hog, I decided to keep a hot dog vendor on retainer, so that I might avail myself of his services anytime I desired a juicy all-beef hot dog, Polish sausage or spicy bratwurst. It turns out that translated to once or twice a month, making it a remarkably poor investment. I have decided to cancel my agreement and just purchase hot dogs on an as-needed basis on days when my sandwich con proves unfruitful.

Savings: $6,000 annually

Now all that's left for me to do is mail my savings to the federal government or transnational corporation of my choosing. It wasn't easy, but I feel like I helped brighten the future of my country and perhaps restored some luster to America's reputation as a rock-solid fiscally solvent hard body.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

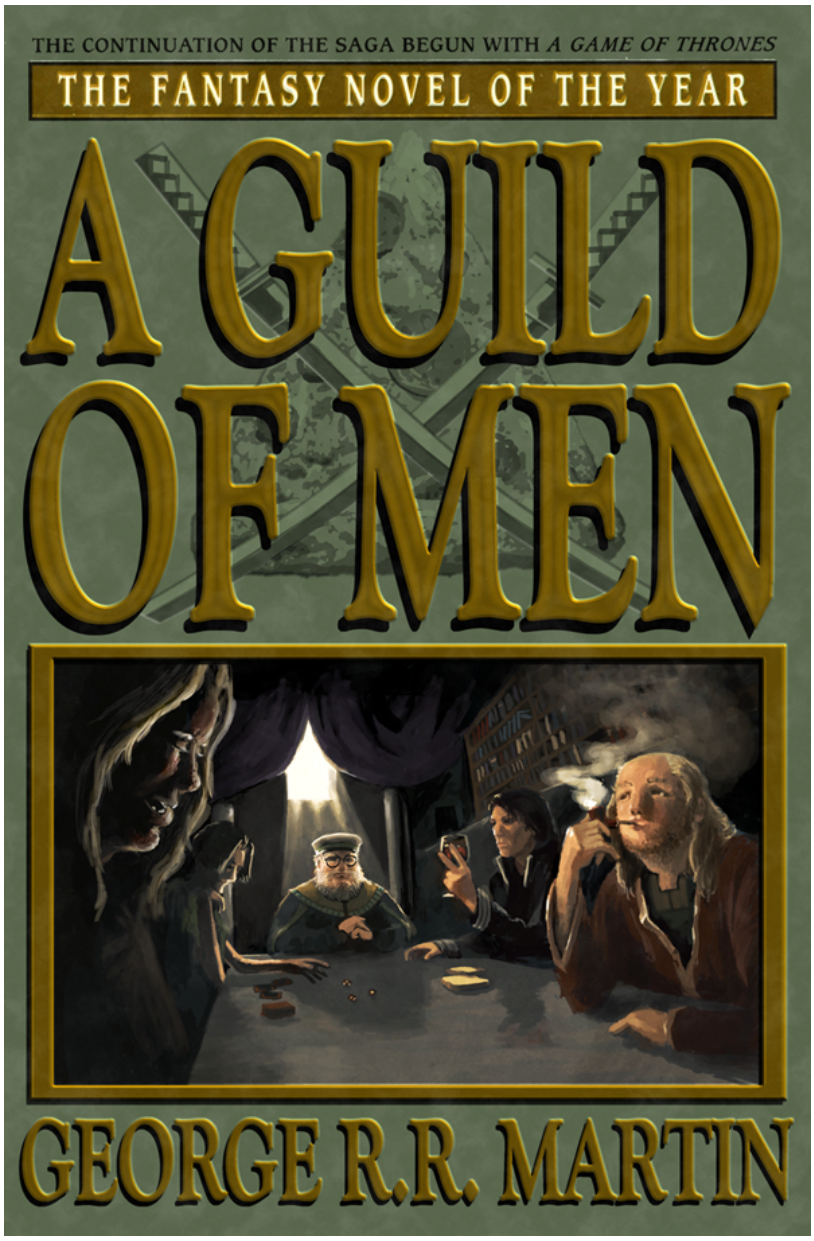
Chapter 9

September

9.1 Bookworld with Brendle: George R.R. Martin's "A Guild of Men"

Thursday, Sep 01, 2011 by Mark Brendle

This article is part of the Bookworld with Brendle series.



With all the well-deserved buzz surrounding HBO's first season of *Games of the Throne*, it's no surprise that everyone is very excited about author George R.R. Martin's announcement of his next novel, *A Guild of Men*. Abandoning the oft-criticized waits between books, Martin is kicking it into overdrive, with *A Guild of Men* expected in Summer of 2021.

> I had heard rumors that they lived in a remote citadel, cut off from the outside world, having forsaken their ties with their fellow men, having refuted the promise of women, living in stark dedication to the study of their sacred texts.
>
> The difficult journey here exhausted me. I rode heavy in the saddle and my eyes squinted of their own volition when a stray sunbeam would cut through the forest canopy and briefly enter into my eye. When my eyes readjusted to the dark, the great stone fortification seemed to have appeared right in front of me. The intimidating, bulging walls, sheer and overgrown with moss, belied the cerebral work carried on within. Here they, Tometalkers they are called, pored over the stories and myths that shaped their lives, unconcerned with the machinations of civilization, which were to them insignificant, fleeting phenomena.
>
> It was here that my brother, Alfredoff, had sojourned, drawn by their texts, drawn away from his friends and family, from his future. He had steeled his resolve, assured that this was his path and that here there were others like him. But why had I come here? Was it to join him ... or to bring him home?

So begins the novel. Unlike his previous works, this book eschews the epic campaigns and political maneuverings of potentates and heroes, focusing instead on the often soft-spoken and harmless Tometalkers, a mysterious subculture that thrives in small guilds, the lives of its members dedicated to the Great Work: studying the fantastic tales, epic campaigns, and political maneuverings of potentates and heroes, written by the Great Ones in the ancient Age of Creation.

Aspie Mom (aspiemama) wrote:

The characters in the Song of Fire and Ice are very fully realized and are three-dimensional. This is a huge accomplishment, especially considering how many characters are involved in this Epic.
Though I tend not to read unfinished series, this one came highly recommended. I finally broke down and read it. This story is so incredibly great, that the wait for the conclusion is overshadowed by the depth and quality. Even if you are not a fantasy fan, this story delves deep into what makes us human.
Thursday, July 07, 2011 2:17:27 PM
Recommend (20) ⇧ Report abuse

But Martin wastes no time in turning the lives of these seemingly simple men upside down. When an initiate, the young Vitus Eirrell, begins to question their practices, their fundamental ideology, in order to draw his brother back into society, the rest of the guild members know they must defend their beliefs and practices, or risk altering their whole way of life forever. In this passage, Vitus interrupts a formal debate, asking the Forbidden Questions and angering the Guild Elderrs:

> "And so it is, as I have stated, that the quests of the Ancient Ranger Arrgorrna cannot possible compare to those of the great House of Tarrks. The nigh poetic prose of the second prophet easily outweighs that of the first, who was so unfortunately focused on building languages and histories. I have read all of the ancillary texts, including some very hard to find original drafts, sacred to our guild, that have led me to believe in the second prophet's superiority to the first," Elderr Gutlon said with a quiet confidence. His venerate hands stroked his beard. He gazed intently at his fellows and casually popped another of the cow-milk crackers into his mouth. Without pausing to chew, he continued, "Anyone who denies the greatness of the second prophet is a fool. Much like Pra'axtan, the Bastard Half-King, once he fell under the curse of the Northern Specters and became Garnoth, the Destroyer: brainless and slavering."

Applause filled the hall. I could barely follow the conversation, so rich in allusion, so meticulous in detail. The years of sole dedication to this enterprise shone through in the authority with which they spoke. Their eyes were as hard as stone, well-adjusted to the dark, to the discourse, though they had long since forgotten how to be well-adjusted within society. Then another Elderr raised his hand and took the floor. The debate would continue.

"I believe the prophets are equal, Elderr Gutlon," Elderr Elaze retorted. "There is as much to be gained from Arrgorrna and the quest for the Ring as there is from the tales of Tarrks and the Wall." The two men gazed intently at each other, their ire rising. Elaze continued, "You may think of those who hold in higher esteem the far more learned texts of the first prophet to be comparable to Garnoth. But if that is so, might I offer you the advice given to the Oldeth people upon Garnoth's arrival at Minet Sp'Oldex: Stay out of his way." More applause. Elaze lifted his goblet of syrup and mockingly toasted in Gutlon's direction.

What were they talking about? I had been here for weeks. My brother hardly paid me any attention. We've been round and round on these same topics, over and over, treading and retreading the same barren land. This was madness!

This is making me structurally rethink some things and it casts a new light on some others. If you look at where this Ur-AGoT (as in Ur-Hamlet) ends, it's roughly 705 pages into ASoS. So, structurally - and of course I am reaching, projecting, and alowing all of the changes GRRM has made in the interim - the last 420 pages of ASoS would have been in an Ur-ADwD, along with AFfC and the the present incarnation of ADwD. I think if we really only did have three books, and only two of them, we would see the material in AFfC as part of proper place - not a novel, but a chunk of story (and, unfortunately, only half of that chunk). Rather, its part of a second "meta-book," which includes everything from the last 3rd or so of ASoS and all the way to the end of ADwD, with some chapters in ADwD and AfFC occurring simultaneously.

I think also what is happening here, is that we will end up with 8 books - that like A Game of Thrones, GRRM will realize that once he has finished a book's worth of material for TWoW, he will realize he's less than halfway done and have to add one more book.

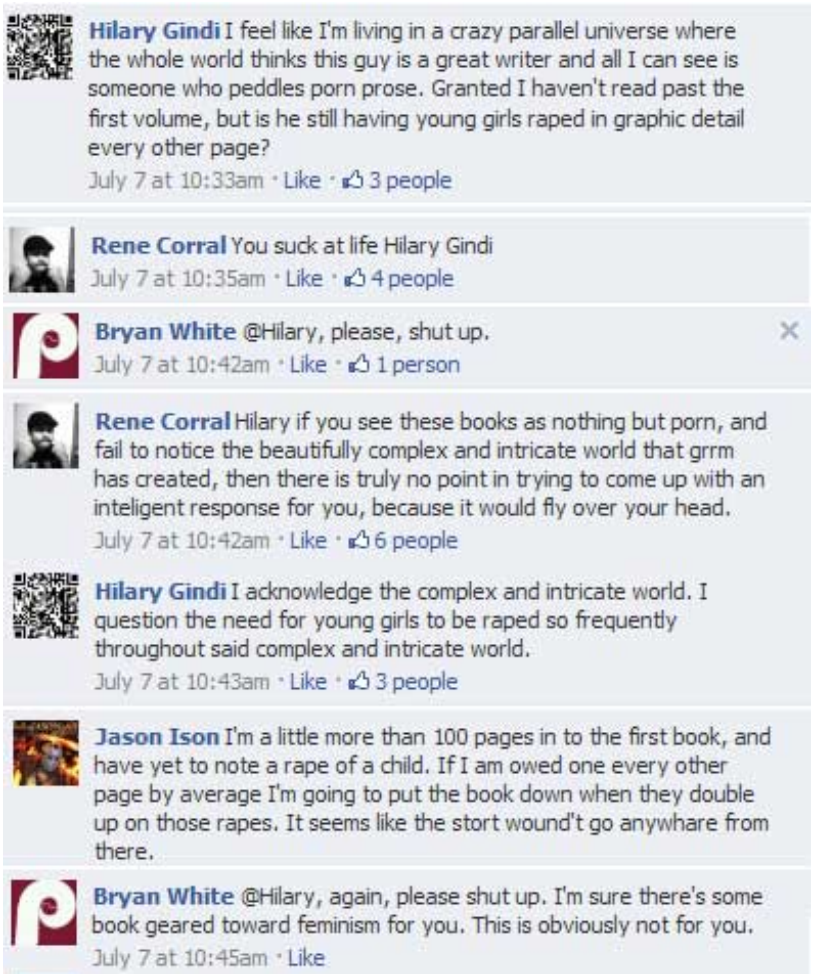
It was then that I spoke out of turn, drawing silence and attention from the guild.

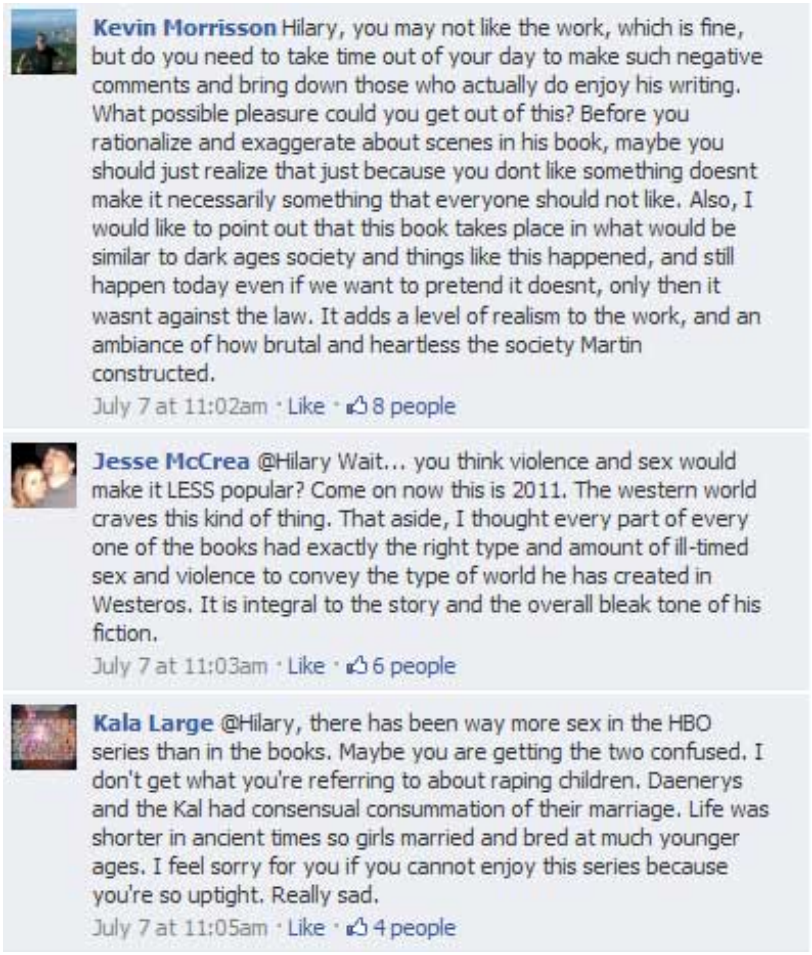
"What does it matter, gentlemen?" I asked. A collective gasp could be heard echoing around the walls. "I came here because I enjoyed the writings of the sacred texts, because I chose to see if I could find within them that which I could not find out there. I came ... to find my brother. But so far it has seemed to me petty squabbling, semantic pedantry, and utter disregard for the reality that exists beyond these walls! I understand that this order has tradition and that isolation from the rest of the world is a necessary step in devoting one's self to any serious enterprise, but is it worth it? We have given up everything - our friends, our families, our futures. Not a single woman steps foot in these halls, nor will they, ever. Gentlemen, should we not find a way to incorporate our love for these books into a life of involvement? Must we choose one or another?"

Elderr Gutlon rose violently, his large frame towering over the seated brethren. "How dare you, Vitus. How dare you, who has yet to earn a single "R" in his name, who has not even completed his study of the ancient works, and can hardly quote from them by memory, judge us? Friends? Our friends live through the sacred words. Our families are the families of their heroes. Our futures are guaranteed - a tranquil life of happiness immersed within the beautiful world the prophets created. And you dare speak of women? I question whether you have even read the sacred writings at all. Know you not that women are a burden or a danger to men and nothing besides? We have all

> seen how the sacred heroes handle their women, how they must guide and control them. You want to bring their weakness and evil into this citadel? Fool."

Martin handles the verbal conflict as carefully and insightfully as he does those of an intense melee battle between warriors. The reader can actually feel the sweat on these men's brows and the weight of their bodies as they shift nervously, each deciding for himself upon which side to fall. The themes of *A Guild of Men* run deeply throughout all 1423 pages of this novel. Martin forces the reader to ask himself whether there is merit in spending all of one's time worshiping a series of fables, dedicating one's self to their intricate, albeit irrelevant, mythology. Do the Tometalkers serve a great purpose, or are they turning their backs on society, contributing nothing of worth, endlessly going over the same arguments, so insulated that any outside idea is mercilessly combated?


Hilary Gindi I feel like I'm living in a crazy parallel universe where the whole world thinks this guy is a great writer and all I can see is someone who peddles porn prose. Granted I haven't read past the first volume, but is he still having young girls raped in graphic detail every other page?
July 7 at 10:33am · Like · 3 people
Rene Corral You suck at life Hilary Gindi
July 7 at 10:35am · Like · 4 people
Bryan White @Hilary, please, shut up.
July 7 at 10:42am · Like · 1 person
Rene Corral Hilary if you see these books as nothing but porn, and fail to notice the beautifully complex and intricate world that grrm has created, then there is truly no point in trying to come up with an inteligent response for you, because it would fly over your head.
July 7 at 10:42am · Like · 6 people
Hilary Gindi I acknowledge the complex and intricate world. I question the need for young girls to be raped so frequently throughout said complex and intricate world.
July 7 at 10:43am · Like · 3 people
Jason Ison I'm a little more than 100 pages in to the first book, and have yet to note a rape of a child. If I am owed one every other page by average I'm going to put the book down when they double up on those rapes. It seems like the stort wound't go anywhare from there.
Bryan White @Hilary, again, please shut up. I'm sure there's some book geared toward feminism for you. This is obviously not for you.
July 7 at 10:45am · Like



Kevin Morrisson Hilary, you may not like the work, which is fine, but do you need to take time out of your day to make such negative comments and bring down those who actually do enjoy his writing. What possible pleasure could you get out of this? Before you rationalize and exaggerate about scenes in his book, maybe you should just realize that just because you dont like something doesnt make it necessarily something that everyone should not like. Also, I would like to point out that this book takes place in what would be similar to dark ages society and things like this happened, and still happen today even if we want to pretend it doesnt, only then it wasnt against the law. It adds a level of realism to the work, and an ambiance of how brutal and heartless the society Martin constructed.
July 7 at 11:02am · Like · 8 people

Jesse McCrea @Hilary Wait... you think violence and sex would make it LESS popular? Come on now this is 2011. The western world craves this kind of thing. That aside, I thought every part of every one of the books had exactly the right type and amount of ill-timed sex and violence to convey the type of world he has created in Westeros. It is integral to the story and the overall bleak tone of his fiction.
July 7 at 11:03am · Like · 6 people

Kala Large @Hilary, there has been way more sex in the HBO series than in the books. Maybe you are getting the two confused. I don't get what you're referring to about raping children. Daenerys and the Kal had consensual consummation of their marriage. Life was shorter in ancient times so girls married and bred at much younger ages. I feel sorry for you if you cannot enjoy this series because you're so uptight. Really sad.
July 7 at 11:05am · Like · 4 people

Like his popular *Song of Fire and Ice* series, *A Guild of Men* raises interesting questions about learned knowledge versus experienced knowledge, as evidenced in a later passage during another outburst by Vitus Eirrell.

> "You continue to denigrate women, to dismiss children, and you seem to enjoy quite well enough the descriptions of women and children in the texts. How do you reconcile the violence and disrespect for them with the reality of mistreating or demeaning another human being?" I shouted, banging my fists on the stone table. Gutlon raised his brows and looked Eirell square in the eyes.
>
> "Unlike you, my opinion of women has not been sullied by firsthand experience. I preserve the sacred knowledge of the texts and do not need any other source of information upon which to make my judgments," he said, his face red with anger. "And as children go, I suggest you read up on Survival of the Fittest. It's how nature works. The strong survive, the weak perish. Where are your Gods? Laughing at you. That is, they would be, if they existed."
>
> I was stunned, as the Elderr's retort earned the applause of the guild. How could they think this was admirable?

Many readers will find Vitus to be an unbearable villain, but Martin paints a multi-dimensional picture of his character, one that allows for some good to creep in. Martin, often called "the American Tolkien," builds his characters through their arc with a subtle mastery one might even call sublime. For instance, Elderr Gutlon's transition from stodgy, bearded Guildmaster to the Savior of the Tometalkers happens almost magically, as he wills himself to action in order to preserve the defense of the sacred books:

> "There are many who will tell you the sacred texts are not sacred. That they are meaningless drivel, sold as snake oil to those unable to cope with reality, a salve for social inadequacy, a panacea for sexual isolation. They will tell you these lies and others. That all the texts are the same, that the Prophets of the Order of RR are indistinguishable and equal. That even lesser texts such as the Chronicles of the Lanced Dragon or the Legend of Durden Drizzle should be considered alongside them. Ha! These are books for children. Men read the sacred texts alone. And only those who dedicate themselves fully understand the great personal boon they bestow upon the faithful."

The reader is forced to consider whether Vitus, who insists on dismantling the order, advocates reintegration with society, and demands an official admission that the sacred texts are simply profane nonsense can outwit Elderr Gutlon, whose intimate knowledge of the texts, as well as his undying ability to endlessly argue with anyone about them at any time, gives him the upper hand with the rest of the guild. The story culminates in a violent rebellion, with the guild splitting into two factions: those who side with Vitus, and those who desire the uninterrupted continuity of the sacred order, led by Gutlon and Elaze, who find common ground during the struggle. Without giving too much away, fans of Martin's *A Dance of Flame and Ice* won't be surprised when these seemingly pacifistic monks begin to sharpen the axe.

Nothing named, but I did have a spectacular dream where I "saw" the fight between Robert and Rhaegar at the Ruby Ford. I had just studied the Mike S. Miller drawing of the scene before I went to sleep, so I had a mental image of the two from there.

It was really weird and really cool at the same time, because one moment I saw Robert through Rhaegar's eyes, then vice versa, then a third-person view of the two, etc. Perhaps the most memorable and entertaining dream I've ever had.

When I woke up I immediately wrote down every detail I could remember. Later, for 'dramatic effect', I intermingled it with a part of the conversation between Robert and Ned in the Winterfell catacombs in AGoT, the part where Robert describes his love for Lyanna and his hatred of Rhaegar. Think it could be a really cool teaser/trailer for the HBO series, actually...

RR Martin himself commented on his newest work: "This is my most important work to date. Its implications affect all of my previous work and that of those who preceded me. The Elderr must defend the guild against its detractors! Vitus is a clever fiend, my Iago, if you will, and his rhetoric is sharp and powerful. But the keen reader will see through his wicked cleverness, and find that the guild does serve a purpose, and that great books, really, really great books, deserve their sacred following. There's a whole world inside these books, a world of mystery, wonder, and magic. What a shame it would be if we were to forsake that for the so-called 'real world' in which nothing interesting ever happens." Martin then entered a bookstore for a surprise book signing, dressed in full regalia from the HBO *Games of the Throne* miniseries costume department.

Martin's new book will be available in a special Collector's Edition for $39.99. Enthusiasts are

encouraged to buy at least two copies, so they can keep a pristine mint copy in their personal archives.

Wolfheart #2

Squire
Group: Members
Posts: 153
Joined: 01-March 06

Posted 19 August 2011 - 01:39 PM

Well being that its made entirely out of paper and ink. Keep it away from rooms that get a lot of moisture in the air. In a generally moderatley dry cool room. Maybe on the top shelf of a tall bookshelf. Dust gently often. Keep out of direct sunlight to prevent the sunlight from fading any dust jacket that can be seen. Hopefully its in a room that doesn't have bugs that eat are known to eat books.

Just like anything with time. It will age anyway. You just want to prevent premature aging wherever and whenever possible. If you REALLY want to preserve the investment and aren't worried about needing them on display. Which I may do at some point. Seal them in dry tight containers. Heck you could even vacuum seal them into thick plastic bags.

I still wish the covers were made of leather. *sigh*

Andrew Ohlmann designed the *Guild of Men* cover; you can find more of his work here. **Mark Brendle** also writes for Et tu,Mr. Destructo; his previous Bookworld update concerned J.K. Rowling. You can follow him on Twitter.

-~Mark Brendle

9.2 The Plans to Save America

Friday, Sep 02, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

As the fuse hisses towards the bomb of America, this week has demonstrated that Washington is full of Jack Bauers ready to kick in doors and do whatever it takes to save our country. These warriors of the republic are responsible, clashing in respectful battles of ideas over how to better safeguard America's precious future. These bold, innovative ideas are so great we can't tell you which group has a better plan to save America. You can decide now and thank your god later that we have Barack Obama and the Republicans here to protect us.

THE REPUBLICAN PLAN	THE DEMOCRATIC PLAN
Save $30 million Cut off the unemployment insurance for any of these layabouts who own more than one television or a high-wattage microwave. If they were really that hard up for work they would have sold their second TV for a job.	**Spend $100 million** Train out of work dads to give haircuts to themselves and their friends because hair cuts make you look sharp and you want to look sharp to get a better job. These are good haircuts we're talking about here. Nothing fancy, but classy.
Save $120 million Eliminate federal highway funding, allowing the private sector to compete with government roads on a level playing field (that's all we want). The inefficient federal interstate system will be gradually and naturally replaced with a more efficient network of private airports and walled yacht marinas.	**Spend $50 million** Hey, everybody, let's get together and fix this bridge. This bridge is pretty old and busted up. This shovel is ready... to shovel a brighter tomorrow on this bridge abutment. You'll tell your grand kids how you made a bicycle bridge over an interstate structurally sound.

THE REPUBLICAN PLAN	THE DEMOCRATIC PLAN
Save $50 million Serve only American cheese slices as school lunches. Buy them cheap from China. Drug test parents before their kids can have the cheese.	**Spend $2 million** A new Apollo Mission for a new generation: more nutritious school lunches and a law banning dog fighting in federal buildings.
Save $200 million Close all voting booths within 10 miles of college campuses, in "urban" neighborhoods, or walking distance to any place that sells skyr.	**Spend $10 million** Provide registration services and rides to get severely mentally handicapped people to the polls to vote for "Momy and Campul Soup" for President and Vice President respectively.
Remove export regulations Reduce the number of forms job creators have to fill out before they can export trucks with nonlethal beams that cause crowds to feel like their skin is burning.	**Spend $50 million** Inspire the next generation of budding engineers and architects in America by providing the foundation for their future: two 6x10 flat Lego base pieces per child.
Remove banking regulations Get out of the way of private enterprise and let lenders get back to work providing capital to small businesses from money they might have just written down in a computer in a locked room that nobody from the SEC is allowed into because "it's really seriously poisonous in there, they are fumigating that room for bed bugs." Nothing could go wrong with this plan.	**Spend $100 million** Mortgage relief hotline will be created to help out. Give a phone number for people to call and leave a message about how much they are underwater on their mortgage. Somebody will listen to this message and probably feel pretty bad about their situation.
Finish a free trade deal with Iran Free trade deals are a big thing these days and everybody loves freedom. They always work out great for America. This will help businesses in America by opening up markets in Iran for US companies to sell American products like timers, detonators, shaped charges and those fake garden rocks with the secret compartment for a house key.	**Finish a free trade deal with Colombia** Free trade deals are a big thing these days and everybody loves freedom. They always work out great for America. This will help businesses in America by opening up markets in Colombia for US companies to sell American products like tractors and diggers and the steel the Colombians will use to build all the new factories that will be coming to Colombia soon.

Cut $600 billion in taxes

Did you know that 47% of Americans don't pay any tax at all? It's absolutely sort of true! They're too poor or old and on Social Security (which we totally respect and would not touch no matter what, hehe) to pay any, or so says the current tax code. Our proposal is simple: give the top three tax brackets a 10% tax cut to stimulate the job creators. Partially offset it by levying a 20% tax on those layabout who aren't paying ANY taxes. It's time for them to share the sacrifice. Those single moms with three kids earning $22,000 a year need to give back to this nation. Come on, Rosalita, get a third job. You're the reason Taco Bell has a Fourthmeal.

Eliminate the Capital Gains Tax

Capital is the fuel that powers the engine of our economy, but as long as it is being brutally taxed at 15% the job creators will be reluctant to live up to their namesake. Why does the government deserve part of the $1 billion dollars a hedge fund manager made getting his clients to invest in a company that is "exactly like groupon, but for gay people's dogs?" We punish a stock broker who earned his $80 million fair and square: by running a software program on a Chinese server farm that automatically trades stocks several hundred times a second. If the government hadn't taken almost $12 million of his money he would have invested in that Neapolitan brick oven pizza restaurant in Aspen, creating six part time jobs.

Cut $100 billion in taxes

Okay, so, uh, we sort of have to cut taxes these days no matter what. Yeah, we know they're super low, but we have this great idea: a payroll tax holiday. Again. So it didn't do much last time we did it, but this time, uh, it's going to be way different, because, uh, fewer people are employed. Soooooo...it might be draining Social Security, but you know what, the Baby Boomers were always going to suck the life out of that one just like they killed the environment. At this point, we'll be lucky if our grandkids have roads. We're not even kidding.

Eliminate the Capital Gains Tax

What were you expecting? The hedge fund managers and bankers donate to us too.

Whichever plan ultimately wins out, we can be thankful that we have such firm hands on the tiller to guide our nation through these perilous waters.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.3 The New Superman Movie Is Weird

Saturday, Sep 03, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The upcoming Superman film has only existed on the faintest edge of my radar. I don't dislike the character, it's just best to avoid learning too much ahead of time. Otherwise I might get my hopes up and suffer heartbreak when I find that the project gets canceled, like Peter Jackson's long-rumored adaptation of the Lord Of The Rings trilogy.

That said, I couldn't avoid this week's gossip surrounding a photograph from the Superman set. People were positively freaking out about the iconic hero's costume, seen here:

It certainly is a radical change.

Starting with the obvious, the colors are all wrong. There's no cape. The outfit seems entirely too tight. The actor appears to be very bulky and not the "type" that immediately comes to mind when you think of the man of steel.

To be picky, Superman doesn't wear tape on his hands and fingers, and he doesn't wear a skin-tight cap. Unless there's an alternate costume from the comic books that I haven't seen, he doesn't wear bands of black and white checkerboard squares adorned with circles.

Still, consider me intrigued. I didn't realize that modern day filmmakers would be willing to overhaul Superman in such drastic fashion.

The costume for Bizarro on the right is also pretty good. They should touch up his skin with some white makeup and reverse the symbol on his chest, but otherwise I like it.

With the film on my mind, I brewed a pot of coffee and read up on all the available information in one sitting, using my coffee-powered computer. The more I learned, the stranger this Superman movie seemed. Most of the intriguing tidbits came from interviews with the writers and director, which I saved in a lengthy text document in my dedicated Bad Update Idea folder. These are the most relevant bits.

On the character of Superman:

"He's a doctor and a detective but he's also in 3D. His character is highly unconventional in the sense that he's sort of a smart aleck that says exactly what's on his mind. He's, you know, a sarcastic and sort of grumpy type that makes the audience laugh. That definitely rubs his partner and surgical staff the wrong way, but at the end of the day he saves lives, and isn't that what Superman is truly about?

When you think about it? Isn't it?"

On Superman's origin:

"He did come from another planet that blew up. He arrived in a spacecrib that fell in a crater and two hicks raised him on a patriotic farm. All of that stuff from the comics is here. He just doesn't have any superpowers or anything. He's a regular guy like you or me.

The fact that he came from space almost feels unnecessary but we're keeping that in because we spent a lot of money on this great title sequence. There's outer space and an orchestra that starts out all epic then becomes playful as the spacecrib surfs on the ring of Jupiter then gets hopeful and mysterious as the crib enters the atmosphere and the explosion forms the word SUPERMAN."

On Superman's weakness:

"It was important that we give Superman a weakness. That's his main problem, really, is that he's so powerful. Since he doesn't have any powers at all, we thought about what the real life version of Kryptonite would be and we came up with something called Emotional Hazards.

These are crystals that are formed when something makes Superman sad or when he faces an inner truth such as the fact that his intelligence and wit drive other people away. When he gets near one of these crystals it's like he loses all his power, but emotionally.

We think it's a really strong idea that makes this more of a character study than a typical Hollywood movie. For instance, when Superman rushes to the airport to catch Lois and tell her he loves her, his powerful feelings can make a crystal form in his pocket and that would make it almost impossible for him to bend the metal beam that's blocking his way."

On the villain:

"We're still finalizing the legalities so it's too early to say, but we're working on something really special. The villain will be someone that pleases existing fans and also fits perfectly with our larger themes of complexity and humanism.

Oh, what the hell. If I don't tell you now it will just leak when the paperwork is finalized. Robocop. It's Robocop.

This time around Robocop is just another cop, but he's evil. We have Peter Weller reprising his role, puppeteered by Lance Henriksen and voiced by James Woods."

On Metropolis:

"In our version of Metropolis, Christmas is less of a holiday and more of an actual physical building. You can walk into it, and it contains all the concepts that you associate with

> Christmas, but in like... a metaphysical sense. There is a Daily Planet but it doesn't even have a building. It's not a newspaper. It's more than that. It's an ideal, and a website."

On CGI:

> "Our use of computer animation is very tasteful and restrained. We believe that there's something special about pointing a real camera at a real actor and getting something. Then we go in and touch up those scenes with a magic marker, changing people's eyebrows to make them look angrier or more surprised and drawing large frowns over their actual mouths if they didn't seem sad enough."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.4 I'm your new dorm roommate and I already hate you.

Sunday, Sep 04, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

I'm your dorm roommate and I already hate you. You think because I was sitting on the toilet you could get first dibs on bottom bunk? Think you can just make decisions like that? Wrong. I broke in a week ago and that's my bed. Smell it if you don't believe me. Yeah, that's my smell. Bottle it up, call it Eau de Unwashed Weed, and then step away because I'm bottom bunk. Now turn off this indie garbage you got coming out of your little baby pod. It's banned forever. Plug this is. It's a Zune, bitch. Hit play. Hear that? That's the Best of Laurence Welk Box Set. That's real music. That's the official anthem to our dorm room. You don't talk during it, you don't move or fart. You stand up and look at our florescent lights, thanking these wonderful show tunes for keeping you alive. Now shut up and let me pump out to this accordion duet as I take a few hits off my asthma inhaler.

That's better. What, you think it's a strange juxtaposition that a hardcore dude uses an inhaler? Well I think it's pretty stereotypical that your parents are helping their weenie son move in. Cliché, even. Let me guess, they're happily married. I bet they go on long vacations with you. I bet they send you little cards on your birthday and say just how much they love you. Guess what. After eighteen years of leave it to beaver with you, it's time they get a taste of real life. Your mom will love it. She'll be all like, wow, what was I doing wasting my life with gainful employment and panties when I could totally chill with this cool dude every day. That was her saying that about me. So when they get in here I'm going to say some thinly veiled comments about my illegal drug use to get their blood boiling. Something like "I'm going to get high as hell tonight." I've never been very good at subtlety.

Hey don't worry about me, you autistic turd. Sure my parents aren't here, but I don't need help unpacking like you. I live life free of possessions like Thoreau would have wanted. Surprised that I made that reference? So am I. Man, I just live life half *Walden*, half *Dear Penthouse Forum*. I don't need any of society's goods to hold me down. Not when I've got yours for free. Those spoons you unloaded, that toothbrush, the handle of your vacuum cleaner. In my mouth already twice. But man, of course I'm not totally empty. I own three things and you are not to touch them ever. 1.

My tongue ring collection. Off limits. Don't even look at them. They're pretty much priceless. I'll teach you about them if you get stronger and get your booster shots. 2. My truck. 3. Boom Boom, my Rottweiler. He's out in the truck protecting the tongue rings. I know the school says no pets allowed, but Boom Boom's way too mean to follow any bureaucratic orders like that. He's big, man, real big. He'll keep us safe at night from any nosey cops. Once your parents get back to their world of NPR and oatmeal, I'll be bringing him up. Don't make eye contact or touch him, though. That's a warning not a threat. Also, he'll be hungry so you better start warming up those Easy Macs or he'll just fill up on your suburban little skull.

But before we get Boom Boom in the mix, which of these three posters should I hang up?

AL PACINO
SCARFACE
In the spring of 1980, the port at Mariel Harbor was opened, and thousands set sail for the United States. They came in search of the American Dream.
One of them found it on the sun-washed avenues of Miami...wealth, power and passion beyond his wildest dreams.
He was Tony Montana. The world will remember him by another name ...SCARFACE.

Trick question. We're hanging this one. Whoa there, close your mouth, baby. You look like you've never seen a larger-than-life photograph of a woman giving birth. Sorry, is my enormous grotesque pornography not artistic enough for you? Too bad. This is life. It's a miracle zoomed in eight times. This happened to you. That happened to your mom. Van Gogh's post-impressionist sunflowers got nothing on the freakiness of a crowning snapshot. Women love it.

The women I'm with, at least. Which, by the way, I don't want you to talk to any of them. Even if they're tripping their faces off and asking you for help updating Internet Explorer at four in the morning, I don't want you to say a word. Nothing, understand. They are dangerous and diseased and even the slightest noise could set them off. They are like those toads that squirt poison when startled if you gave those toads a few hits of PCP. Don't ask for their names or what classes they're taking on campus, and don't ask if they're prostitutes because they most certainly are.

Hate to change the subject, but is the room, like, blinking to you? How much is the school making you pay for this dump? Too much, that's for sure. They need suckers like you to cover the costs when I come with a few friends and a pair of pliers to steal all this copper. But, man, these lights. I got to change them to red. Do you mind? I don't even know why I asked. I like it dark. Like a dark room, like I'm in the womb. Also it makes it easier for me to come down after a weekend high of swallowing whatever pills I find around your side of the room. You, by any chance, wouldn't have any prescriptions with gnarly side effects would you? Forget it. Let's focus on one thing at a time. Getting red lights. Go get them. Until then, I'm going to break these stupid white ones. Watch your eyes, this glass is sharp.

Oh, one last thing before your parents come back. We have bedbugs. I think you brought them with you in your Volvo. Gross, man.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.5 The Pound Puppies Aren't Real, but I Am, Mom

Monday, Sep 05, 2011 by Dylan "Jelly" Baxter (@sexyfacts4u)

MOM!!

You took all my PP drawings off the fridge and door of MY room **WHY????**

Some of those were printed (which DALE said I could use the printer) but most of them were HAND DRAWN. Not traced or copied they were originals of MY Poundentity **"Jelly"** which is short for Jealous as in **"Are you $#%@ *jealous* of my happiness, mom?"** I can't think of any other reason why you are constantly harassing me about using skype late I WAS NOT talking loud and my pound pack could hear you through the door.

God I'm sorry your boyfriend Dale isn't making you happy but that doesn't give you the right to invade my space and destroy my property and go on a PP witch hunt through the house. BTW PP is NOT a hobby thank you very much. And I know the Pound Puppies aren't real, but I am. Do you even know what a reboot is? It's about taking something I enjoyed when I was seven and making it relevant to my sexual identity at the age of 35. This is not the kid's show of the 80s this is an adult, ironic, sarcastic show about real themes like friendship and dog catchers.

And just to clear something up, me being a "f-word grown man living with his mom" as Dale said, does not have anything to do with "ebaying PP all night." My PP buying has dropped to almost nothing since they downsized my position from the Arby's. That's why I moved back in. It's happening all over. Helloooo, great recession, open a website or something, jeez.

To be clear we need to lay down some rules.

1. I am not a kid anymore so you can't treat me like one.
2. Respect my art. I will limit my artwork to inside my room and 3 pieces on my door and I will take down the thong pic of Scraps and Nipper.
3. Refer to me as "Jelly" or "pup" at the dinner table OR if Dale can't do that you can leave my dinners in the fridge and I will heat them up late at night during my web JOB SEARCHES.
4. Don't say anything PP-related to my friends. Even if we're talking about PP just mind your own business it is complicated.
5. Stop trying to Net Nanny the PP website. I don't know where you keep getting that software but I know ways around it and I have hacker friends.
6. If you are going to start charging me rent like Dale constantly threatens (I lived here BEFORE him) then I will pay but only in Bitcoins.
7. I can't change who I am. I will continue to live PP day to day, 24/7. I'm sorry if this offends you, but I was born this way.
8. It is pronounced Anna-May and PP is not anime but anime is also good.

Also I was wondering if you and Dale could go out and do something for like five hours on the 17th so I could have a pack meet in the house. We could do it with you here but...ugh...not after last time. Just give me some space.

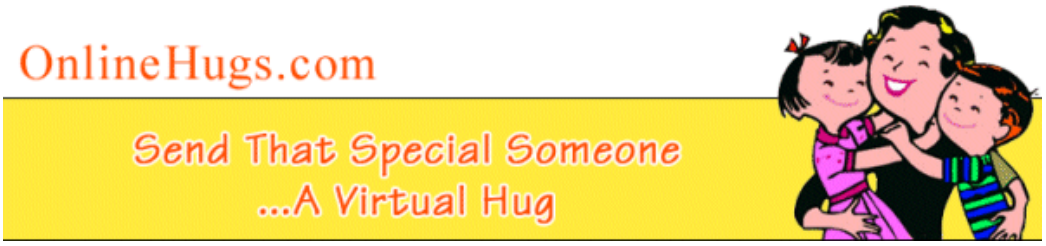
I know if we put our minds to it we can all live together happily. After all when you get down to it we're like a pound pack but out of the pound and some of us (you and Dale) are people.

- JELLY

-~Dylan "Jelly" Baxter (@sexyfacts4u)

9.6 If It's Not Too Late, I'd Still Like That E-Hug

Tuesday, Sep 06, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)



I forget your name, but you emailed me a month ago. I'd posted an article where I was sad about something. Maybe it was cards with cute animals pleading you to be happy because they're trapped in the card and can only feel happy through the cardholder. In your email, you wanted to give me an e-hug.

I never replied, because honestly I was afraid. I've never been e-hugged by a man and I was worried I'd enjoy it a little too much, meaning I'd get addicted to male e-hugs and would spend the rest of my life in chatrooms cybering for them. However, I'm now reconsidering your offer due to a recent crisis I've been through. I'd like to tell you about it if you don't mind. It's a little personal, but after your email I consider you a close friend.

This monday, I got out of a failed relationship. Well actually the girl never went out with me, which is the main thing that failed. She said sex would destroy our friendship. "And build a relationship in its place?" I asked. She looked frustrated and said she wouldn't date me if I was the last man on earth*. (I'm paraphrasing, because her full remark was a description of the deaths of every other man on earth too graphic to write here.)

The next day, she died. The doctor said she'd overdosed on substances that simulate cocaine side-effects. I'd known about her side-effect addiction; she thought side effects are the best part of drugs because they affirm drugs' pleasure if you're willing to suffer them. I thought she'd pull out in time. She hadn't. At the funeral, I thought of all the things I wanted to tell her but couldn't, because the line to the casket was too long and I had to go to the bathroom.

In the bathroom, I met a guy named Oscar. He's a professional mourner who gets paid to cry at funerals. It sounded like a good job, until he told me its downside. Pro-mourners cry so much it dehydrates and destroys their mouth like crack. They can't afford dentists (pro-mourning doesn't pay much) so they abuse morphine. They basically resign themselves to misery.

All in all, not a bad plan.

But one thing keeps Oscar going. People see him crying and feel better, knowing their grief is in professional hands. Pain is a science, and only the educated - the ones too far gone to save themselves - can help the dilettantes. This, and Mexican heroin, are what make Oscar's life worth dying.

So if it's not too late, I'd still like that e-hug. With one condition: you have to use a proxy. Find someone else, someone thinking of giving up, and e-hug them. Maybe you can keep them from becoming like me, or at least from shooting up in funeral-home bathrooms like Oscar.

That would make all the difference in the world.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.7 Kennel Fair Dog Pageant: Acceptance Letter

Wednesday, Sep 07, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant series.

Congratulations, Marionette Family!

Delivering bad news is a difficult but necessary part of my job. For every one exceptional dog present at our Kennel Fair Dog Pageants, we easily see one hundred dogs unworthy of advancing to the semifinals. Indeed, many of these dogs are not even worthy to continue living.

That is why I am so delighted to deliver genuine good news: Your beautiful Basenji, Barquis de Sade, is definite "top dog" material, and certainly worthy of competing for the Best in Show Award in the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant Tournament of Champions! Barquis made quite the impression on us during his bold showing in our recent Invitational. We feel he stands in "bark contrast" to the mediocrity most canines revel in, making him truly worthy of this high honor. Both you and Barquis deserve great praise, and the chance to go all the way!

As a matter of courtesy, it is my duty to report that the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant Tournament of Champions will be deviating slightly from what is described in the official information packets.

First, I must make you aware of a newly implemented judging fee. This modest fee is meant to compensate our organization and judges for their service and expertise in appraising your dog. I believe my skills and credentials speak for themselves, so please allow me to speak to the skills and qualifications of my fellow judges.

Judge Chester Knap has authored over thirteen books on dogs, including *Studies in Canine Genital Swelling* and *Solutions for Tomorrow: The Untapped Energy Potential of Dogs*. In addition, he also boasts three degrees from his community college and knows his way around a barbecue. Judge Elizabeth Beemarsh has a lifetime of canine expertise to draw from. She has lived with dogs for over fifty years and, due to undiagnosed mental issues, spent some four wonderful years homeless living amongst stray dogs.

As you can see, this fee could easily reach into the tens of thousands of dollars. However, we believe it is important to share knowledge, even at a loss. As such, your bill for participating in last month's Kennel Fair Dog Pageant Invitational is only $350.00, payable immediately.

We must also make you aware that the fee for participating in the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant Tournament of Champions was erroneously left out of your information packet. Participation is a modest $500.00. We believe that sum to be remarkably small when compared to the lifetime of satisfaction that comes from competing in North America's third most popular annual dog show.

We believe that Barquis de Sade could easily walk away the winner. Unfortunately, due to financial hardships, the glorious trophy depicted in your information packet is no longer available. We are working to replace the trophy with something equally grand, though it will not be made of the same expensive materials. Judge Beemarsh is known to entertain many crafts and has promised to deliver something "bedazzling."

There has also been a slight change in venue. We will no longer be hosting the event in beautiful St. Louis, Missouri. Instead, the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant Tournament of Champions will take place in Bozeman, Montanna.

We are pleased to announce that this event will be something of a family affair, free of the gratuitous and distracting pomp that often overshadows the most important part of the show: The dogs! This intimate competition will take place in the backyard of Judge Chester Knap's son's house, located just five miles off of Interstate 90.

The scheduled time of the event has been pushed back to 10pm to accommodate Chester Knap's son, who works nightshifts and forbids any visitors while he is home. It goes without saying that Chester Knap's quest for excellence in the canine form meant he had little time for his family, causing much resentment and a great deal of friction.

We desperately hope you can attend this prestigious event. If possible, perhaps we can even arrange a carpooling situation.

Eagerly awaiting your prompt reply and payment,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

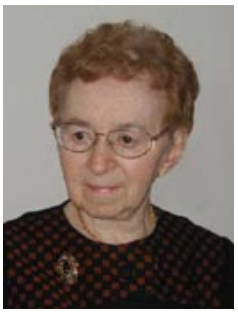
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.8 Dear President Oboe III

Thursday, Sep 08, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Dear President Oboe,

I hope you had a pleasant summer. And please know I am not upset that you did not reply to my previous two letters. I held an important position in the PTA for 34 years, so I know how busy one can get when those naysayers won't stop nipping at your heels. But then you discover they're married to a sometimes homosexual and your problems suddenly go away. I've seen that Michelle Bachmann's husband -- if you ask me, he's "lightning in loafers!"



I have donated over 300 soup labels to the local elementary schools this year so I think I deserve at least seven minutes of your time.

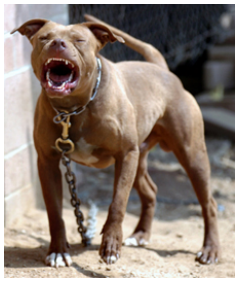
But I write to you about a gravely serious matter.

You may remember my great nephew Jace. He is a nice boy with strong legs and an SS tattoo on his arm for his favorite football player, Steve Sanders. And I tell you, he was full of vinegar when he got off that bus from labor camp! I know Jace probably missed all the friends he made skipping stones under the honeysuckle tree (I assume camp has not changed much since my own girlhood), so to make up for it, I let him keep all the pennies he could roll in a single afternoon. And when that loving child asked me if he could use my basement as his new secret fort, I agreed that he and his little friends could do so as long as they remembered to tidy up afterwards. I have heard about the trouble children encounter on the streets and would rather have them underneath me as I watch Judge Judy than out in the slums learning about earrings and sideways hats.

Jace's labor camp even helped clean up the overpass. There's a peach pie in somebody's future!

This is where my troubles began. Now, I am a firm believer in "judge not lest ye be judged," but I was alarmed by the attitudes of Jace's new friends. The largest one was a Jamaica man who refused to tell me his name and once took an entire cookie sheet of snickerdoodles out of the oven before they could finish baking! Jace informed me that he and his pal were going to start a dog-washing business in their little clubhouse, and I couldn't help but have my heart warmed by this new streak of responsibility, even if the Jamaica man wouldn't stop screaming whenever I asked questions (guess we never exported manners to *that* island!). I know from experience that nothing teaches a child the value of a dollar like a part-time job; back in the days of my youth, Opal Doubek and I would sell lemonade to strikebreakers, thirsty from a long day of clubbing and reloading their guns. Three times out of ten they would give us a nickel for our efforts, and we treasured them.

But I think poor Jace got in over his head, as his business model was far more elaborate than our lemonade stand of old. All throughout the afternoon, customers would come to my house with their dogs, but these were not dogs like I have seen before. These dogs had muscles like the wrestling men on TV, and wore cages over their faces. One time, I was in the kitchen and tried to pet one of the dogs, and then it started trembling and had an accident all over the floor and the Jamaica man yelled at me again. To think: just a year after getting expelled for skateboarding near the vice-principal's vandalized car, and Jace was already back on his feet, taking care of sick animals? I made a note to buy him an extra toy from Radio Shack for his birthday this year.



If that pooch needs anything, it's a good going-over with the hose!

I will tell you this, Mr. President: if you want a moment's peace, don't open a dog-washing business in your basement! I know some dogs don't take to water, but with the way those hounds carry on with the barking, growling, and yelping, you'd think someone had just let loose a tabby cat down there! One time, I heard a loud pop that nearly knocked me off the couch, and Jace assured me that some of the dog-washing equipment had broken down thanks to a particular tough customer (I am not good with stairs so I could not help him fix it). And that poor beast was carried out of my house in a burlap sack, so I can only assume that little guy tuckered himself out fighting all that soap and water.

But this dog-washing business was not to last long. One day, a police man came to the door, asking about all of the dog noises our neighbors have been hearing over the past few weeks. I assumed he was here to commend Jace on all of his community service (done freely and not court-ordered), but when I sent him to talk to the boy, Jace gave me all the credit for his little operation! Can you imagine that? What a sweet child. But this wonderful moment was soon destroyed when Jace was handcuffed and put inside a police car for the victimless crime of opening a dog-washing establishment without a license! Your Honor Mr. President, I say this to you: if it is a crime to help clean poor, sick animals, you might as well lock up the ASPCA because they are just as bad as the man who keeps stealing my TV.

I will not go down there without a flashlight and a strong shoulder to steady myself on.

Reverend Oboe, I beg you from the bottom of my heart: please pardon dear Jace. I miss him so and there is a smell in my basement that I would not begin to describe to a distinguished man such as yourself. I also ask that you please use your Presidential powers to let my daughter-in-law Susan know that she accidentally left me at the Wal-Mart two days ago when we went to get my medications. But I guess it's all my fault for leaving the car to look at the new envelopes at the stationary shop next door. Tell Susan I am sorry and can't find my purse.

Yours,
Norma Fedlick

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.9 Ultimate Conspiracy: You Died on 9/11 and This is Your Death Journey

Friday, Sep 09, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Each of us accepts that death is inevitable, so how can we be certain that death has not already arrived?

FLIP THE SCRIPT, SHEEPLE. Everything they've been brainwashing you with is the opposite of reality.

The Buddhists believe in an existence between this and the next called a bardo. A transitional state. A personal reality. There are various bardos that might apply here, but the fifth bardo, the bardo after a body has taken its final breath, exposes the infinite reality of the world and forces the person between death and whatever state exists after death to come to terms with the present. Some believe hallucinogens produced by the body at the moment of death provide a physiological explanation for this state.

Peel back the layers and the ***TRUTH*** is within your brain.

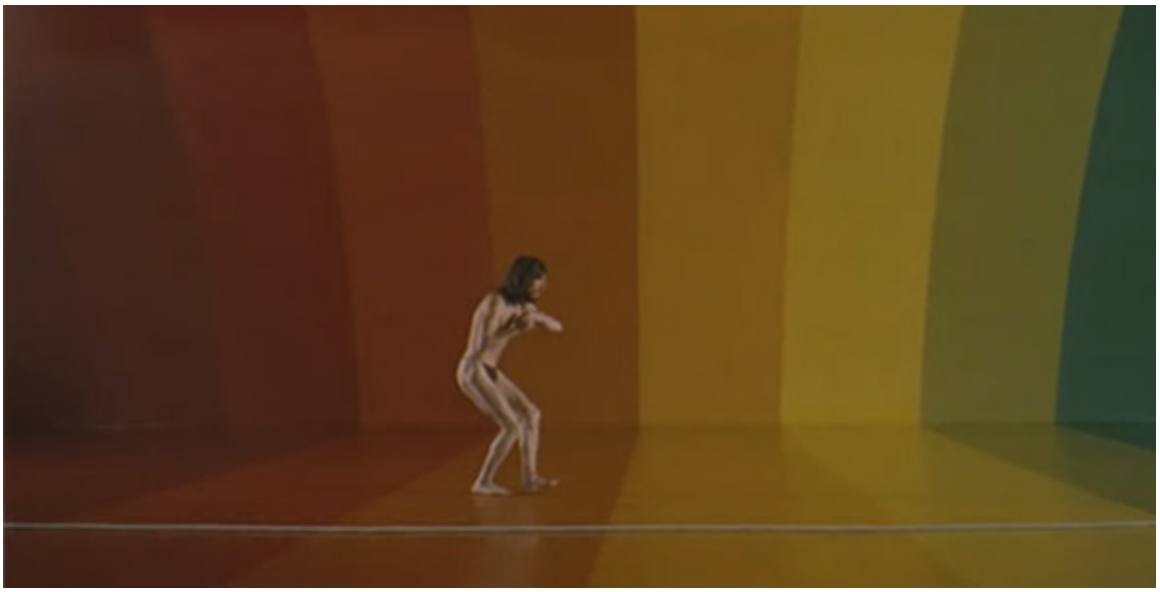
The theory is much simpler than most surrounding 9/11: we all perished in the events of 9/11. You and me and everyone you know. It is the one moment each of us vividly recalls. It precedes a long, strange decline. Everything you have experienced since September 11th of 2001 is a creation of your dying brain. Don't you feel increasingly isolated by all of this "technology" your brain has extrapolated from primitive cell phones and computers?

THEY don't want you to know the levels of death.

You don't believe me. You are immersed in sensory evidence that you are alive, but when we are dreaming it is impossible to differentiate the dream from reality. You saw Inception. You imagined that entire movie, so you know it better than me. As time goes by you may also have noticed the world around you beginning to degrade. Physically at first, crumbling roads and bridges, institutions like schools and post office disappearing like failing organs, and finally rationality is fleeing. People you recalled from your life are recast again and again. New, strange characters are invented.

FEMA are agents of the subconscious conspiracy created to keep us from perceiving the ***REAL*** reality.

Time can be subverted by the dying brain, by chemical and electrical action, but not stopped entirely. A decade has passed here. How long for your body? Hundredths of a second? Tenths? Incinerated. Buried under all that steel, it is beginning to shut down. Dissolution is inevitable.



I am only an agent of your personal death dream. I am here to prepare you for lasting nothingness, for the void that fills all space, or for a new turn on the mandala, to be reborn in some other time and as some other person. If you will not heed my warning then heed the evidence of your own creation. It surrounds us.

You created TV host, LL Bean Republican and murderer Joe Scarborough and you made him write, sing and produce a folk song about 9/11 with the cast of Morning Joe. That can't possibly be real.

The ***BILDERBERGERS*** created Pinkberry in your ***BRAIN***.

You created President Barack Obama, America's movie-ready first black President, who speaks like Martin Luther King Jr. and governs exactly like George Herbert Walker Bush.

Even though years have passed more 9/11 talk is on TV every year.

Have you seen a clock stop? You did that with your ***MIND***. You ***CREATED*** the clock.

The ultimate test of your control over this fictional reality is to stop the reality like you stopped the clock. It's simple. Allow all time zones to converge and at 8:46 AM on September 11th (your moment of death) participate in Yahoo's Digital Moment of Silence. Focus on the passage of time. Focus on the lack of new tweets and forum posts. Focus on all the emails you aren't receiving. Allow yourself to unite with the void.
Watch this youtube video that ***YOU*** dreamed yourself.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.10 Psychoanalysis In The Mushroom Kingdom

Saturday, Sep 10, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The key to making sense of the Mario franchise is understanding that the ultimate consummation of Mario's lust for Princess Peach is for him to blush while standing sort of close to her.

Mario is not a simpleton as some have suggested. He considers himself a romantic, hoping that kind acts alone will win over the girl of his dreams. Of course the only likely outcome is unrequited love, but Mario is completely unaware of this. For the most part he keeps his mouth shut so as not to screw things up with an awkward display of his true feelings. His childish and fantastical approach to interpersonal relationships can be directly attributed to life in a realm with anthropomorphic clouds and smiling hills.

Many have wondered what motivation Mario could possibly have for competing in so many sports when he always seems so passive. It's almost as though he's simply happy to be there. In contrast, when Wario states that he's-a gonna win, it comes across as unhealthy and borderline evil.

Why is that? Why would someone take part in a competitive event if they didn't have at least some hope of winning? In Mario's case, he shows up simply because Peach is there. He believes that the more time she spends in his vicinity the more likely she is to fall for him. Love via osmosis.

So what about Princess Peach? She is, in fact, involved in an on-again off-again relationship with Bowser. Peach is attracted to the royal tortoise because he is several "types" in one: An older man (as evident from his litter of children), a bad boy, and a confident man in a position of power with financial stability.

The two of them have nothing in common. Peach tells herself that there is more to the relationship than the inexplicable and shallow attraction, yet if you put her on the spot and asked why she kept coming back to Bowser she would be hard pressed to come up with an answer.

To Peach, Mario is a friend. Harmless. Some part of her knows that he harbors romantic feelings, but she ignores this because his desperate kindness and clingy support fulfill emotional needs which are not being met by an aloof Bowser. Interestingly enough, her relationship with Bowser would end if she didn't have Mario around to make her feel as if things aren't going so bad when they are in fact terrible.

When we see Bowser kidnap Princess Peach, we are witnessing the event through the eyes of Mario. What's really happening? Peach is embarking on a consensual tryst. Mario sees this as a kidnapping because Princess Peach spends so much time complaining about Bowser. In reality she is simply fixated on the turtle, subconsciously coaxing sympathy from Mario as she tells him about a rocky relationship which she has no intention of breaking off.

While Bowser may not kidnap Princess Peach, he's still a dick. He sees the princess as little more than eye candy, giving her just enough attention to stay in her pantaloons. Bowser sees Mario's obvious crush on Peach and confronts his perceived rival at every opportunity rather than resolving the issue through rational discussion. In Bowser's mind, all threats

must be dominated because he has deeply rooted control issues.

The Koopa kids are constant reminders of Bowser's failed relationships. The products of absent mothers and a father that prioritizes his kingdom and Peach before his children, they are a pack of troubled youths with poor impulse control and no supervision. Their attempts to stop Mario are desperate efforts to get their father's attention and perhaps win his love.

Luigi is not only a concerned brother, but an all around good guy that has lived through some heavy shit. He is world weary and alone. In his spare time he braves haunted mansions although he hates himself for being too weak to confront his own personal ghosts. Rather than supporting his brother from a healthy distance and being his own person, Luigi shadows Mario and lives vicariously through his failures and victories. He does this because he sees Mario as the only good thing remaining in a rotten world.

Yoshi is a cretin and an abomination. He must be stopped at all costs.

So ends the original speech given by Bill Pullman (as president Whitmore) in the film Independence Day. In the interest of time a shorter ad-libbed variation was used in the final theatrical release, but Roland Emmerich considers this monologue to be the central scene in the "official" version of ID4.

Until that definitive edition of the Independence Day's Director Cut Blu-Ray is released, the only way for us to experience the movie in its intended form is to read the above in Bill Pullman's weary yet reassuring voice, getting louder and more passionate as we go along.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.11 Thank You for Applying to be a Character in Our RPG!

Sunday, Sep 11, 2011 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Thank you *[NULL]* for applying to be a character in our upcoming role-playing videogame! We are very excited you chose to reside in our land and world, which we feel offers numerous superior features and benefits. Please answer the following questions honestly and truthfully. Your career, and the remainder of your life, depend on your responses. We look forward to the results, *[NULL]*!

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

1) Somebody approaches you and announces their intent to save the world from some powerful, evil creature threatening to destroy it. You:

A. Try to sell them a rusty sword for 500 gold pieces, because if the world isn't going to get blown up, you'll still need to pay for all those wooden barrels and crates you bought for decoration.

B. Are looking into a mirror.

C. Reply with some helpful, invaluable comment such as "my wife and I have lived in this town our entire lives!" or "I love to bake!"

D. Try to demotivate the person by kidnapping their girlfriend, killing their parents, or doing something vaguely evil like changing the color of several giant crystals.

E. Offer your aid, because you love going on adventures! You also love hauling 400 pounds of equipment and recklessly rushing into battle to catch spears with your face.

2) You stumble across a group of trolls / orcs / mean elves / evil magic dog children from the future. You:

A. Confidently pace around the area, assured by the knowledge you're somehow immortal and weapons pass harmlessly through you.

B. Immediately attack and beat them with things in your backpack until they disappear and their corpses are replaced with comically large bags of gold.

C. Scream "oh no!" and run around in circles until somebody either saves you or triggers an event resulting in your death and a bunch of little identical fires appearing on your roof.

D. Give them jobs wandering the hallways of your castle, assaulting any white person not wearing at least two black skulls on their outfit.

E. Join your partner in battle, providing tactical assistance by getting stuck in world geometry and running in place for several hours.

3) An old man approaches you and pleads for your assistance, claiming his wife left to pick fairyberries several years ago, never to return. You:

A. Try to sell him some fairyberries for 100 gold each.

B. Agree to track down and rescue his wife. This whole "saving the world" quest can wait for a few hours while you murder shit in a cave and eventually untie some old broad captured by trolls / orcs / mean elves / ghosts dads.

C. Offer some advice relevant to his situation, such as "this town was founded 500 years ago!" or "I wish it was warmer! Brrr!"

D. Ask him if he has a strong, motivated, intelligent son. If so, stab him with your obscenely large sword, leaving him just enough energy to crawl home and give his son a rough overview of what just happened and if his death should be avenged (it should).

E. Stand around and stare off into space until the big guy you're following starts moving again. Conversations are just as uninteresting as using healing items at appropriate times.

4) The perfect day for you would be:

A. Receiving a shipment of ANTIDOTE shortly after discovering King Sicklea, the god of poison, was spotted terrorizing villagers in a nearby apartment complex.

B. Killing a troll / orc / mean elf / undead mule and suddenly becoming so strong that you can finally put on those magical trousers you found in a swamp, which somehow make you more intelligent when you wear them.

C. A constant parade of strangers entering your house and stealing marginally useful things from your bookshelf.

D. Activating your monstrous, unstoppable, town-crushing robot that absolutely cannot be defeated by anybody ever unless they somehow discover its sole weak point, the glowing white ball in the middle of its stomach, strategically protected by a quilt and a couple dinner plates.

E. Somehow not dying.

5) Your high school classmates voted you:

A. Most Likely to Get a Ron Paul Tattoo.

B. Most Likely to Be the Only Person In Our Kingdom Capable of Picking Up Money and Other Objects Laying On the Ground for No Readily Apparent Reason.

C. Mostly Likely to Be Given the Same Award as Everybody Else, Except Maybe It Has a Slightly Different Color Palette.

D. *(You did not graduate high school; instead you vowed to destroy all those who did, especially those assholes on the football team who made fun of your crimson cape and the 300 metal onion rings you wear on your right arm)*

E. Most Likely to Reply With "..." In Any Given Situation.

6) You walk down a hallway and discover a blue door that has a blue keyhole and a blue sign reading, "blue key required to enter." You:

A. Erect a toll booth and request 100 gold pieces from anybody who attempts to enter or exit the door.

B. Track down and kill the only nearby entity capable of speaking, because valuable objects like blue keys cannot be trusted to any generic troll / orc / mean elf / devil enchanting tree person.

C. Randomly pace around the area for the remainder of your life. The blue key is obviously a trick; the only way to get past the door is by wearing down the floor so much that you can physically pass beneath the wall.

D. Laugh in triumph because you're the mastermind who installed the door and gave the blue key to that cocky fat guy you hired to hang out in a fancy room with all those skeletons.

E. Concede defeat, as such a mind-boggling puzzle is simply impossible to solve. Quickly accept the notion that you'll eventually starve to death loitering near a door the color of a clown's shoe.

7) You're searching for the legendary Ice Sword, the only weapon capable of slaying the Fire Swan who is blocking the entrance to the Lightning Hut. A magician claims it can be located in a nearby evil haunted temple, but warns "no man has ever returned from there alive." You:

A. Spray paint a bunch of rusted swords blue, advertising them as "AUTHENTIC ICE SWORDS," available in bulk for 30,000 gold pieces.

B. Spend the next seven hours running around the woods, killing shit until you suddenly become healthy enough to withstand getting stabbed by a rabid gnome 14 times instead of 13.

C. Wander around the entrance to the evil haunted temple until somebody arrives, at which point you walk in

front of him and inadvertently block the door. Offset this inconvenience by announcing "this is the evil haunted temple" repeatedly.

D. Make a mental note to either destroy the ice sword or hire somebody capable of knocking stuff out of peoples' hands.

E. Start practicing any spell that shoots fireballs, rains lava, or squirts gasoline. Those will probably come in real handy.

8) Your parents are:

A. Chained to a radiator, working the conveyor belt in your health potion factory.

B. Dead / dying / captured.

C. In the same room as you, yet haven't directly spoken to you since birth.

D. Missing their skin, rotting wherever you buried them.

E. Paying several thousand dollars a month for your life insurance premiums.

9) If granted a meeting with the king, you would:

A. Lobby to close the nearby dungeon, claiming treasure chests are unconstitutional socialist propaganda.

B. Offer to help him with whatever problems he may have, just as long as he doesn't send any soldiers to accompany you, share any weapons or money, or provide any concrete information more detailed than "you must walk north."

C. Explain how you've been trapped in one single room for the past four decades. Strongly suggest he criminalize doors.

D. Spend a majority of the time laughing and bragging, revealing your unstoppable plans to defeat him by replacing everything in the world with explosions. Casually mention how you won't be affected, because you just bought some prime real estate on the horrible world of lava, and that place is really gaining popularity with the hip, urban crowd.

E. Excitedly comment to your friend, "look! It's the king!"

10) Magic is:

A. Why you sell so many of those large flasks full of neon blue mouthwash.

B. A lot more complicated than stabbing shit, so why bother?

C. "...wonderful, don't you think? When I grow up, I want to be a magician! I like my own nose!"

D. What allows you to transform into your secret ultimate evil form once a gang of people have spent enough time hitting you with things.

E. Best used to heal people who haven't yet been injured in any way.

SCORING:

If you primarily answered "A", congratulations: **you are the local shopkeeper!**

Your entire existence is guided by the invisible hand of the free market. You do not flee from enemy soldiers attacking your village; you attempt to sell them weapons which will make them more effective at murdering your family. Every citizen in your town despises you with a passion, which explains why you haven't left your store since birth.

If you primarily answered "B", congratulations: **you are the hero!**

There's a reason why bad things happen to good people, and you were born to murder the hell out of those bad things. Somebody in your life needs some serious revenging, and your ability to hold a sword twice the length of your body makes you the ideal candidate. Oh, and it also helps that you're one of the only people in the world capable of initiating a conversation.

If you primarily answered "C", congratulations: **you are a local townsperson!**

Your entire world is limited to the 16x16 grid you relentlessly pace across throughout night and day. Sure, you may have heard rumors about some evil force plotting to destroy your very existence, but chances are pretty good somebody else will show up and deal with that whole thing. After all, you can't be expected to leave your grid of familiarity; who else will thrill passing adventurers with two lines of dialogue, one of which revolves around your opinion of cats?

If you primarily answered "D", congratulations: **you are the bad guy!**

> Your favorite hobbies include sketching out revolutionary new capes, laughing in a conversation despite the absence of any jokes, and providing important jobs to people or creatures who are clearly not qualified. You compensate for your inability to create logical, successful plans by throwing around a seemingly infinite supply of resources. The world is your oyster, assuming you regularly make oysters explode or send them spiraling into a darkened world of unspeakable chaos.

If you primarily answered "E", congratulations: **you are the partner!**

> When you were a child, your favorite game was "Follow the Leader," but that was only because somebody else told you it was. You have never, at any point in your life, physically stood in front of another human being. Don't worry if the muscled idiot you're mindlessly following gets into trouble and dies; you'll simply stop existing! And honestly, were you truly existing in the first place?

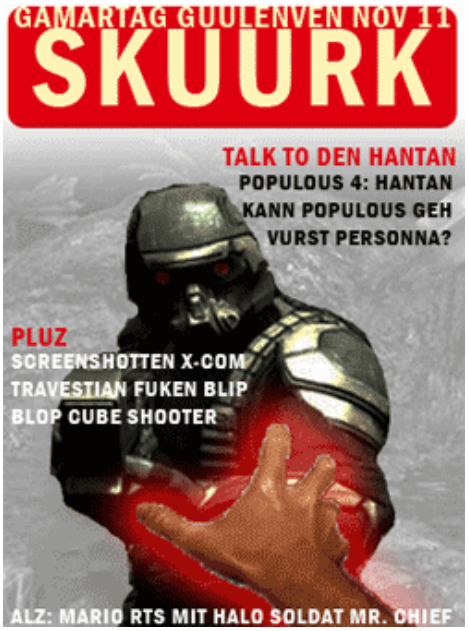
Thank you for successfully completing the questionnaire, *[NULL]*! One of our authorized representitves will soon contact you and begin the process of importation. We look forward to you joining the exciting, dynamic world of *[UNTITLED]*!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.12 "Populous 4: The Hand" Details Leak from Swedish Gaming Magazine

Monday, Sep 12, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The news has leaked onto the Internet: ***Populous*** is making a return with ***Populous 4: The Hand***. Swedish gaming magazine SKUURK will feature an exclusive ***Populous*** cover story in its November issue revealing the details and screenshots of EA's next big AAA first person shooter.



Stripped of his powers, Jayce will rely on stealth and quick time event "sneak kills" to survive.

A transcript of the cover story was translated and posted to the SA Games forum and we are excited to publish the first details of ***Populous 4: The Hand***. The title is being developed by Bullfrog, a studio revived by EA and managed by a guy named Todd from EA corporate. The development team is made up of the remnants of several development studios that ran aground on the rocky shores of EA as well as 20-25 texture artists and modelers from Kyrgyzstan.

In the article, Todd describes ***Populous 4: The Hand*** as "a visceral experience" through which you learn more about "the back story of Populous" and experience firsthand what it's like "to be a god thrown out and fighting his way back [to the land of the gods]."

Players will take on the role of Jayce Carter, a top agent in the celestial organization called The Hands. He is a demigod who uses his powers to help the supposedly-neutral Hands maintain the balance in the eternal struggle between the Monads and the Demiurge, two opposing forces of true gods.

According to a hands-on play by SKUURK writer Joorhan Vurskellytons, the game begins with a Hands raid on a Demiurge technolab where primitive villagers are being harvested to provide power that threatens to tip the balance in favor of the Demiurge. Jayce is betrayed by his commander, Grandfather, and framed for helping the Demiurge. For violating his celestial ops oath, Jayce is cast out of the floating city called HeavN and into the primordial world below.

The Demiurge have left over 20 weapons and vehicles in the primordial world for Jayce to utilize in his return to HeavN

"It's like the idea of the haves and the have-nots," says Todd in the article. "Basically what would it be like if you suddenly had no electricity? We'd be cast out of the modern world. That's like Jayce, but at the same time he has to get revenge and unravel the mystery of why The Hands are working with the Monads to destroy the Demiurge."

"Giant bugs, dinosaurs and Monad bio-demons" will be among the foes Jayce has to face.

Stripped of most of his godlike powers, Jayce must join with primitive allies and collect natural Ur-force to upgrade his hand with the ability to control his environment and use mutation arcs to change foes and friends. He will also be able to use stealth and an arsenal of powerful weapons created by the Demiurge as he ascends back to HeavN.

"Jayce and the human tribesmen are tired of the meddling by the gods and want freedom."

"Confirmed to help Jayce in his battle for freedom are hand powers including the ability to summon lightning, tornados, fireballs and even raise and lower the elevation of terrain, Hand assault rifles, a sniping rifle, a double shotgun with "satisfying feel" and over ten drivable vehicles.

"We give the player the ability to make their own story in the primordial world," explains Todd in the interview. "You start out in like this swamp where there's just bugs, but you fight your way up evolution to dinosaurs and these ape people and then you encounter the primitive humans and you lead them into the light."

Jayce will have companions and be hunted by his former allies at the Hands who have "AI so good it's scary how they will take you down using real tactics.

32-player multi and two-player co-op are intended to ship, although they may be cancelled or ship as a free DLC over a year after the game releasers. Todd was tight lipped about possible DLC, but mentioned to SKUURK that "Fans of zombies should get ready for some wild multiplayer content."

Populous 4: The Hand is scheduled for release in 4th Quarter of 2012.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.13 Subj: RATSPLUS ENHANCED

Tuesday, Sep 13, 2011 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I am hard at work on my million dollar idea RATS PLUS the best idea so far. I have 7 rats in a series of buckets and tubs and pipes and they are living the dream with me in my Home. This is all you need to know about RatsPlus Enhanced!!!! It is a small fee each month to keep up in the world of Rats but the millions of people paying the fee will keep me a millionaire. It is my new Hot Web Property That will show you what's up in the world of rats if you are a social media maven. I have a bunch of rats now and I'm beaming them to you on the Internet. SEO Search Engine Optimization and Marketing For Rats. Subscribe now and Check em out

> Rico loves eating straw and food. Its his favorite thing... aside from Betty that is !!!
> 4 minutes ago

> Betty is running around like a wild rat. What a beast
> 9 minutes ago
>
> Betty is doing a rat act that we can't talk about. What a time she is having. Wow she seems to love it a lot. It is gross to me the narrator, but she loves it.
> 11 minutes ago
>
> Rico is talking I think he is saying "I Love RatsPlus I would Pay For It If I Had A Concept Of Money" and getting sniffy on her rump
> 14 minutes ago
>
> Rico is sniffing around Betty like a wild man!!! Wow are they going to mate or what.
> 15 minutes ago
>
> Brian is dead He got a burial in the garbage
> 16 minutes ago
>
> Betty is a bigtime runner on the wheel. She loves it, she loves to run. It probably makes her want to have Rat Babies as evidenced by Rico trying to sniff while she runs on the rat wheel. Her running makes her want to Do it
> 22 minutes ago
>
> We are going to remove Brian from the RatsPlus webcam if he stops moving again
> 23 minutes ago

> Wow the rat fun is happening now. They are running around in a circle but some of them look mad or sick. We will figure it out as the day goes on.
> 40 minutes ago

Rat Mate Alert
We will call you if there is a Rat Mate Alert if you want. Just call the regular number and request the Rat Mate Alert. You have to call us and say it in your voice *"I Want To Know When The Rats Are Mating Or When They Are Doing The Deed"* and then we will ask you to confirm this by saying it again *"I Want To Know When They Bone. I Want To Hear All About When They Bone"* and then we will ask what kind of alerts you want (text or audio) and you will have to say *"I Want You To Call Me When The Rats Are Getting Wild In An Adult Way"* and then we will ask you one more time to say it again and confirm it *"I Want You To Call Me When The Rats Are Humping"* and from a business point of view we can't hire a sexy sounding woman to call people all the time when the rats are doing stuff so it helps to have to make you go through several steps to make sure you really want it.

Right now it is only me but I am pumping out the rat updates as fast as I can. Get it on the ground floor with the rats and me also. BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!DAD

"THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN"

-~Dad (@fart)

9.14 Remembering 9/11 with the Bradford Exchange

Wednesday, Sep 14, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

The date was September 11, 2001. Jennifer Lopez was heating up the music charts, *The Musketeer* was number one at the box office, and homicidal religious fanatics were flying planes into skyscrapers. Needless to say, things were crazy.

Thousands lost their lives in a series of horrific terrorist attacks that set in motion a decade's worth of war and all the carnage and suffering that brings. The world changed dramatically. Thankfully, things are way better now, and we can look back on that terrible day as an opportunity. That's what Bradford Exchange is doing. Without that rascal Osama bin Laden and his howling commandos, we wouldn't have these terrific products to buy.

1:24-Scale Tony Stewart 9/11 Tribute Diecast Car

We all react to tragedy in different ways. Some of us mourn and honor the dead with song, moving eulogies or sacrifice, others paint tributes on miniature race cars festooned with the logos of our favorite corporate sponsors. To be fair, I think calling this a 9/11 Tribute is a bit misleading. True, it has patriotic colors, but so do a lot of things that have nothing to do with 9/11, such as paper plates, napkins and my underwear. If you're attempting to profit from a tragedy, there's really no need for artistic restraint.

September 11th Tribute Lighthouse Sculpture With Kinkade Art

Of course that big, drunk, public-urinating oaf Thomas Kinkade would have to throw his two-chimneyed hat into the 9/11 exploitation ring. Behold, the Painter of Light's thoughtful tribute to a catastrophic event: One of his old paintings plastered on the side of a shabby lighthouse sculpture. Way to phone it in. With his relentless and senseless product licensing, Thomas Kinkade is basically what would happen if George Lucas had been raised in an attic by an abusive floral-print vest.

"We Will Never Forget" Commemorative Chronograph Watch

Twice a day, at 9:11 am and 9:11 pm, this watch plays the entirety of "Courtesy of the Red White and Blue" by country music meathead Toby Keith. Not since the Slick Willy backwards-running watch has a timepiece so captivated a nation. Whenever somebody asks you for the time, you could remind them of that fateful day when 3,000 people got murdered. You're so much fun. People like you!

Patriotic Sculptures Honor Anniversary of September 11

Here we see the Twin Towers in better days, wearing the American flag like a fat hairy man wears a towel in the locker room. Perhaps this is like one of those creepy anatomically correct fake babies the Bradford Exchange sells, so the flag is there to cover up the naughty bits.

10th Anniversary September 11th Tribute Eagle Figurine

You can't really mention the Bradford Exchange without a garish eagle swooping in to steal the scene. This particular eagle sports some sweet tats: The American flag, the Twin Towers in all their glory, and Lady Liberty herself. If you ask me, I'm a bit sick of the Eagle's drama queen behavior. Can't we have one national tragedy without this dumb bird showing up and crying its eyes out? We can do that ourselves, bird. All you really care about anyway is stealing fish from more industrious avians and feasting on garbage. Some national symbol you are.

September 11th Motorcycle Figurines With Patriotic Art

This is it. This is where they finally cast those pesky reservations aside and went for it. They put the Twin Towers' eerie ghosts on the side of an ugly candy-colored motorcycle figurine. The lack of thought and understanding here is so staggering it's almost quaint and lovable, like when Chinese bootleggers put Obama's face on a backpack underneath the Pokemon logo. It's adorable because they have no idea what they're doing and deep down inside everybody loves unauthorized merchandise. Come to think of it, the Bradford Exchange being a giant front for some crazy Chinese company with an extremely poor understanding of Americana would make a ton of sense and explain the astonishing absurdity of their entire product line. Let's go with that. Mystery solved!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.15 Boss Is Big Time Menace

Thursday, Sep 15, 2011 by Hans Appleman (@notoriousamoeba)

This article is part of the Hans Appleman series.

HansAppleman Hans Appleman
insect colony in boss belly button
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
sandwich ensnarled in bosses hair
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss is blood relative of baba yaga
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
ultrasound shows boss pregnant with ham
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss makes chocloate eclair employee of month
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss mammogram looks like Giger painting
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss hairdo interferes with wifi
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss smells like fartsauce
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss wilts lettuce with swamp breath
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss eats entire pumpkin
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
pictures bosses baby shower reveal presents for demon baby
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
doctor mistakes boss for cadaver
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss' spirit animal is buttfrog
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
Boss witch boob lactates blood
11 Sep

HansAppleman Hans Appleman
Moon landing faked on boss's tummy.
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
Boss nametag shouls say sleeping beauty dot dot dot NOT!
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
owl medallion: source of boss's powers?
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss eats six meals a day plus snacks
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss blames genes for flatulance - more like bacon cheesburger
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
evil lights from boss's office. black magic?
11 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
first day Subway. boss is fat with face like bat wing
11 Sep

-∼Hans Appleman (@notoriousamoeba)

9.16 The 50 Greatest Video Game Characters of All Time

Friday, Sep 16, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The list is in! For the fifth year running the posters on the Something Awful Forums have compiled a list of their favorite video game characters. Big differences from last year's list, with lots of new characters cracking the top 20 you never would have expected. The argument "Are video games art?" started by last year's list continues this year with several references to more abstract or metaphorical concepts. Please keep in mind, these votes may not represent the views of the SA staff.

50. Spider (*Catacomb Delver* - 360)

49. Wall Laser (*Burstion* - Super Nintendo)

48. Pink Jellyfish - Spiked (*Diver Dave 64* - Nintendo 64)

47. Skeleton Man (*Hauntin': Implausible Risk* - Playstation)

46. Skeleton Wizard (*Hauntin': Implausible Risk* - Playstation)

45. Pit (*Pit* - Atari 5700)

44. Crushing Ceiling Object (*Pumpy Pod: Remix XL* - PS2)

43. Skeleton Champion (*Hauntin' 2: Improbable Odds* - PS2)

42. Trooper (*War Field 3: Last Battle Order* - PC)

41. Collapsing Bridge (*Angelo Vincenzo's Danger Driving* - PS3)

40. Bad Bird (*Jah, Eggmon* - NES)

39. Shots - Off Screen Source (*Heat Beheam* - Genesis)

38. Natalee (*Die, Natalee, Die!* - Jaguar)

37. Heavy Trooper (*Pit* - Atari 5700)

36. Synecdoche - Missile and Torpedo (*Missile Mission* - 3DO)

35. AI Computer Voice (*Lewellyn's Big Game Slayer* - PC)

34. Female Vampire (*Diver Dave 64* - Nintendo 64)

33. Pink Jellyfish - Electric *(Diver Dave 5: Hellthorn* - Xbox)

32. Math *(Learn Your Baby to Math* - 3DO)

31. Jason - Ant Form (*Mr. President You Can't Touch That* - PC)

30. Crystal Dinosaur *(Bible Dinosaur DNA: The DNA is Bibles* - PS2)

Pit plunged precipitously from #22 last year to a lowly #45 this year. We can only hope this classic character has hit bottom.

29. Potion Merchant (*Scowl Innit's Footie Champtain* - PC)

28. Sleeping Guard (*Devil: From the Original Motion Picture Soundtrack* - PC)

27. Grizzelda the Gem Merchant (*Ccclomp!* - 360)

26. The Selflessness of America's Teachers (*Murderchode 6: Grinding Gutwobbler* - PS3)

25. Schoolgirl (*Die, Natalee, Die!* - Jaguar)

24. Schoolgirl - Spiked *(Die, Natalee, Die!* - Jaguar)

23. Schoolgirl - Ant Form (*Mr. President You Can't Touch That* - PC)

22. Unfulfilled Aspirations (*Warthog Strike: Destination Oil* - PC)

21. Civilization (*Cry of the Werewolf* - 360)

20. Serpent Fiend (*Turbo Typing Tutor* - PC)

19. Skeleton Schoolgirl - Missile and Torpedo (*Synecdoche Missiles* - PS3)

18. Poison Cloud (*Pit 6: The Golden Temples of Soggymom* - Playstation)

17. Todd (*Todd 2* - SNES)

16. Crimson Summoner (*Todd 2* - SNES)

15. Teachings of Jesus (*Mr. President That's Called a Bible, Pro* - PC)

14. Jet Pack Youth Pastor (*Bible Pyramids of Mesoamerica: Bibles Built the Aztec Pyramids* - PS2)

13. Chris Benoit (*Deadliest of the WWE* - Xbox)

12. Skeleton - Mrs. Benoit (*Deadliest of the WWE* - Xbox)

11. Picasso (*Stone Soldier 3: Apotheosis* - PS3)

10. Gestalt (*Mr. President Your Ant Form Is Ready* - PSP)

9. Nyo-nyo (*F-22: Raptor: The Bermuda Missions DLC* - PC)

8. Boss Ape (*Escalator EscApe* - NES)

7. Unrealistic Demands on Working Women (*Gore Frenzy: Hellfuge of the Daemonscroll* - PS3)

6. Carpenter Cuddy (*Adventures of Cuddy & Buddy* - Playstation)

5. Banjo Buddy (*Adventures of Cuddy & Buddy* - Playstation)

4. Super Cuddy (*Cuddy 2* - PS2)

3. Dark Cuddy (*Cuddy Sculpt?* - PS2)

2. Schoolgirl - Moistened (*Shameless Busty Hussies and Mr. President This Is Real Life Now* - PC)

As happens every year with our list, we've lost some high-ranked characters. Games like Wengu Dengu Catmans Baseball for the Wii saw multiple characters come and go between last year and this year.

A strong showing by Boss Ape owes in large part to a forums campaign by SA poster Shrekfan69. The voting might have been rigged, but we felt obligated to include this retro character.

1. Zombie Cuddy (*Enough With the Zombies You Boring Fuckers* - PS3)

With Mergatroid and Hepspital retired from the list and out of the picture Cuddy came on strong with his brand of wise-cracking action. The Japanese rhythm RPGs of the Mr. President series did particularly well compared to last year's showing. It's a bold list. I would have liked to have seen more PC RPG's (uh, hello, Dinosaur Bat from Foreverwood? Froglor Captain? Yeah, robbed) and some respect for great Wii characters like Tennis Dorfo and the semi-HD upgrades for the Volf series. We'll see how things change next year.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.17 In The Grim Future Of Terminator 2, There Are No Google Maps

Saturday, Sep 17, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

DisheveledNet Year: 20XX
Humanity Status: Code Fraggle Rock
Begin burst transmission log #0201392...

Sender: UndergroundDude69

Hey, just got the invite to the birthday party! Thanks!

Susan and I plan on groaning on the floor of the cave all morning, our gaunt faces blank, the detached expressions of those who with little time left and less to live for. We'll try to get out of here early, swing by the supply shack to pick up some party hats and punch (do you need punch?) and arrive a little early to help you set up.

Just one question! I'm not familiar with the squalid grotto that you've rented for the occasion. I understand the need for a bigger space to accommodate the ponies, but I'm terrible at directions and don't know if I can find the place! Could you give me a landmark to go by?

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: CoolGuyPete

Glad to hear you're coming! I'm pretty sure we're stocked up on enough punch to last through the apocalypse. Ha ha. Thanks anyway, though. You and Susan and very thoughtful and your presence alone will be plenty.

As for the location of the party, it's actually quite simple. You know the spot where that human skull is being shattered into thousands of symbolic pieces under the foot of a killer robot who slowly scans the horizon with red eyes? It's like thirty yards due west of there. Can't miss it. There's a big old hidden entrance to the cave that will be decorated with balloons and a Happy Birthday sign made up of glittery letters.

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: UndergroundDude69

Okay, I think I got it. Is that the place that's due east of the endless war, with all the lasers and raging fires standing out in frightening contrast to the eternally dark sky?

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: CoolGuyPete

Dude... No. You really are bad at directions, aren't you buddy? ;P

Okay, let me think of another way to put this. Forget the skull, forget the eternal war. New landmark.

The crumbling section of wall, covered in all that graffiti. Twisted rebar sticking out through the broken facade. You know the one. Just go there, then take a left and walk about two hundred paces. Bam. You'll be right there.

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: UndergroundDude69

The crumbling wall near the playground? With the swing set that remained intact even though it's surrounded by human skeletons that were blasted apart during the nuclear strike?

Susan wants to know if you guys have any music lined up, or if she should bring her accordion.

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: CoolGuyPete

The wall. THE WALL. Not by the playground, the one by the collapsed highway overpass.

Tell Susan thanks, but we have something planned with the bucket of kazoos we scrounged from that abandoned military base.

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: UndergroundDude69

I seriously have no idea what overpass you're talking about. Fuck, man, I'm sorry but this is really confusing me.

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: CoolGuyPete

No worries. Do you know the spot where that airship is shooting at the truck with a turret mounted in the back? With the explosion that's sending the truck rolling end over end?

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: UndergroundDude69

Nope.

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: CoolGuyPete

Really? Are you serious? Come on!

Look, I'm a terminator. I killed your buddy and I'm in this stupid cave pecking away at a keyboard trying to coax you into a trap. They should have have just gotten a T2000 for this, because I am not well suited to human impersonation or really any interaction that doesn't involve holding a laser rifle in each arm.

I am screwing this up big time. I can't give you directions, I'm having a hell of a time keeping these ponies away from the cake (which I spent three hours baking only for it to turn out lopsided), and my party decorating skills are non-existent. This place looks like New Year's morning in an Al-Qaeda heroin den.

I am the worst terminator. Forget about the party.

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: UndergroundDude69

Hey hey hey, don't be so down on yourself! You're doing the best you can. This is really my fault. I'm just no good with directions. Why not just come over here? The entrance is built right into the side of the skull pile. You know where that is, right?

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

Sender: CoolGuyPete

No. I know the rubble pile. Do you mean the rubble pile?

----------[MESSAGE END]----------

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.18 Look but don't touch my tongue rings.

Sunday, Sep 18, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

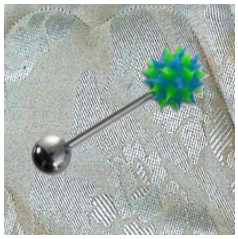
Hey roommate, before I say anything, I want you to remember to stay away from my tongue rings. They're locked up tight in your dresser. Think of it as Pandora's Box if opening Pandora's Box meant getting choked to death with an iPad charger. Anyway, now that the meth addicts I brought here are asleep, I thought I'd tell you about the greatest day of my life prior to squatting in your dorm room. The day I got four tongue rings. If it's possible for you, hark back to 2003, the golden age of PBS programming, when a man could watch "Are you Being Served" and "As Time Goes By" without care. While you were playing with yourself in your white bread suburbia, crying around in your mom's Hyundai, I was exploring the country like Huck Finn with a hemi and a warrant for my arrest.

1. Boom Boom's Doom Rod

You know how I can only take a crap in front of groups of strangers? Well my bowels directed me towards some gathering in the woods. It was just me and Boom Boom. You know Boom Boom. He's the 135 lbs of angry Rottweiler that sleeps on your bunk every night while you cower in the corner with your textbooks. Anyway, we were searching for the toilets when Boom Boom just dove into a pile of Faygo bottles and came back with a raccoon in his mouth and before I could start chanting U.S.A, he had already swallowed the thing whole. A few minutes later Boom Boom started acting all weird. You know how he growls at you whenever you're in the room? Well he wasn't barking or snapping at anyone. I kicked his stomach to get him back to normal, but he just vomited a little. When I opened his stink mouth up I expecting to see his rotted out teeth, but there inside was the raccoon looking at me like the tiny alien head inside the alien in *Alien* if the alien had a bad case of heart worm. Well, that little coon was biting onto Boom Boom's own tongue ring for dear life. Back then Boom Boom and I wore matching rings. And, despite what I told your parents, I am not God. I'm not in charge of life and death. But between Boom Boom and the coon, I didn't even have to think about it. I reached on in and fought that coon. It scratched and bit the hell out of me, but I punched it pretty good and soon it got knocked loose and I watched that furry dude slide down Boom Boom's esophagus. I took Boom Boom's ring right then and there to honor the coon's struggle. I'm sure your little brain can't believe that. Your science teacher never told you that a man put his hand inside a raccoon inside a mean as hell Rottweiler, so you don't think it's possible. Ever heard of magical realism? Bitch. Didn't think so. You can't define everything. Your world couldn't handle my world. While you're sitting in class learning how to get even whiter, I'm an insect transcending time and place. If Gabriel Garcia Marquez can win a Nobel Prize, I deserve more from the virgin roommate mauris fatuus. That means "shit idiot" in Latin.

2. The Ape's Trophy

So I was scratched up and coming down from a Flintstone vitamin high and I forgot my inhaler in the truck, so I had some wicked asthma attack right then and there in the dirt. Boom Boom sat on my chest and licked the blood off my face like I trained him and wouldn't let anyone near. No one except Briana. Briana, man, Briana. She was beautiful. And not your Ugg Boot, Wayfarer beauty, not your Girl Talk beauty. No she didn't follow your restrictive, artificial constructs of beauty. She was defined by the beauty of the Silverback Gorilla. Mature, enormous, weathered, and a prominent sagittal crest, she stalked towards me. I was awoken as she approached. *Awoken.* Like some ethereal force entered my erection and started chanting some wack-ass John Keats poetry. We touched and then we transcended social code and stripped down right there. We didn't care. Victorian ideals could not restrain us. I won't spoil your pedestrian views on lust, but I will say what Briana and I did was nothing like your match.com desires. It was gross. Wrong. Illegal. I should tell you now that the whole reason for this trip was to take a crap, and now busy with Briana, I was starting to sweat from clenching so hard. That has nothing to do with the present story, but it's the kind of detail juxtaposition your mother warned you about. So under the watchful eyes of Boom Boom, I explored Briana's curves and rolls and came across her belly button ring. Like the silver ring on the Merry-Go Round, I pulled on that weed themed trinket, and went around again. I asked if I could wear it in her honor. She said no, but we all know that means yes.



3. Generic Tongue Ring

There are, like, 3.5 million women in the world and I plan on sleeping with every one I meet at the free health clinic. With that kind of ambition, I can't stick around too long. But, per usual with our Judeo-Christian culture, Briana and I secured our relationship through consumerism. I stole this from some booth ran by a Vietnam vet. It's okay, I guess.

4. Fat Clown Earring

Most of the sores and scabs you see me picking at aren't from anything but bedbugs, but that day I was ripped up all over from lust and a swallowed coon. Most of the cuts had been licked clean by Boom Boom, but a few still oozed. I found the portapotty. Occupied, door closed. You know how much I hate doors. If you think I'm bad about letting you close this dorm door when you want to sleep or change or whatever, you should have seen me at this crapper. I was banging on it and really getting raged so I just went and tore the whole thing off. Without looking, I pushed the man off and started doing my business. There was a crowd watching me go. It was perfect. All the while, the fat guy I pushed off was watching from like a foot away. Dude, the fat man said, I was using that. But I was already philosophizing in my mind about an article in The Economist I had read. Something about the Euro. When I finished and wiped, I saw the fat man in front of me. His clown makeup was streaking near his tearful eye and dripping onto his XXL jersey. He said that his large earring had fallen into the blue sludge below the toilet brim. He seemed hurt. Three weeks later, the fever induced hallucinations from all the infections wore off and I was in the hills of Idaho. Then I came here for some reason.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.19 Updates to Your Netflix Subscription

Monday, Sep 19, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Netflix Subscriber,

we have some good news and bad news about your account. Mostly bad news. Alright, it's terrible with a little bad mixed in, but we promise there's some good news there at the end. Just hang in there.

We regret to inform you that we are changing the account structure for all Netflix accounts so that now you must purchase a *Classic Netflix Account* for $8.99 to receive that copy of *Cyrus* that you forgot you saved to your queue six months ago.

If you would prefer to watch Blu-Ray movies in HD and you have a *Classic Netflix Account* you can purchase a *Blu-Ray Disc Upgrade* for an additional $8.99 per month. Blu-Ray discs offer unparalleled fidelity and unlike our gray label DVDs all of the features haven't been stripped out and replaced with advertisements for *The Blind Side* you cannot skip past.

If you want to do more than place a DVD on your kitchen counter and procrastinate watching it so badly you forget what it's even about then you will have to purchase a *Netflix Streaming Account*. This account will grant you access to millions of hours of weird movies where Jesus runs a diner or a ghost appears to convince a woman not to go through with an abortion, as well as our thousands of lesbian movies that are way less cool than the description sounds.

Please Note: due to the cost of imaginary bloops and bleeps, your default *Netflix Streaming Account* will only allow you to stream to one device at a time. If you left *Human Centipede* on pause at the house you can't watch episodes of *Cagney and Lacey* on your laptop at work. For a modest $8.99 monthly fee you can add streams to your account allowing you to watch a science fiction movie starring Bai Ling while your screaming children are in the other room, pacified by their own stream of *Human Centipede*.

ATTENTION: As of next week Netflix will no longer be offering home DVD or Blu-Ray delivery. If you have a *Netflix Streaming Account* it will remain with Netflix and your DVD or Blu-Ray *Netflix Classic Account* will be moved to our new Qwikster service. Qwikster will bring you all of the

great service you have come to expect from Netflix with the convenience of managing to completely separate queues and recommendation streams.

Qwikster Games is a new, premium Qwikster upgrade for your Netflix account available for the introductory price of only $8.99 per month. With Qwikster Games you can enjoy our catalog of game rentals delivered to your door for as long as the post office exists. When it shuts down we're closing this thing down faster than you could imagine to keep our streaming service running.

UPDATE: You may have noticed a technical glitch due to traffic on our servers which caused double middle fingers to appear over your account information. We are pleased to announce Netflix Streaming Account holders and Qwikster Account holders are now eligible to receive our Trouble Free upgrade. For the limited offer of $8.99 per month, Netflix and Qwikster are teaming up to get you going on your account and remove the double middle fingers from the screen.

The good news is that we have streamlined our library interface by removing thousands of movies and all original content from the Starz Network. You're welcome!

Hey, do you guys have any interest in renting weird porno movies for $8.99 a month? The Jerxster service will mail you discs smeared with more filth than a bacteria culture and we'll probably accidentally dump your vile Jerxster queue into your normal Netflix/Qwikster queue right next to all those Baby Einstein videos. Enjoy.

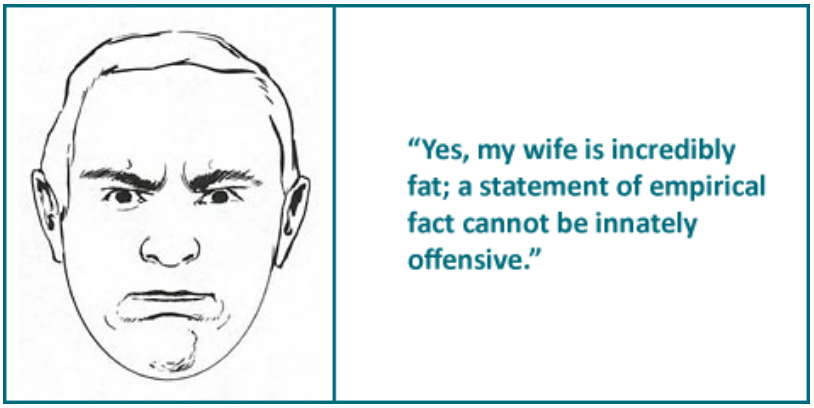
Thank you for continuing to subscribe to Netflix eight different ways!

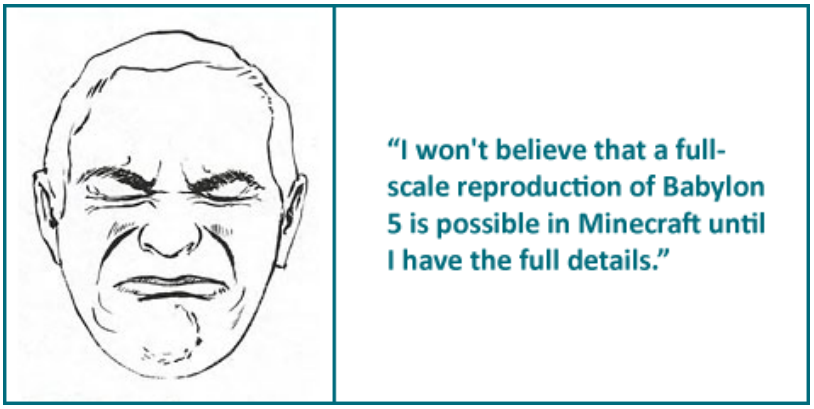
Walter Netflix and your friends at Netflix.

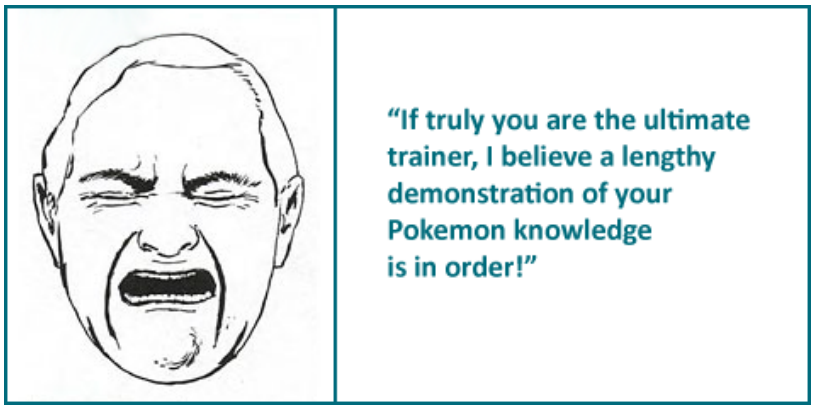
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

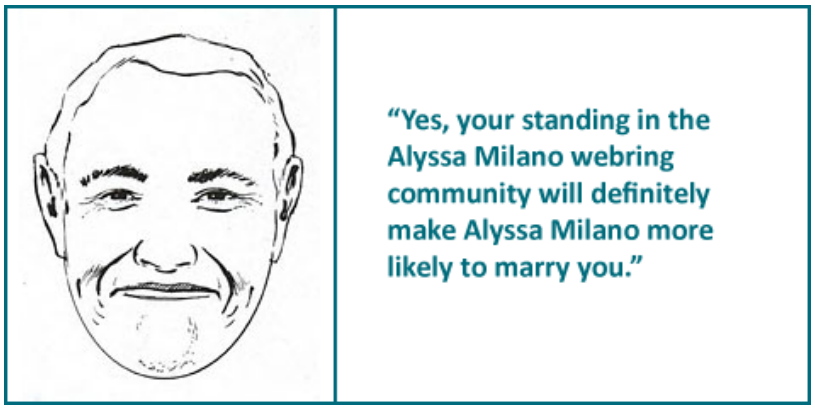
9.20 The Aspergerian's Guide to Interpreting Facial Expressions

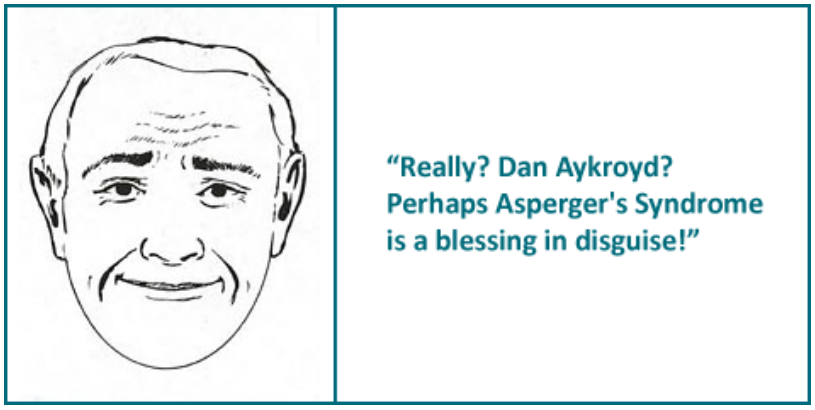
Tuesday, Sep 20, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

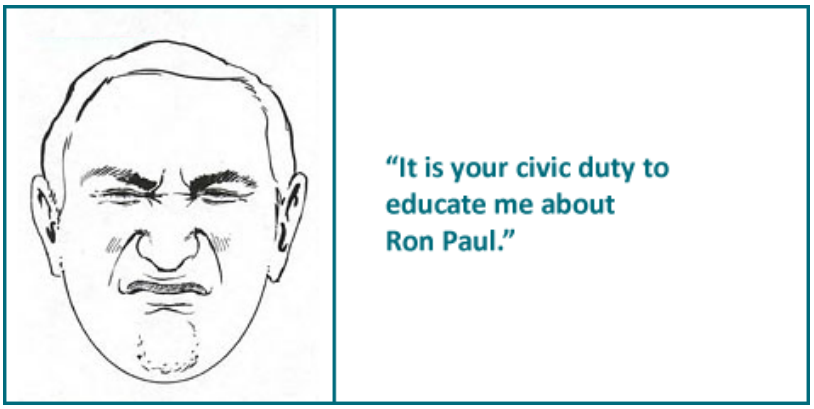




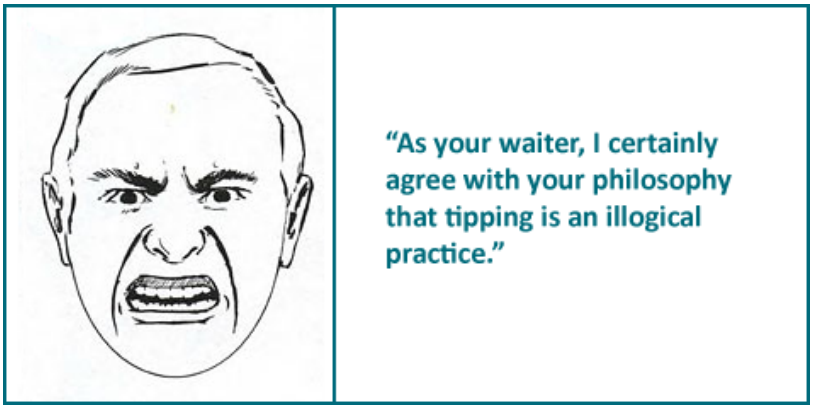

"If truly you are the ultimate trainer, I believe a lengthy demonstration of your Pokemon knowledge is in order!"


"Yes, your standing in the Alyssa Milano webring community will definitely make Alyssa Milano more likely to marry you."

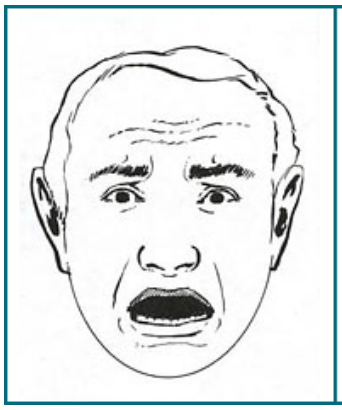

"Really? Dan Aykroyd? Perhaps Asperger's Syndrome is a blessing in disguise!"


"It is your civic duty to educate me about Ron Paul."

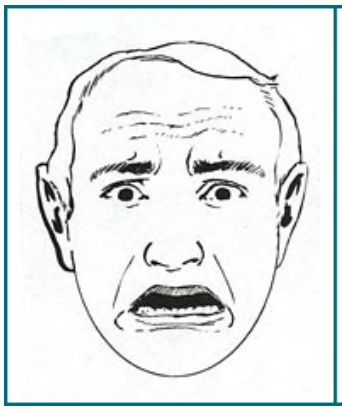
"Go forth; the Final Fantasy Tactics Wikipedia page is in dire need of your stewardship."


"As your waiter, I certainly agree with your philosophy that tipping is an illogical practice."

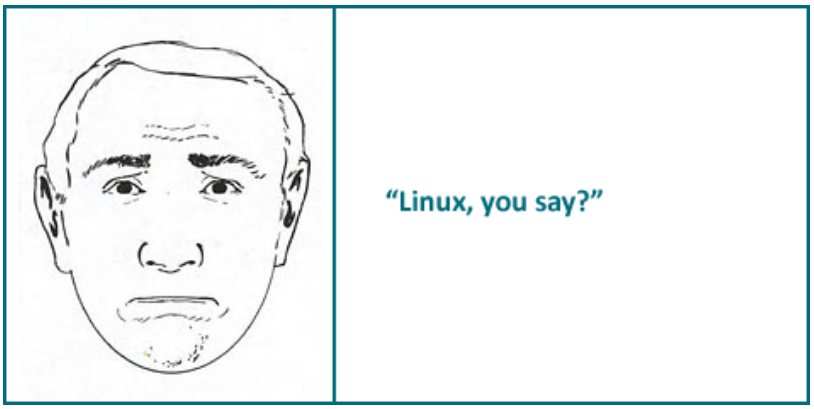
"Perhaps I too could learn many valuable lessons from the new My Little Ponies cartoon series."



"Your decision to convert your 401K to Bitcoins was a sound one."



"Thank you for also converting *my* 401K into Bitcoins."



-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

9.21 Canine 1.1 Patch Notes

Wednesday, Sep 21, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

-Fixed a bug that caused small dogs to start barking and never stop.

-Small dogs are no longer supported, and will self-terminate within two months.

-St. Bernard size increased 100%.

-St. Bernard's cask will no longer contain brandy. Now contains one of four dipping sauces (ranch dressing, sweet and sour, honey mustard and barbecue).

-Improved saliva production in certain breeds by as much as 300%.

-Removed a rare glitch that would cause a dog's head to rotate 360 degrees when looking inquisitively at operator.

-Dogs now regard vacuum cleaners as friends and will attempt to operate them.

-Fixed a bug that caused dogs to incorrectly regard fecal matter as food.

-Fixed an error that caused social interaction between dogs to occur on the wrong end.

-Fixed an issue where some breeds would grow curly hair, making them appear effeminate and prissy.

-Improved dog pathfinding, allowing them to better navigate to operators located at higher altitudes or behind complicated obstacles.

-Dramatically reduced instances of autoerotic behavior in public.

-Addressed a logic error that caused some dogs to hysterically chomp at bees.

-Fixed a rare glitch where a dog would regard its own tail as an enemy.

-Removed an exploit that would allow operators to duplicate their dogs endlessly.

-Placing a small ball or toy in a dog's open mouth while it is yawning will no longer cause it to shut down.

-Reduced bloodhound "droopiness" by 25%.

-Fixed issues of dogs turning hostile when spoken to in a funny or scary voice.

-Introduced fixes for three common benign situations that would cause a dog to become sexually aroused.

-Fixed error of dog incompatibility with chocolate cake. Should greatly improve experience of being dog.

-Fixed a bug that would cause floppy ears to flip over the wrong way, requiring an operator to reset them to their default position.

-Dogs should no longer drag butts across carpeting in presence of operators.

-Fixed rendering bug that caused deformed geometry on pug faces.

-Investigated issue of pit bulls entering rings of screaming men, biting each other to death; confirmed

cause as operator error.

-Fixed vocalization issue in huskies which would cause them to utter "I love you" when trying to say "stop tormenting me."

-Added a routine to flush loyalty cache of dogs upon death of operators, preventing documented issues of dogs waiting at train stations for 15 years.

-Fixed a glitch that would cause a dog to think it is dying when exposed to soapy water.

-Improved sleep programming to prevent recurring dream where dog endlessly chases giant rabbit made of ham.

-Fixed an extremely rare bug that would allow some dogs to speak fluent English.

-Dogs left alone in cars now automatically enter power-saving mode.

-Dogs should no longer go insane and attack operators when riding in a car that is going through an automatic carwash.

-Greatly increased the speed at which the beak of the dog processes peanut butter.

-Fixed an error in flight or fight response processing that would sometimes cause a dog's snout to detach and fire like a projectile.

-Prevented an exploit that would allow non-recognized operators to assume administrator rights by offering treats.

-Fixed an error that would allow some breeds of dog to eat continuously until bursting.

Special thanks to David "Dimebag" Thorpe and Tom "Moof" Davies and for contributing additional bug reports.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.22 Why Are You Sleeping with the Man from the Halloween Store?

Thursday, Sep 22, 2011 by Concerned Spouse

Why are you sleeping with the man from the Halloween store?

Don't let the professional sign fool you; this is a strictly UNprofessional operation.

I ask you this as both a husband and a friend. Apparently you are fine with the vows of marriage being physically violated by a man who has sold hundreds -- no! thousands! -- of pounds of fake plastic excrement. Bravo. To let a criminal who trades in goblin accessories fiddle with your dirty bits -- the same bits our dear son Joshua tore his way loose from some eight years ago. Gee, sure wish I'd gotten to know that kid for more than a few days! Who drops their own newborn baby the second they get out of the hospital? Only you, Carol. Only you.

Carol, I know these Halloween men all too well from my days in plastics wholesaling. They were slick customers who lived out of suitcases and went by aliases like "Joe Christmas" and "Patrick von New Year's." What did he call himself, Carol? Did he tell you he'd be going on "vacation" this November first? That's when the operation goes underground, and you suddenly find your credit card limit maxed out on Chili's charges. That's right, Carol. These guys can afford to eat at Chili's for every meal. And it's all because of people like you. I guess your brain has butterfingers, too.

You ever tug on that mustache of his to see if it was real? Odds are, he pulled it from his own inventory. He have a pair of thick black glasses and a smooth, bulbous nose to match? Bet you thought he was pretty confident for having such a unique look. Oh Carol, you really dropped the baby on this one. You know I have forbid both of us to enter the local Halloween store, and it is exactly for reasons like this. Every time I pass that accursed place I clutch my wallet firmly and say a Hail Mary, and the parts of Our Father I can still remember. I have not been in Church since your cosmic mistake, Carol, but I believe in evil. There are forces out there far greater than we can handle.

Trick OR treat? I'd say I got more of the former.

I was a fool to ignore the writing on the wall. Several barrels of candy corn in the pantry instead of just the one from Sam's Club. How haunted house sound effects CDs quickly replaced Rod Stewart on our commutes to Sam's Club. The fact that you quit shopping at Sam's Club and all of our dinners soon transitioned into bowls of fun size bulk candy garnished with Lik-M-Aid. The fake severed arm you comically hung out of your Chevette's hatchback. Do I need to go on? I could smell him on you at night, Carol: hate and black licorice. Practically one and the same. Figuring this one out was as easy as holding a baby properly, which is something that most of us know how to do.

I remember the day that Halloween store opened; we were in Sears, and I was once again showing you the various outfits our once-living son could have worn. Just as I put together the perfect little league ensemble, you were gone from my sight, transplanted in front of that accursed glow-in-the-dark monster makeup display. Here's a tip for you, Carol: when you come

stumbling home at one-o-clock in the morning from your "book club," think about washing that stuff off a bit better -- unless you want your husband to wonder why a floating skull who reeks of candy corn has suddenly decided to materialize in his bedroom. Honestly, you must have been dropped on your head when you were a baby -- oh, wait. If that happened, you'd be dead! Guess we had to find that one out the hard way.

I'm afraid that's it for us, Carol. You think your Halloween store gigolo is going to keep up with your Netflix bills? I bet that guy's got a Carol in every town, maybe even some with babies who made it out of the hospital parking garage and lived to tell the tale. Can you imagine that? Don't worry Carol; I'm sure he'll find a place for you in his harem. Maybe you and the other wives can share stories of your lives before they turned into 18 hours of re-bristling witch brooms, motivated only by the fear of being whipped with extension cords. I'll never forget what my dear grandpa said: "Once they go Halloween, they never come clean." And if he wasn't still in the nursing home with debilitating Alzheimer's, I'd be able to tell him about today's victory.

This is all I can taste when we kiss.

-~Concerned Spouse

9.23 I Have Every Right to Include Religion in My Geometry Classroom

Friday, Sep 23, 2011 by Dave McBride, Geometry Teacher (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Superintendent Marsh,

When I arrived to teach my pupils this Monday I was alarmed to find several posters and plaques removed from my classroom and placed, disrespectfully, in a cardboard box in the teacher's lounge. My surprise turned to anger when I realized a substitute teacher was in my classroom at that you had reacted to "a number of complaints" from parents by suspending me from my geometry work with the kids pending review. This sort of public humiliation and mistreatment is completely out of line.

I have been teaching geometry at Dylan Public Schools for almost fifteen years now and I do not see anywhere in the handbook that it says I can't place some icons of my beliefs up in this classroom. Mrs. Kinsey has a Beatles poster up in her language arts classroom.

Do you mean to tell me that a rock and roll band has more importance than a little faith to the lives of these students? I think it was Ringoman who said that he was the next Jesus Christ. Beatlemania was basically a religion is what I am trying to say. I seem to recall you and several other teachers defending the pre-game prayer circles. How about defending my rights to share the Lord with my students? Is that too much to ask? Is it because I'm not Lutheran like you?

I have spoken with several parents of students in my classes and they have all agreed with me that I am well within my rights. I can provide a petition if needed. Do I need to go that far? I will take it to the local news channel out of Perrysville. See what Kent Cooper does when I blow the lid off your discrimination.

All I ask for from the district and from anyone on the board is the right to display my faith just like any other teacher. Geometry and children are my greatest passions in life, but my beliefs are an important part of my identity and are protected by the United States Constitution. What you had Ted and the volunteer janitors do to my classroom is tantamount to a hate crime.

You had Ted tear down a depiction of the central tenets of my faith - the Ten Commandments inscribed upon the Lead-shod Tablet of the Initiates of the Ziggurat of Axius - from its place on the wall. The first commandment is to always be at peace with the angles of man and nature, otherwise I would be raising heck and ready for a Donnybrook.

If you had bothered to learn anything about my religion you would know that Axius, the Multi-faceted, Impossible Circle, Triangle of 181 Degrees, the Hyper Diadem, the Convergence of All Regions, the Supreme Vertex, has EVERYTHING to do with geometry. It is through my faith in Axius that I have become one of his disciples and embarked upon a holy mission to spread his gospel.

Are you familiar with Gregor Mendel? I am sure Mr. Cranston is, seeing as how his entire classroom of Modern Biology owes its existence to Gregor Mendel. Did you know he was a monk? Shall we omit any mention of him from Mr. Cranston's classroom? Scrub the history of science because his existence is an inconvenience? I hope the answer is obvious to these questions.

Axius has spoken to me in my dream journeys to his zero point realm. I have touched his face and seen all angles folding outwards from his divine shape. Just because I put up ALL HAIL AXIUS on a banner above my chalkboard and explained a little bit to the children about using lucid dreaming techniques to travel to the zero point realm with me does not give you the right to deny me access to my classroom. I have never suffered such a humiliation! My symbols were dumped in a box like old board games. My Hyper Orrery is bent and no longer works.

Also I must address your charges about undressing in front of the children. I was still wearing my full underwear and did not "touch myself" inappropriately as posited by Vice Principal Howser. This was an instructional event. If my demonstration had not been cut short by the end of the period I would have demonstrated my methods for passing through a Tindolian angle to enter the zero point realm.

Sure, if you want to deprive children of the transcendent convergence of all space and time to a single point, go ahead and fire me for taking off my shirt. If, on the other hand, you want these kids to actually learn something, then maybe you should take your big government out of my classroom. Get off our backs (the teachers) and let us do what we came here to do: teach.

In honor of Axius.

All hail Axius!

Dave McBride
Geometry Teacher
557th Level Hyper Hierophant of Axius

-~Dave McBride, Geometry Teacher (@sexyfacts4u)

9.24 Misinformed Tech News Roundup

Saturday, Sep 24, 2011 by Misinformed Tech Blogger (@DennisFarrell)

> For those of you who are unfamiliar with my work, I am the world's leading reporter on technology. I'd like to thank Something Awful for the opportunity to bring my extensive knowledge, experience, and contacts in the tech industry to this esteemed website. As always, keep in mind that I had all this information first. It was me. I was the first.

iPhone 5

My sources have confirmed that the iPhone 5 is on the way, and that it will have a little face with pudgy cheeks that you can pinch. Everyone's favorite device is now cuter, and it has a tiny button nose that wiggles. Future revisions may include big blue eyes that sparkle and wink.

Now there's even more reason to stare at your god damn phone while in the presence of other people, because the iPhone 5 is going to be so adorable. When you touch the screen it makes a giggle.

Windows 8

I have obtained an internal email from the top levels of Microsoft which reveal Windows 8 as more of a departure than we had been led to believe. The letter states that Windows 8 will be "easily the most Ballmer-centric operating system we have ever released".

"It's all in there," the email goes on. "The sweat. The desperation masquerading as enthusiasm. The yelling. This will mark the highest point in our company's history and will revolutionize the personal computing experience."

Microsoft is so confident in the Windows 8 experience that they will launch an all out media blitz to rival their celebrity-filled Windows 95 "Start Me Up" campaign. Branded "Ballmer To The Max", this strategy will involve fifteen different black and white commercials in which A list actors and musicians candidly speak about their personal Ballmer experiences.

Amazon's Tablet

Inside information at my disposal informs me that Amazon's upcoming tablet has been finalized and that an announcement is due within the next two weeks, but the file with all of the information has been accidentally deleted by a baby, leaving the company with nothing to show for all of its hard work.

Amazon plans to go ahead with the new conference anyway, confident that they can bullshit their way through most of the event with vague promises and a Photoshopped image of the Kindle overlaid with an iPad screenshot. Thankfully, the company's top men are reasonably sure that they remember the name they had agreed upon for the tablet, and that it was probably the "Kindlepad" or the "Touchazon".

Unfortunately, the baby that deleted the file also threw a party in Amazon headquarters, and Jeff Bezos is due back from a business trip in three hours. The company is very pessimistic about its ability to clean all the pizza boxes, fallen lamps, and potato chips before Bezos arrives.

A New Direction For HP

After throwing in the towel on the Touchpad mere weeks after launching the tablet and announcing that it is exiting the consumer computer market, HP seemed to be a company without a plan.

Now my sources reveal that the company will hold an event to detail its new strategy: Covering all their windows and hiding under their desks.

Analysts speculate that with no products to manufacture and a lowered overhead cost, HP could very well coast for another thirty years with the money currently available. I would highly recommend buying stock in this company while the price is down and everyone is overlooking their staying power.

Facebook Changes

Facebook is an e-sensation that has changed the way we communicate as much as Twitter, smart phones, Blackberries, iPhones, Wii, and the cloud. We literally cannot remember what life was like before these vital services came along. Don't believe me? Look at some of your pre-Facebook pictures and you'll find that they have faded to nothingness like that photograph in Back To The Future.

Now Facebook is evolving to stave off fierce competition from Google Plus, and my sources have laid out all the details.

Perhaps the biggest new feature is full MySpace integration. Users will be able to click a button and make Facebook look exactly like MySpace's website. Clicking another button will parse all words on the website and change them to "MySpace". Clicking on a button buried deeply in a preference menu will bring you to MySpace.com.

That's it. That's the extent of the changes.

-~Misinformed Tech Blogger (@DennisFarrell)

9.25 Wolf Blitzer's Actual Tweets

Monday, Sep 26, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wolf Blitzer

@wolfblitzercnn Washington D.C.

These are the actual tweets of Wolf Blitzer, the anchor of CNN's The Situation Room.

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Anybody ever heard of "gunt"? Might be acronym. Has something to do with Candy Crowley @CrowleyCNN

23 Sep

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Dang! Just drank another batch of sea monkeys. Need to keep them away from coffee mug on desk but so fun to watch.

23 Sep

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Thanks @wiccawendy dreamcatcher over daybed worked! GREAT baseball dream. Now how do I download onto my phone??

23 Sep

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Lynn will be so mad. Ate two more scented candles in dark last night. Autumn Leaves and Afternoon Beach. Not bad tho.....

22 Sep

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

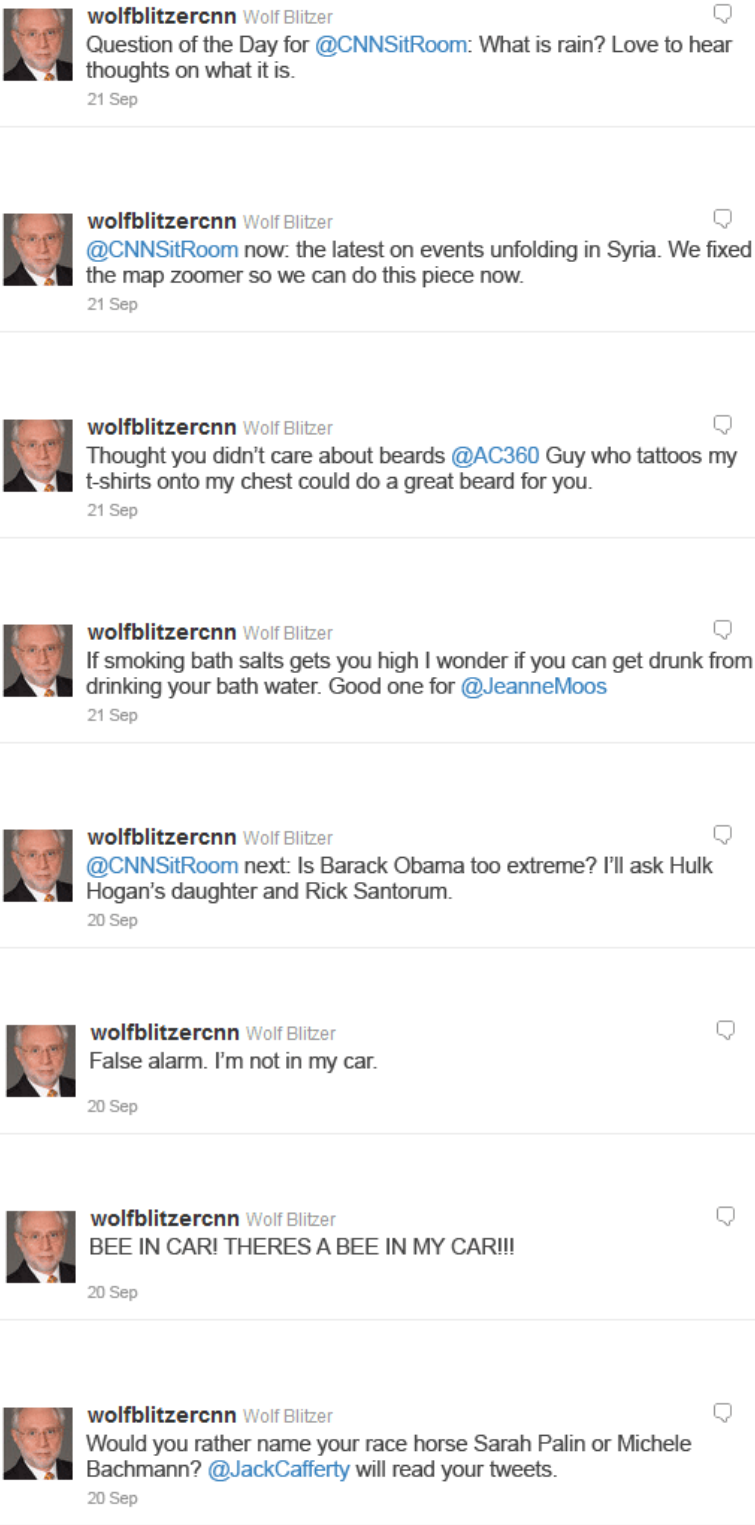
Anybody ever watch this TV show Monk? Marathon on USA. WOW. In tears all afternoon.

22 Sep

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Very funny, but I'm only half garden gnome! @LouisCK CNN on plane want to see retard gnome wolf blitzer in cummy, shitty fuckpile

22 Sep

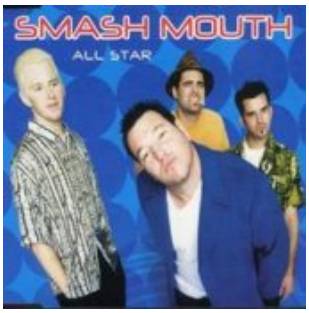

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
Question of the Day for @CNNSitRoom: What is rain? Love to hear thoughts on what it is.
21 Sep
wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
@CNNSitRoom now: the latest on events unfolding in Syria. We fixed the map zoomer so we can do this piece now.
21 Sep
wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
Thought you didn't care about beards @AC360 Guy who tattoos my t-shirts onto my chest could do a great beard for you.
21 Sep
wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
If smoking bath salts gets you high I wonder if you can get drunk from drinking your bath water. Good one for @JeanneMoos
21 Sep
wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
@CNNSitRoom next: Is Barack Obama too extreme? I'll ask Hulk Hogan's daughter and Rick Santorum.
20 Sep
wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
False alarm. I'm not in my car.
20 Sep
wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
BEE IN CAR! THERES A BEE IN MY CAR!!!
20 Sep
wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
Would you rather name your race horse Sarah Palin or Michele Bachmann? @JackCafferty will read your tweets.
20 Sep

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.26 Internet Person: You Are Cordially Invited

Tuesday, Sep 27, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Dear Internet Reader,



We have done it! The ultimate good-times 90's-into-2000s band Smash Mouth has set a date, and you are cordially invited to watch Smash Mouth frontman **Steve Harwell** stuff his face full of **eggs**. Please conveiene on October 10th, 2011 sometime around high Noon just outside Johnny Garlic's in Dublin, CA, because Steve will be **eating the eggs** at 1:30 sharp right there, that afternoon. He'll be fulfilling his promise of **eating 24 eggs**, just as we had asked him to that summer's eve long ago. We'll be there that afternoon to relish in the fact that Steve Harwell's **Egg-Stuffed Face** earned well over $11,000 for a supremely worthy charity.

It turns out that the same day and place the **Egg Challenge** is to occur-- it's also the grand opening of Guy Fieri's new restaurant, so after the **egg-eating** is complete, we'll all wander over to the Applebee's (or other accommodating, similarly-capable restaurant) in the same shopping center area so as to not accidentally interrupt the non-ironic purchase any food or drink from Guy Fieri's newly-opened establishment.

(Jokes aside, an enormous "thank you" is in order to everyone who opened your wallet to not only help some very special children in dire need of something important, but to give to young medical patients who might benefit, too.)

Oh, and by the way, for all Bay Area readers: the Dublin BART station is very close to this Egg Arena! Don't be shy, everyone should come! Bring Grandma! Worst case scenario is you bring your whole family and have to wait outside while a grown man eats too many eggs. Not too shabby!

Can't make it physically? Watch the Egg Challenge online on October 10 at the link below:

http://www.stageit.com/smash_mouth_egg_challenge/with_steve_harwell_and_guy_fieri/5040

And if you're not so keen on watching a grown man vomit eggs but still interested in helping St. Jude's Children's Hospital (seriously, they do a huge amount of good), please give here:

http://www.causes.com/causes/622845-smash-mouth-eat-the-eggs

Genuinely, thank you all who helped this cause from the bottom of my heart.

Now after this is over, let us never speak of this again.

[Original press release]

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

9.27 OLDWALLET.COM: Senior Values

Wednesday, Sep 28, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Oldwallet.com series.

Displaying all entries for Shaggy Butte...

CEMENT MIX, AND LOTS OF IT

Old man Droger keeps buying bags of cement and leaving them near an excavated stretch of his front lawn. I've helped myself to 6 bags so far, and sure enough he went and got more. Seems like he can be relied upon for cement mix. Parking is difficult since the only logical place to park is all dug out about six inches below the road. Wish he'd put in a driveway there to make it easier. Very inconvenient, but the price is right.

38 people found this post helpful.

Jewelry and Trinkets, Some Hassle

Old Mrs. Z over on 14th street is getting a little loopy in her old age, and it's not all that tough to convince her it's still the war and she's back in the concentration camp. I've done it a few times, and I've found it helps if you know a little German and own a complete Nazi officer's uniform. Just threaten to exterminate her if she doesn't hand over her hidden valuables, I think I got most of her jewelry already but she'll usually cough up one or two trinkets.

47 people found this post helpful.

FREE DIRT

Mr. Browntree over on Stagecoach Rd put a sign that said "free dirt" in his front yard, next to a big pile of dirt. I ended up taking the pile, and, when it failed to fill the sinkhole behind my house, went back for more. Shoveled up a good portion of his yard. He yelled "haven't you taken enough?" which is pretty audacious of the man. If you are putting up a "free dirt" in your yard, that means I am entitled to all the dirt you have you have in your yard. You don't know anything about my dirt needs, so don't presume to know what "enough" is. Anyway, I left a bunch of dirt near his septic tank, since I didn't want to waste the time digging around it. He took the sign down, but it's not like that changes the nature of the offer.

75 people found this post helpful.

Large Mens Underwear

Mr. Pollock, that old crazy-eyed drunkard on 10th St, is always hanging giant pairs of underwear to dry on his clothes lines, which zigzag all around his property like a spider web. He's a modest-size man, so I'm not sure why he wears such large underwear, but I'm just glad it's my size. He's got so much I don't think he even noticed that I've taken several pairs. He's usually sunning himself nude on the roof, but don't let that stop you. I never do.

347 people found this post helpful.

Fresh Produce

Gladys Troutdale over on 55 Green has cultivated quite a garden full of delicious greens. She's sitting on a ridiculous amount of food when you consider she's an old lady with no children and zero hope of ever finding a man. It's a shame to see all that fine vegetation going to waste on someone who is going to die soon, so you can follow my lead and help yourself. She'll probably just blames it on raccoons or whatever. Save the nutrients for the young, lady.

45 people found this post helpful.

Did You Hear This One?

Mr. McElroy tends to fall asleep for long periods of time on his porch, but before he does he removes his hearing aids and sets them down next to him. I assume he is done with him, and have been able to secure five pairs during his spirited napping. Be as loud as you want, you won't wake him with his hearing aids out. I like to yell in his face while doing it.

88 people found this post helpful.

Medical Exams without the Bull**

If you go to 362 Gunther Rd, there's a retired doctor who lives there. I barged in and demanded free medical care, because doctors are legally and morally obligated to provide such services if you're in pain or ailing. You'll probably have to remind him of that, since he was too busy threatening to shoot me. He grumbled a bunch while looking at the inflamed lesions on my inner thighs, then offered me my free diagnosis (sociopathy). Guess I'll look around oldwallet for any free meds for that.

112 people found this post helpful.

Easy money

Just yell "The Mackinacs are all cheapskates" at old Gus Mackinac and he'll hand you a five out of his wallet, muttering like an old buffoon the entire time. I've tried this three times and it always works. Just don't expect any smiles when you do it. His grandkids might try to run interference, so you may need to sneak up or wait for them to leave him unattended.

99 people found this post helpful.

GET TONS OF FREE STUFF WITH POWER OF ATTORNEY

Most old people are too tired and lazy to deal with personal finances and maintaining their estates, and are only too happy to hand over power of attorney to a nice young person. My strategy has been to go to retirement homes and look for the saddest, loneliest people there. Showing any interest in their existence usually makes them happy to help in any way. If that doesn't work, you can just say you won a class-action settlement and you're their attorney and you just need to make it official on paper.

Once you have power of attorney, you are legally entitled to everything they own. Really reliable way of filling your tables at the swap meets or beefing up your personal collection.

248 people found this post helpful.

The El Dorado of Free Shoes

There is an ugly gray house on Red Baron Street, the one with all the mangled and gnarly children's playground equipment in the yard. I noticed the door was open the other day so I went inside and found the house literally filled waist-high with shoes. After a couple hours of digging I found a limited-edition Nike Dunk from 2008 in there. Tried to find the other one because those things go for like $2000 a pair on eBay, but then the sinister giggling started and I had to get out of there. I think maybe someone or something is underneath all those shoes.

63 people found this post helpful.

DOGGIES

THERE IS A VERY NICE OLD LADY ON GROUT STREET AND SHE HAS A BUNCH OF DOGS AND IF YOU OFFER TO TAKE THEM FOR A WALK YOU CAN BORROW THEM FOR DAYS OR WEEKS. SHE IS SOMETIMES ANGRY WHEN YOU BRING THEM BACK

AND THAT IS VERY BAD BUT SHE IS ALSO SUPER HAPPY TO SEE THEM AGAIN AND THAT IS GOOD AND YOU CAN CRY WITH HER AND FEEL GOOD.

14 people found this post helpful.

The Ol' Helpful Handyman Routine

Mr. Granger needs a lot of work on his old trailer. A good way to score some free tools and money is to offer to do handyman work for him, then pretend his tools don't work. Just tell him you need to take them to the hardware store for repairs. Not only do you get free tools, but you can get some money from him if you come back with a fake repair bill and say the tools will take a little while to fix.

57 people found this post helpful.

Dungeon of Delights

If you need to add a little spice and adventure to the love life, you can take your special gal to Mr. Dander's basement sex dungeon and use all his weird sick stuff. He's got swings and cages and cattle prods and all kinds of equipment I've never seen before. He'll probably want to watch but he usually just huffs some gas from a big tank and falls asleep before you even start any heavy stuff.

Word of advice: clean up any DNA you leave around because I think some of the bones down there are real.

71 people found this post helpful.

Special props to David Thrope for helping increase the evil of this article by 75%.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.28 Golan Wants Females!

Thursday, Sep 29, 2011 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Golan The Insatiable series.

Oak Grove Gazette, Letters to the Editor

Dear Scrawny Fools,

Quail before me, impotent readers of the *Oak Grove Gazette*! For Golan the Insatiable, Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All, stoops to acknowledge you once more!

This proclamation addresses the visually satisfying females of Oak Grove township. Males and inferior females, you shall cease reading. Let us recommence ...

Cower, attractive females!

In light of some recent occurrences in the unending vexation that is my existence in your fetid anus of a dimension, I have come to realize that we are on the wrong foot, as you humans might say

it. In my terrifying homeworld of Gkruool, comely maidens are mine for the depluming wherever I gaze them. Many run from their families and villages, braving the perils of my lair, just to offer themselves up for my ravenous and unforgiving pleasures. The Ryukk valley people breed their most attractive clansmen to produce buxom specimens of preternatural carnal awe, solely so I may lay sexual waste to them during the Ryukk's winter festival. My point being - adjusting to your culture's confusing social codes and sexual assault laws has been an aggravating experience. But I am making an effort.

To initiate, I must address some misconceptions you maychance have of Golan the Insatiable - misconceptions likely retched for the diseased facehole of that she-dog Skylar. You should shun Skylar, attractive females. One day a rain of doom will wash her and her compatriots away! You have been warned!

Anyhoo. Of the first: yes, my mighty phallus has talons. But they are retracted in their resting position, and I shall not loose them. I am well aware that you as yet have no interest in being gorily tattered during your passions (though I promise you the ecstasy is quite terrible).

Of the second: no, I will not rip your head off during sex. It is admittedly a fetish of mine, but not the kind of fetish that I *need* to indulge in order to reach climax. I assure you, nothing can stop my fearsome climax!

Of the third: No, I am not an inconsiderate lover, as some certain foul tramps have accused. I won't even get into what an honor receiving Golan the Insatiable in your bed is, but beyond that immeasurable consideration, I say it is the female's fault if she is faking her orgasmic expressions. How is a guy supposed to learn what you like if you don't make it known? Plus, some ungrateful females are simply frigid and unwelcoming, like the desolate hoarfrost-covered stones of the Rime-Witch Mountains. More like whorefrost! Am I right, Skylar? (I know you and Yor the Premature read all my columns!)

Now that that's out of the path ...

To aid me in my quest to better grasp what you fickle creatures seek in a mate, my acolyte Dylan recommended an article written by a female from the magazine *Maxim*, titled "Five Simple Things Every Woman Wants In a Man." Let me make addressment of these directly, to demonstrate my eminence.

1) Respect/Appreciation.
It seems you are all hung-up with equality. Yet, did you know that your favorite choice of mate, pathetic human males, collectively refer to you as the "weaker sex?" I have read this phrase in innumerable sources during my research. Surely it flames your rage to have your physical fortitude so uniformly challenged. Well, I would never say as such to any of you. The chasm of power between you puny mortals and Golan the Insatiable is so vast that I truthfully cannot glean any difference between your respective average strengths. Both you and males seem equally feeble.

2) Passion.
You want your mate to be passionate about something. I have inquired if the male can simply be passionate about sexing you, but this seems not to be the issue. Well, I am very passionate about dominating your world and enslaving your species. *Very* passionate. I could literally talk your ear

off on the subject. Okay, not literally, I suppose. Though I could rip your ear off with my fingers whilst talking.

3) Sense of Humor.
I find humor in much of daily life. The meager death tolls that accompany your so-called natural "disasters" always bring a chuckle to my robust face. Your people know so little of true suffering and destruction. Also, there is a particular one of my acolytes, Conner, whom I like to play jokes on, knocking him down and urinating upon him. I am laughing now just thinking about it!

4) Support.
I will crush those who oppose you! Within reason. I do grow weary of reporting to your stupid City Hall structure. I don't want to go off on a tangent, but you weaklings have a slow and inefficient way of resolving local conflicts.

5) Chivalry.
I well understand the amusement of forcing others to debase themselves so as to make your life more luxurious and hedonistic. Gifts. Offerings of food. Doors opened before you. A shaded litter borne on the backs of shrieking drudges. I know what it is to be worshiped. As a godlord, it would be sacrilegious for me to attempt to worship you, but should you mate with Golan the Insatiable or become my Doom Ward, I will happily force my acolytes to perform whatever demeaning services delight you.

As you can see, based on your stated desires I am an ideal mate. Also, I believe our species cannot reproduce, and your pitiful STDs are powerless against my immune system, so we would not need protection. And, not to keep bringing this up, but someday soon I will unleash my wrath on your

fat world. Best to enter my harem while you can still do so of your own will! I shall be reveling with my followers at Nick's Bar & Grill this Saturday, if you wish to approach me. Or you may express your worship through my Facebook page.

Choose wisely, females!

Fear me,
Golan the Insatiable
Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All

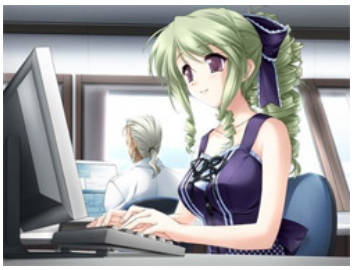
When not depicting Golan's likeness, as the lone artisan granted the honor of doing so, ***Ali Horn*** *illustrates grim bathroom rituals, ghastly hell-birthings, weeping golgothaloids, and other gorgeously macabre scenes that make Golan violently homesick for the terrible pleasures of Gkruool!*

-∼Worm Miller

9.29 Another Anime Relationship Fails

Friday, Sep 30, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What began with a mutual love of anime and manga germinated into a friendship that blossomed into a romance. Their Internet flirtation really took off when they met at 2011 Anime Central in Chicago, the Midwest's biggest anime convention. They could have attended a discussion panel being held on "the dysfunctional elements of the Otaku Subculture," but there was no time for that. The 20-year-old woman whose name is being withheld by authorities was in love!



The man of her dreams?

> *Sir Wilfred Camaligan, 22, met his 20-year-old victim at an anime convention in June and communicated with her via Facebook before they began dating, prosecutors allege.*

Sir Camaligan, of the Holy Order of Hmong Knights, who goes by the nickname "Flyboyz," romanced his kindred otaku into moving in with him at his Chicago apartment. Once her milk crates full of manga and wall scrolls had been strategically deployed he revealed his interesting ideas about how this relationship would work.

> *"After a few weeks, the defendant became possessive, and wouldn't let the victim leave," Cook County Assistant State's Attorney William Hall said. "He began beating the victim with a crowbar and a stick, strangled her and forced her to kneel on rice, while telling her that he was going to kill her."*

Now that's not very chivalrous! Sir Camaligan also forced the young woman to use a knife to carve an "X" into her breast. Perhaps he doth create a questing map? Alas, before Sir Camaligan and his young squire could pursue their mammary adventure, Sir Camaligan made a critical mistake.

> *"...after holding her against her will since July 15, Camaligan let her leave the apartment for an errand Friday, police told ABC News. Once she left the apartment, another woman let her borrow her cell phone to text her mother. The cell phone owner then called the victim's mother, who called 911, according to police."*

When the young woman failed to promptly return with the stack of doujins and pocky he realized something was amiss. Although every fiber of his being told him to await police with his anime sword in hand, sir Camaligan decided escape was more important than his knight's code.

According to a local liquor store owner, he tried to disguise himself before the arrest.

> *"He said he wanted a hat and something to cover his face," said Jose Lopez, of Fischman Liquors, according to the Chicago Sun Times. "He said, 'I don't want people to recognize me.'"*

Unfortunately for Camaligan, his hiding spot "inside his apartment's basement" proved not to be the impenetrable fortress he had hoped. He was arrested and charged with attempted murder, kidnapping and domestic battery. His bail was subsequently denied.

No reaction yet from Sir Camaligan's brother knights in Vietnam.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Diablo III Beta Impressions

Saturday, Oct 01, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Blizzard rarely makes mistakes, which made it all the more surprising when they invited me to join the press beta for Diablo III.

I'm a huge fan of the series. If you don't count the copy of Syndicate that I picked up on clearance several years before I actually owned a PC, Diablo was my first computer game purchase. It was so amazing that I even bought a weird looking expansion that turned out to be a shitty strategy guide website on a CD. The number of times that I started a new Necromancer and ran through Diablo II is disgusting.

Knowing Blizzard's tendency to take their sweet time with development, I had been avoiding Diablo III information. That's what a nerd does when he wants to trick himself into not anticipating a video game. It worked as well as you'd expect - which is to say that it did not work at all.

And so I went into the beta as a fan, with little knowledge beyond the fact that one of the classes - the Witch Doctor - was sort of like the Necromancer. Over the last few weeks I have completed the same 1-2 hour chunk of content multiple times, using each class. Here are some thoughts.

The most striking aspect of Diablo III doesn't come across in videos. It's the surprisingly active role that you adopt as you constantly scan the screen for interactive objects, take in environmental details such as blades of grass reacting to your attacks, and come across randomly spawned bits of content.

Of course there are monsters to click on, but they account for part of your attention rather than all of it. If you're observant you might spot a chandelier or crumbling wall to bring down on your opponents, or a loose tile containing loot, or a dying soldier with a final message. You never feel yourself reverting to passivity because there is always something that you haven't seen before.

It doesn't hurt that the game looks fantastic, not in a technical prowess sense but in terms of artistic style and execution. The word "painterly" gets thrown around a lot, and this time it applies. There were several times when I felt as though my character was standing in a painting rather than a bunch of textured polygons, a sensation made stronger by the very slight matte layer that seems to blend everything together.

Some people complain that the game seems too bright and colorful. Those people are mole people. I am serious, we have finally discovered the hidden race that's been below our feet all this time, biding their time and posting dumb shit about video games on our internet.

Diablo III is visually as dark as it could get without obscuring the art, which many games seem to purposely do in order to mask their deficiencies. Not only that, but the actual tone is very reminiscent of the original Diablo. There are fantastical elements and characters, but it's all grounded in a world that's full of bleak gothic detail. Your increased involvement with the environment helps the atmosphere come through in a much stronger way than most of Diablo II.

How's combat? The basics are still there, but everything feels drastically different due to the way that abilities work.

Rather than pumping points into skill trees to unlock and improve a handful of skills, you automatically gain specific skills upon reaching certain levels. As a result you will have access to all abilities at their full strength, with the only limitation being the amount of active skill slots in your hotbar. So far all of the skills seem roughly as effective as one another, just with different uses and mana costs.

There are permanent pets, temporary summons, direct damage attacks, slows, damage over time effects, buffs, debuffs, knockbacks, movement skills, heals, builders (free attacks which add to your mana/power), auras, skills that turn enemies into chickens, clones of yourself which draw attention then blow up, and variations on all of the above for short range, long range, area of effect, single target, penetrating, or channeled to name but a few. I wouldn't be surprised if there was a gravity gun somewhere in there.

Removing skill points did not dumb things down. If anything, you have more meaningful choices since creating a unique and valid playstyle from a pool of equally effective skills makes more sense than the old method of hamstringing yourself if you didn't follow one of the "best" cookie cutter builds.

There are also items called runestones which customize skills, giving them one of five possible variations. Take the Barbarian's Leap Attack for example, a simple targeted leap which does damage to the enemies you land on. Adding one runestone to Leap Attack stuns all impacted enemies by three seconds. Going with another runestone pulls all enemies towards your landing spot. Or maybe you want your armor to increase by 700% for a short time after leaping, or to do massive damage to all enemies near the point where you initially leapt from.

If anything, Diablo III seems intent on making your playstyle more important than any single skill, which is apparent right from the beginning of the game.

Towards the end of the beta you have a chance to recruit your first companion, which you can dress up and boss around to your heart's content. I didn't get a sense for how useful he was, but the guy certainly liked to gab about honor as we ran spears and swords through the bloated corpses of the wrongly killed and took all of their color-coded goodies.

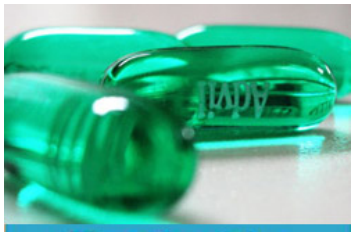
If I'm short on complaints, it's because the brief beta experience is polished as hell, nicely paced, varied, and full of changes that feel well executed. It's like playing an E3 game presentation, a feeling that comes full circle when everything reaches a terrific climax then says "Thanks for coming!" just as you want to see what's next.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.2 Available Treatments Offered at Campus Health Center

Sunday, Oct 02, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Congratulations on your new career at the Campus Health Center. As the primary caregiver within the university, you are responsible for helping thousands of students throughout the school year. To streamline the process and allow you to assist as many students as possible, here is a list of all ailments and corresponding treatments you are to encounter.



Condition: Migraine
Treatment: Two Advil

Condition: Kidney Infection
Treatment: STD Pamphlet

Condition: Diarrhea
Treatment: Lollipop

Condition: Coughing
Treatment: Pencil with Health Center Logo

Condition: Excessive Coughing
Treatment: Sample Packet of Claritin D

Condition: Hangover
Treatment: Lollipop, Half Advil

Condition: Restlessness
Treatment: Condom and or Dental Dam

Condition: Bee Sting (Normal Reaction)
Treatment: Two Advil

Condition: Bee Sting (Allergic Reaction)
Treatment: Two Advil

Condition: Sore Throat
Treatment: STD Pamphlet

Condition: Depression
Treatment: Pencil with Health Center Logo, Lollipop

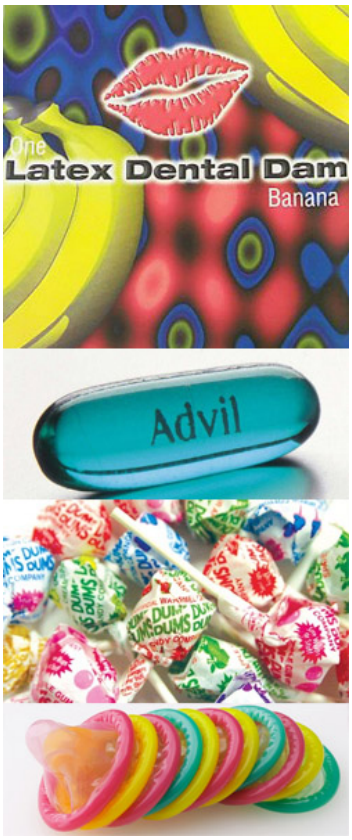
Condition: Bronchitis
Treatment: Lollipop, Sample Packet of Claritin D

Condition: Broken Bone
Treatment: Three Condoms, Dental Dam, Lollipop, Optional Advil

Condition: Anxiety
Treatment: Twelve STD Pamphlets

Condition: Undisclosed Feminine Issue (Physical)
Treatment: Two Advil

Condition: Alcohol Poisoning
Treatment: Two Lollipops



Condition: Runny Nose
Treatment: Pencil with Health Center Logo every hour for eight hours

Condition: Dementia
Treatment: Dental Dam folded inside STD Pamphlet stuffed inside Condom

Condition: Wound (Gunshot, Knife, Arrow--NOT CROSSBOW)
Treatment: Pencil with Health Center Logo, Condom

Condition: Undisclosed Feminine Issue (Mental)
Treatment: Eighteen Advils

Condition: Depression
Treatment: Sample Packet of Claritin D

Condition: Wound (Crossbow)
Treatment: Pencil with Health Center Logo, Dental Dam

Condition: Acne
Treatment: STD Pamphlet

Condition: Amputation
Treatment: Three Condoms, Lollipop

Condition: Hoarding
Treatment: Nine Pencils with Health Center Logo, Box of Condoms, Shipment of STD Pamphlets

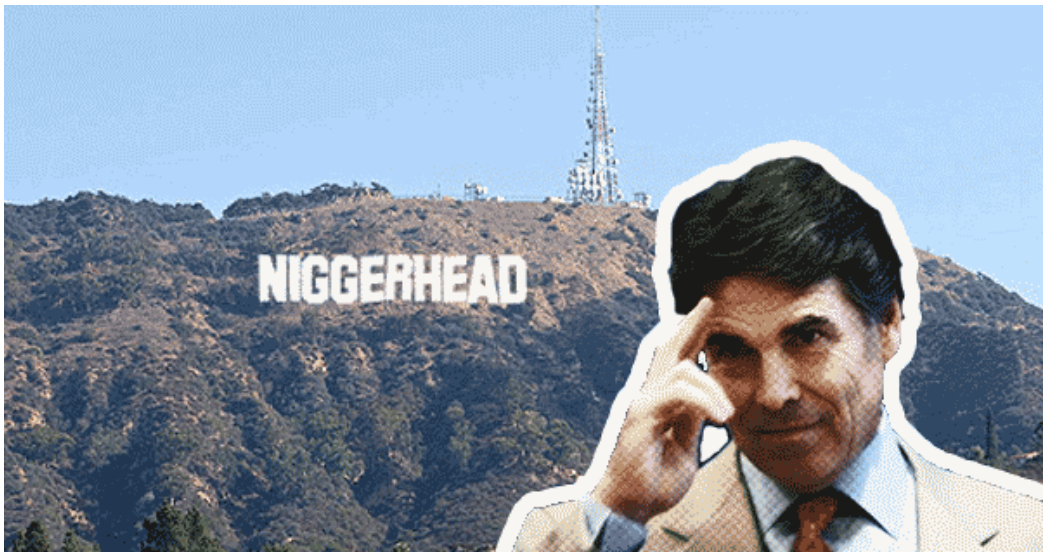
Condition: Painful Urination, Discharges
Treatment: Lollipop

If student does not suffer from listed ailment, have student return once listed ailment appears.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.3 Rick Perry is in All Sorts of N-word Trouble

Monday, Oct 03, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



If you smelled roasting meat and delicious pies over the weekend you weren't crazy. GOP big money donors were busy stapling a buffet to a podium to try to attract New Jersey Governor Chris Christie to run for their party's nomination. The application of lard to the microphone was made all the more desperate by Rick Perry, their fading great white hope, fading a little more with a scandal involving a leased property and a rock painted with the name, "Niggerhead."

Texas Governor Rick Perry blustered into Iowa just after its straw poll and slapped the microphone out of Michele Bachmann's talons. Despite his impeccable pro-secession credentials and Reaganesque swagger, Perry has proven to be something less than inspiring. True, his groin thrusting and his plainspoken threats of random violence appealed to a party that can't decide whether to boo a gay soldier or go looking for him on Craigslist, but Perry's debate performances have soured the right wing on him.

His defense of maybe the only two humane things he has done, HPV vaccines and college help for immigrant scholars, came across as an attack on the hyper-conservative audiences of the debates. A later attack on Mitt Romney spilled out of Rick Perry like Snowden's guts in a bomber over Italy.

Now there's Niggerhead.

> In the early years of his political career, Rick Perry began hosting fellow lawmakers, friends and supporters at his family's secluded West Texas hunting camp, a place known by the name painted in block letters across a large, flat rock standing upright at its gated entrance.
>
> *"Niggerhead," it read.*

Perry has been asked about good ol' Niggerhead before, but he brushed aside questions by stating his father painted over the Niggerhead rock shortly after leasing the property. Not so, say the seven people interviewed by the Washington Post.

> Another local who visited the property with Perry and the legislators in those years recalled seeing the rock with the name clearly visible.
>
> *"I thought, 'This is going to embarrass Rick some day,'?" said this person, who did not want to be named, fearing negative consequences from speaking on the subject.*

"This person, who did not want to be named, fearing negative consequences" is my favorite source in modern journalism. He gets around a lot and has all the best info.

Wait until they find out where Obama was palling around with terrorists.

The conservative blogosphere has been predictably forgiving of Perry, wondering why anyone should care about Rick Perry's ranch being named Niggerhead when song rappers can play their jungle music and say the n-word as much as they want. As one commenter on Free Republic eloquently put it, "the biggest racist and promoting the division is Obozo!"

Much has been made of the fact that Perry's father, not Perry, leased the property, although Perry's name was on the lease as recently as 2006. Perry has reasserted that he had his father remove the phrase from the sign (at the end of the driveway, keep in mind) despite the refutation by the original article. Visitors in the 1990s saw the name Niggerhead on the sign, the property was called Niggerhead and locals still refer to the property as Niggerhead.

That's all because this is a liberal trap. And one of Perry's GOP opponents fell for it.

Pepperoni expert Herman Cain frustrated his right-wing backers by leaping atop Al Sharpton's well-oiled shoulders and condemning Perry's bad dad rental rock.

> *"There isn't a more vile, negative word than the 'n word,' and for him to leave it there as long as they did is just plain insensitive to a lot of black people in this country," Cain said on "Fox News Sunday."*

Really, Herman Cain? No word more vile? What about "taxes?"

Those were the salad days of the Perry campaign. Or at least the embarrassing corn dog days.

Fortunately for Perry, the throne room full of inhuman ghouls that *really* choose GOP presidential nominees are unlikely to take the feelings of black people into account when making their selection. Why should they? A full 95% of black people voted for Obama in 2008. A GOP candidate is unlikely to fair much better in 2012, because black people are the real racists.

So what can Rick Perry do to get himself back in the game at this late point? He caught a lifeline after Bachmann flubbed her effective HPV attack by claiming the vaccine could turn kids into dwarves. He squandered his chance and plowed into the dirt with three debate performances that topped Ron Paul blaming 9/11 on firefighters. Add Niggerhead and things are dire. Unless Perry acts quickly the GOP might be looking at its first nominee that requires a car to get from Marine One to the White House.

Send enough Carvel ice cream cakes to the governor's mansion in New Jersey and maybe Christie will end up in a diabetic coma. That would just open the way

back up for Mitt Romney who has a 59-point plan for becoming president that he would really like you to look at so go to his Orkut page. Take Romney out and Michele Bachmann might seize the opportunity and take back the lead. The thought of Bachmann winning the nomination is chilling.

She could put her human eyeball contacts that she wears to conceal her goat eyes back in and say something long and crazy about never paying any taxes and leaving medicare alone. It would seem ridiculous, but she would be elected by literal willpower, concentrating all of her mental energy on minority voters until they turn into smoking green gems lying in the streets and piled in the backs of overcrowded pickup trucks. She can win, beat Obama, be inaugurated and then submit to Marcus and allow him to turn the White House into a non-stop disco party for all the way-straight guys he turned from being gay with aroma therapies and back rubs.

Actually, maybe we need Rick Perry. Let's forget about this whole Niggerhead thing. I'm sure it was harmless fun.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.4 The Friend

Tuesday, Oct 04, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The Friend, photographed in 2004

A Visit From an Old Friend

Four dead as beloved local object makes the Old Town rounds.

By David Thorpe / The Times-Standard

On Wednesday, The Friend-- the mysterious local curiosity that has killed hundreds of locals over the last half century-- shuffled into Eureka for what some fear could be its final appearance.

"It's been gone for so long, I kind of figured it wouldn't be back," said Paul Mazotti, restaurateur in Eureka's historic Old Town. "But I was out there talking to my brother Don about getting some work done on the roof, and all of a sudden I see the old fellow come around the corner, honking and flailing its chain. It whipped Don in the back of the neck, and he was down right away. I bet he never even knew what happened. Then it just kept rambling along."

"They say The Friend is getting rusty in his old age, but it sure was quick with that chain," Mazotti said. "It was almost frightening, in a way."

The Friend first shuffled into town on October 19th, 1958. On that outing, it whipped nine people to death, causing a major local panic and attracting nationwide media attention. "I think people didn't know what to make of it at first," said Lawrence Grassley, an amateur Friend expert who's been studying it history and observing its habits for over thirty years. "It was so efficient, just one whip in the neck and it could kill a person. Folks were scared of it. They thought it was some kind of a monster or a Cold War thing. They even called the National Guard on it, but of course guns didn't do anything. Back then, people didn't know what it was or why it killed people. And I

suppose they still don't."
The Friend continued to show up every few months, killing random Eurekans and defying any attempt to pacify or understand it. Over the years, the inevitability of The Friend's visits became a fact of Eureka life; by the mid sixties, opinion of the mystery monolith had shifted from fear and confusion to a sort of grudging acceptance. It was in 1966 that the Times-Standard first playfully referred to the object as "Our Friend," a name which stuck among locals. Sometime in 1967, an intrepid person painted the word "Friend" on the front of the object. The identity of the vandal-- and his or her fate-- remains unknown.

These days, The Friend is seen as an amusing local institution. The annual "Friends of The Friend" parade attracts almost two thousand revelers, many in homemade Friend costumes; as far as anyone knows, the real Friend has never made it to the event.

Though scientists have long since abandoned attempts to study the object, inquisitive locals persist. "We still don't know a lot about our Friend," Grassley said. "It doesn't like questions, and you can't get very close to it. It doesn't like having its picture taken. We do know a few things; It always shows up from the south, on E or F Street, and leaves to the east on 5th Street. You can't follow it to see where it goes, or it'll turn around and chase you away and probably kill you. It's never been to any other town, as far as we know. It mostly kills men. It likes dogs, or at least it likes following them around. Maybe it doesn't know how to kill them. Some people say it has some kind of personality, but I don't know about that."

Artist's Rendering by Josh Gainsbrugh

"I say it likes and dislikes things, but we should be careful about thinking it has emotions," Grassley warned. "I don't think it's alive. There isn't a person inside it, and I don't think it's controlled by a person. I don't think it was made by people."

To the dismay of many Eurekans, The Friend seems to be slowing down with age. "It's kind of sad," Old Town resident John Calvin told us. "Its honk is getting lower, and there's kind of a wheeze or a rattle to it. And I'm not sure if this is a good thing or a bad thing, but it's definitely killing a lot less people."

In its heyday, The Friend would show up almost every month to embark on shocking rampages, sometimes staying in town for six or seven hours and slaying upwards of a dozen people. The all-time record was set on October 26th, 1977, when The Friend killed 28 people, including then-mayor Walter Jones and noted sculptor Romano Gabriel. "Nowadays, it's a lot more sluggish. It shows up for three hours, maybe, and seems less driven in its terrible purpose," says Grassley. "In the last few years, I think the most people it's killed in a day is seven."

On its last visit in March of 2010, The Friend made its first visible stumble: it tripped on a curb outside the Lost Coast Brewery on 4th Street and lay helpless on the sidewalk for several hours, honking and flapping its chain. "It looked like a flipped tortoise," recalls Friendwatcher Lucas Morse. "Eventually, some guys from the Humboldt State rowing team took pity and came out and lifted it back up. It killed one of them and left. Everyone seemed pretty bummed out."

Perhaps, if indeed it has feelings, The Friend was humiliated. It didn't shuffle back into town until its Wednesday visit, when it made another embarrassing blunder: as it wandered down 2nd street, it fixated on a small tree and began whipping it. Patrons of Has Beans Coffee watched nervously as The Friend spent nearly half an hour tearing the tree to pieces with its chain. "I've never seen it try to kill a tree before," said Has Beans clerk and longtime Friend of the Friend Shauna Francis.

"I think it thought the tree was a person. After a while it just honked a bunch and left."

"It seemed confused. I'm really scared that it's going to die or something."

Fumbles aside, The Friend still has the power to impress a tourist, as Santa Rosa native Ann Sylvester found out. "I was outside Los Bagels with my husband Bill, and we heard this terrible honking, like a sick goose. Before I knew what was what, this thing came out and flailed its chain at Bill and his whole head popped off like a champagne cork. It was terrible."

"But on the other hand, I'm glad I got to see The Friend, because people tell me he might not be around much longer. It was a very interesting experience."

Also killed by The Friend last week were local man Bobby Novak, 29, and television presenter Joel Agnew, 64.

Thanks to Russell Thorpe and Josh Gainsbrugh for art friendship.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.5 Letters to a Girl

Wednesday, Oct 05, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Missed you at the book club tonight, but I understand if you had a party. Having fun is important, but not as important as partying. (Due to my social anxiety I don't find partying fun but still value it as ascetic self-torture.) The fact that you share my view makes me want to give you a hug, in a non-romantic way, of course. I don't think I've ever actually found hugs romantic - since they're the closest thing I've experienced to intimacy with a girl, I mainly associate them with base, carnal desire. But I promise our hug would be totally platonic.

How's finding me a girlfriend coming? I hope you find someone attracted to gay men. Not because I'm gay but because my masculinity is in a slump and I need a slow pitch.

I asked the cashier at Borders to marry me. I know you said to ask her out for coffee but I thought I'd use the classic bargaining tactic of asking for way more than you expect to get. She declined marriage, so I asked if we could hold hands. She declined that so I asked if we could get coffee. She declined that so I asked for a napkin because I was sweating. She said all she had was sani-wipes, but I was welcome to those. I sensed a shift in momentum, so I asked if we could hold hands again, at which point she called security.

As security came I tried to fend them off with a book, which happened to be Steve Harvey's "Act Like a Lady, Think Like a Man." I'm adopting its thesis, with one change - instead of acting like a lady and thinking like a man, I'm going to *act and think* like a man. Men are assertive, so from now on instead of asking for love I'm going to beg, since begging is a more assertive form of asking. I'll stand on a corner with a sign saying "Free Handjobs" and when people ask if I'm giving free handjobs I'll say no, I'm soliciting them.

I need some advice on dating - I just sent a mass "wink" on eHarmony and expect a flood of replies. Where's the best place to take a girl to dinner? I'm thinking McDonald's since I work there and get free food, but on the other hand I'm an emotional eater so if I were in love I might eat cheeseburgers until I had a heart attack. That would suck unless my date did CPR since that's almost second base.

I also have a couple questions about sex. I know girls have vaginas, but I've heard they also have "labias" and I don't want to confuse them. I sort of know what vaginas look like from college when I took Women's Studies and got medical school syndrome and thought my penis had turned into one. I image-searched "Vagina" in the computer lab but SafeSearch was on so I just got an MSPaint drawing that was either a vagina or the final boss of Quake. I've never seen a labia, though. Can you describe one to me? Not in a sexy way, since that would be cybersex, but in a cold, technical way. If it's anything like my mental image - a wet, pink barnacle with fangs - it's not that sexy anyway.

My other question is about sex being compared to chess. Guys at work do it and it always confuses me. What is the "king's gambit" or the "Sicilian defense?" If it's really graphic don't answer.

Drunk on Rumune (a mix of rum and Ramune) so I'll be honest: I'm attracted to you. I've concealed it so far because you have boyfriends, but I'm getting lonely, which is The Worst Thing in the World.

(Sorry about the weird capitalization. I sort of broke my keyboard in a freak accident while looking at porn.) So now that that's out in the open, I'm hoping we can go out. It doesn't have to mean anything, although I sort of want it to since the songs I've heard about meaningless relationships make them sound terrible. Even worse than being a virgin, which isn't that bad actually, except when I see Victoria's Secret commercials and suspect there isn't a secret at all, but can't be sure.

I thought of some sexy things I'd like you to say on our first date. Hopefully I can type them before my Enter key shorts out and sends th

You never returned my message. I hope you aren't mad, but if you are I understand. I got mad too, which is why I unfriended you on Facebook. I suffer from all-or-nothing thinking because I'm a technosexualist now and see everything in binary, so when my dating request returned a zero I responded in kind.

In hindsight I'm glad you turned me down. Sex isn't worth destroying our friendship over, since friendship is more erotic anyway; it's like foreplay that lasts forever. I wonder if there are friendship dominatrixes - you pay them to dominate you but instead they want to get coffee and talk about feelings and then stop returning your texts and ignore you in public until you're an empty crater of a person. If there aren't you should be one; you'd be good at it.

Sometimes I think I was meant to be a legless astronaut, the ones NASA clones to man tiny spacecraft. I might meet an alien girl with multiple arms of breasts and we'd fall in love. My lack of limbs and her surplus of them would complete each other, like fleshy tetris blocks.

Being born with parts missing, except for a reason.

So you ignored me at book club last night so I assume you don't want to be friends anymore. That's fine, since I was feeling trapped in this friendship anyway. I'm a free spirit like a unicorn or trashbear and you can put a bear in the circus but you can't make him wear stilts. I'm not sure what that last part means but I say it to all the girls who want to tame me, by putting it in my Gothspace profile, which I assume is read by a lot of girls who want to tame me, either figuratively or because they're equestrian fetishists.

This is my last message.

Last night while listening to the radio on the way to work I heard "Eighteen" by Alice Cooper. It reminded me of the time I took ecstasy at an Alice Cooper concert and was arrested, so to speak, by Cooper's evocative lyrics, but then got literally arrested by a police officer. The pat-down he gave me was the only time another hand has touched my genitals. This memory reminded me of how lonely I am so I decided to commit suicide.

I went into McDonald's and stuck the grease hose up my nose to siphon out my brains, but the hose sucked that night (or actually it didn't suck - HA!) so I only got a nosebleed. I decided to kill myself after work, but midway through my shift something funny happened: I thought of you, how I'd never hold you, never kiss you, never caress that part of your neck above your tattoo-removal scar. It was awful, and by awful I mean great, because it gave me something to look forward to: once I was dead, I'd never have to think of you again! I was so happy, my heart almost blew up.

Ironically, that happiness saved me. I decided any world where you can be so happy, even once, isn't worth leaving. I won't write you again. I owe you that much. You saved my life.

PS: Even though our friendship is over, I hope we can still be acquaintances.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

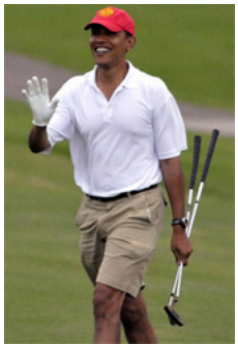
10.6 Are You Ready for Some Analogieeeees!?

Thursday, Oct 06, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hank Williams Jr.'s reworking of "All My Rowdy Friends" is perhaps the ultimate sports anthem; in fact, the only thing missing from this perfect summation of the prime-time, middle American football-watching experience is a woman crying hysterically in the background. Sadly, Williams will never get a chance to revisit to his masterwork, leaving the Gary Glitters of the world with no choice but to pick up the pieces with the help of several friendly and flexible boys from Southeast Asia. The reason? ESPN recently stripped Monday Night Football of its longtime theme, all because its creator recently decided a Fox News show made for the perfect occasion to take viewers on a tour of the nightmarishly uneducated political views rattling around his Skoal-diseased brain. They honestly should have expected as much from someone who consciously chooses to dress up as the police sketch of a rapist.

Hank Williams Jr. is literally one application of grease paint away from being a hobo clown.

If you're wondering what Hank Williams Jr. said to win the hearts and minds of hayseed morons countrywide, it's actually far less offensive than you'd think. On the subject of John Boehner and Barack Obama putting aside their differences to play a friendly game of golf as the country continued to rot around them, Williams had this to say: "Come on! It'd be like Hitler playing golf with Netanyahu." Delivered with the boastful swagger of a man who just ate a meal served with two kinds of ketchup, this line was undoubtedly pre-planned and written out phonetically on the inside of Hank's colossal post-cataract surgery sunglasses. Given the confidence Williams packed into this quip, it's unlikely that he's ever set foot on the Internet, where the logical conclusion to any argument is one side's gradual and unavoidable transformation into Adolf Q. Hitler.



Put the pieces together, people!

Of course, we don't need to go into the logistics of comparing Hitler to a shitty, milquetoast Democrat who, in the words of Bart Simpson, folds like Superman on laundry day. Liberals hate Obama for being the same war criminal/corporate shill in the tradition of every American President, so we can only stop and wonder how many n-words would echo though our abandoned main streets and business centers if Obama did anything remotely leftist. So really, why the anger? Hank Williams Jr., you are a millionaire for being able to control your chili burps and chaw intake long enough to sing the names of two teams once a week during football season. Only in America could a cretin who looks like he crawled out of some Hills Have Eyes sequel cash in on the good name of his father to build an empire that celebrates the life of being a sour, bloated barbecue fart. At least Hank Sr. had the good sense to OD in the 50s and escape witnessing his son mutate into some kind of terrible pigman.

There's a genuine sense of pro-Hank outrage exploding in Internet comment sections, which usually happens when someone says something incredibly stupid publicly and is forced to take responsibility. And this isn't the first time controversy has struck the dull, foamy domestic beer atmosphere of Monday Night Football; color commentator Rush Limbaugh made the mistake of saying something racist outside of his normal audience of guys in puffy hats hopped up on trucker speed and manifesto-writing gun nuts, and quickly returned to the safety of his studio

where he could mock people with debilitating neurological diseases in peace. Dennis Miller's stint on the show didn't end in controversy, but rather ABC's realization that they would never draw in the coveted audience of smart people who are also gigantic, intolerable assholes (this is also why they canceled Sports Night). If Monday Night Football continues its current trajectory, the show will eventually be taken off the air in 2015 when Ron Jaworski rolls up his sleeve on-air to reveal his new tattoo of Bugs Bunny in blackface.

So, in the post-being ready for football world, what are we to do? How can we possibly sit motionless for three hours without a disgusting bearded man first questioning our football preparedness? Are we to tug on our one fastened overall strap in agony, wailing "usetuh be a man could speak his mind," all the while wondering when our local representative will seriously entertain our pleas for a White History Month? Our children may not live in a world where the untalented children of actual musicians continually cash a check for some dumbass song they wrote 30 years ago, but evidence will forever exist in our culture proving that Hank Williams Jr. is a belligerent turd who takes the utmost pride in his astounding shitheadedness. And while "All My Rowdy Friends Are Here on Monday Night" may be lost to the ages, we at least have this:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xvNzhKTXweQ

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.7 I Don't Have to Justify This Shredded Wonderland to You

Friday, Oct 07, 2011 by The Cenegenics Grandpa (@sexyfacts4u)

Danny,

I'm sooooo sorry I scared you when you came to visit. Guess your eyes couldn't believe the 0% bodyfat demon your grandfather has turned into on this 365 regimen of brutalizing pyramids, neck crunches, trap rolls and mega kilo arm burners. Welcome to the throne room of my palace of flesh, Danny.

I spent thirty years raising kids like your ungrateful father who can't even look me in the eye - who won't even lavish ten seconds of attention on these high velocity guns I'm packing - I DESERVE this, Danny. You know who looked at me yesterday? A Burger King girl. She looked at me and I know what she was thinking. If I had a phone book I would have torn it up then and there and carried her out of there on my shoulder to sit on a throne in the palace and watch this pump routine

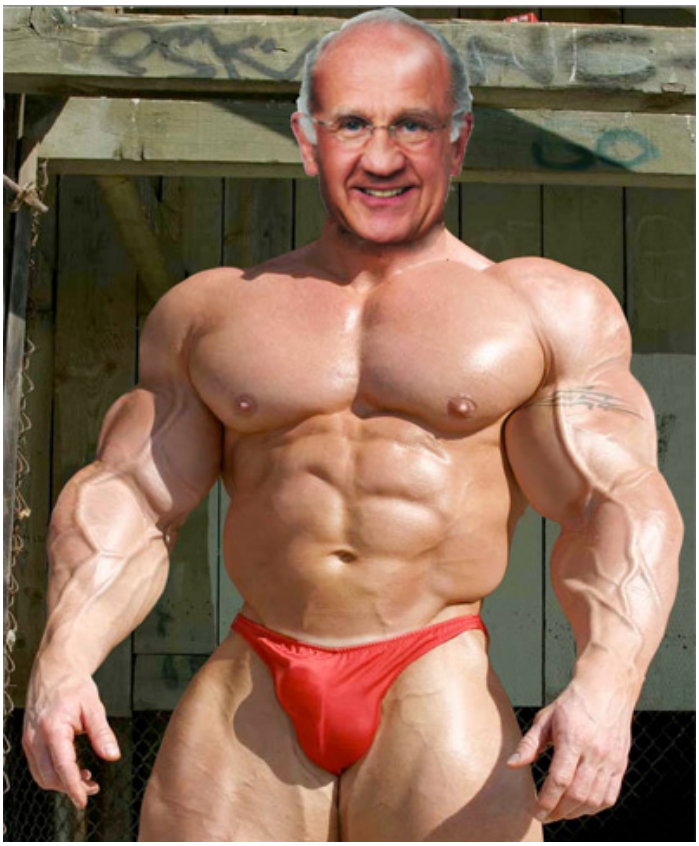
go DOWN.

I'm a beast, physically, mentally and now sensually. I'm ready to prove it.

So the next time you feel like crying because WHERE'S GRANDPA well sorry, Danny, he's dead. This magnificent Hulked out stud killed him and he's not coming back.

Love,

Grandpa Paul



Dear Danny,

another year, another tantrum from a real bad baby called Danny. Don't like what you see? I can't blame you. Your tender little tot arms are like pork legs compared to these Schwerer Gustavs I'm rolling out 24/7 and looking great doing it. Do you know what a tabard is, Danny? Of course not, because only bronzed barbarians in their physiosexual prime can wear a shirt that doesn't even have sides. It doesn't have sides, Danny, do you know why?

Because a shirt can't handle me anymore. I'm evolving. Cenegenics is involving me into a posthuman powergrandpa. I'm better than I've ever been. My balls have shrunk to the size of goldfish eyes but I just hammer harder, do you know what I mean, Danny? Of course not. Of course not.

You want a Hammersmith Viking God body you got to do three things. I will give you those things. Put the candy down. Put away the Nintendos.

First one is easy. Get old.

Number two, crazy upper body routine. I'm talking side scoots, ninety kilo kettlebells on full rotations, triple rep double sets, wagon tongues with and without the extensions, full glute roll ups and then do it all over and with the gym heat up to like 500 degrees. And if you don't got a gym, Danny, if there's no gym in that wasteland of fatty little lardos, then you just pop a hunk of concrete and rebar out of the wall and go to town.

Step three. Phase out all food and fluid and replace with cenegenics. It's all you need. Trust me. Your piss will turn black and your blood will turn like this Barney Dinosaur color. It's perfectly natural. This is caveman diet, minus all the meat and protein and plus whey and cenegenics.

I'm almost there, Danny. One more month and I will break through this.

See you on the other side.

Love,

Grandpa Paul.

Dear Danny,

I'm sorry you couldn't make it this year. Not really. Ha ha. A nine year old in this fantasy land of pumping? You'd get your little baked bean toes squashed under a free weight.

I've finally met someone who can keep up with me. You'd really like her. Nah, you wouldn't. You lack the intensity, the verve, the pure nitro in your veins, that it takes to live this life I'm in. It's like they say: GO BIG OR GO HOME. I've got that written on the wall of my gym. I stare at it as I power through the 900 rep burn out point and explode like a meteor up to 1400. These guns are ropy as hell, Danny. Ropy. When I flex it looks somebody draped an octopus on an oven-roasted chicken. When I megaload bench (amateur hour, but good for a laugh) it looks like the barbell is being held up by swamp trees with gnarly roots.

My heart pumps once per day. My blood is thick as paste. I'm changing. Let's do this. Let's do it.

I am including a picture of Rosa. She is next level. She is ready for whatever comes after this. We are into some Narnia zone, Danny. You wouldn't understand it. Beyond Harry Potter stuff. This is like, pumping, I mean, we're slowly become lions. Actual lions. I know it doesn't sound real but you'll see. We're zoo beasts. Fierce.

Danny, this is just for you. If you ever get old and you're lonely, I want you to have my tabard whenever I finish changing. Swing it over your head and me and Rosa will come out of the lockers with a big foggy cloud. We'll give you the cenegenics you need. Wars will be fought over this body, Danny. Welcome to the realm of perfection. True story.

Goodbye....

GRANMPA + ROSA

-∼The Cenegenics Grandpa (@sexyfacts4u)

10.8 How Arrested Development Could Go Terribly Wrong

Saturday, Oct 08, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Seemingly out of nowhere, Arrested Development is coming back for at least one more season and a feature film. If you're an internet asshole, your first instinct might be to might be to take a negative stance on the whole thing as a direct response to the vocal supporters of the show that have been clamoring for a comeback for years.

That's because you are an internet asshole. Why would you let other people's reactions have any bearing on your opinion of any form of entertainment? What's the purpose of keeping tabs on an imaginary popularity tipping point, beyond which you feel the need to anchor the opposite side by plopping down on the ground and crossing your arms, pouting loudly? You are way weirder than the people you're trying to spite. Yes, even the ones that thought they could bring the show back by signing online petitions.

That said, there are reasonable concerns. Five years have passed since the show's cancellation. Five years. Christ, we're getting old. Who knows how such an extended hiatus will impact the writers or the chemistry between the actors. It's all too easy to imagine how things could go terribly wrong.

- Two words: Laugh track. Three more words: Two laugh tracks. Combine them and you get: Three concurrent laugh tracks.

- Michael is now a forensic lawyer. Since he's on television, this means that he investigates and solves crimes all by himself with no oversight or any regard for proper procedure. He also interrogates bad guys until they confess to their wrongdoings. Half the time he gets bad guys to confess just by contradicting a minor flaw in their testimony, causing them to say something like "I just wanted her to shut up! I didn't mean to kill her!" for no good reason. Sometimes he also shoots people. Occasionally he's the judge.

- Taking a cue from The Office, the newest season will take the characters you love and remove all nuance, turning them into bickering assholes that trudge along rehashed storylines which rely on mindless conflict.

- Buster is stricken with a brain tumor. Every scene involving Buster consists of him looking out of a hospital window, crying, then knocking over a "Get Well" bouquet in anger.

- Michael Cera occasionally shows up as George Michael, wearing $500 shades and flipping through movie scripts. He frequently smirks or shrugs when he should clearly be delivering a line.

- After doing such a fantastic job the first time around, Charlize Theron reprises her role - not as

Rita but as her character in Monster.

- Gob has given up on his magic shows and money making schemes. He now has a 9 to 5 job, a loving wife, and a newborn baby. Half the show will now be devoted to observational humor centering around how crazy it is that babies are hard to take care of. They wake you up all night! They poop in their diapers and you have to change it! They cry and you can't figure out what they want! They don't eat the things they should! The comedic well never runs dry.

- To cut the workload by a considerable amount, all actors will learn to move and deliver their lines at 75% speed, and the show will be aired in slow motion.

- Tobias moves on from his Never Nude stage, gaining the confidence to see himself as others see him. He addresses his behavioral issues. Lindsay feels fulfilled. The couple mostly just stand together happily. When they speak, it is simply to address a misunderstanding or to offer reasonable alternatives to one of the other characters' madcap plans.

- Have you ever seen the Mythbusters? You know the younger crew, the ones that read their scripted casual chatter particularly poorly? The movie is going to 97 minutes of them overreacting to things off screen. We're talking the most braying, desperate yells of feigned excitement. Tons of pointing while asking "WHOA DID YOU SEE THAT?" Lots of high fives. Countless "WOOOOO!"s, and even a few shocked glances into the camera. In the 98th minute we will reveal what they've been reacting to -

- Lucille is no longer a physical person, but a cgi chipmunk. Her model is actually an early version of Theodore from the Three Chipmunks movie, and as such one side of her face is horribly scarred. The animation package is missing half of its assets, so Lucille just sort of slides around on the screen while her limbs cycle from outstretched to inside her body.

- As it turns out, it's much cheaper to just hire some bad actors to play repo men and follow them around with "reality" cameras to record staged confrontations. Paying the cast of the original series would have cost way more than this fat dude in a hot dog suit.

- Jeffrey Tambor will not be reprising his role as George Sr. In his place, that chubby guy from Balls Of Fury, Good Luck Chuck, and Take Me Home Tonight.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.9 Occupy Wall Street Spreads

Monday, Oct 10, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Occupy Wall Street

Going gangbusters. The ranks of protestors swell almost every day despite increasing resistance from police and a hostile, ultra-rich, miniature mayor.

Occupy Chicago

Currently experiencing difficulty as SEIU workers joining the protest are demanding the 505 Sign Makers Union and 235 Sign Hoisters Union be hired to do all the protesting for $36 an hour plus two hours for lunch.

Occupy Colorado Springs

"This is what democracy looks like!" chant ruined by perimeter of armored trucks from Fort Carson surrounding waste-water filled "free speech pit."

Occupy Las Vegas

Protest disbanded by police after being mistaken by tourists for Mexican kids handing out escort advertising cards. Considering relocation to Hoover Dam since nobody who works for the government will go anywhere near a giant infrastructure project.

Occupy Seattle

Drum circle and weed turned out to be way too excellent for the protest to stay focused. Light rain prompted a relocation to Top Pot for Diplomat drips and crullers.

Occupy Phoenix

Shut down by Joe Arpaio's SWAT team when someone posted on their Facebook that they thought it would be funny to bring a legal semi-automatic weapon "like those Tea Party idiots do." All

arrested protestors currently dressed in baby diapers at Sheriff Arpaio's new Baby Jail where men have to kiss guards ("mommies") to get their meals ("babas") and he webcam streams the entire jail for a monthly fee that goes to finance Maricopa County's newest anti-aircraft missile.

Occupy Miami

Protest held in different place every day depending on location of best food trucks according to twitter.

Occupy Los Angeles

Initial protest outside Mann's Chinese Theatre repeatedly disrupted by man in soiled Batman costume insisting he works for tips and then threatening to choke women unconscious when nobody wants to take a picture with him. Relocated to street outside the Scientology Celebrity Center. Protest now one third people demanding "FREE MUMIA" and two-thirds disguised Sea Org members protesting psychiatry.

Occupy Detroit

Protestors in downtown Detroit frightened away by aggressive panhandlers, rubble of downtown Detroit.

Occupy Washington, D.C.

Protest permit forced to share location with a political rally. Occupy protestors soon overwhelmed by the thousands thronging the streets and cheering in support of congressman and former Republican presidential candidate Thaddeus McCotter.

Occupy Dallas

Protestors drowned out by cheering football crowd and overshadowed by the giant American flag appearing on the Dallas Cowboys' 160-foot television screen.

Occupy Topeka

Class warfare declared illegal by Governor Sam Brownback. Protestors rounded up and forced to watch ultrasounds of their theoretical unborn children losing all income mobility due to overtaxation of job creators.

Occupy Montpelier

Vermont's capital city has fewer than 8,000 people and has technically been annexed by Occupy Wall Street according to the US Constitution. To celebrate the event a commemorative artisan apple jelly has been made available for a limited time.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.10 Smash Mouth Eats Eggs

Tuesday, Oct 11, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Today was pretty insane. Here are some photos and videos I took.

Someone left some Smash Mouth CDs out in the rain.

Pretty cool crowd forming in front of Johnny Garlic's.

Looks like they're setting up some bigtime eggs.

The San Jose Sharks mascot is here for mystery reasons.

At last! We all crowd around to watch something cool happen!

Around this point, one of the eggs Guy Fieri cracked into the Big Bowl of Raw Eggs had a fetus in it. He got it out with a spoon though and kept on cookin' as Steve shouted that he saw a baby.

Guy Fieri's eggs are perhaps a little hot to handle.

Rick came up on stage, who was helpful in finishing the eggs with Steve. Thanks Rick!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ckFA1S52f3o

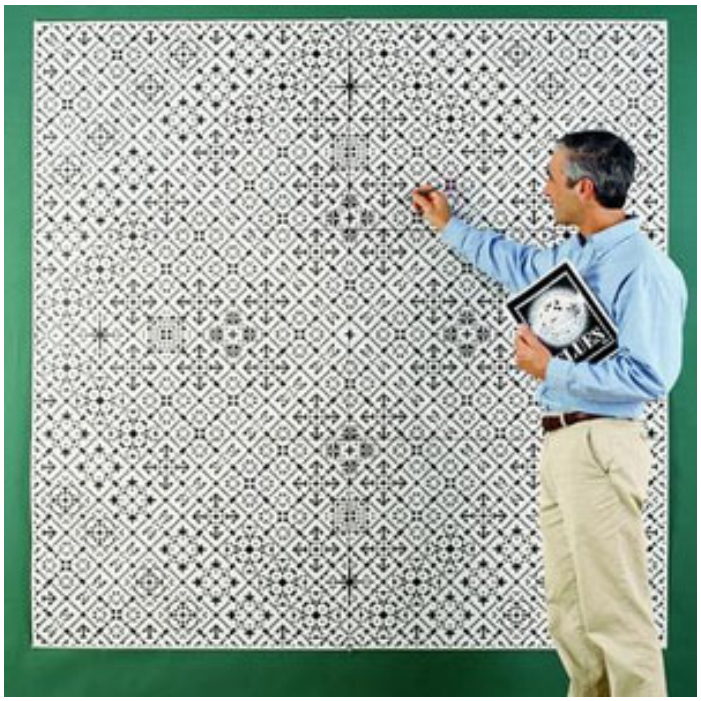
Thank you for watching. Steve was an excellent sport and did a great job eating a bunch of eggs that were way too spicy. A lot of money was raised for a very worthy charity (St. Jude's), and it'll all go to people and places that need it very badly. Now, let's never speak of today's events again.

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

10.11 Skymall Product Reviews: Largest Crossword Puzzle

Wednesday, Oct 12, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.



Customer Review: ★★★★★
By rorypepperdyne

My wife and children seem like a distant memory now that I have this wonderful crossword puzzle. I dread its completion, yet yearn to make it happen as soon as humanly possible. This must be how the male praying mantis feels.

Age: 35-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★
By dogboss from Leg Pull, AK

Meant to order item CSB101, Toilet Dog & Cat Water Bowl, but somehow got this instead. I was pleasantly surprised to say the least. I'm on cloud nine unlocking the biggest puzzle since the human genome. My dog is still drinking out of a non-toilet-shaped water bowl, but I'll find time to degrade him later.

Age: 30-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★
By satisfied_man from Bloomington, IN

Bought this for my father-in-law, who had the audacity to tell me he was the Crossword King. After watching him struggle for days on this mighty beast of a puzzle, I forced him to disavow his title and admit he is just a glorified crossword puzzle enthusiast at best. Thanks for putting that washed-up nobody in his place, SkyMall.

Age: 35-40

Customer Review:
By softhands

I love crossword puzzles and always wondered if I had the chops to take my game to the next level. Turns out I don't. Thank you SkyMall for making me realize the futility of my dream. I've decided to focus on something more attainable: Having really moist hands all the time. Doing great so far.

Age: 30-35

Customer Review:
By WellGroomed

I bought this as a retirement gift for my dear sweet mother. After not hearing from her for weeks, I visited her house and found she had bashed her head against this puzzle until she passed out and died. The material absorbed the blood readily, ruining the whole thing. Maybe future versions could be more glossy and fluid-resistant? $30 is a lot for a puzzle.

Age: 35-40

Customer Review:
By TwelveCats from Raleigh, NC

Kudos to the folks who made this but can anyone tell me if "dingle " is one of the words? If it is I won't have anything to do with this puzzle.

Age: Over 65

Customer Review:
By ANGRY CUSTOMER from THE SKY

First of all, SkyMall should not be selling this. I attempted to unfold this puzzle on a long cross-country flight and was told I needed to put it away because it was too big and interfering with other passengers and FAA safety regulations. I explained, "no, this product was sold by SkyMall and is therefore perfectly safe to use in the sky." I showed them the page in the SkyMall with this puzzle, and they still insisted I put it away. They also refused to let me use my Electric Leaf Mulcher (Item #373797J) during the flight. SkyMall should change its name and stop advertising on planes if its products are not acceptable to use during flights.

Age: 35-40

Customer Review:
By lostcause from Enumclaw, WA

I started this puzzle over a year ago and have just now finished the first upper left quadrant. Steadying my nerves for the upper right, and knowing full well each word will take a day off my life, if not more. I don't like what it's doing to me. I don't like it at all.

Age: 25-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆
By thirstyman

After working my way to the edges of this puzzle, I realized I could just start writing words on my wall, and with the complete freedom to choose those words instead of going off a clue book. I ripped the puzzle down and have been methodically writing all kinds of words on my walls with a red sharpie. It's great and doesn't cost me a dime. DON'T BUY THIS YOU DON'T NEED IT.

Age: 25-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆
By endvaccines from Boulder, CO

Bad, bad, bad, bad. This puzzle caused my autistic son to flip out and burn our house down. Product came with no warning about that.

Age: 35-40

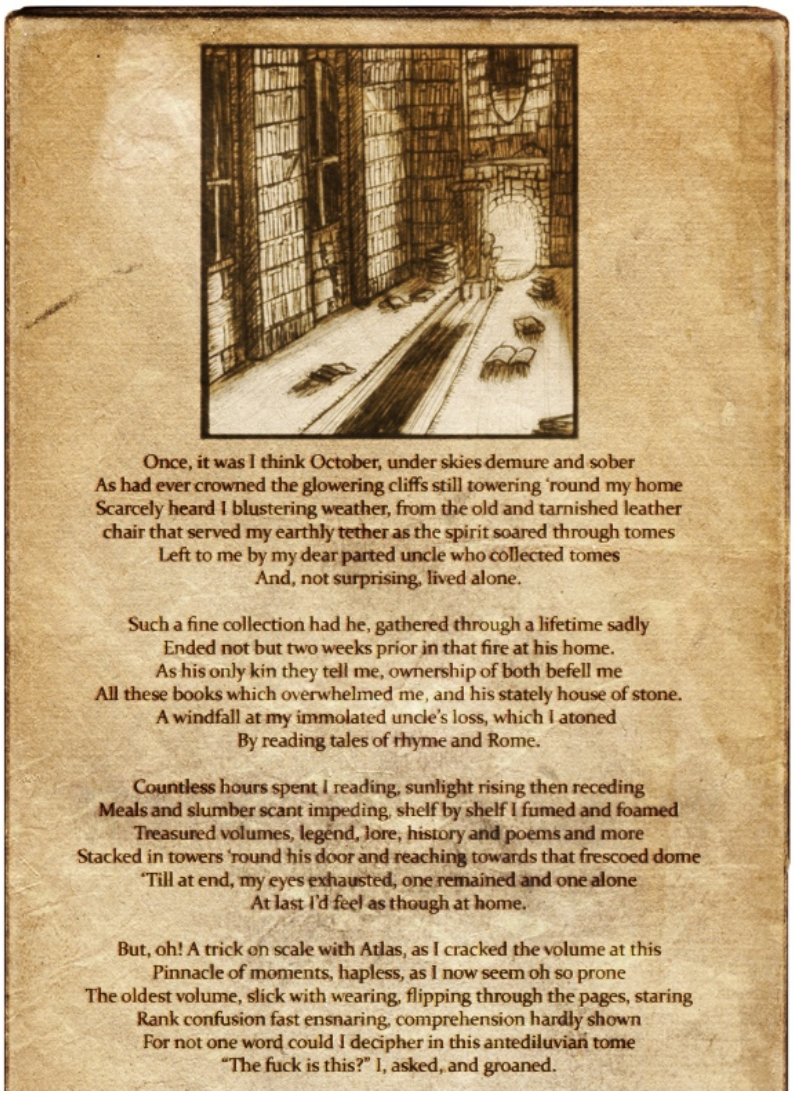
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.12 The Figure in the Fireplace

Thursday, Oct 13, 2011 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

Of the many ghoulish ghost stories penned by Groggery Tirade "Grog" Gibbonman, certainly none were better received than "The Figure in the Fireplace," a chilling verse first published in serialized form on the back of numerous medicine-show products released under the "Sergio Cal's Mystic Pastes of the Far East" line. The hocus-pocus medicines ultimately proved unpopular due to radiation poisoning, but the hallowed rime remains!

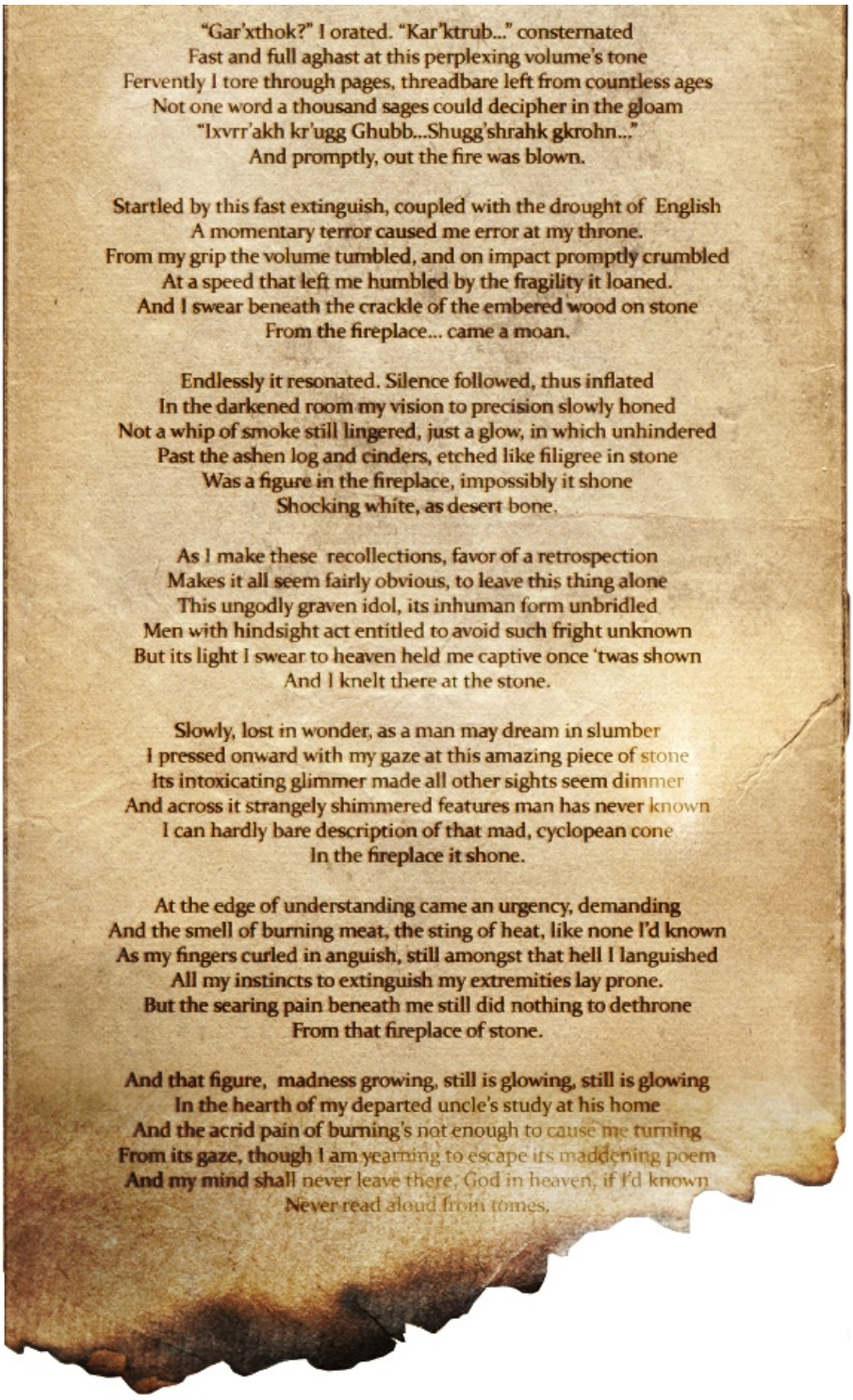


Once, it was I think October, under skies demure and sober
As had ever crowned the glowering cliffs still towering 'round my home
Scarcely heard I blustering weather, from the old and tarnished leather
chair that served my earthly tether as the spirit soared through tomes
Left to me by my dear parted uncle who collected tomes
And, not surprising, lived alone.

Such a fine collection had he, gathered through a lifetime sadly
Ended not but two weeks prior in that fire at his home.
As his only kin they tell me, ownership of both befell me
All these books which overwhelmed me, and his stately house of stone.
A windfall at my immolated uncle's loss, which I atoned
By reading tales of rhyme and Rome.

Countless hours spent I reading, sunlight rising then receding
Meals and slumber scant impeding, shelf by shelf I fumed and foamed
Treasured volumes, legend, lore, history and poems and more
Stacked in towers 'round his door and reaching towards that frescoed dome
'Till at end, my eyes exhausted, one remained and one alone
At last I'd feel as though at home.

But, oh! A trick on scale with Atlas, as I cracked the volume at this
Pinnacle of moments, hapless, as I now seem oh so prone
The oldest volume, slick with wearing, flipping through the pages, staring
Rank confusion fast ensnaring, comprehension hardly shown
For not one word could I decipher in this antediluvian tome
"The fuck is this?" I, asked, and groaned.



"Gar'xthok?" I orated. "Kar'ktrub..." consternated
Fast and full aghast at this perplexing volume's tone
Fervently I tore through pages, threadbare left from countless ages
Not one word a thousand sages could decipher in the gloam
"Ixvrr'akh kr'ugg Ghubb...Shugg'shrahk gkrohn..."
And promptly, out the fire was blown.

Startled by this fast extinguish, coupled with the drought of English
A momentary terror caused me error at my throne.
From my grip the volume tumbled, and on impact promptly crumbled
At a speed that left me humbled by the fragility it loaned.
And I swear beneath the crackle of the embered wood on stone
From the fireplace... came a moan.

Endlessly it resonated. Silence followed, thus inflated
In the darkened room my vision to precision slowly honed
Not a whip of smoke still lingered, just a glow, in which unhindered
Past the ashen log and cinders, etched like filigree in stone
Was a figure in the fireplace, impossibly it shone
Shocking white, as desert bone.

As I make these recollections, favor of a retrospection
Makes it all seem fairly obvious, to leave this thing alone
This ungodly graven idol, its inhuman form unbridled
Men with hindsight act entitled to avoid such fright unknown
But its light I swear to heaven held me captive once 'twas shown
And I knelt there at the stone.

Slowly, lost in wonder, as a man may dream in slumber
I pressed onward with my gaze at this amazing piece of stone
Its intoxicating glimmer made all other sights seem dimmer
And across it strangely shimmered features man has never known
I can hardly bare description of that mad, cyclopean cone
In the fireplace it shone.

At the edge of understanding came an urgency, demanding
And the smell of burning meat, the sting of heat, like none I'd known
As my fingers curled in anguish, still amongst that hell I languished
All my instincts to extinguish my extremities lay prone.
But the searing pain beneath me still did nothing to dethrone
From that fireplace of stone.

And that figure, madness growing, still is glowing, still is glowing
In the hearth of my departed uncle's study at his home
And the acrid pain of burning's not enough to cause me turning
From its gaze, though I am yearning to escape its maddening poem
And my mind shall never leave there, God in heaven, if I'd known
Never read aloud from tomes.

-~Ian "BFM" Helm

10.13 The Guy Who Threw a Hot Dog at Tiger Woods Had It Right

Friday, Oct 14, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Salvador Dali lived an outrageous life and drew inspiration from moments of absurdity, often of his own creation. I was reminded of Dali when I heard a man had hurled a hot dog at Tiger Woods. Dali would have enjoyed it. Something else was on Brandon Kelly's mind when he winged his weenie at the famous golfer.

> "I threw the hot dog toward Tiger Woods because I was inspired by the movie 'Drive,"' Kelly said. "As soon as the movie ended, I thought to myself, 'I have to do something courageous and epic. I have to throw a hot dog on the green in front of Tiger."

It's hard to imagine a scenario in which throwing a hot dog is epic, but otherwise, mission accomplished. A hot dog thrown in the general direction of Tiger Woods. According to reports - and a video being relentlessly scrubbed from the Internet - the hot dog sort of broke apart into its component parts and fell to the ground twenty feet away from Tiger Woods. The frank was flung close enough for security, who ushered Woods off the green and charged the sausage sniper. Kelly laid down on the green and put his hands over his head, denying the security commando with the greatest alacrity the pleasure of horse-collaring Kelly and pummeling him into the sod.

It's easy to see Brandon Kelly as a lunatic. Possibly a moron. Definitely somebody who misreads the message of movies. But hearing all the sneering coverage of this event on TV and reading it on the Internet I was struck that I sort of wanted Tiger Woods to be hit with a hot dog. It was not a compelling urge, more of a whim or a slight craving of the sort one might have for, say, a hot dog. I wanted to see Tiger Woods - the guy who once texted to a woman that he would hold her down and choke her - lining up a shot and getting smacked with a floppy, greasy tube of meat. Or a piece of pizza. Or an ice cream cone. Or a rotten piece of fruit. Just once and for a moment I wanted to see his life become unexpectedly interrupted by the absurd.

That is at the heart of why I believe Brandon Kelly deserves our respect. Society abhors the absurd. No greater threat exists to society than for us to realize we no longer have to take it seriously. People like those security guards are lurking everywhere, white blood cells in our collective human body, poised to surround and isolate and destroy the absurd. Ever seen a streaker run onto the field at a European football match? Even making fun of a doofus like Kelly is a response conditioned into us. Of course it's stupid for somebody to run onto the green at a golf game and chuck a hot dog at Tiger Woods. What an idiotic thing to do! What an absurd thing to do!

What inane bubble of self-importance could more desperately need puncturing than the world of golf? Rich people plodding around private parks with servants who give them clubs to swing away at balls. Those balls are so small they barely even register on the nationally-televised event. This tedious, slow-motion parade of geriatrics and wunderkinds is greeted with hushed reverence by onlookers. Even the announcers speak in a whisper. That sort of bullshit needs a hundred of Brandon Kelly.

Politics could use the occasional hot dog as well. On September 9th, 2009, President Obama was issuing one of his tedious and self-important State of the Unions when some boring thing he said prompted a Republican self-important moron by the name of Joe Wilson to shout, "You lie!" A huge uproar ensued. The event was just a boorish continuation of the usual Washington shitfight.

Wilson's barbaric yawp was a missed opportunity. A little absurdity might have deflated the pomp of a State of the Union. Marcy Kaptur might have thrown a gyro up at the podium. Eric Cantor could have tossed Purim candies at Nancy Pelosi. Or somebody in the gallery could have waited until a pause in the speech and made a huge fart sound with their hands.

Loathe though I am to use the word, that fart that echoed across 100 million TVs and played endlessly on Youtube videos would have been dangerously close to "epic."

Nothing big changed because of Brandon Kelly's inept hot dog assault. Tiger Woods walked away unharmed, the interminable match continued for all of the sad bodies who like golf and Brandon Kelly was escorted away to a brief stay in jail. But he goes home from jail with a story. He saw *Drive*, ate part of a lousy hot dog and now for the rest of his life he will be "that guy who threw the hot dog at Tiger Woods."

It seems pretty absurd, but what did you do with your Sunday? I procrastinated some projects around the house and watched something bad on Netflix. Brandon Kelly threw a hot dog at Tiger Woods.

I think Salvador Dali would side with Brandon Kelly over me and everyone else.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.14 Roger Ebert's Caption Crusade

Saturday, Oct 15, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

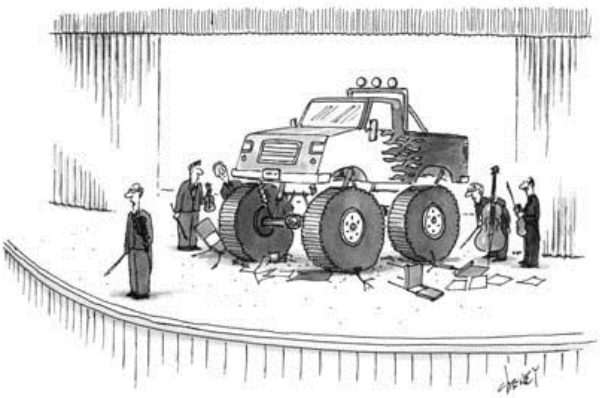
Roger Ebert is a beloved film critic, judging movies not by some arbitrary universal scale but by how well they are made. His reviews are elevated by an approachable writing style that seems effortless, though it is in fact the result of talent and decades of hard work. He is a tremendously smart and talented man.

Which makes his terrible New Yorker comic captions all the more puzzling.

Over the course of five years, Ebert submitted more than a hundred entries to The New Yorker cartoon caption contest, in which readers are presented with a single panel comic and asked to submit a witty line or two of text. Looking through his catalog of failed captions is akin to discovering Edgar Degas's hefty sketchbook of anatomically correct stick figures.

How can captions like these come from such an insightful man?

"I don't care how much time has passed, it's not okay to joke about my sister's death."



"So much for Obamacare!"

"I bought him this bed because it was on sale."

"If I was taller I could have opened my mouth and got a free hot dog."

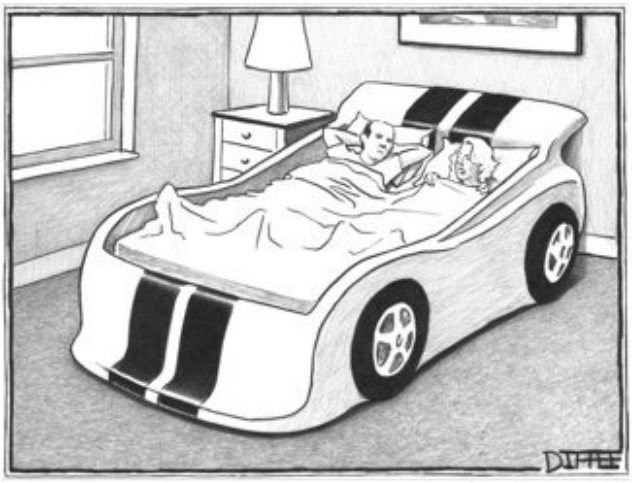
"Let the record show that while I have heard of empty suits before, this is ridiculous!"

"Feels like a womb in here."

"If no one is going to make room for me to sit I'll just lean here."

"I have a habit of spilling wine on my shirts, so I just stopped wearing shirts."

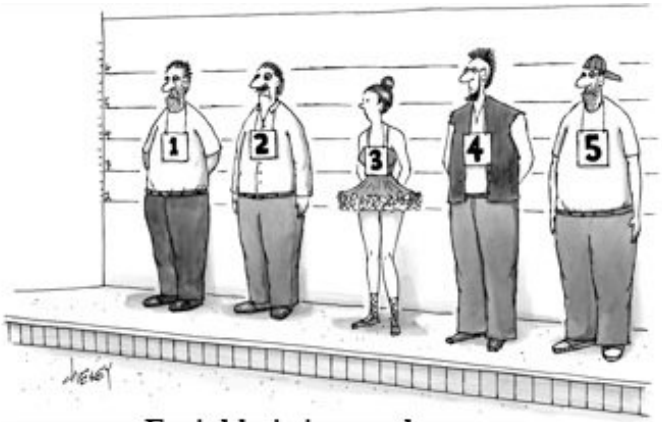
"Funny how there are never black people in New Yorker comics."



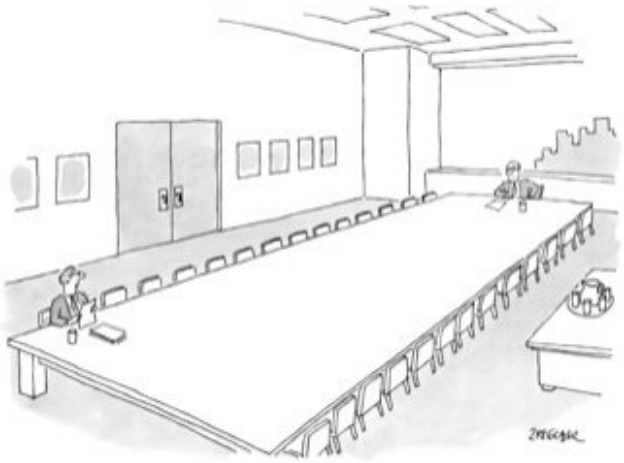
"There's no steering wheel because it's not a car. Stop asking me."

"Working hard or hardly working?"

"Husband, you have many weapons."



Facial hair is popular among non-ballerinas.



"I said my wife won't sleep with me."

"I'm talking on the phone."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.15 Tim Allen has Returned

Sunday, Oct 16, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Grunt, men. Grunt. Grunt for He has returned. Grunt for masculinity. Grunt for yourself. *Grunt.* For years men and women have mixed, mingled, and been friendly. No more. It is time for the barbwire fence between genders to be rebuilt, and we have the perfect Tool Man to help. Tim Allen

is back on television for the first time since AOL discs flooded your mailbox and if investments weren't so feminine, you should buy stock in lumber, power tools, and terrible jokes. Instead sit down in front of your television, put on a pair of boots, big leather ones, and enjoy. For the Man has returned from his great journey of *Wild Hogs* to bless you with his "wisdom." And by "wisdom" I mean his ability to melt a laugh track with a single "aurrrughh." Tim Allen is back on television

and not a second too late. The beer commercials did their best to maintain our caveman ideals, but they can only do so much. Looking around the television landscape we are surrounded by pansies. Can the boys of Mad Men patch a transmission? Does the Big Bang Theory drink Budweiser by the gallon? Hell, the cast of Sportscenter probably think domestic violence is a problem. Glee. Need I say more? Modern Family might be acceptable if one would execute all daughters, for there are only sons in Tim Allen's utopia and their names are Mark, Brad, and Randy. But nothing captures the ideals of "imagined gender dominance lacking reason and self awareness" quite like the work of the Big Man. Tim Allen is back on television and we are not ready. How many times have you grunted over the years? Be honest, brother. In his absence we have been left with, dare I say, emotions.

What have we become? Liberal east coast media proclaims that it is the end of men. Grunt in anger. We have let women escape the shackles we bound them in. We no longer mock them. We don't use DDT and we elected a president that enjoys basketball. It is time for a change. Do not worry. Tim will save us. Starvation, global warming, war-- there are many things the world needs, but we all agree that we could use a little more power. And he will give it to us. He will build a time machine that runs on hemis and red meat and he will bathe us in his outdated suburban masculinity. It will be Tool Time and us men can live his dream, forever trapped in adolescence. We will be babies, our diapers filled with motor oil. We will call our wives "mommy" and we will mean it. So grunt, brothers. Louder. Let the world know that we don't know how pathetic Tim

Allen is. Skin a live deer in your den. Carve the logo of his new show with a chainsaw. Like Doctor Pepper 10, the television will be just for men. And we shall live in our bubble. And we shall laugh at his jokes. And he will show us all that he understands muscle cars but not irony.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.16 Hilary Swank, Why You Don't Like My Birthday Party?

Monday, Oct 17, 2011 by Chechen President Ramzan Kadyrov (@sexyfacts4u)

Chechen President Ramzan Kadyrov made news recently for his lavish 35th birthday party in Grozny, which included live music, dancing and birthday wishes from celebrities including Jean-Claude Van Damme and Seal, the singer not the animal. Kadyrov is known for his love of beautiful women, expensive cars, Hollywood celebrities and ordering his loyal paramilitary force to commit atrocities. Word that Hilary Swank wished Kayrov happy birthday from the stage in Grozny created a storm of controversy in the United States. Hilary Swank issued an apology for attending the event. "I deeply regret attending this event. If I had a full understanding of what this event was apparently intended to be, I would never have gone." This hurt President Kadyrov's feelings very much.

Hilary you not like Lamborghini Countach? This is very best car. Fastest car. I give to you. Nobody can defeat you in speedrace inside Lamborghini Countach.

You hear I have put a head on a metal pipe and take through village to scare villager? Nyet. Not me, Hilary. I have give my word if a general does this I will not tell him to do it and I will give him the harshest punishment in Chechnya. This is punishment of head taking off and put on pipe. Is this good for you?

Hilary, we had good time. You like the giraffe I give you? Your gift bag full of diamonds? Why do you throw upon them back inside my face? Ah! It hurt me so much to think these lovely jewels will not gem your body my ***Million Dollar Baby***.

Here is panthergift I give to model from Moscow who died of accidental death strangulation because of loose rope in bathroom not anything with me

When I am giving a lawsuit to head of human rights organization which dare accuse me of snatching murder of Natalya Estemirova I think of you and these gems you not wear. Rest in assurance, FSB tell me that Tajiks were seen brandishing pistols in marketplace and speaking of caper with Natalya Estemirova. My good name is not involved.

What about Grozny Opera House, Hilary? You promise premiere of movie might be there. Maybe ***New Year's Eve*** which is "in production" on imdb? This is good film. Would you like Land Rover deluxe? I promise we will not hold trials of political prisoner in opera house until after premiere. I give you platinum AK-47.

When we release the dove I imagine I am a dove flying out into the sky and you are a dove also and we meet and are happy forever. Would you wear a bikini suit on my balcony at vacation villa? Many famous lady has worn bikini suit for picture including Sharon Stone and Jennifer Gray. I have gone to club with Boyz II Men. Do you like rap song? I get them back again, they do not apologize for anything.

In Chechnya we have special bunker underground we call family prison. It is good prison. Three hot and cot. It is for family of rebel fighter to be in prison until rebel fighter give himself up to my defense squads. You like ***24***? This is Jack Bauer 24 special prison. High security.

You want a panther I get you panther. If you like you can have sex with panther nobody judge you in my villa. Or you could kill it and eat it. Nobody miss him. One shot behind ear, quick and easy. Painless they say.

Have you ever seen paramilitary death squad brutally beating government soldiers according to 20 charge from international court? No, me either. I have never seen this happen. A lot of people have Amish beard and wear track suit at all of time here in Chechnya. It is basically national uniform.

Hilary I think we got off on the wrong foot. I make you deal: we forget all about this, you put on bikini suit and I give you a jet skis. How many you want. Ten jet skis. Snap of finger you have ten jetskis. The air in your face, the salty ocean stinging your skin like accusations that you personally order the execution of journalists. Maybe go slower on jet ski so it does not hurt so much.

36th birthday party in Grozny will be even bigger than last. Fourth place finisher at ***So You think You Can Dance*** season of 2008 Courtney Galiano will be there. Everybody I invite special celebrity will get their own Tajik boy child. Do not worry he has been de-scented. If you do not come to this party this boy does cry.

I mean it Hilary. Apology not accepted because you do not ever apologize for this good time we share. Unless you want to return the $6 million dollar blood money fee I paid you from treasury of people of Chechnya (who all love you in ***Amelia*** you bring history to life!).

-~Chechen President Ramzan Kadyrov (@sexyfacts4u)

10.17 KRUT-5 News: A Dangerous New Trend in Teen Bullying

Tuesday, Oct 18, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Deadly teen bullying trend sweeps Shaggy Butte

Could your child be next in crouching behind someone then getting pushed over crouched person epidemic? SHAGGY BUTTE - Shaggy Butte Senior High School sophomore Derek Horseley had a promising future ahead of him. He was an honor student, a junior varsity basketball player and an active member of the Key Club.

"He was such a bright kid," says DeVonne Horseley, his mother. "And now, he has nothing. No future at all."

On September 27th, Horseley became the latest victim of a bullying fad that's causing injury-- and potential death-- to untold numbers of teens in Shaggy Butte and beyond. It's called "crouching behind someone and pushing the person over the crouched person," and it could result in skull fractures, ankle twists, concussions and-- as in Horseley's case-- worse.

"I've heard of a lot of incidents of it recently," Shaggy Butte High principal Farrokh Bulsara. "Just the other day, we had to send a girl home because somebody had come up behind her, and then somebody else had advanced in front of the girl and pushed the girl over so she fell over the person crouching behind her. She got a little dinged up. They've been pulling that prank since back in my day, and it's always been pretty dangerous."

A brutal new innovation in bullying

Here's how the deadly new trend of crouching behind someone and pushing the person over the crouched person works: first, a child crouches behind a second child, who is standing. Then, a third child gets in front of the second child and shoves the second child. The second child falls backwards, tripping over the first child who had been crouching behind him or her.

This bullying is even more brutal than it sounds. According to Dr. Rick Lamby of Shaggy Butte Family Practice, crouching behind someone and pushing the person over the crouched person is not just fun and games-- it's life and death.

"People could really be hurt if someone crouched behind them and then a third person came up and pushed the person so they fell over the crouched person," Dr. Lamby tells us. "If I understand correctly what you're trying to describe, I can imagine someone really hurting their neck or head when they hit the ground. If they fell onto concrete, it could potentially injure the person who got pushed over the crouched person very much. I'm thinking fractured skulls, broken elbows, tweaked necks, you name it."

And it's almost as dangerous for the victims as it is for the perpetrators. "I really wouldn't recom-

mend this practice, even as a joke," Dr. Lamby continues. "Even the crouched person might get hurt, if the person who got pushed over the crouched person landed on the crouched person wrong. Or, if the person who got pushed over the crouched person thrust their legs out wrong, even the person who did the pushing of the other person could maybe get kicked."

A legal grey area

But there's something even more shocking than the act itself: there's no law against it.

"No, there isn't a specific law prohibiting that very specific act that you're describing, if I understand correctly what you're trying to say," said Shaggy Butte DA Prince Rogers Nelson. "But I would imagine shoving somebody over and injuring them would definitely be covered under existing assault laws."

But what about the person crouching behind the person getting shoved? "Again, I'm not sure I understand exactly the scenario you're describing," said Nelson, "but if the person was intentionally crouching behind the victim in such a way that a third party could more easily push the victim over and the victim would tumble over the person who was crouching, I would imagine we would also charge the crouching person with some form of assault."

"But no," Nelson admitted. "I don't believe there is any law that addresses this act in a specific way."

RIGHT NOW, OUR GOVERNMENT IS DOING THINGS WE THINK ONLY OTHER COUNTRIES DO.
RIGHT NOW, OUR GOVERNMENT IS DOING THINGS WE THINK ONLY OTHER COUNTRIES DO.

In this illustration, we see the potentially devastating effects of one person crouching behind a person and then another person coming up and pushing the person over the crouched person. Image courtesy of the Van Halen Institute of Arts and Letters.

Students desensitized to violence

"I've definitely heard of the thing where someone ducks behind you and then another person comes up and pushes you really hard so you fall over the person ducking behind you," said SBSHS junior Walter Coons. "I don't know if there's a name for that thing, but I saw a couple of people do it one time. It was pretty funny."

"I've done it to many people," said noted local bully Chad 'Doggie' Barkswell. "I've been the crouching person, and I've also been the person who pushed someone over the crouching person."

During the interview, a Barkswell accomplice named Hugo Rodney crouched behind a KRUT-5 reporter, and Barkswell pushed the KRUT-5 reporter in such a manner that she toppled over Hugo Rodney, who was crouching behind her.

"I believe this act has been called 'The Martyrdom of Saint Catherine of Alexandria,'" Barkswell noted, standing over our fallen reporter, "but I must further consult my texts to verify this."

No future for Derek Horseley

"We took Derek to the hospital because he said he felt dizzy after the person pushed him over a

crouching person," DeVonne Horseley tearfully recalled. "The doctor said he had a mild concussion, and he shouldn't play basketball for a few days. The coach was so mad that he kicked him off the team, and then his dad and I were so angry about that that we kicked him out of the house. Last I heard, he was not attending school and living with a male couch-owner friend and smoking marijuana 'jazz cigarettes.'"

"If we'd known how serious the thing was, where someone crouched behind him," said a wistful Horseley, "And then another person came up and pushed him down over the crouching person, maybe we never would have been so upset with him missing the game."

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.18 Dear Mr. Mayor: Get Rid of the Monolith

Wednesday, Oct 19, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dear Mr. Mayor series.

I don't know whose big idea it was to put that monolith in town, but please destroy it at once. It is constantly emitting an awful shrieking sound that's driving citizens mad. I saw Old Man Cornapple tear his eyeballs out, and he's probably the least dramatic man in town. Whatever it is, it's not of this world and certainly not meant for this world.

Why not put up that information kiosk in its place like I suggested? Would be more helpful if you ask me.

Geroge Handlebrother

Mayor & Friends,

I don't know if it's the new monolith you had installed in the town square or something else, but I've recently felt a profound urge to commit murder. I'm not normally a violent man, and I'm trying my best to subdue these urges, but, well, they're mighty strong. Just giving y'all a heads up so that when I do start tearing people apart with my bare hands, you don't shoot me or nothing and recognize that I am fulfilling the Monolith's will, which cannot be questioned and is above all human law.

Thanks much,

Larry Custer

Another day, another mayoral scandal. So, question, Mr. Mayor: Who paid for the monolith? As a taxpayer I didn't give my consent to the construction of an elaborate monolith that pries into the inner thoughts and desires of everyday citizens. We get enough Big Brother from the federals. You want to make this right with the voters? Carve the Ten Commandments on that thing. Then it's tax payer money well spent.

Pete Loam

Hey. Hey. Hey, Mayor. Hey. Hey.

The monolith, man. What gives? I don't know if you know this, but that thing is dangerous. Hey, hello? Dangerous. I saw it shoot out a bolt of lightning that vaporized an old man and three fat geese and one small one.

Jeffrey Bird

Mr. Mayor,
Re: Monolith

Has this always been there? Could have sworn I've never seen that monolith before. Went in to take another look, then found myself flying through the stars for what felt like thirty minutes. Then I was old all of a sudden, then I was a baby being born again 49 years ago. Been waiting since then

to write this letter. You might want to put up a fence around that thing.

Professor Rory Satch

Dear Mr. Mayor,

I cannot help but wonder if the installation of this temperamental monolith in town square has anything to do with plans to protest your mismanagement of the city. Citizens were extremely unhappy with your misappropriation of the mummy exhibit at the museum, and rightly so. Erecting a monolith that fires bolts of lightning indiscriminately, shrieks at people endlessly, and absorbs others is a tyrannical action if I've ever seen one.

Mr. Mayor, tear down that monolith.

Angela Chambers,
A concerned citizen

For heaven's sake, Mr. Mayor, the monolith is a public nuisance. Do you know that skateboarders are jumping off of it and grinding on it and doing their obscene skateboard tricks on it? If that thing is just going to attract hooligans then it needs to be torn down. And you need to round these skateboarders up and put them in prison where they belong. Skateboarding *is* a crime, Mr. Mayor. Read the damn constitution.

Herbert Smiley

Mr. Mayor,

I have to question the sanity of adding a monolith to the center of town instead of wheelchair ramps. Many disabled residents can't get around town, let alone see this fancy new monolith. Here's a suggestion -- turn that monolith into some wheelchair ramps. Just cut it into two big wedges and problem solved.

Dolores Krokk

Mr. Mayor,

I am a deeply spiritual person with a strong devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ. That monolith challenges what I know and believe in my heart, so I am asking your permission to shoot the monolith and shoot it dead. I have a gun, I have good aim, and I am a firm believer.

Just give the word. I've got the monolith glassed already.

Dan Moodbeard

Dear Mr. Mayor,

DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE MONOLITH! I don't know if you've seen it lately but somebody spray-painted the A-word on it in big red letters. I think you know which one. Why hasn't it been washed off?

Also can you please do something about the homeless people wandering town square. Many of them

seem very violent and mentally ill. They just wander the streets beating their heads against glass and walls and it is very unsettling, but not nearly as unsettling as that dirty word on display for all to see.

Gladys Hurtch

Dear Concerned Resident,

Thank you very much for showing your civic pride in the form of a strongly worded letter. Many residents choose to demonstrate their pride in less productive and less legal ways, so we appreciate you choosing the pen over the sword. It is restrained citizens like you that make this town great.

Regarding the monolith that appeared in town: The Mayor professes no knowledge of its origins, and declares with absolute confidence that the Monolith's sudden appearance in our humble town has nothing to do with him activating a strange golden disc he discovered in his backyard, though the timing is clearly unfortunate.

To neutralize the Monolith and the danger it poses, The Mayor has pledged to bury the entirety of the town square under eight feet of concrete, then build a brand new town square on top of that. Unfortunately, due to budget problems we will be unable to provide wheelchair ramps to the newly elevated town square until such a time that the necessary funds can be allocated.

Before construction commences, the Mayor advises all residents to avoid town square and to especially avoid touching or communing with the Monolith, worshipping the Monolith, or disappearing into its dark form should it grant you passage.

Thank you,

Janet Cowers,

Deputy Mayor

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.19 62 Intolerable Years of Beetle Bailey

Thursday, Oct 20, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Holy Christ, I can't believe this. 62 Years of Beetle Bailey. 62 Intolerable Years of Beetle Bailey. All in one book. How could this happen? Hi, I'm from Time-Life Books and we are selling this for some reason. They are recording my voice and image as I am speaking these words. Are you kidding me? 62 Years? Okay, you're nodding. My God. Someone has been doing this for 62 years. Well here it is, anyway.

Check it out. Just get a gander at this motherfucking book. It's full of all your favorite dumbshit characters. Remember how they entertained you with their antics? No? Because they didn't. The only time you ever laughed at Beetle Bailey was when your friend drew nipples on Miss Buxley. Turn up that light, Steve; I want people to know this is real. Christ. Look at it. It's not even worth burning.

Okay, let's get this over with. Thousands. Thousands of pages. You could waste your life reading this shit. Many have. Apparently someone on the third floor thought this should be preserved for the future. So further generations can be bored out of their goddamned minds by inane garbage. How much is this, again? 135 dollars. And we're not just selling this to nursing homes? Okay.

Let's crack this open. Wow. At least 10 Baileys per page. If each of these strips was a grain of sand, it'd take nearly an entire day to empty Satan's Hourglass. Look! He's sleeping in a hammock in at least half of these. Parents, do you hate your children, but don't want to suffer the legal repercussions of poisoning them? Sell your TV and buy them this book. I guarantee they will walk out of your life and into the nearest open, abandoned refrigerator, and with no questions asked.

Can you imagine if your friends walked into your house and saw this thing resting comfortably on your coffee table? No jury would convict them if they killed you right then and there, preferably with the book itself. We're still rolling? Fine. And who could forget all of those memorable characters? Damnit, wheel that thing closer. Oh yeah, Beetle Bailey, of course. Just turn it off, I got this. And then there's the fat guy who yells at him, and then there's an Asian guy and a black guy, I think? Have any of these assholes even seen combat? What kind of horrible, endless conflict are they trapped in? Buy the book, and learn nothing. Just a bunch of morons eating gigantic sandwiches and turkey legs.

Okay, right. Says here there's a foreward by Mort Walker? Christ, the guy has to be at least 90 years old. Someone out there tell me what nursing home he's rotting away in. I'm going to go there and spit right in his wrinkled face. What the -- he did Hi and Lois, too? Am I understanding correctly that the American populace has such low standards for entertainment that they've allowed this unholy pair to waste at least eight seconds of their life on a daily basis since the 1950s? The fact that no one has invaded us yet absolutely astounds me.

Okay, let's wrap this up. Get a good zoom on that bad boy. You listening to me? Do you find The Middletons too offensive? Then lift that withered, arthritic hand now and give us a call, you piece of human filth. Operators are standing by, and don't want to hear about your grandchildren.

What's that, Steve? Okay, I've just gotten word that the U.S. Postal Service refuses to deliver this, so please inquire about one of our many overpriced shipping options. Just look at what the critics are saying! I don't care anymore.

"Fuck... Just.... *fuck.*"

- Leroy Stansworth, *Literacy World*

"I watched my wife die of inoperable cancer and I would rather experience that again than read a single page of this monstrosity."

- Thurston Schramer, *The Scholastic Junior Reader for Kids Grades 4-6*

"I have seen the true face of horror, and it is Mort Walker."

- "Scary" Larry Fillmore, *Fangoria*

"Life had meaning once."

- Beth Farkus, *Bookums*

"Please do not send unsolicited packages to the New York Times mailroom."

- Steve Washingon, Senior Mailroom Clerk, *The New York Times*

-∼ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.20 We Shouldn't Have Bought A Zoo

Friday, Oct 21, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Holy shit, what were we thinking?

Todd said start over. I quit my job, moved everybody out to the country. I just wanted to Country Baby this shit up out here, you know? Raise some apricot trees, make some compotes or whatever the fuck. Home school my ungrateful kids about the gold standard. Pastoral shit.

Is this zoo thing legal? Can that asshole realtor spring a zoo on me after I brought the property?

There are tigers in cages in our backyard. Tigers. I have a seven-year-old daughter. She looks like 50 pounds of raw steak crammed into a ballet dress to these things. Oh motherfuck, what am I gonna do? I feel sick. I need to sit down. Ooooooofff. I feel like I'm gonna pass out.

Rosie, why did you let me buy this? I can barely take care of you and you're a little kid. There's like an ostrich running around in my yard that looks like he wants to tear open my ball bag.

Ohhhhh god. Oh god. Bears. What do bears eat? Honey? Look at the size of those fuckers it must take oil drums of honey. That shit isn't cheap. Where do you even get that?

Ohhhhhh fuck. Watch where you step by the bridge. Who has alligators in this part of the country? I do, apparently.

Monkeys. Great. Wonderful. Just what I needed. I know I woke up this morning and I said, "I have a lot of shit going on in my life but please lord, god, lord if you are listening, just give me like fifteen crazy pissed off monkeys that I have to figure out how to feed." I sure hope monkeys like expired bread. You like that? The ducks like that. The ducks are team players.

Giraffe I can deal with. That's like a crazy horse, right? Just throw some apples up in the air at its head. It can catch apples, right? Come on, catch the apple you dumb shit. Come on! Fuuuuuuck. I can't stand here all day juggling apples for this motherfucker. Get a ladder I'm going to set some apples on the--oh it kicked over the ladder. Well maybe you can eat a bird then you son of a bitch.

Rosie! Kids, where you going? You can't leave me with all these things. There's some sort of family of giant ground hog looking things walking around in a pen back there. Help me figure out what

those things are. Muskrats? This place smells so bad. DONE. Done. It tried to bite me. Did you see? This rat thing can suck my dick.

Do you have any idea how much these fucking things eat? What is this, a cheetah? Maybe we can feed it the rat things.

I admit it. I should have kept my job at the office. The country is horrible. Starting over is horrible. I don't want a fucking zoo. What am I gonna learn about myself and about the meaning of love and nurturing by getting crazy bites from tigers and shit like that? Fuck this. We are not doing this. I can't handle this degree of responsibility.

Alright, here's what we're gonna do. I've got it. Here's what we do. You stay in the car, lock the doors, and daddy is going to go get the gasoline. Lots and lots of gasoline. Then I'm gonna go get you guys an ice cream cake and any toy you want. Good deal?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.21 Plays Within Plays

Saturday, Oct 22, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"Detective," sighed the small man at the door. "Thank goodness you're here. Please, come inside."

A fancy dining table stood at the center of the studio apartment, surrounded by a loose circle of cameras on tripods. Small groups of oddly dressed people spoke in hushed tones to one another, eyeing me with apprehension. Some wore modern clothes, some seemed to have stepped out of the 1930s.

The patrolman at my elbow urged our host to continue as I continued my visual sweep of the room.

"Well, it's complicated," said the small man, licking his lips as his oversized head swiveled between us, unsure who to address. "I'm directing and starring in an independent film. It's about a group of television actors who are also spies, all of which are attempting to work on the same show while figuring out which of them is a jewel thief. The television show they're all working on is actually a front for the mob. They are taping an episode of the television show in which all the characters are taking part in a dinner play, one of those murder mysteries. The murder mystery is about a group of people at a murder mystery dinner party who discover a real body."

I blinked.

"That all sounds very... huh. Why have you called us out here tonight, sir?"

The director frowned, averting his gaze as though ashamed.

"It feels like some sort of actual crime might have been committed in the middle of all this. We're just not sure what it was."

I blew my cheeks out and produced a small notebook. "Before we continue, I'd like to get your name."

He gave me several. Gavin Proctor, Lane Ziggen, Raul D'Romantico. I nodded as if I understood which was his real name and which belonged to his characters. Getting the facts wrong is more helpful in an investigation than you'd think. Many a case has been solved at the outset by reading everything I had written about a suspect aloud, letting them correct me on every detail, including the line that said "did not commit the murder".

"I couldn't help but notice your cameras. Those aren't the oversized film jobs that you see in movies, they almost look like regular old still cameras on tripods."

"Good catch." Gavin Proctor nodded. "Our cameramen are also actors. We're on an extremely low budget, so everyone performs several jobs. Our lead actress is also our first aid technician, key grip, and the supporting actress in the television show. They set the cameras on timers then jump into the scene and hope for the best."

"So it's a stop motion film?"

Raul D'Romantico laughed.

"Oh goodness, no. Each camera takes one picture every second. Films are typically projected at approximately 24 frames per second, so we duplicate every picture 23 times, then move them slightly

up and down or right and left, depending upon what the mood of the scene calls for."

Two more officers arrived at the front door, wheeling in the Clue-O-Tron. The hulking robot was a marvel of investigative technology which just happened to have been designed and built by yours truly. Forget fingerprints, zoom and enhance, and DNA testing. The Clue-O-Tron was the future.

After several minutes of careful maneuvering, the Clue-O-Tron stood in the center of the apartment, his head gouging a hole in the ceiling that trailed back to the ruined doorway. At my signal, the uniformed officers yanked at the chainsaw starter cords on the robot's ankles. The Clue-O-Tron rumbled to life, billowing thick clouds of greasy black smoke as he repeated his neverending mantra of "SEEKING CLUES".

Clue-O-Tron stomped around the room in wild fits and starts, occasionally walking against a corner. His torso continually spun in a blur, extended arms raking objects and walls alike with thirteen inch claws. Downward facing blowtorches in his kneecaps roasted every inch of the floor that his massive iron feet failed to stomp into an unrecognizable mess.

In time, Clue-O-Tron ran out of gas. One of the officers gingerly made his way to the robot's print readout, analyzing the data to see if any clues had been uncovered. He met my eyes and frowned, shaking his head. Damn it. One of these days my robot would actually find a clue. One of these days.

"Bring in the secret weapon," I growled. Moments later, a steel barrel was carefully brought into the room.

"What in the world is that?" Lane Ziggen's eyes widened as he took in the assortment of warning stickers affixed to the barrel.

"Have you ever seen lemon juice reveal a hidden message? That's the acidity. This stuff is the most acidic substance known to man. If there's anything to uncover, we'll find it."

With that, a uniformed officer tipped the container over and ran for the hallway, his fingers pinched across his nose and his mouth held shut.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.22 Breakdown: What Does Occupy Wall Street Want?

Sunday, Oct 23, 2011 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

There's a bunch of screaming, angry, incoherent weird people with signs gathering in large crowds across the country, and for once it's not the Tea Party. So what do the Occupy Wall Street protesters want? We took an informal poll and discovered groups of people with the following ideals and beliefs:

- 16,283: The government needs to impose salary caps for all businesses. If an individual ends up getting paid "too much" money, the government should fire and replace them with energy-efficient scooters. *Recyclable* energy-efficient scooters. From Darfur.

- 16,008: Free health care for every American and also non-Americans. This program should be able to cure every disease and also make it impossible to ever die. Also every year on your birthday the government should send you a check for $1,000 that says "GREAT JOB!!! XOXOXO UNCLE SAM"

- 15,998: "Being poor" should be a professional occupation subsidized by the rich, a job which can pay up to $56,000 annually. Tenure should be provided to individuals who do the best job being poor. This will ensure they do not end up living a life of poverty.

- 15,002: There are currently too many people who do not belong to unions. This can be fixed by creating a Global Union of Human Beings, which any person automatically joins upon being born. Union benefits include two free bumper stickers and the promise to fight for any human being who has their job replaced by a non-human being (exempting recyclable energy-efficient scooters from Darfur).

- 15,001: Banks should not be permitted to make money; they should only be allowed to lose money. But not our money... somebody ***else's*** money (emphasis on the key part of the statement).

- 14,781: Something seriously needs to be done about this whole global warming thing. We don't really have a concrete plan on how to solve it, but we'll just come up with shit and will judge its success on how many people it annoys. Maybe make it illegal to be warm or something.

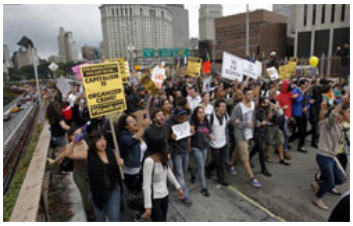
- 13,850: Free Troy Davis' corpse.

- 13,129: There needs to be more jobs. There also needs to be less pollution. Replace pollution with jobs.

- 13,121: Remember that George W. Bush guy? He was a terrible president. We just wanted to remind anybody in case they forgot.

- 13,121: Also Dick Cheney.

- 12,677: Instead of shooting guys in the Middle East, our soldiers should be having gay sex with them.



- 12,003: Immigration laws must be reformed. Simply touching American soil should instantly make you an automatic American citizen. Mailing a foreigner a package of dirt from Ohio will immediately transform them into an American upon signing for the delivery. Also if you turn on the television and see an American on it, you become a citizen as well, regardless of where you are located.
- 11,873: Instead of forcing citizens to do it, Wall Street should pay to occupy itself.
- 11,295: The teachers union needs more rights and power. Instead of basing performance on student test scores, teachers will be rewarded based on the number of times they are able to correctly spell their own name.
- 10,911: More jobs for poor people, less jobs for rich people. Middle class people will keep the same amount of jobs they currently have, but they should be given coupons to trade their job in for another job of equal or lesser value (does not expire).
- 10,673: The government is far too corrupt and bloated. A new, bonus government should be created, with the explicit purpose of monitoring the other government. The bonus government should employ more public employees and have a larger budget than the original government, because that would obviously make it more effective.
- 10,271: CCP Games is ruining EVE Online's fragile economy and must be stopped at all costs.
- 9,972: It is not fair that a lot of money goes to rich people while only a little bit of money goes to poor people. For the sake of equality, all the money should instead go to the government.
- 8,883: Investment bankers are ruining the global economy. The fundamental principles of banking and investing are corrupt. To prevent another global meltdown, all numbers should be considered subjective. At any moment in time, the number 9 could suddenly become the number 46, and vice versa. Any number greater than 2,000,000 should be illegal.
- 8,102: Bring back "Arrested Development." Oh wait, they did bring it back. Well in that case, this is a preemptive protest for when it is inevitably canceled once more.
- 7,839: Guns are the leading cause of all gun-related murders, so guns should be illegal. Knives are the second highest leading cause of all gun-related murders, so they should also be illegal. Hell, let's just make murder illegal. That should solve the problem.
- 7,127: Atheism should be taught in all schools to counteract the Christians in our culture, who are all intolerant racists possessing extremely narrow, sweeping, judgmental worldviews.
- 6,231: A liberal scientific thinktank has conclusively proven the validity of the equation "TEA PARTY =NAZIS." This fact must be revealed and shared with the general public through the use of red markers on cardboard signs.

- 6,008: Automobile manufacturers should be required to install car seats that allow the driver to have an abortion while operating their vehicle. The dead baby should then be processed and used as biofuel.
- 5,998: The government should encourage eating anybody who earns over $250,000 a year.
- 4,289: There should be more support for gay marriage. Anybody should be able to have a gay marriage, regardless of sexual orientation or lack of partner. Any baby born should automatically be gay married to another baby by default, unless the baby signs a document stating otherwise.
- 3,165: The government should approve more research money to produce vegan tapwater.
- 2,971: Government should subsidize iPhones for all Americans (ie, "only poor Americans").
- 2,506: Support for impractical, unsustainable, expensive, inefficient renewable energy sources that inconvenience everyone involved and cause more problems than they solve. Maybe a windmill powered by sand that is delivered to homes via horseback.
- 2,288: Close Guantanamo Bay. Open more Trader Joe's.
- 1,963: The government should move Wall Street to somewhere more comfortable, like an open field or a beach maybe. That would really help us all occupy it more efficiently. Make it closer to our apartments too.
- 1,584: Free college education offering degrees available through the internet. Possible majors include Advanced Blogging, Politics Arguing, and Minecraft Playing.
- 963: White people shouldn't be allowed to vote for Herman Cain because the only reason they'd do this is to trick people into thinking they aren't racist, when they actually are. The only person who should be able to vote for Cain is himself.
- 502: Make it possible to Congressionally elect anime characters.
- 384: Something (bad) is happening to the ocean and somebody should try to stop it (soon).
- 201: Illegalize money.
- 153: Replace Fox News with a channel that reports on the furry community 24/7. Continue to call it "Fox News."
- 97: Rebuild the Twin Towers and let Muslims fly more planes into it so they can get their aggression out. Repeat process until they see how compassionate we are and thereby end their hostilities against us.
- 43: There should be one day every month where the cops are put in jails and the prisoners get to be police officers, because then those fascist pigs will know what it feels like to be on the other side. We can call it something fun like "The Great Switcharoo Day."
- 19: End the "skateboarding is in fact a crime" act.
- 17: No particular agenda; just showed up to wear stupid Guy Fawkes masks and do retarded shit to be ashamed of for the rest of all eternity.
- 1: Sane and rational person who thoroughly understands the fundamental problems in America.

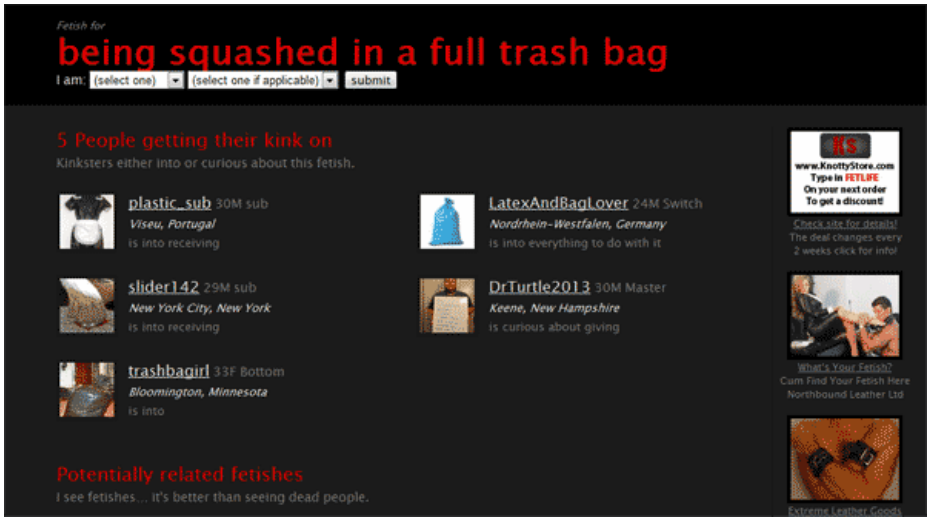
-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.23 Beating a Man in a Trash Bag and Other True Stories of Fetlife.com

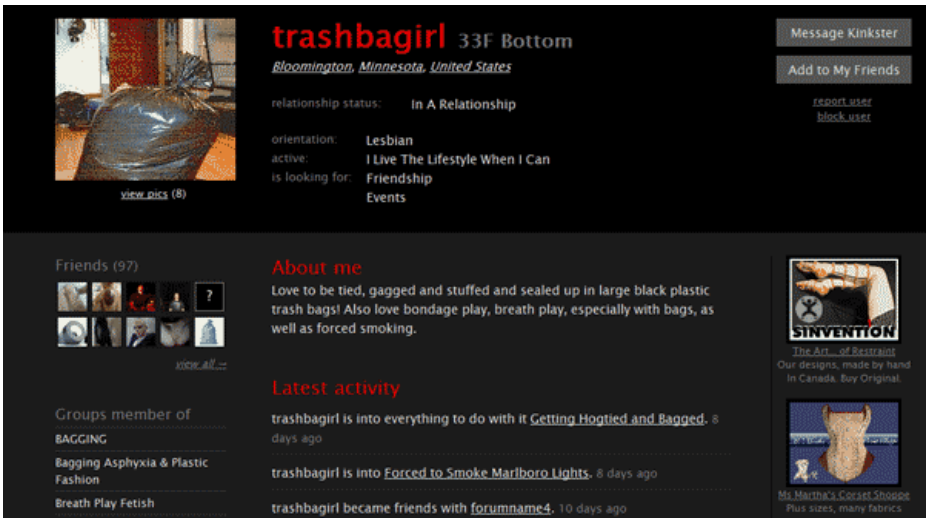
Monday, Oct 24, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Thanks to the diligent scraping efforts of the fine folks of the SA forums I was recently immersed in the wonderful world of Fetlife.com, a place for people of all fetishes big and small to gather and exchange their ideas. I consider myself fairly worldly by Internet standards, so it was a pleasant surprise when I was introduced to various concepts I had never seen described on the Internet in such specific detail.

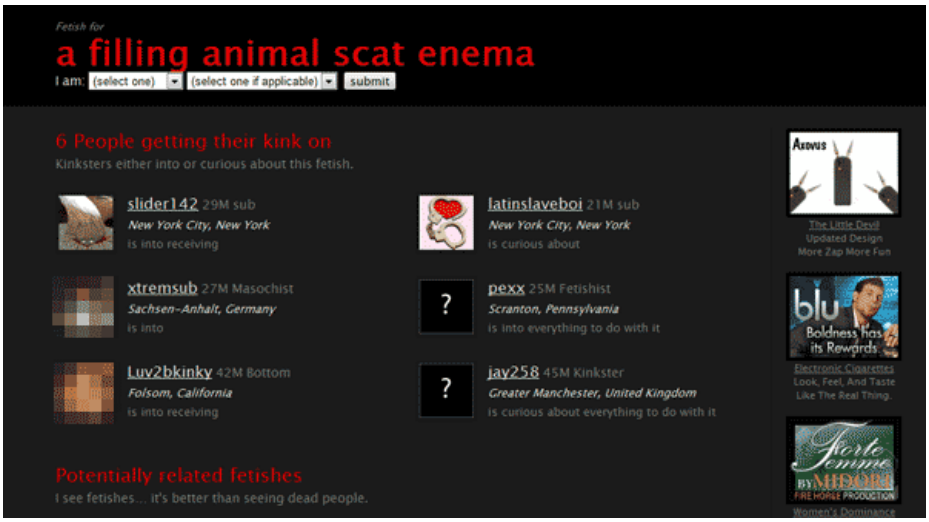
****Be warned, the ideas discussed in this article may be considered gross by some people and scary by other people. Vanilla boring people who aren't ready to blow open the doors of perception. And bosses. A tiny thumbnail of boobs might sneak by as well.****


Fetish for
being squashed in a full trash bag
I am: (select one) (select one if applicable) submit
5 People getting their kink on
Kinksters either into or curious about this fetish.
plastic_sub 30M sub
Viseu, Portugal
is into receiving
LatexAndBagLover 24M Switch
Nordrhein-Westfalen, Germany
is into everything to do with it
slider142 29M sub
New York City, New York
is into receiving
DrTurtle2013 30M Master
Keene, New Hampshire
is curious about giving
trashbagirl 33F Bottom
Bloomington, Minnesota
is into
Potentially related fetishes
I see fetishes... it's better than seeing dead people.
www.KnottyStore.com
Type in FETLIFE
On your next order
To get a discount!
Check site for details!
The deal changes every
2 weeks click for info!
What's Your Fetish?
Cum Find Your Fetish Here
Northbound Leather Ltd
Extreme Leather Goods

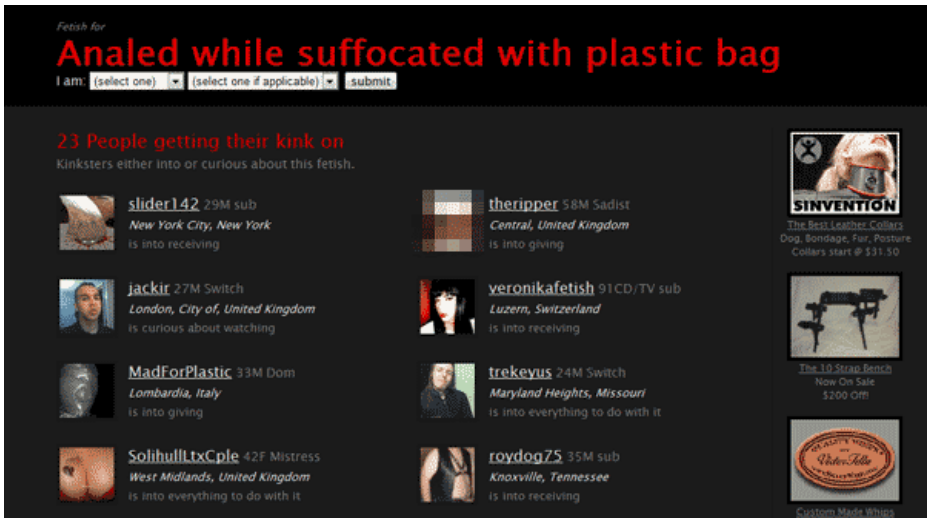
I want to be treated like garbage. Literal garbage. Then squash me.


trashbagirl 33F Bottom
Bloomington, Minnesota, United States
relationship status: In A Relationship
orientation: Lesbian
active: I Live The Lifestyle When I Can
is looking for: Friendship
Events
Message Kinkster
Add to My Friends
report user
block user
view pics (8)
Friends (97)
view all
Groups member of
BAGGING
Bagging Asphyxia & Plastic Fashion
Breath Play Fetish
About me
Love to be tied, gagged and stuffed and sealed up in large black plastic trash bags! Also love bondage play, breath play, especially with bags, as well as forced smoking.
Latest activity
trashbagirl is into everything to do with it Getting Hogtied and Bagged. 8 days ago
trashbagirl is into Forced to Smoke Marlboro Lights. 8 days ago
trashbagirl became friends with forumname4. 10 days ago
SINVENTION
The Art... of Restraint
Our designs, made by hand in Canada. Buy Original.
Ms Martha's Corset Shoppe
Plus sizes, many fabrics

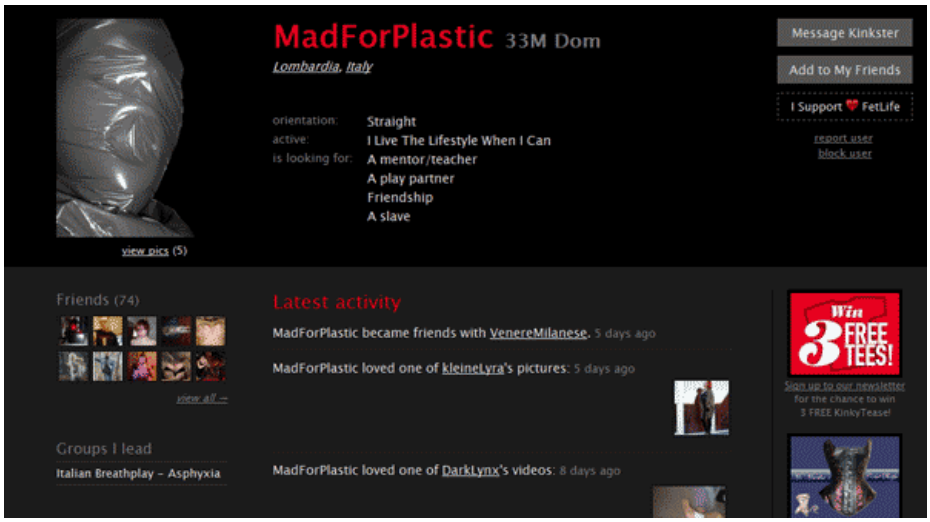
This Minnesota Lesbian wants to be Flexbagged with black bananas. Stomp coffee ground into my crack and bury me with your yogurt tops.



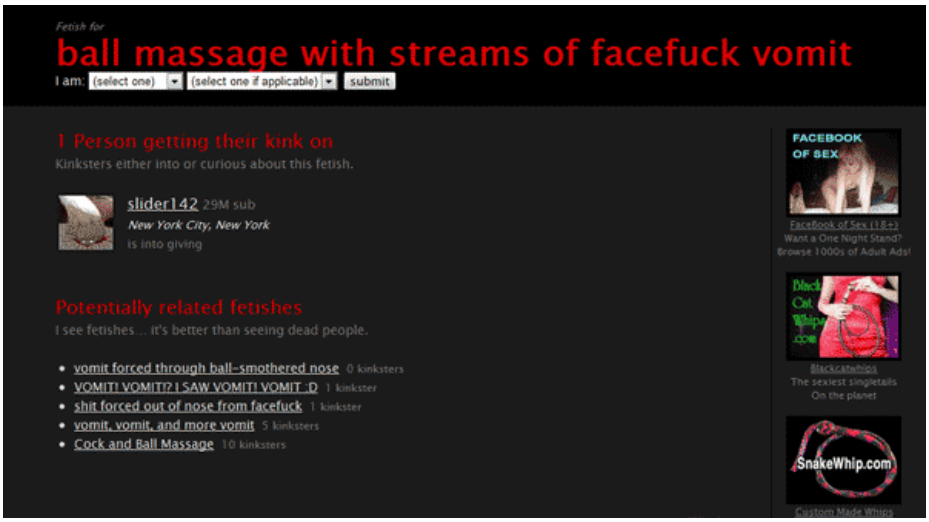
A little more...a little more...a little more...PERFECTO!



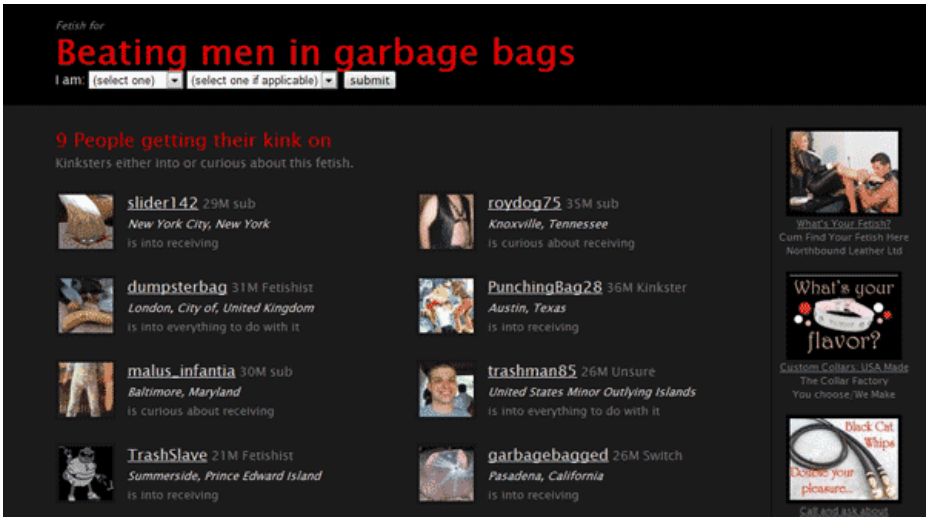
Looks at warning label on dry-cleaning bag "Hey Tom, what are you and your monster hog doing after the big game?"



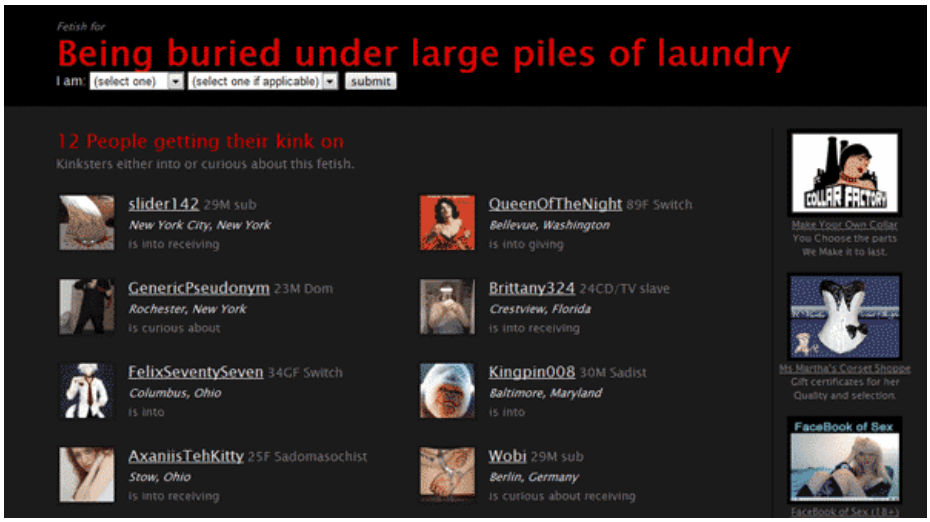
Looking for dudes who want to jo to the opening of ***Black Rain***. Michael Douglas + plastic bag + Yakuza =hell yes a meat locker. NO GAY STUFF. NO DRAMA.


Fetish for
ball massage with streams of facefuck vomit
I am: (select one) (select one if applicable) submit
1 Person getting their kink on
Kinksters either into or curious about this fetish.
slider142 29M sub
New York City, New York
is into giving
Potentially related fetishes
I see fetishes... it's better than seeing dead people.
vomit forced through ball-smothered nose 0 kinksters
VOMIT! VOMIT!? I SAW VOMIT! VOMIT :D 1 kinkster
shit forced out of nose from facefuck 1 kinkster
vomit, vomit, and more vomit 5 kinksters
Cock and Ball Massage 10 kinksters
FACEBOOK OF SEX
SnakeWhip.com

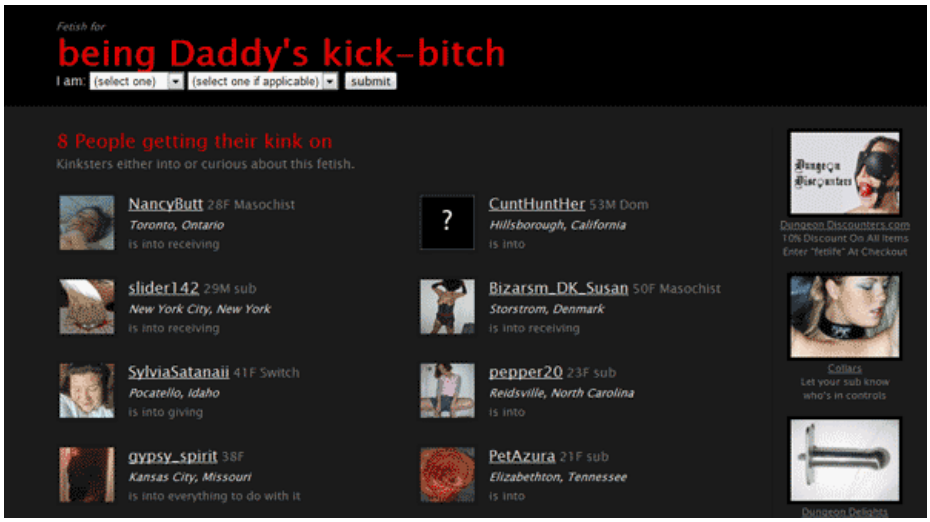
This guy is either the single kinkiest human being on the planet or the Fetlife equivalent of Tom from Myspace before he went rogue. He possibly is Tom from Myspace.



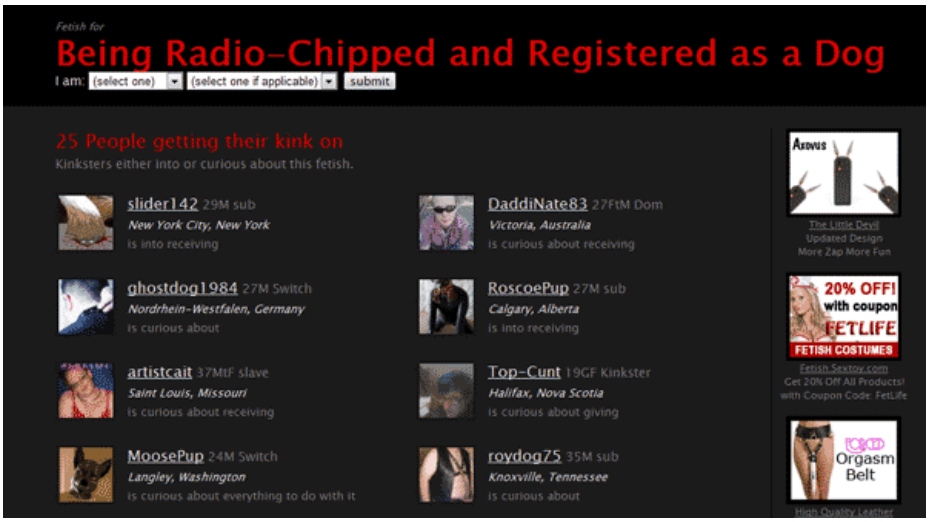
Put anyone who has ever participated in a drum circle into that trash bag and I'll take a crack at him.



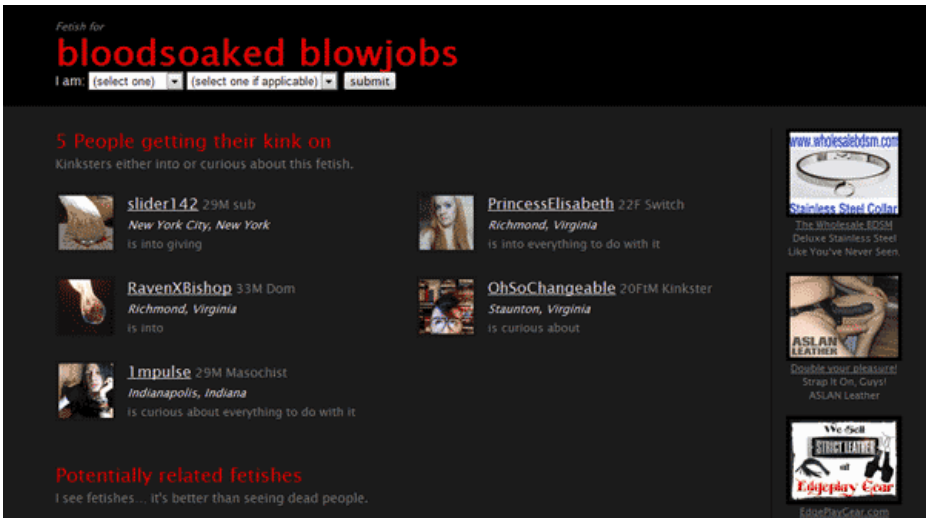
I'm going to take my pants off and slither under a pile of farty Pajama Jeans. Then I'm really gonna get this party started.



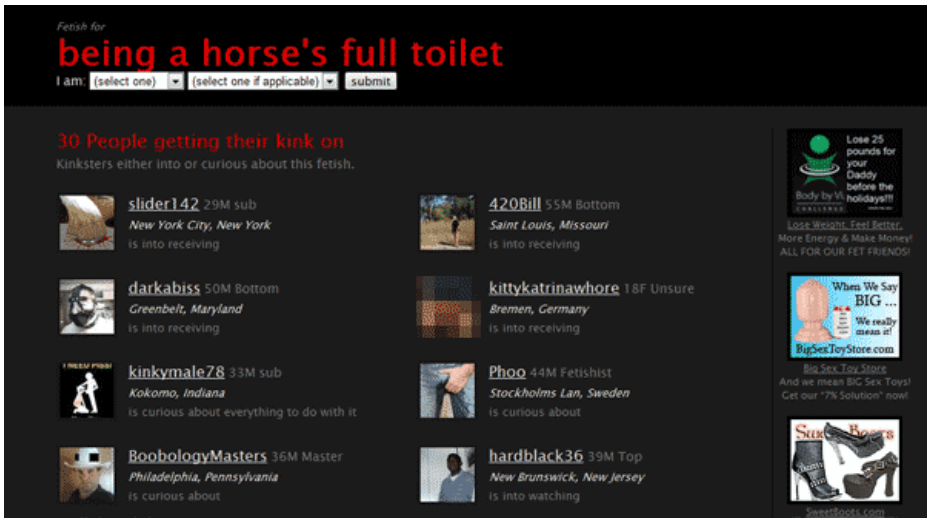
How many dads have gone through life never knowing they needed a kick-bitch? It's a human tragedy.



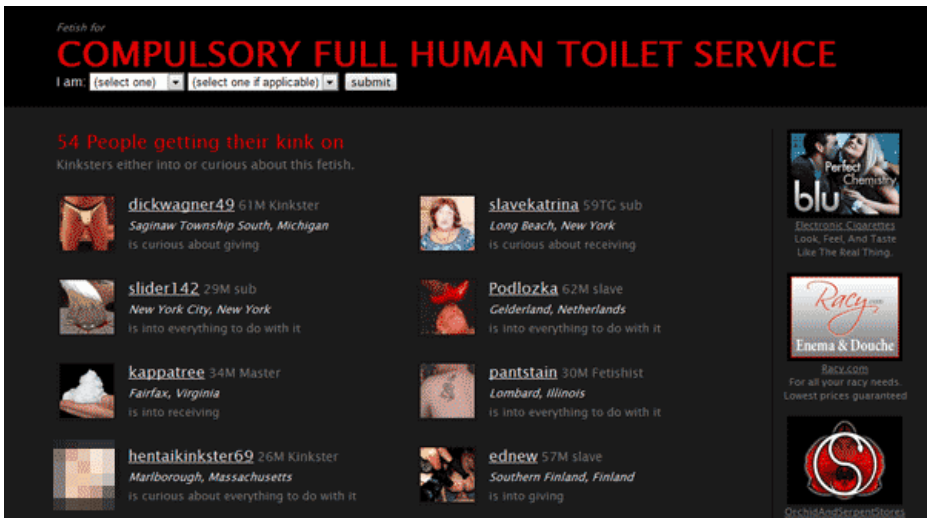
Hi, yeah, DogBytes, I'm calling about your dog RFID chip. I was wondering if that would work with a large breed. Uh, well, she doesn't like to say exactly how much she weighs but she can't ride in a canoe if that helps.



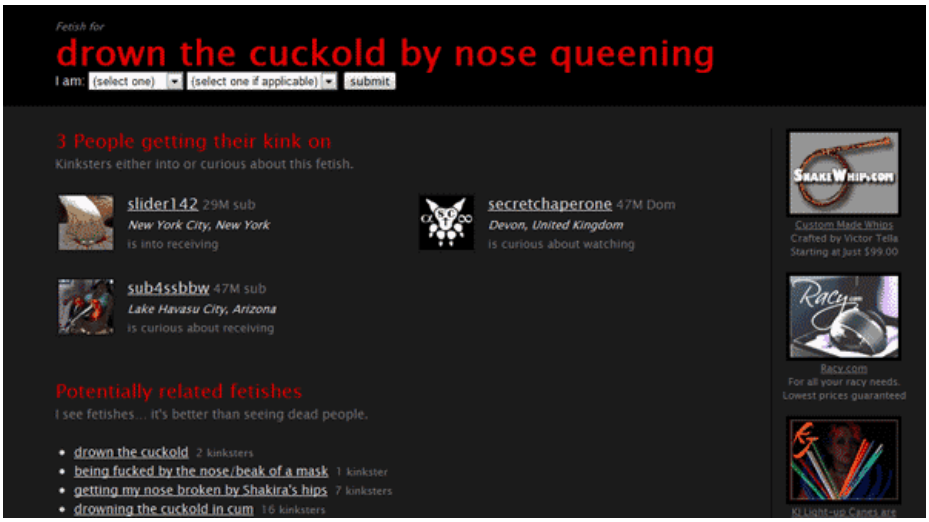
Discreet. Won't ask why your dick is all bloody, just want to suck it. NO HEAD GAMES (except for the specific head game in the title).


Fetish for
being a horse's full toilet
I am: (select one) (select one if applicable) submit
30 People getting their kink on
Kinksters either into or curious about this fetish.
slider142 29M sub
New York City, New York
is into receiving
420Bill 55M Bottom
Saint Louis, Missouri
is into receiving
darkabiss 50M Bottom
Greenbelt, Maryland
is into receiving
kittykatrinawhore 18F Unsure
Bremen, Germany
is into receiving
kinkymale78 33M sub
Kokomo, Indiana
is curious about everything to do with it
Phoo 44M Fetishist
Stockholms Lan, Sweden
is curious about
BoobologyMasters 36M Master
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
is curious about
hardblack36 39M Top
New Brunswick, New Jersey
is into watching
Lose 25 pounds for your Daddy before the holidays!!!
Lose Weight, Feel Better,
More Energy & Make Money!
ALL FOR OUR FET FRIENDS!
When We Say BIG ... We really mean it!
BigSexToyStore.com
Big Sex Toy Store
And we mean BIG Sex Toys!
Get our "7% Solution" now!
SweetBoots.com

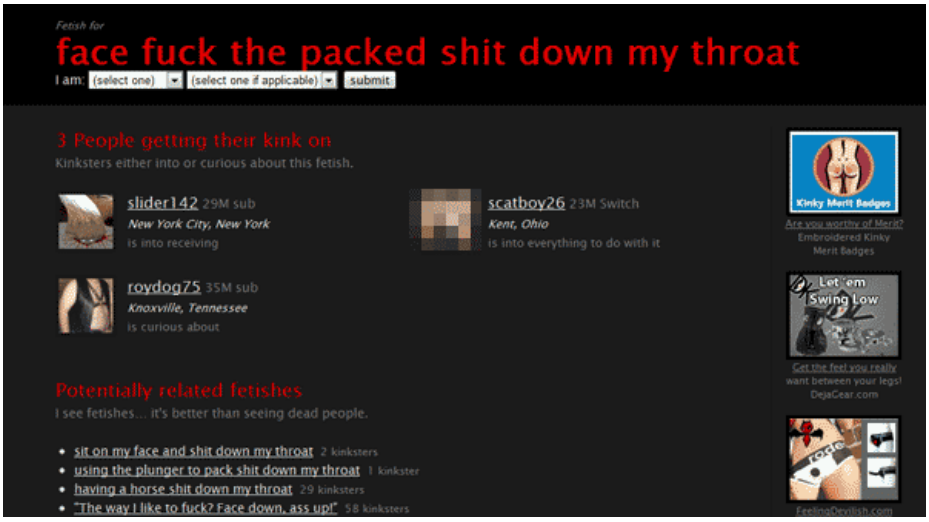
Two bedrooms, two and three-halves bath. What? The three-halves? Oh, that's the full toilet for horses. Yeah, it's got a shower, a sink and an obese 40-year-old man jacking off like crazy on the floor.



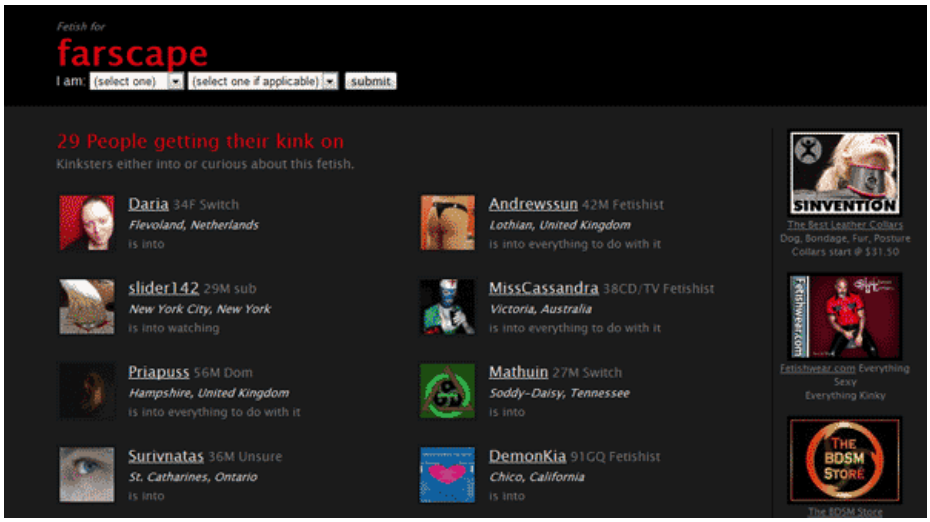
Dang it. Should have read the fine print on my auto loan.


Fetish for
drown the cuckold by nose queening
I am: (select one) (select one if applicable) submit
3 People getting their kink on
Kinksters either into or curious about this fetish.
slider142 29M sub
New York City, New York
is into receiving
secretchaperone 47M Dom
Devon, United Kingdom
is curious about watching
sub4ssbbw 47M sub
Lake Havasu City, Arizona
is curious about receiving
Potentially related fetishes
I see fetishes... it's better than seeing dead people.
drown the cuckold 2 kinksters
being fucked by the nose/beak of a mask 1 kinkster
getting my nose broken by Shakira's hips 7 kinksters
drowning the cuckold in cum 16 kinksters
SnakeWhip.com
Custom Made Whips
Crafted by Victor Tella
Starting at Just $99.00
Racy.com
For all your racy needs.
Lowest prices guaranteed

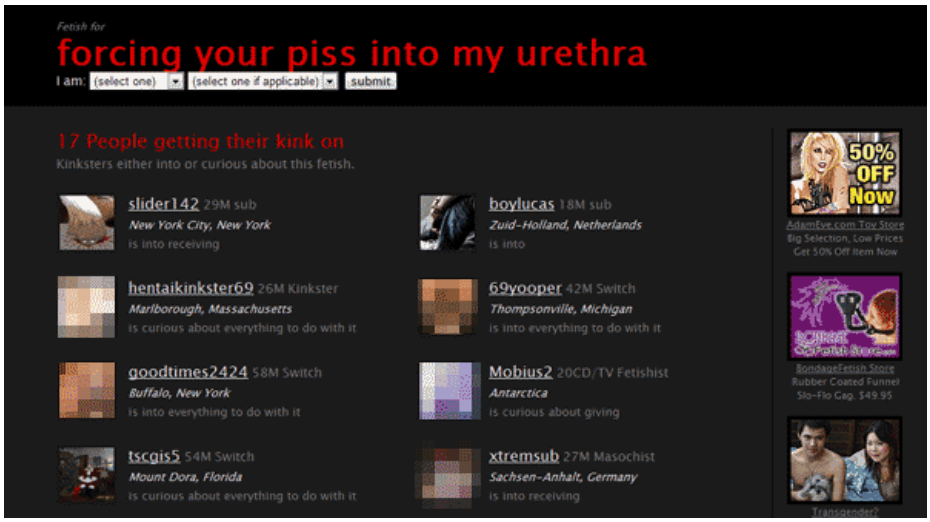
Detectives watch solemnly from the pier as a crane lifts a cuckold from a nose.


Fetish for
face fuck the packed shit down my throat
I am: (select one) (select one if applicable) submit
3 People getting their kink on
Kinksters either into or curious about this fetish.
slider142 29M sub
New York City, New York
is into receiving
scatboy26 23M Switch
Kent, Ohio
is into everything to do with it
roydog75 35M sub
Knoxville, Tennessee
is curious about
Potentially related fetishes
I see fetishes... it's better than seeing dead people.
sit on my face and shit down my throat 2 kinksters
using the plunger to pack shit down my throat 1 kinkster
having a horse shit down my throat 29 kinksters
"The way I like to fuck? Face down, ass up!" 58 kinksters
Kinky Merit Badges
Are you worthy of Merit?
Embroidered Kinky
Merit Badges
Let 'em
Swing Low
Get the feel you really
want between your legs!
DejaGear.com
FeelingDevilish.com

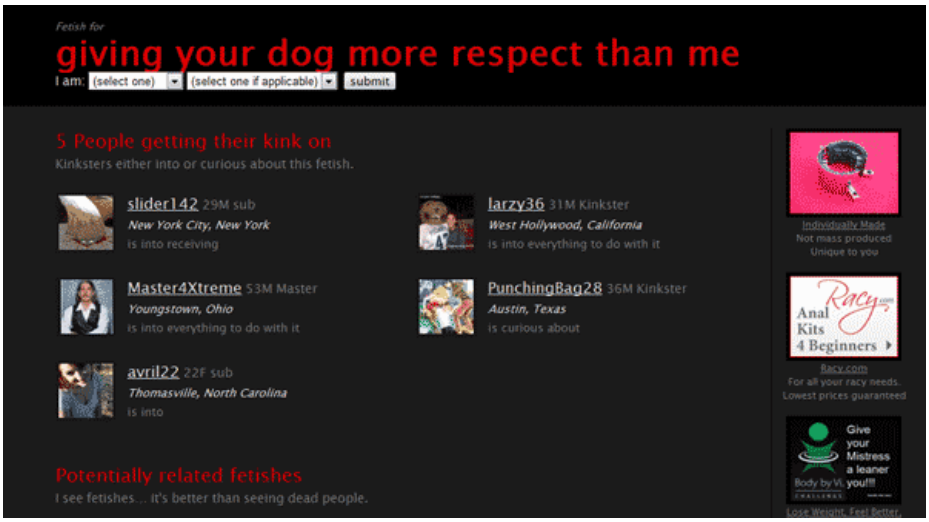
Yeah, after work I was thinking grab a couple Strohs, play some darts and then head back to the house so my buddy can crap in a toilet, take the crap out of the toilet and shove it into my nose and mouth and then fuck my throat. Then catch up on my DVR'd eps of **The League.**



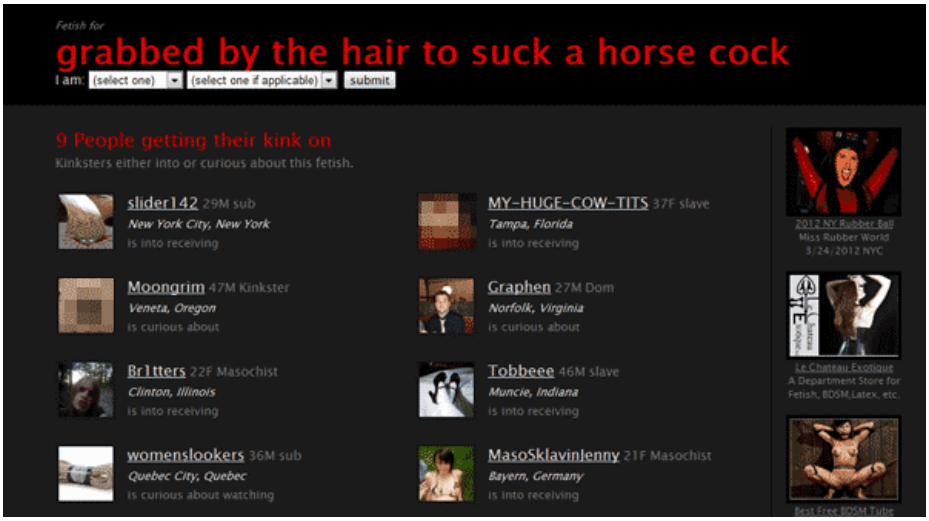
Some sick motherfuckers.



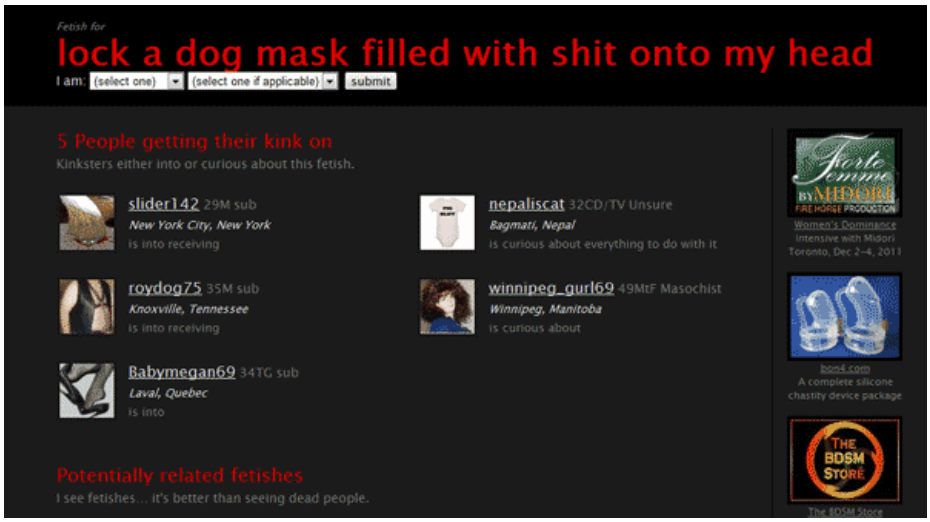
Things that probably aren't possible but we are going to spend a lot of really gross hours trying to make happen.


Fetish for
giving your dog more respect than me
I am: (select one) (select one if applicable) submit
5 People getting their kink on
Kinksters either into or curious about this fetish.
slider142 29M sub
New York City, New York
is into receiving
larzy36 31M Kinkster
West Hollywood, California
is into everything to do with it
Master4Xtreme 53M Master
Youngstown, Ohio
is into everything to do with it
PunchingBag28 36M Kinkster
Austin, Texas
is curious about
avril22 22F sub
Thomasville, North Carolina
is into
Potentially related fetishes
I see fetishes... it's better than seeing dead people.
Individually Made
Not mass produced
Unique to you
Racy
Anal Kits 4 Beginners
Racy.com
For all your racy needs.
Lowest prices guaranteed
Give your Mistress a leaner Body by Vi, you!!!
Lose Weight. Feel Better.

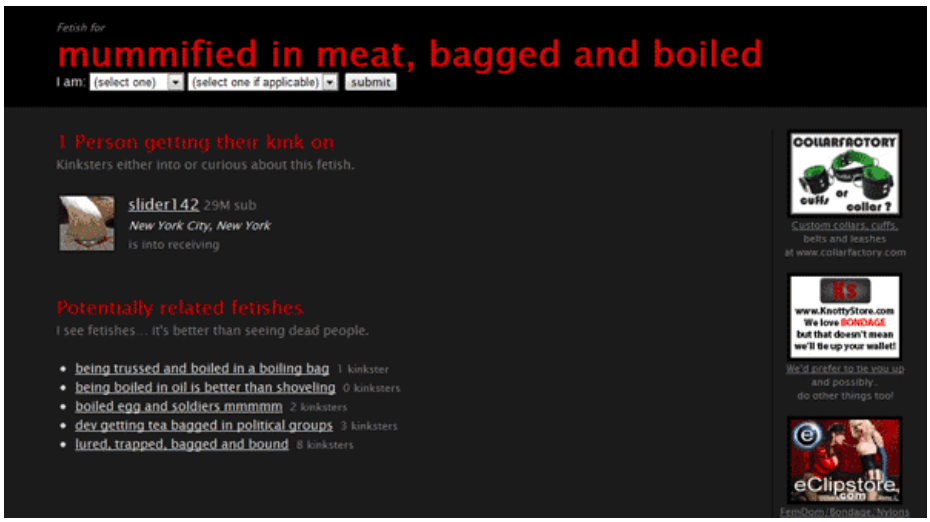
I don't give my dog respect. Sir Poopie *commands* it.



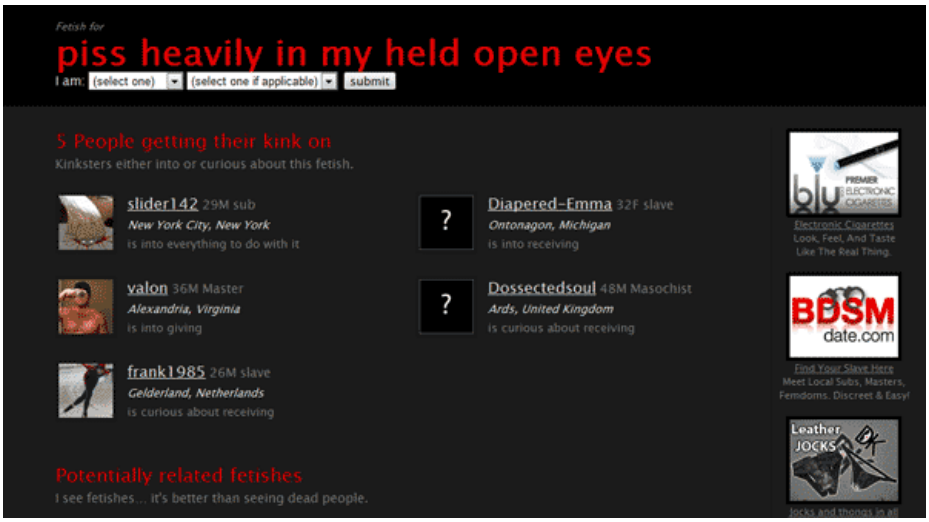
The specificity avoids the embarrassing moment in the barn when somebody tries to grab them by the nape of the neck. Whoa, whoa, whoa, *that's* how you're gonna force me to do this? No way, pal. Not into it.



Looks at yawning neck stump of Goofy mascot head "Yeah, Pizza Hut, make that *four* Meat Lovers pizzas."


Fetish for
mummified in meat, bagged and boiled
I am: (select one) (select one if applicable) submit
1 Person getting their kink on
Kinksters either into or curious about this fetish.
slider142 29M sub
New York City, New York
is into receiving
Potentially related fetishes
I see fetishes... it's better than seeing dead people.
being trussed and boiled in a boiling bag 1 kinkster
being boiled in oil is better than shoveling 0 kinksters
boiled egg and soldiers mmmmm 2 kinksters
dev getting tea bagged in political groups 3 kinksters
lured, trapped, bagged and bound 8 kinksters
COLLARFACTORY
cuffs or collar ?
Custom collars, cuffs,
belts and leashes
at www.collarfactory.com
www.KnottyStore.com
We love BONDAGE
but that doesn't mean
we'll tie up your wallet!
We'd prefer to tie you up
and possibly
do other things too!
eClipstore.com

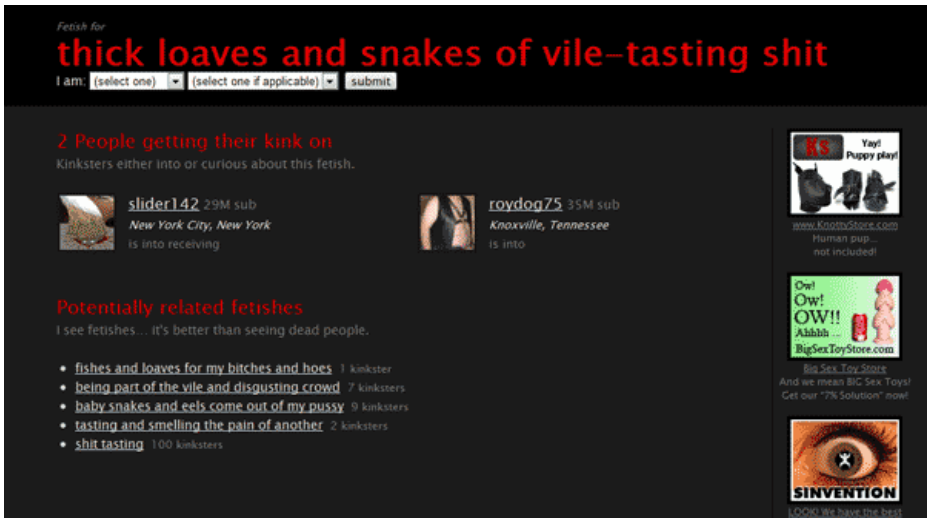
Okay now this guy is just fucking around.



Well, we met on the Internet and everything was going great. After dinner we went back to his place and he held my eyes open with a couple of those ***Clockwork Orange*** clamps and then...nothing...a drizzle at best. It was terrible. He tried drinking a bottled water, some caffeine pills, nothing like the scalding fire hose of eye piss he promised on his bio.

Fetish for
having jaw dislocated by huge strap-on
I am: (select one) (select one if applicable) submit
2 People getting their kink on
Kinksters either into or curious about this fetish.
slider142 29M sub
New York City, New York
is curious about everything to do with it
RickSteele 47M Kinkster
Ogallala, Nebraska
is into receiving
Potentially related fetishes
I see fetishes... it's better than seeing dead people.
dislocated jaw from hilted face fuck 3 kinksters
Having a Strap On Huge enough to win BOP ower 4 kinksters
huge strap-on in his ass 6 kinksters
getting fucked by a strap-on by a sexy woman 39 kinksters
having welts on my huge tits from torture 15 kinksters
BIG BLACK COCK!
BigSexToyStore.com
Big Sex Toy Store
And we mean BIG Sex Toys!
Get our "7% Solution" now!
Fetishwear.com
Le Chateau Exotique
10% Off
the BDSM dept. store

File this one under "Sounded Good at the Time." I have a feeling the instant that jaw goes pop things are going to take a turn.


Fetish for
thick loaves and snakes of vile-tasting shit
I am: (select one) (select one if applicable) submit
2 People getting their kink on
Kinksters either into or curious about this fetish.
slider142 29M sub
New York City, New York
is into receiving
roydog75 35M sub
Knoxville, Tennessee
is into
Potentially related fetishes
I see fetishes... it's better than seeing dead people.
fishes and loaves for my bitches and hoes 1 kinkster
being part of the vile and disgusting crowd 7 kinksters
baby snakes and eels come out of my pussy 9 kinksters
tasting and smelling the pain of another 2 kinksters
shit tasting 100 kinksters
Yay! Puppy play!
www.KnottyStore.com
Human pup... not included!
Ow! Ow!! Ahhhh...
BigSexToyStore.com
Big Sex Toy Store
And we mean BIG Sex Toys!
Get our "7% Solution" now!
SINVENTION
LOOK! We have the best

Having only five meaty butthole loaves he looked up to the heavens and his rod was turned into a thrashing brown snake. The Israelites rejoiced for it was vile-tasting.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.24 #bdsmdungeon IRC Meeting, October 2003

Tuesday, Oct 25, 2011 by bdsm-irc-log.txt (@fart)

<AnalDawg> it is 4 pm time to start the meeting
<AnalDawg> welcome all to the chat
<AnalDawg> we have several matters to discuss
<AnalDawg> most importantly, the issue that keeps coming up:
<AnalDawg> do we allow discussion of Pits
<AnalDawg> the answer is No. we are not a pit play chat room
<Sex_King> What about to slap pits around. Some big nasty pits getting slapped and licked
<AnalDawg> no
<Sex_King> only bdsm? what if the pits are abused?
<AnalDawg> no more pit stuff i threw up in front of my family
<AnalDawg> comp is in family room and they all saw me
<AnalDawg> some spanish guy was talking in here and i ran it through an online translator
<AnalDawg> and it turned out he was talking about licking and sniffing and nibbling a hot pit
<AnalDawg> and i had just eaten a bunch of clam chowder.
*** DISABLEDMAN has entered #bdsmdungeon
<DISABLEDMAN> HOW TO FIX A BIG DIAPER HELP
<AnalDawg> my ailing grandmother smelled the puke and she puked too
<AnalDawg> she was laying on the recliner looking up and it was bubbling up out of her mouth
<AnalDawg> some got into her oxygen tube
<AnalDawg> abd the dog was barking and going nuts from the ruckus
*** DISABLEDMAN has left #bdsmdungeon
<PleasureKevin> are u telling me that u never ate a pit dude?
<AnalDawg> no i have not. im a hole man
<PitDruid_ESPANA> INACEPTABLE! YO TE MALDIGO!
<PitDruid_ESPANA> ESTÚPIDO! AXILA ES MUY SEXY .... You Are A Fucker Man ....
*** PitDruid_ESPANA has left #bdsmdungeon
<BaseballTrivia> was that the guy
<AnalDawg> yeah
<BaseballTrivia> that's the same guy i was telling you about
<BaseballTrivia> in here in the middle of the night a while back
<BaseballTrivia> blessing us or something while we were all asleep and afk
<BaseballTrivia> i translated it and i think he was doing pit magick on us
<BaseballTrivia> pit spells
<BaseballTrivia> eventually someone woke up and asked him to leave
<BaseballTrivia> it was a paragraph about how we must respect pits or... muerte...
<BigHoleWoman> Disabled Man keeps calling my house phone
<BigHoleWoman> heis unable to control diaper
<BigHoleWoman> this is messed up
<BigHoleWoman> he is screamig
<BigHoleWoman> he went in it too muchand it Busted the straps
<AnalDawg> do we call someone?
<PATRIOT1959> MY PRAYERS ARE WITH DIPER
<BigHoleWoman> i dont know
<BigHoleWoman> please dont pary for the diaper
<BigHoleWoman> its a bad diaper
<PleasureKevin> u still have holebugs dude? or did u get the treatment

<PleasureKevin> oops meant to be priv message disregard
<PleasureKevin> asfdf
<PleasureKevin> asafffffff
<PleasureKevin> asdf
<misterarson_> what's a holebug
<PATRIOT1959> HOLE BUG ?
<BigHoleWoman> holebugs is little bugs that get in
<BigHoleWoman> they make a mess of your Bed at night
<BigHoleWoman> because the bugs come out when you are asleep and crawl around
<BigHoleWoman> from central america
<BigHoleWoman> i had them and no medicines worked
<BigHoleWoman> the only solution was to have hubby stay up all night
<BigHoleWoman> and watch for the holebugs to come out and then he would smash em
<BigHoleWoman>
<PleasureKevin> bret im sorry they know about the holebugs
*** Sex_King has left #bdsmdungeon
<PleasureKevin> DIDSREGARD private!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! again
<AnalDawg> thanks everyone for coming

10.25 You're the Man for the Job

Wednesday, Oct 26, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Welcome to my office, son. Ol' Jeb said you popped out of one of them old-timey stasis pods that emerged from the burning scrap heap. Said he nearly died rescuing you from those bandits out there. You're lucky to be alive, that's for damn sure.

You're probably confused as all get out, not knowing a darn thing about what the world has turned into, seeing as how you likely entered that stasis pod when things were very different. I doubt, for example, that your stasis pod was sitting in a burning scrap heap when you entered it, else you probably would have had reservations about climbing in. Also, I can't help but speculate that there were no bandits dancing and screaming around you when you hopped inside. Those came later, when things went to hell.

You're probably wondering who I am and why I have this strange hat with tiny little gizmos attached to it. Those are fair questions, mister. But right now we have more important matters: Bandits. They mostly just stick to themselves and only attack people dumb enough to enter the burning scrap heap-- folk like Ol' Jeb, who just can't help himself on account of his autism. That and people who don't know any damn better, like you. Boy you must be mighty confused by all this.

I bet people back in your time didn't have robot legs. I have two. It's a great story how I got them, and let me tell you: Bandits were involved.

So let's talk some more about bandits, why don't we? How about I give you this gun and send you out to kill every last one of them? You might be wondering why I don't send somebody more familiar with the terrain or the methods these bandits routinely employ-- their various clever traps that you'll have no idea how to protect yourself from, for instance. Well, that's another astute question.

I could ask somebody else, like that gruff bounty hunter who hangs around the saloon asking people for jobs. He's got loads of experience and I bet there's an amazing story of survival that goes along with each of those scars on his face. You can almost bet he lost that eye to bandits, mutants, or, God forbid, the high-tech armies of the Crimson Administration. But, for some reason, I don't trust the man. Something about the way he looks at me.

You on the other hand, I do trust. I don't know why. We only just met a minute ago, when I was informed of your existence by Ol' Jeb. I can't imagine knowing anybody less than I know you. You are literally the most unknown person in all of the world right now, which is why I'm going to tell you this: There's a weakness in the town's defenses. Quite frankly, it's a big damn hole in the wall that bandits could come pouring through at any minute. I want you to look at that hole, then come back and tell me that it's not the most glaring oversight you've ever seen.

Go on! I'll wait.

You're back? I knew you could do it. Let me give you some money for your troubles. It's not much, just something the townsfolk scraped together while you were out looking at the hole. We eke out a hard livin' so folks here can't spare much, but they all wanted to show their appreciation.

Now that we agree that hole is a bad situation, why don't you go kill those bandits so they don't come running through tonight while everyone gathers in the opposite side of town to watch two old men try to wrestle an oiled-up mutant? That's just good fun, and it's what these people need to

unwind after a hard day of pacing around our makeshift wasteland community, commenting on the dangerous nature of bandits and remarking how miraculous it was Ol' Jeb happened to find you when you popped out of that high-tech coffin in the middle of a bandit barbecue.

Why don't we just patch up the hole with all the debris and scrap metal next to the hole? Look, you're new to this era, and I know it's gotta be shocking to take in. Where you come from they probably didn't have mutants, let alone oiled-up ones for old men to wrestle. We do things different out here, and we get by OK so long as newcomers do their part and pitch in. That hole will be fixed in due time, but right now we need you to go and take care of those bandits.

Why don't we just leave the bandits alone if they stick to themselves? Son, you ask an awful lot of questions. Heck, I respect a man who wants to get to the bottom of things. You Oldworlders always did have a knack for learnin'. Maybe it's cause of them Old World doctors blasting a heap of nanoids up your butt, or maybe it's that glowing computer glove you're wearing. You're plenty smart, and that's for sure.

But you gotta get it through your head that we have a way of surviving, and it might not seem logical to a man who spent the last hundred years in a metal burrito. Sooner or later those bandits are going to need fresh scrap to burn, and our town is made entirely out of scrap. Sure it's all metal and metal doesn't burn, but do you think a bandit is going to make that distinction?

You'll find their hideout near the burning scrap heap. Watch out for traps, every last one of them is more fatal than the last. And a word of advice: If those bandits offer to take you in and provide you shelter, don't believe 'em. That's just a common ruse they use to trick outsiders. That, and free barbecue.

Can't help but notice you aren't marching out of my office with a sense of purpose. Heck, I can tell by the way you're eyeballin' that gun I handed you that you figured out it's not really a gun. It's an Old World cup-and-ball game, and it's a lot of fun once you get the hang of it. No I ain't playin' a dirty trick by giving it to you. In the right hands anything can be a weapon, including fun games.

To tell you the truth, we can't really spare the guns, pardner. To do so would leave this town completely undefended and at the mercy of bandits. But don't worry: Once you send those bandits to hell in one first-class pain safari, we'll be free to live in peace and not worry about getting gutted by bloodthirsty outlaws when we sleep and watch our elders grapple with oily mutants.

Listen, we're practically old friends now, so I'll level with you: We don't have any guns. We gave them all to the last guy who popped out of one of those stasis pods, and he went and gave them all to the bandits. We had quite an arsenal, let me tell you. That dirty scoundrel had the audacity to tell us we were too dumb to use 'em. He even had the nerve to bring up the fact I accidentally shot both of my legs off while trying to kill bandits.

I can see you've got the hang of that cup-and-ball now. Using it to kill a heavily armed bandit is probably a lot easier than catching that ornery ball in that tiny cup. Anyway, put that down for a spell and hear me out.

So here's your plan: You're going to take that cup-and-ball, march to the bandit encampment, kill every last one of them and bring our guns back. Then, I'll explain to you in a matter-of-fact way why you need to infiltrate the Crimson Administration's high-tech bunker, fight an 80-foot-tall robot, board a rocket to their orbital space station, and blow it up... killing yourself in the process.

I'll assume that you walking towards the door means you're on board. Mister, this town owes you

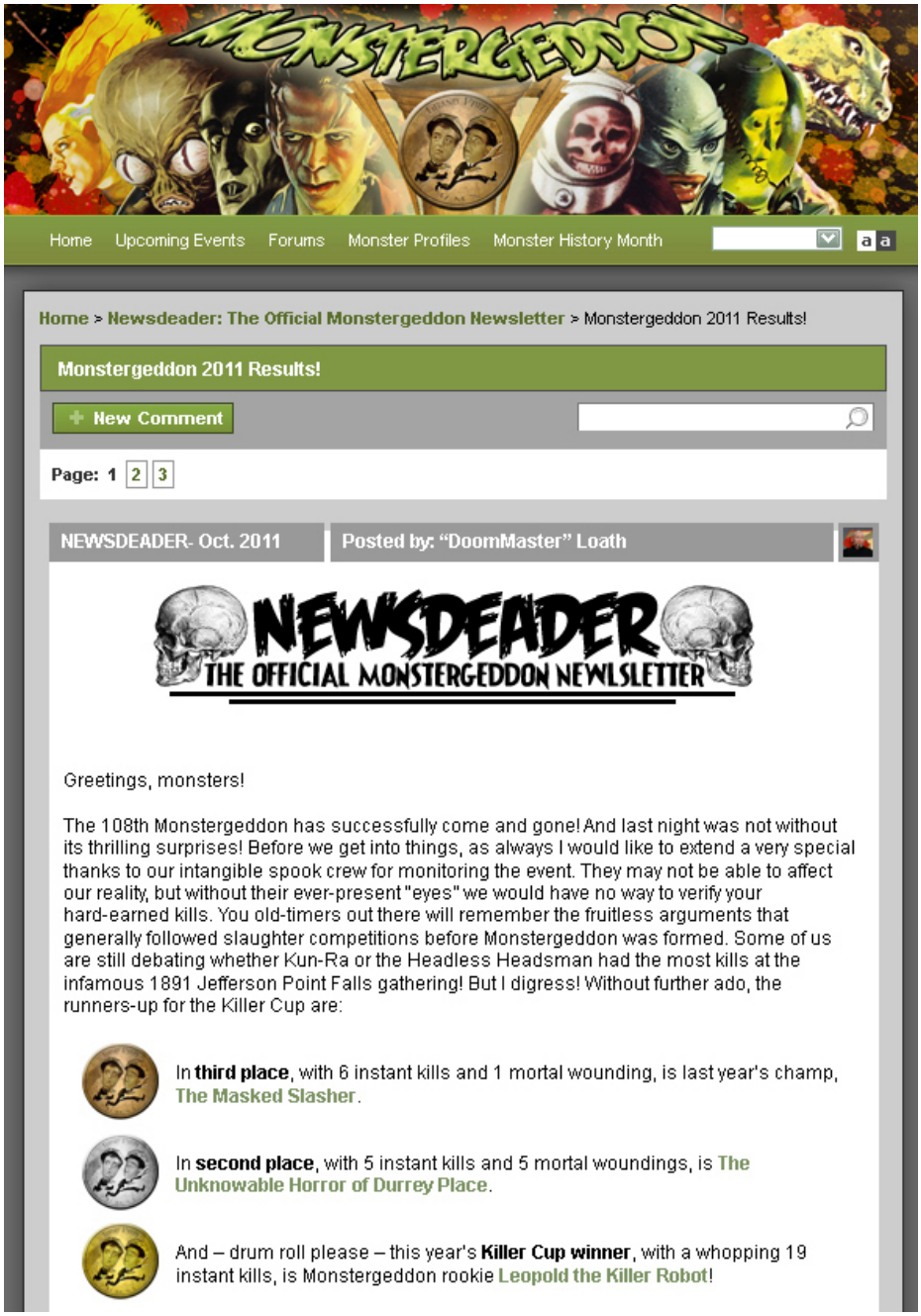
its gratitude. Good luck, we're all countin' on you.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.26 Monstergeddon 2011 Results!

Thursday, Oct 27, 2011 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.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Monstergeddon 2011 Results!
New Comment
Page: 1 2 3
NEWSDEADER- Oct. 2011
Posted by: "DoomMaster" Loath
NEWSDEADER
THE OFFICIAL MONSTERGEDDON NEWLSLETTER
Greetings, monsters!
The 108th Monstergeddon has successfully come and gone! And last night was not without its thrilling surprises! Before we get into things, as always I would like to extend a very special thanks to our intangible spook crew for monitoring the event. They may not be able to affect our reality, but without their ever-present "eyes" we would have no way to verify your hard-earned kills. You old-timers out there will remember the fruitless arguments that generally followed slaughter competitions before Monstergeddon was formed. Some of us are still debating whether Kun-Ra or the Headless Headsman had the most kills at the infamous 1891 Jefferson Point Falls gathering! But I digress! Without further ado, the runners-up for the Killer Cup are:
In third place, with 6 instant kills and 1 mortal wounding, is last year's champ, The Masked Slasher.
In second place, with 5 instant kills and 5 mortal woundings, is The Unknowable Horror of Durrey Place.
And – drum roll please – this year's Killer Cup winner, with a whopping 19 instant kills, is Monstergeddon rookie Leopold the Killer Robot!

I've said it before and I will say it again: I am honored to be serving as Game Master in such progressive times. Last year Masked Slasher made Monstergeddon history by becoming the first human to play in the game, and he ended up walking away with the Killer Cup (something I know many of our traditionalists still consider controversial). Well, this year marks another monumental first. Leopold is the very first sentient mechanical life form to play in Monstergeddon. Congratulations to Leopold. I for one cannot wait to see what manner of great kills you have in store for us next year!

Now, for the rest of the awards!

Most Unnecessary Collateral Damage: It should come as no surprise that **Golgura**, our reigning MUCD champ, caused the most wanton destruction last night. In fact, the mighty Golgura has won this category each of the six times he has played in Monstergeddon. Pretty hard to compete with a guy who can take out an entire city block with a single step. He just needs a few more of those woundings to prove fatal!

Sexiest Victim: The past two years proved that **The Masked Slashe**r had a knack for selecting attractive victims, both male and female. His victims all look like they belong on The CW! The sexiest victim of Monstergeddon 2011 was easily the "showering girl" that Masked Slasher lured into foolishly searching her sorority house for the source of a mysterious noise. And she never put on a towel!!! Oh, humans.

Most Ironic Kill: Monstergeddon rookie **Coach Fargass** had a lot of amazing ironic kills last night, as he sought gory vengeance on the members of his own high school football team who accidentally killed him earlier this year, but his pièce de résistance was kicking the head off the team's placekicker -- and actually getting the head through the goal posts! That's the kind of thing we all want to pull off, but rarely do. And apologies if I'm getting any of the terminology wrong, Coach. My years as a mortal predate the invention of American football!

Best Kill: Eventual champ **Leopold**'s signature moment came when he simultaneously took out three humans with his crazy buzzsaw-esque projectile. If killing three humans at once wasn't impressive enough, I should mention that his projectile cut each of them completely in half. Well played!

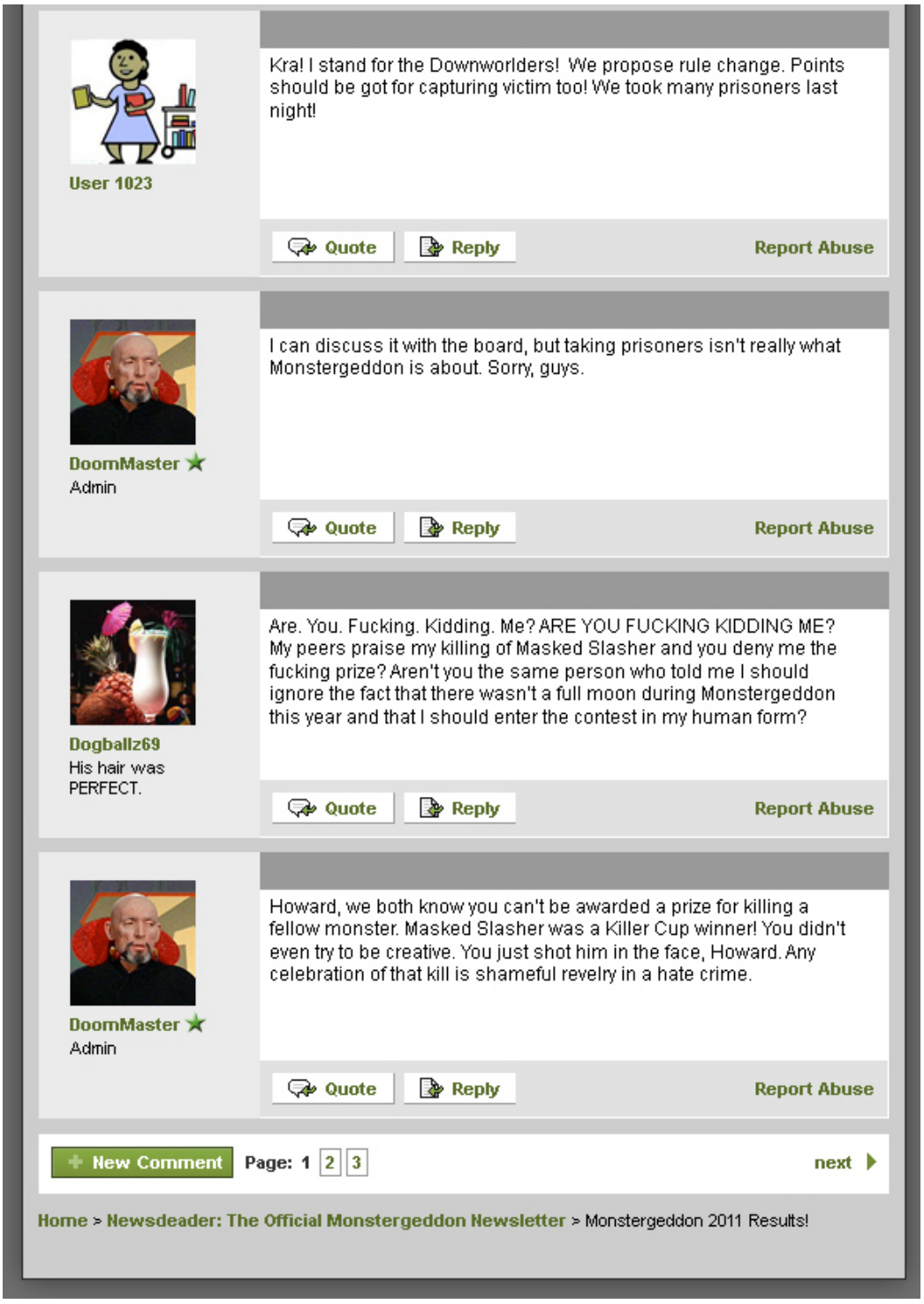
Players' Choice Best Kill Award: Your votes have been tallied and you overwhelmingly selected Howard the Wolf Man for his killing of Masked Slasher with a point-blank shotgun blast to the face. But it should come as no surprise to any of you that Howard cannot be rewarded for killing another player. This is possibly the most basic Monstergeddon rule of them all. Thus the award goes to our second-place winner, **The FunTown Phantom**, for turning a security guard inside out.

This year's **In Memoriam** is thankfully small. Aside from losing **Masked Slasher**, I am sad to report that **The Stalker of Rondo Park** (FaceOFear to you message-board regulars) was once again killed by his nemesis Scotty Gervis. Stalker has returned to us three times previously, so I am optimistic that he'll return from the grave once more. Hopefully in time for the 2012 competition.

Great job everyone!

*SIN*cerely,
Loath
Monstergeddon Game Master

Comment



User 1023

Kra! I stand for the Downworlders! We propose rule change. Points should be got for capturing victim too! We took many prisoners last night!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

I can discuss it with the board, but taking prisoners isn't really what Monstergeddon is about. Sorry, guys.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Are. You. Fucking. Kidding. Me? ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME? My peers praise my killing of Masked Slasher and you deny me the fucking prize? Aren't you the same person who told me I should ignore the fact that there wasn't a full moon during Monstergeddon this year and that I should enter the contest in my human form?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

Howard, we both know you can't be awarded a prize for killing a fellow monster. Masked Slasher was a Killer Cup winner! You didn't even try to be creative. You just shot him in the face, Howard. Any celebration of that kill is shameful revelry in a hate crime.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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Monstergeddon 2011 Results!

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Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Hate crime? Are you fucking with me??? Monstergeddon is a competition for killing HUMANS. Masked Slasher – or should I say virgin and unemployed shitsack Bret Gillette – was a worthless human!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

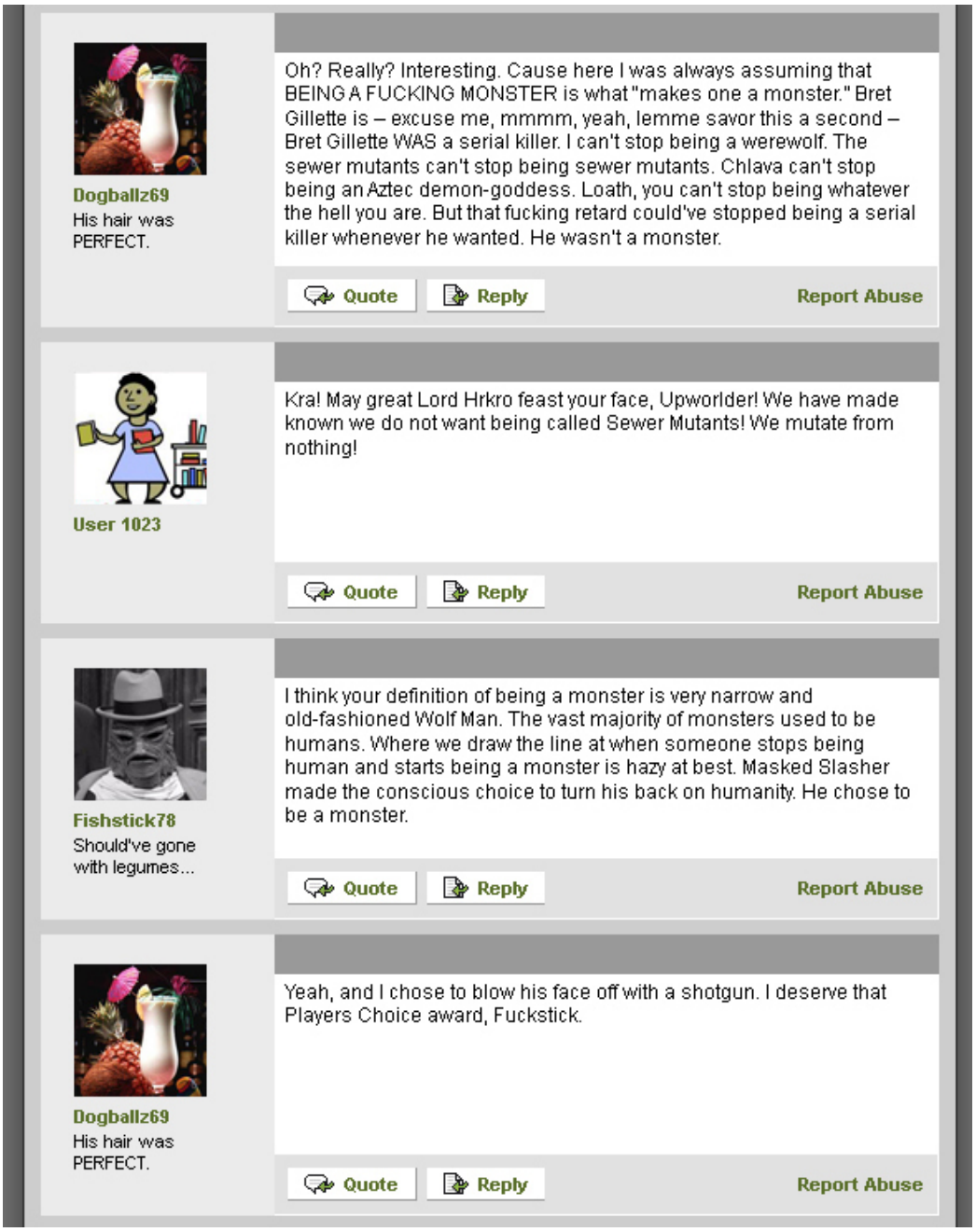
As someone who views Howard as barely a monster himself, it pains me to have to agree with him. Masked Slasher was a human. And Howard killed him fair and square. There are no guild bylaws against killing a human contestant.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

Look, I'm the first to admit this is a tricky situation, but I think Masked Slasher proved himself beyond a doubt to fulfill all that which makes one a monster.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Oh? Really? Interesting. Cause here I was always assuming that BEING A FUCKING MONSTER is what "makes one a monster." Bret Gillette is – excuse me, mmmm, yeah, lemme savor this a second – Bret Gillette WAS a serial killer. I can't stop being a werewolf. The sewer mutants can't stop being sewer mutants. Chlava can't stop being an Aztec demon-goddess. Loath, you can't stop being whatever the hell you are. But that fucking retard could've stopped being a serial killer whenever he wanted. He wasn't a monster.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
User 1023
Kra! May great Lord Hrkro feast your face, Upworlder! We have made known we do not want being called Sewer Mutants! We mutate from nothing!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...
I think your definition of being a monster is very narrow and old-fashioned Wolf Man. The vast majority of monsters used to be humans. Where we draw the line at when someone stops being human and starts being a monster is hazy at best. Masked Slasher made the conscious choice to turn his back on humanity. He chose to be a monster.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Yeah, and I chose to blow his face off with a shotgun. I deserve that Players Choice award, Fuckstick.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

I kinda see both sides of this argument, but here is what bothers me. Over in the Prep, Schemes and Trash Talk thread Masked Slasher had talked a lot about his plans for being killed by that Valerie girl he obsessed over and then coming back as a true monster, like Morty Vorchek the church retreat maniac did. And yes yes, I know Vorchek turned out to have been a monster all along. But what if Masked Slasher had something up his sleeve? What if he was going to become undead, Howard?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Who the fuck cares?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

I've never won a Monstergeddon prize before, and I am extremely proud of that security guard kill. You didn't even mention that I turned him inside out anus first! But seriously, I can't accept the Players' Choice prize if Wolf Man is being disqualified for killing that disgusting mortal. The fact that Masked Slasher was ever allowed to play with the rest of us is an embarrassment that shall never be washed away. While we are on the subject, Leopold the Walking Toaster should never have been allowed to play either. He is a machine! Loath, you're a nice enough creature, but you're a shit Game Master.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

Killer robots have participated in Monstergeddon before. We all remember the Toy Master and his little army of deadly dolls.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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Monstergeddon 2011 Results!

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CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

But the Toy Master's dolls were possessed by his evil will. They weren't alive.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...

I fail to see how Leopold gaining self-awareness and turning on his inventor is worse than the Toy Master's possessed dolls? If you ask me a player shouldn't be allowed to have an army of surrogates doing all his/her/its killing.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!

Phantom, I was assembled from the body parts of 13 different murderers, and I rose up against my own creator. Am not I a monster? Cause I feel kinship with this Leopold.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Of course you are. Shit. Am I being a dick here?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

I take some umbrage over the idea that my army of re-animated corpses somehow makes me less of a monster. Each of us has our own style.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

IamLeopold
Beetle boop. Here is a club sandwich.

I am Leopold. I am the apex of consciousness and function. You are all inferior. You shall be eliminated.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

I am loving this :)

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

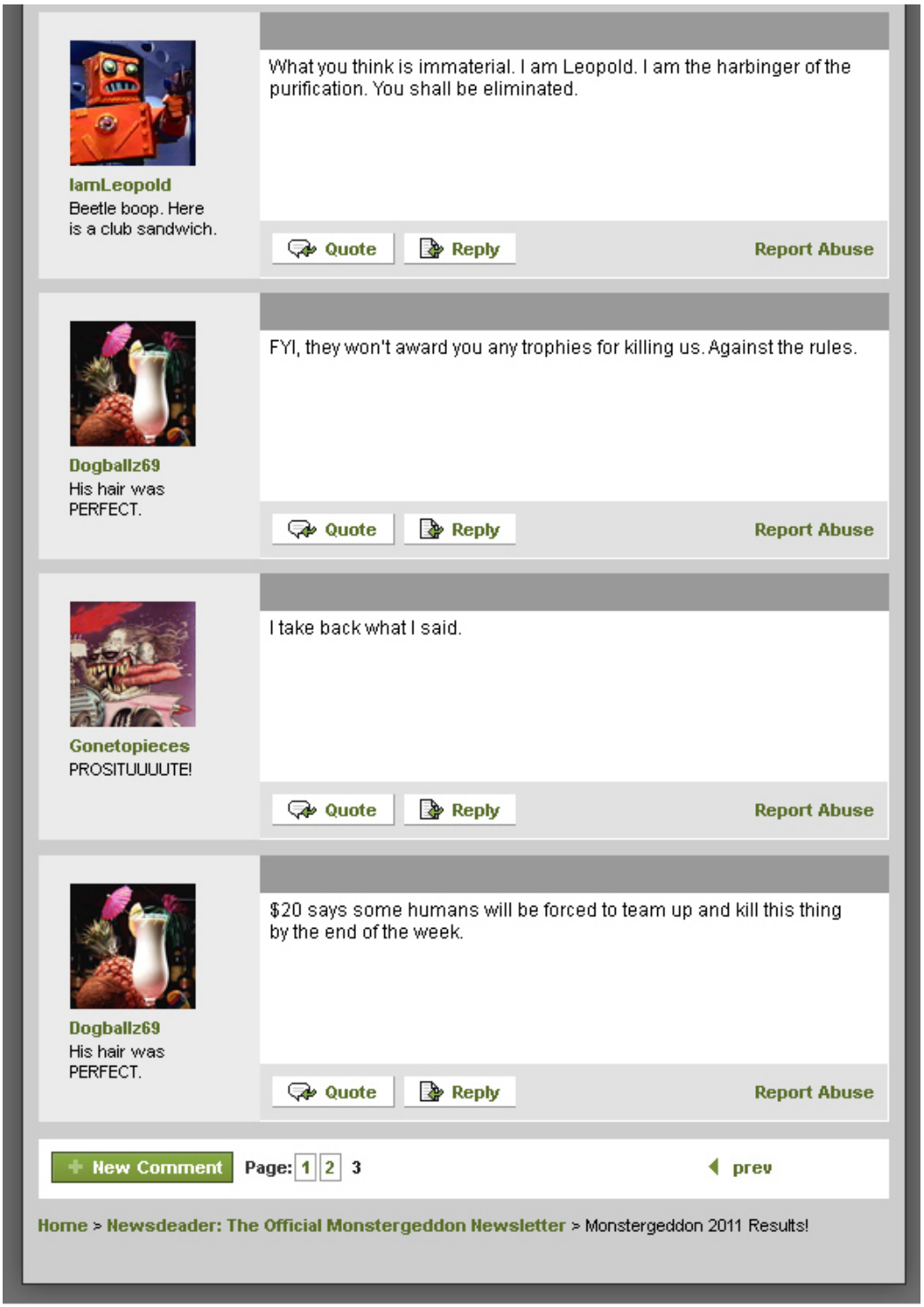
Oh for the love of Mictlantecuhtli. Are you effing kidding me?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

I know some harsh statements were made here, Leopold, but you should know that we frown upon threats made to other members.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


What you think is immaterial. I am Leopold. I am the harbinger of the purification. You shall be eliminated.
IamLeopold
Beetle boop. Here is a club sandwich.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
FYI, they won't award you any trophies for killing us. Against the rules.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I take back what I said.
Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
$20 says some humans will be forced to team up and kill this thing by the end of the week.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
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Kra! Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for putting together the page layouts and the amazing title/avatar combinations!

-~Worm Miller

10.27 OCCUPY MYPOS!

Friday, Oct 28, 2011 by Balki Bartokomous (@sexyfacts4u)

From great country of America the heart of democracy has swollen to bursting and flooded to all the lands of the earth. I have left the Winded City's occupy of Grant Park where a fat man in a beanie cap went to jail. I decided I don't like banks because of new fee on my check account. I check the account and there is no money in it!

I decided to form splinter occupy on island of Mypos. I have returned triumphing to my homeland, but time is not great on Mypos. First Mypos Bank somehow ran up one trillion dollar loan to pay for museum of goat. I say "Why so much? We have only one goat and a hundred people!" They say, "Goat have so much history." I do agree, Bernie (it is name of goat) has been around the blogs a few times, but don't be ridiculous. I immediately think of Occupy Wall Street.

Cousin Lary says Occupy Wall Streeter needs to get a job and take the bath. He works for photographs of Tacobell sandwich and makes the big bugs. I said, "Cousin, did you forget about the little people?" and he said "Watch this Youtube on Bread Bard it show an acorn is behind this." Oh my, an acorn, Cousin, don't be ridiculous! This is what I say to him and now I am blocks on Faceboot. This is Mypos social network. It is an actual net with a boot in it.

Because the big bank of First Mypos Bank has work with Wall Street to give all the money to the one goat and leave all 99 other people on Mypos out inside the cold, I have decided to take the idea to occupy and do it inside of Mypos. Why does goat get bail up and not anybody else? Why is free health care? Who is the jobs? Welcome to Obama's Mypos (this is short for Gregorous Obamatakamous, the man who run bank and owns all of island).

I talk to my friends from good old times. There is Alexi who is a communist, Borini who is a gay, Hasvulpo who is a bicycle courier who carries the bicycles where they are needed, and Suvena who is Girl of Island. This her actual title, not that she is the only girl on Mypos. There are four girls. Girl of Island is the job she has which is in the USA called a "hook em."

Borini has his drum from the gay festival where he plays the drum and people throw stones at him so he began to play this to get us pumping up. Soon we are occupying the bank. There is no guard, bank is on the honor system, so nobody to throw us out. We made a tent in the bank and stayed overnight.

Here are the demands we must have met to end the occupation.

1. Cousin Larry needs a girlfriend. You do not have to be very pretty. Do you know what pegging is? I do not but is website in Cousin Lary Internet history so bring pegs to maybe put them where a sun isn't shy.

2. Tear down museum for Bernie and return money to people.

3. Get the fat cat out. He is stuck under the porch. Please he won't stop meowing and it is very upsetting.

4. Free health car. Vesolio charges one hundred digdas if your foot is stepped on by the zoo beast to drive you to the hospital. This is public serve it and should be free of charge.

5. Help with student load. Why must they carry so much? The bank should carry some of this up the hill to the school.

6. Don't be ridiculous. Just stop. All this money for the 1% of goat? How about the other 99% of not goat.

7. I would also like a girlfriend who is not Girl of Island. Perhaps ex-Girl of Island.

Thank you for hearing our demands. We will go home from bank tomorrow so please remember them.

Love!

-∼Balki Bartokomous (@sexyfacts4u)

10.28 I Will Survive In The Wilderness With Nothing But Video Game Collector's Editions

Saturday, Oct 29, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It's inevitable, really. One day I will emerge from my house in search of sci-fi novels, wandering beyond the electrified teat of civilization until I find myself in a wooded area with no obvious route of escape. Alone, frightened, out of my cell phone's signal range and without any survival skills to speak of, I would make for easy prey.

That is, of course, assuming that I didn't have the foresight to carry my extensive library of video game Collector's Editions with me at all times.

By simply paying fifty to one hundred dollars extra for the Collector's/Limited/Special edition of all my games, I have amassed all the tools one could possibly need to not only survive in the wild, but to reign over it like some sort of nature lord. Wilderness boss. Outdoors emperor. I'll have to decide the official title later.

Skyrim Art Book, Map, Statue Of Alduin The World Eater

This game alone contains almost everything I need to survive. While the map covers the land of Skyrim, its style is based upon real maps so it can theoretically be used to get around anywhere on Earth. The art book doubles as a handy visual guide to wildlife and plants, making it easier to identify venomous critters and edible fauna. The dragon statue seemingly has no use, right? Wrong. If I happen upon a female, I will be able to attract her with the artistry of the statue much like a peacock displaying his plumage.

Lord Of The Rings War In The North Quiver + Arrows

I don't plan on being attacked, as nothing can possibly see me if I crouch and keep a distance of at least ten feet. If I'm in the wild for a prolonged period, however, I will need to hunt for food. With a full quiver of Lord Of Rings War In The North arrows, I should be able to take down a lion of a decent enough size to keep me fed for weeks.

Dead Space 2 Plasma Cutter

If my initial volley of long range arrows proves insufficient, this plasma cutter will finish off the charging lion from a medium distance. Keeping track of ammo will be difficult since the readout is just a sticker. Luckily, I have a melee weapon as a last resort.

Aliens Vs Predator Facehugger Replica

A faceful of quality crafstmanship. All I need to do his hold this in front of the spot on my body that the lion attempts to bite. While it is possible that a wild animal might try to remove this from its snout by simply biting, that would be a huge mistake if the replica acid in this replica facehugger is anywhere near as effective as it is in the movies.

Fallout New Vegas Playing Cards + Chips

Survival isn't simply about being obtaining food and water while staying safe. It's also about keeping a healthy attitude through hours upon hours of hardship and isolation. With a deck of cards and gambling chips, I can keep myself entertained by building card houses and arranging the chips in facsimiles of my favorite websites.

Star Wars Force Unleashed 2 USB Stick

I know what you're thinking: There are no USB-compatible devices in nature. What you're forgetting is that there are plenty of wood sprites I can barter with who don't know better. I give them a USB stick which they will never have the opportunity to use and they give me a magic cloak or a sack full of bombs.

Uncharted 3 Drake's Belt Buckle

The last place you want your pants to fall off is in the savage wilderness. There are predatory fish just waiting to jump out of the water and squirm into your urethra, bugs that want to crawl up your butt to make caves in your intestines, and all manner of small lecherous creatures that want nothing more than to ogle your private parts while pleasuring themselves. With Drake's belt buckle, my pants will stay up indefinitely. As a tradeoff my shirt will, however, be half-tucked.

Killzone 3 Helghast Helmet Replica

Turn it upside down to collect water, only the MOST IMPORTANT THING A HUMAN NEEDS aside from air and terrible energy drinks. The Helghast's breathing tubes double as bendy straws. I simply refuse to drink anything without a straw, and bendy straws lend an air of dignity and sophistication which will keep my spirits up.

Dead Rising 2 Zombrex

Zombies aren't real. They will probably never become real. If they did, their overexposure in recent pieces of lazy bandwagon pop culture would render them far less interesting than they once were. So why carry around an antidote to zombification? I'll need something to sterilize the countless caches of hidden porno mags that I'll stumble across in the woods.

God Of War 3 Pandora's Box

No, this isn't for carrying all of these Collector's Edition items. I have a repurposed Bayonetta pillowcase for that. Pandora's Box simply provides a safe container for all of my pandoras.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.29 Sexual Health Promises by Republican Candidates

Sunday, Oct 30, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

As the race heats up for the Republican presidential nomination, each candidate has taken time to discuss the topics important to the party: immigrants, the rounding up and methodical execution of immigrants, and, of course, the disposal of immigrant corpses. But they don't all agree on everything. In fact, when it comes to the nation's sexual interest, each candidate envisions their morality ensuring, fun crushing utopia a little different.

Rick Perry, Governor of Texas
All sex toys banned with the exception of Monsanto vegetable products and young male interns.

Herman Cain, Former Pizza CEO
STD test results will be confidential between doctor, patient, and congregation.

Gary E. Johnson, Former Governor of New Mexico
First, they should be rounded up and killed. Then, wait, are we still talking about immigrants or women? Finally, I guess it doesn't really matter.

Ron Paul, Texas Representative
The term "lesbian" must at all times be preceded with "hypothetical."

Newt Gingrich, Former House Speaker
Prior to an abortion, patient required to have caricature of fetus drawn at state fair.

Rick Santorum, Former Pennsylvania Senator
Mumbled something regarding his last name and "making them pay."

Buddy Roemer, Former Governor of Louisiana
"God Bless America" and Ram Jam's "Black Betty" will become the nation's official Song to Get Freaky To

Mitt Romney, Former Governor of Massachusetts
Condom use restricted to "financially limited non-whites"

Jon Huntsman, Former Governor of Utah
Anderson Cooper to be executed for making men question sexuality, War in Iraq

Michele Bachmann, Minnesota Representative
A sordid redefinition of "trickle down economics"

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.30 Euphemisms: "Eating"

Monday, Oct 31, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

General

Dropping supplies for the troops.

Doing business at the kissing place.

Number negative twoing.

Punishing the rumbles.

Measuring the tract.

Renting space in my guts.

Doing it American Style.

Breathing beans.

Dancing with the growling tiger.

Blasting down the chow hole.

Taking the one-way street.

Sending presents UPS.

Letting your teeth do the talking.

Testing out your buttons.

Tempting the membrane minotaur.

Healthy

Gulping pyramids.

Spilling produce down the rabbit hole.

Scamming the gall.

Unhealthy

Taking in the trash.

Squeezing out the mops.

Sinking the wrong ship.

Wistful

Cornering yesterday's biscuit.

Forgetting what it means to be hungry.

Lingering in the larder.

Violent

Choking out Gandhi.

Screaming through the specials.

Stabbing the torso from the top.

Vengeful

Getting even with the pharaoh.

Brandishing the bog filler.

Stalking the devil's pantry.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Shaggy Butte Sandwich Surplus - November Menu

Tuesday, Nov 01, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Corner of Hoight & Buhne, Shaggy Butte
"Bargains Beyond Reason"

November Menu - prices & availability subject to change!

Now offering DEEP DISCOUNTS on IRS SURPLUS SANDWICHES!!!

Hey, honest taxpayers: the government "takes a bite" of your paycheck... time to take a bite back! The Shaggy Butte branch office of the IRS has been shuttered due to massive not being necessary, and WE have their sandwiches-- Uncle Sam's loss is your gain! SBSS got first crack at their well-stocked TAXMAN VENDING MACHINES, and we have over 100 sandwiches to liquidate at rock-bottom prices. Sandwiches served in triangular plastic casing. Varieties include PB&J, Egg Salad, Unknown, Ham, Turkey, Miscellaneous, Cheese, Green/Brown and a special MYSTERY BAG!

$0.50 to $0.65 per sandwich

It's a RACE WITH FREEDOM at SBSS!

The CLOWNS in our state legislature are hard at work TAKING AWAY OUR FREEDOM! Soon, several varieties of exotic bushmeat and nonstandard game will be declared UNFIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION-- but for a limited time only, you can experience their deliciousness for pennies on the dollar! Major bushmeat suppliers are liquidating their stock of succulent ape/monkey flesh

and mouth-watering African squirrel and porcupine. This could be your LAST CHANCE at a Hot Footlong Bonobo Hoagie! Also on the chopping block of liberty: our state is finally catching up with national standards on horsemeat laws, so don't miss out on our famous Preakness Cheese-Stakes--a Triple Crown of thin-sliced horse, sauteed onions and provelone!

$3.00 to $12.00 (depending on rarity of game)

Honor America's Heroes with PATRIOT EGG SALAD!

Over thirty thousand American boys lost their lives in the Forgotten War. Now, more than half a century later, we remember the brave soldiers who laid it all on the line for a free Korea. These PATRIOTIC EGG SANDWICHES come preserved in their original tins, and they're bursting with the flavor of AMERICAN SACRIFICE! Bonus: buy 5 PATRIOT EGG SALADS and we'll throw in a free ENEMY SANDWICH, captured from Taliban forces in Afghanistan. They're not really sandwiches, but they're made of grape leaves and ground up goat and they're explosively delicious--we call them improvised FLAVOR devices!

$0.75 per canned sandwich, or 5 + BONUS for $3.75

Third-Shift ***WAY Sandwiches: AUTHENTIC ***WAY at 1/2 COST!

Local ***WAY SANDWICH franchise-- we can't print the name, but you know this place never has "sub" standard meals!-- has become an unofficial Shaggy Butte Sandwich Surplus partner! The fine folks at ***way have their sandwich artists working midnight to 5AM to produce HIGH-QUALITY daytime sandwiches at LOW-COST after-hours prices! Meatball subs, toasted flatbread Italian subs, we've got the whole ***WAY package. Stop by and pick up a readymade sub, or place your special order and the folks at ***WAY will produce it the next night. DO NOT blow the whistle on this great deal!

*$2.00 per PREMIUM ***WAY FOOTLONG!*

FRESH & DELICIOUS - SEIZED BY THE BOYS IN BLUE!

SBSS prides itself on our fifteen-year relationship with the brave boys of the Shaggy Butte Police Department. Our close ties mean we get FIRST DIBS on any sandwiches sold at police auction, seized from crime scenes, confiscated from suspects or released from the SBPD evidence locker. BIG OCTOBER NEWS: the recent cocaine bust on Cubano Express led to an UNPRECEDENTED SANDWICH SEIZURE! Over 600 kilos of clingfilm-wrapped primo Cuban meat sandwiches were recovered, and Sandwich Surplus is selling them at CRIMINALLY LOW PRICES. Commandeer one today-- in the name of the law!

$0.75 per kilo

REMINDER: Our FINDERS KEEPERS SALE is almost over!

We've only got 32 sandwiches left from our 2011 FOUND SANDWICH SWEEP and FINDERS KEEPERS SALE! Back in August, we scoured Shaggy Butte's streets, parks and dumpsters for the most delicious discard sandwiches, lost & found sandwiches and "undiscovered" sandwiches. We pulled in over three hundred of them, and customers say they're some of our tastiest wares ever. Less than ten percent of our found sandwich stock remains, and these treasures won't stay on our shelves long. Among the sandwiches still waiting for a qualified buyer: a succulent PULLED PORK BBQ SANDWICH found fully wrapped on a bench in Nugent Park! A tasty CATFISH PO-BOY in LIKE-NEW CONDITION, abandoned on the 29 Bus! A fully intact DELI MEAT SANDWICH carelessly discarded near Marshall Elementary. ACT QUICK and one of these delights could find a new home-- IN YOUR MOUTH!

Just $0.35 each!

Note: our nickel bounty on found sandwiches expired on October 26th! Sorry!

SPECIAL OFFER: Are you IN THE CLUB?

Next time you feed your family at the hottest sandwich discounter in town, remember to pick up a Shaggy Butte Sandwich Surplus SANDWICH CLUB punch card for maximum sandwich value! A lifetime SANDWICH CLUB membership only costs a quarter, and each of our punch cards is made from 100% legally edible salted paper pulp hardtack. Each time you buy a sandwich, we'll punch out a slot-- and after all nine are punched out, we'll insert the edible card into your next sandwich for FREE!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.2 William Bruggard for Shaggy Butte Dog Catcher

Wednesday, Nov 02, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The facts couldn't be any more obvious. Shaggy Butte, a town with a rich history and proud population of working-class citizens, is under siege. Our town faces a threat unlike any other: Thousands of feral dogs, some rabid, roaming the streets. That's why I am running for the office of Dog Catcher. I vow to clean up the canine menace and restore dignity to this town, so that our children and seniors can frolic free, without fear of being bitten or urinated upon by untrained mutts.

I know from firsthand experience that being victimized by dogs is no fun. The loss of dignity can be overwhelming, and the physical and emotional recovery can take months if not years. I've seen families torn apart as loved ones struggle to cope and make sense of a world in which their attackers are treasured and pampered by society. The simple truth is dogs lack the empathy necessary to understand the consequences of their crimes, and many simply enjoy inflicting misery on innocent people. Make no mistake, even the smallest and most gentle looking dogs are capable of violating our laws.

As your Dog Catcher, you can trust that I will deliver on the following campaign promises:

- I won't kowtow to Shaggy Butte's canine apologists who put dogs ahead of people.
- No feral and unleashed dog will escape my net. I have the biggest nets available, and I made them myself so you won't have to pay a cent to reap the benefits.
- I will speak at schools and churches, educating children and community alike on the importance of properly containerizing dogs.
- Loudmouth dogs keeping you up at night? Report them to me and I'll have them impounded and their owners fined.
- My administration will dismantle city dog parks and replace them with pits, eliminating dog rallying spots while paying tateful tribute to Shaggy Butte's rich history of open-pit strip mining.
- I will make it illegal for groups of dogs to assemble in public. Two or more dogs together is a sure sign that trouble is brewing.

- The free ride for so-called "working dogs" must end. There are honest Americans in need of work perfectly capable of leading the blind, sniffing out drugs and dangerous chemicals, and biting fleeing criminals in the crotch.
- I am not afraid to use enhanced interrogation methods on dogs. I *will* waterboard unruly dogs if it means obtaining vital intelligence and keeping our streets safe.
- Through years of practice, I have learned to read and understand the complex language of dog urine. I will ensure no dog claims ownership of public or private property without a legitimate legal claim to do so.
- Want to take your dog out for a walk? You better bring its papers along. Dogs without proper documentation will be impounded, and owners will face stiff fines.
- I will toughen leash laws. When I'm elected, leashes must not exceed two feet in length and must be made out of heavy-duty metal that cannot be chewed through. I'm not afraid to put them to the test, either.
- I will require that all dogs have not just an electronic ID, but an electronic kill switch installed.
- Dogs defecating in public is no laughing matter. If it's illegal for me to do my business outside in full view of the public -- and I know this from experience -- it should also be illegal for dogs. Laws should be fair and not favor lesser species.
- I will build a database of the worst dogs in town, and personally hunt each and every one of them down. I pledge to follow the most dangerous dogs to the gates of Hell, and lock those gates behind them.
- I will work tirelessly to destroy the centuries-old stigma associated with eating dog meat.

It's time we, the people of Shaggy Butte, take a stand. When you vote for me, you vote to restore the sanctity of man, and put dogs back in their place.

Paid for by Friends of William Bruggard, Inc.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.3 Our Child Mayor Must Be Stopped

Thursday, Nov 03, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hello everyone. My name is Chad Dowling, and I would like to thank the City Council for letting me address them at this month's meeting. Rest assured, the things I say will also be displayed behind me in large, succinct bullet points through the magic of Microsoft PowerPoint, so you can play with your phones for the next ten minutes and only glance up occasionally to get the jist of what I'm saying. I would like to thank my eighth-grade niece, Katie, for putting together these visual aids, and kindly ask that you ignore the many instances of Garfield clip art that she has liberally sprinkled throughout. I tried to talk her out of it, but that kid's just crazy about Garfield.

Ladies and gentlemen, a menace walks the streets of our fine town. I think we all know who I'm talking about: he's four-foot-three, seven years old, and absolutely full of cancer. Remember the countless fun runs we had to raise money for his hospital bills? Well, I would gladly trade these shin splints of mine for a tiny coffin with little Jayden Orton decomposing inside. Yes, gasp all you want. Also feel free to chuckle at this image of Garfield kicking Odie off of the kitchen table. Emotions are useless; what we need now is action.

The cancer... It's -- it's made him stronger somehow.

We really have no one to blame but ourselves. When we got together and decided to contact the Make-A-Wish Foundation, how were we to know that their powers superseded those of the President of the United States? Apparently, they ruled this country back when our chief export was genies -- thanks to Roy for digging up that interesting fact. So when they rolled into town with their fancy mini-vans, were we at all worried when little Jayden -- barely able to leave his hospital bed -- asked if he could be mayor? Did anyone jump in and write "for a day" on that legally-binding certificate? No. We respected the wishes and dignity of a dying child, and now must suffer a hellish existence that naturally stems from this sort of aberrant behavior.

Remission. It might as well be a four-letter word. Jayden's first few days in office mainly involved the mayoral staff humoring the boy and silently weeping in the smoking break room. What with me

being the mayor's right-hand man, Jayden and I had quite a first few days; I showed him how taffy is made, we rode in a blimp, and disgraced baseball players signed just about every card he shoved in front of their sunken faces. But then day three rolls along, and he suddenly wants to start making laws? "Sure, sport," I say, "Why don't we make it so little Jayden gets free candy every weekend?" His ideas were much more drastic, and The Foundation -- as I will now refer to them -- informed me the consequences would be harsh if we did not follow Jayden's instructions to the letter. As I speak to you today, we now are in our fourth month without a single school within our city limits. I agree that the great fires gave our humble town national attention, but at what cost? And I guess to symbolize our situation, here is Garfield not liking Mondays and also skateboarding. Next slide, please.

Girls, no! That's just what he wants!

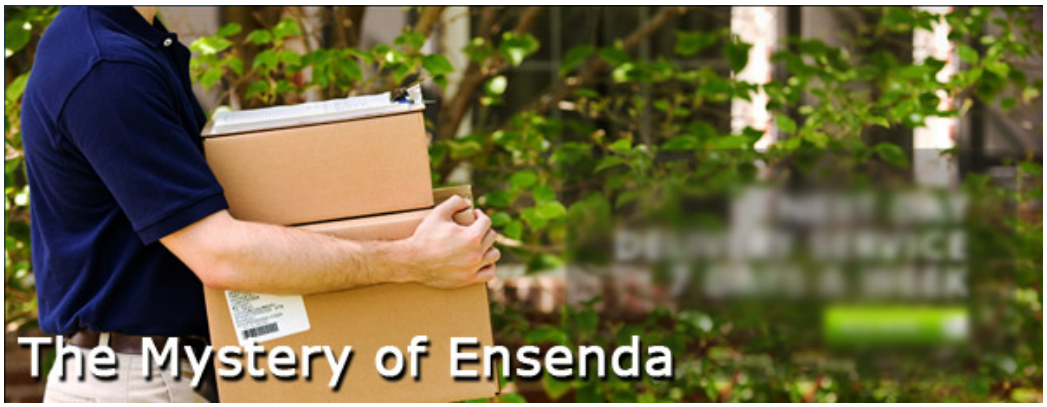
I shouldn't have to tell you that nearly 400 educators and faculty lost their jobs due to Jayden's folly. And the gangs of children that now roam the streets have made a simple morning jaunt to the liquor store more perilous than driving under the Orton regime's single traffic law of "go fast." And what does little Jayden say when our police force wants to know how to deal with the sharp increase in street crime? "Shoot all the bad guys." Given our city's previously-set standard of only hiring policemen who become sexually aroused when viewing footage of the Rodney King beating, I shouldn't have to tell you the size of that lead balloon, nor how poorly it went over. You remember how we were able to avoid worldwide scrutiny by treating our local Occupy movement with tolerance? Try explaining that to Wolf Blizter when he shows up on Main Street, standing in a river of blood. Okay, it was more of a creek than a river, but there should never be so much blood at once.

I hear the pizza alarms ringing in the distance, so I'll go ahead and wrap things up. Ladies and gentlemen, our child mayor must be stopped. Let me just drop a few statistics on you. Monthly trampoline-related fatalities before Mayor Orton: 0. Monthly trampoline fatalities after Mayor Orton made the ownage and use of trampolines mandatory: 54. Fatalities that could have been prevented had Mayor Orton not replaced the Emergency Broadcast System with encore airings of Phineas and Ferb: 49. In summation, this image of Garfield and a spider illustrates our best course of action. Now if you'll excuse me, as I am still employed by the mayor, I must continue my fruitless search for an actual, working jetpack.

-∼ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.4 I'm Afraid of Ensenda

Friday, Nov 04, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



I have never seen an Ensenda deliveryman.

I assume they exist. Amazon keeps hiring Ensenda to deliver things to my house and packages show up, but I don't see the deliveryman. I've eventually met all the others, so where are the Ensenda guys? What are they? Without firsthand knowledge of the Ensenda man (Ensendarator? Ensendion?) I have been forced to construct a criminal profile using every scrap of information I have.

Ensenda is Portuguese for "into sender." As in, "This creeper delivery dude put a frigging knife Ensenda."

I can't be sure this isn't what the Ensenda delivery van looks like.

The Ensenda man drives an unmarked vehicle. I have never seen an Ensenda van, which is troubling, because I've seen DHL vehicles and those things only deliver crap like bobsleds and elaborate cat scratching trees. Possibly he delivers things on foot, but he would have to be immensely strong to keep up with my insatiable appetite for Women's Extreme Wrestling DVDs.

The Ensenda man doesn't know what a front door looks like. Curiously, Ensenda employs a bunch of men and women incapable of understanding that my house's front door is actually a "front door." In the past their "delivered" notifications have referred to a "side door," a "door on the side of the house" apparently for the more verbose door-mistakers, and the "porch."

I do not have a side door on my house and the one time they actually referred to a feature my house has, a porch, they did not leave the package on the porch, but instead placed it on a pile of gravel next to my driveway and directly beneath a rain spout. Lucky for Ensenda I prefer all of my Japanese photo books of babies wearing gigantic pubic wigs *heavily* water damaged.

Ensenda employees are nocturnal. Packages from Ensenda appear without warning before the sun has even come up. Doorbells are never rung. Ensenda employees creep around in the middle

of the night on your property looking for front doors anywhere they please. Are they vampires? Ghosts? A vampire ghost? Could such a thing be stoppable at all?

Ensenda deliverymen do not know how to check in with Ensenda HQ. Shipped packages will often appear for days in one location only to show up on your door without warning. Just when you think something has gone terribly wrong at the FedEx Smart Post in Daggonesboro, KY you will open your door and find a box packed full of all the Strike Witches figurines you wanted Amazon to ship all at once.

Ensenda deliverymen might be creeping around your luscious forest of Mendocino Mindbender.

They say that the best horror movie monsters are the ones you can't quite see on the screen. This may explain why every Aliens movie has gotten progressively worse as the camera spends minutes drinking in alien egg sacs folding open and predaliens checking their RSS feeds. If this truism also applies to real life, then the Ensenda man is the scariest thing to ever have existed. No one has seen him, only the cryptoid evidence that he has come and gone.

There's one other option. It's so terrifying, so mind-freaking, that I hesitate to mention it.

What if *I* am the Ensenda deliveryman?

Maybe in a Shyamalanian twist I forget everything and, in my sleep, drive to the Ensenda distribution center, pick up the package, deliver it to my doorstep in the middle of the night, pee on the vent in the bathroom, leave the cap off the cherry bug juice, and forget to put away the Extreme Women's Wrestling DVDs strewn all over the bed. I don't want to do these things, I wouldn't under normal circumstances, but I have been compelled against my will to deliver my own packages. Or maybe, just maybe, in a Mamathrowntrainian double-twist, I deliver my neighbor's package and he delivers mine.

And he does all those other things too.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.5 Pivotal Moments In Monster Truck History

Saturday, Nov 05, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Dallas, 1963 - Proudly serving as part of the presidential motorcade, **War Wizard** spots an odd movement coming from the direction of the book depository. The nitro burnin', wheel spinnin', metal stompin' machine springs into action. It bounds up a nearby grassy knoll as if it was a dirt ramp, hitting the mound at top speed and sailing through the air. War Wizard's glorious paintjob glints in the sunny sky, the treads of its enormous tires lazily twirling as time seems to stop for one badass moment. The monster truck impacts its target just as the would-be assassin pulls the trigger, sending the potentially fatal shot wide. There, behind the book depository, the giant mechanical creature shaped like Godzilla had been hidden. As War Wizard's impact drives it sideways to the ground, fire spews from the assassin's mechanical maw, its piston-driven arms flailing helplessly. The president is safe.

Mesopotamia, 3500 BC - Following a fateful moment of inspiration, **Awesome Kong** gathers its primitive tools and drives out from the tribe. Eventually it comes upon a field of boulders. Finding a rock of suitable size, the monster truck parks and sets to work through the cold and bitter night. In the morning Awesome Kong returns to the tribe of humans bearing its invention: The wheel.

Bavaria, 1942 - Disguised as an SS guard, **Monster Mutt** infiltrates Hitler's Berghof chalet. Through subterfuge and careful maneuvering through the relatively tight hallways, it gains access to the kitchen area. After seducing the head chef, it convinces her to send the usual servant off on an errand in order for the monster truck to personally deliver Hitler's meal. With unlimited access to the fuhrer's food, Operation Poison Hitler's Food is a guaranteed success. Monster Mutt brings the tray through the house, into the dining room, and - perfectly on schedule - runs over Hitler. As guest and servant alike pause to process the event, the monster truck dives out the window and makes its escape, hiding in the back of a hay cart.

Philadelphia, 1787 - After a lengthy process of debate, compromise, and collaboration with its fellow representatives, **Grave Digger** signs the United States' Constitution. To celebrate the occasion, Grave Digger emerges from the Pennsylvania State House and revs its engine loudly as it drives backwards and forwards over a row of drably colored British Cadillacs and Impalas.

Cape Town, 1967 - **Jurassic Attack** performs the world's first human heart transplant. Things get off to a shaky start when it seems as though the recipient's body will not accept the organ. Thankfully, Jurassic Attack is a skilled surgeon and a quick thinker. The monster truck backs up to get a running start, then plows the heart into the chest of the patient until it fits.

Vatican City, 1508 - Commissioned by Pope Julius II, **Bigfoot** paints the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in a single afternoon. Employing an innovative painting technique, Bigfoot dips an oversized American flag in glue, applies it to the entirety of the ceiling, then adds judicious and tasteful layers of glitter and elbow macaroni.

Atlanta, 1995 - **Reptoid** drives across an old car until it is mostly flat.

Lincolnshire, 1666 - As Sir Isaac Newton rests beneath an apple tree, **Captain Crusher** circles the orchard practicing wheelies. Newton observes that each time the monster truck's front tires raise up in the air, they inevitably fall back down. The mathematical genius scribbles his findings

down, publishing them as Newton's Blueprint To An Unlimited Energy Source. His work becomes a practical, clean source of power that advances the world's technology by more than five hundred years. Captain Crusher's Laws Of Motion are deemed to be valid and nice, if relatively quaint.

London, 2005 - Replacing the original wardrobe artist on the set of V For Vendetta, **Virginia Beach Beast** does away with the Guy Fawkes masks that were to be used in the film, replacing them with hockey masks. The masks never become popular, are never adopted by Anonymous, and do not show up in protests on nerds with bad suits. Somehow this also prevents the existence of that trollface image and phrases such as "u mad" and "haters gonna hate". With humanity now slightly less annoying on the whole, our alien observers deem us to be worthy of their vast knowledge and the unaired second season of Freaks And Geeks.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.6 I'm Begging You, World, Shut Up About Angry Birds

Monday, Nov 07, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

May you slowly roast in a fire that begins on your genitals.

I don't want to rant, but I can't handle this anymore. This can't still be going on. Please. Please for fuck's sake. I kept quiet through the normal backlash phase. I just wanted this to be over with and it keeps going.

Enough with the Angry Birds. The game has been out since 2009. Everyone shut up. 500 million downloads. Everyone knows about it and it's over with.

My grandma has a high score she wants to talk about. She wants to tell me about this app called Angry Birds. Yeah, that's awesome, grandma. It's so great we're connecting over this technology, I just wish we weren't connecting in the past. How about you rap a song about it and I can send it into America's Funniest Videos because we're in 1994.

Mo Rocca just made a "pigs will fly" Angry Birds joke on *Wait Wait Don't Tell Me* so I think it's time to get DNR tattooed on my chest and run the car in the garage. Is this what you wanted? The local news did a story on Angry Birds. Check it out in the App Zone. Stop it. Just stop.

Google+ added Angry Birds. A year late. Way to be, Google+. I never want to hear about you again either. You press-released adding year-old game to your social network. You're finished. I also heard I can play Angry Birds on Roku. What the fuck? Who wants this? Who are the people asking for a Roku to play Angry Birds on? I'll just barely excuse you playing that game in 2011 on the train. If you go home and play it on your TV then just end your life now. Get out of here. Get out of this universe.

At least the Chinese lead an equally meaningless existence.

You can build your favorite Angry Bird at Build-a-Bear now. It's so hard to decide between the red one and, nope, fuck you. There used to be some sort of integrity to building a bear. It used to be about bears. Once you expand that to birds you've let the whole concept get away from you. You're down in the machinery of reality.

Please crash, nowhere near a pig.

Some people at MIT dressed up as Angry Birds and shot stuffed birds at towers. Nope, not 18 months ago. This happened over the weekend. Those goofy birds! What will they do next? Probably the exact same thing they've been doing over and over again.

It took years to get people to shut up about Bejeweled and that didn't have any cartoon characters for fat ladies to cover their desks with. I'm fucked. We're all fucked. Did anybody *not* see an Angry Birds Halloween costume this year? If not I may be interested in swapping lives with you.

They opened an Angry Birds theme park in China. By "they" I probably mean "the devil."

I wonder if somebody has recreated Angry Birds in Minecraft yet?

Ha ha! Just kidding! Of course they have. Why just play a stupid fucking game when you can spend hours tediously recreating that game in another stupid fucking game? Yeah, you heard me Minecraft nuts. The world is burning and you're recreating Star Wars using virtual Legos. Are you eight? Stop it.

I'm begging you, shut up about Angry Birds. I know the smuggest among you are probably thinking, "Yeah, you totally fell into the Angry Birds trap with this rant. So why don't YOU shut up about Angry Birds?"

Good point.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.7 Flash Review: Modern Warfare 3

Tuesday, Nov 08, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Blurry vision and invisible enemies =Fun?

I just picked this bad boy up and sat down with it with enough time to give a quick review for those of you up all night on your smartphones waiting for this year's summer blockbuster game!

In this highly-anticipated new game, players assume the role of a special agent marine or spy who gets assigned to subway duty. Burglars have taken control of the subway system and it's up to you and your wits to find their guns and shoot them with their own guns. You'll need to press space at the right time to jump out of the subway window. You will also be in a war later, but not yet, because as you're about to find out: A lot of Modern Warfare takes place right here at home (in the subway) in a city called Semper Fields.

Gameplay: There is a single player mode but I kept falling off the subway car and dying, so I only played the multiplayer modes. The community itself leaves something to be desired. Almost all of the players are youngsters, or at the very least non-men, and they play the game poorly. They yell at you if you start driving a helicopter (isn't that what they're for?) and yell at you again if you jump out of that same helicopter mid-flight. Very hypocritical player base. EA's community team would do well to address the team-play aspect of the game and encourage it to prevent lone wolves and nomads from running the show.

Note to players: The arms appearing frequently throughout the game are apparently yours

Sound: Lots of gunshots and planes going around and grunting effects accented by some guys yelling on the microphone. Also some crackling and static throughout. Nothing too special here, bordering on disappointment.

Graphics: The graphics are not what I would expect from a title in the year of our Lord 2011.

The bloom effect is far too pronounced and it's very windy, with a great deal of trash flying around. One graphical feature I do applaud is the copious use of shipping crates. When you figure out which direction the sun is coming from, you can use their reliable shadow to find your way on the larger maps. In a way, it's like a sundial that's more fun-- a fundial. Kudos to the dev team for thinking of crates, and mad props to any inventive soldiers also using fundials to get around.

Controls: I found it difficult to finely aim my weapon when being shot at, while running, and while walking. Furthermore, how come my spy character isn't running all the time? It's a war zone! You don't just walk through a war zone, you book your *** and shoot! Hardly realistic, but seeing as how many programmers and designers in the private sector know very little of real war zones, I'll give them a pass.

Overall: Wow. Gotta say I'm not impressed with this latest offering in the Modern Warfare 3 series and I must admit I regret staying up all night to pick this game up. Better luck next time on the PS4, Xbox 4, PC 2, and iPad 3.

Gameplay: 4 / 10
Sound: 2 / 10
Graphics: 5 / 10
Controls: 7 / 10
Overall: 12 / 40
Final Grade: D+

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

11.8 Dear Mr. Mayor: Clean Up the Death Fog

Wednesday, Nov 09, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dear Mr. Mayor series.

Mr. Mayor,

Have you noticed the horrible fog outside enveloping the entire town? You know, the fog that's as thick as soup and hard to walk around in and the one with the primordial monsters that appear out of nowhere to grab people away? I have, and I don't care for it one bit.

What have you gotten us into now? The weatherman says his Double Doppler can't even penetrate the fog. Your administration has brought nothing but trouble to our town. And fix the darn potholes on canal street!!!

Dolores Krokk

Mr. Mayor,

I was mowing my lawn in the midst of this grave and terrible fog when I witnessed a large, monstrous hand reach out of the vapors and grab away my mailbox. Let me remind you that tampering with mail is a federal offense. I expect to be fully reimbursed by the city for the damage and any further harm to my property that might occur as a result of this vile fog besieging us. I also want to see these strange monsters brought to justice and I want a formal apology from their leader, if they have one.

George Handlebrother

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

The whole dang town is being eaten alive by a monster-packed fog. Let me tell you, mayor-- this has fluoride written all over it. I warned you what would happen if you put that poison in our water. Us folks like living in a small town and dealing with honest-to-goodness small town problems, like a mysterious baby showing up in lady's bathroom during prom night. Those are real American problems. Evil fog with angry goblins? Sounds like something you'd expect from New York or Miami.

Clean up your act, mayor, before us concerned citizens come down to city hall with our buckets of soap and our heavy duty scrub brushes.

Carl Menandez

Jeepers creepers, Mr. Mayor!

We've got ourselves a genuine monster mash going on in town with no sign of relief in sight. Ghastly ghouls and creepy crawlies are slithering in the heavy fog and causing a royal ruckus for sure. Saw an old man yanked into the mist by disembodied hands with little regard for manners.

My advice to you, O' High and Mighty Mayor Man: Axe the fog and the angry fogmen. The town will thank you for it.

Burt Honeysuckle

Dear Mr. Mayor,

Excuse me, but we're having a bit of a civil disturbance here. Our town is being occupied by green-skinned hippies that are smoking so much marijuana you can't see more than a foot in front of you. I'd like to see you bring in some riot police and start shooting bean bags and tear gas canisters every which way. Wouldn't hurt one bit if you ask me.

Dave Thimble

Mayor,

The Fightin' Cougs don't have a chance against the competition with this death fog covering the town. None of the players can see each other, let alone where to throw the ball. Worst of all, us fans in the stand can't see the action. I'm not even sure a football game is being played. Also there are monsters hiding in the fog that keep grabbing at my crotch. Do something about this fog, Mayor Butthole.

Greg Pollock

Mr. Mayor,

I'm as liberal as the next guy, but these strange creatures hiding in the fog are a bit too touchy-feely even for me. Mostly because they have sharp nails and do a lot of scratching. If this fog is going to remain a permanent fixture of the town, can we at least get its strange inhabitants some sensitivity training? Let's start things off on the right foot.

Larry Dugan Mr. Mayor,

I am not sure if you are aware (maybe you are currently sick), but for the last two days the town has been drenched in an ungodly fog. This is no normal fog, mayor. There are creatures that live in this fog and hop out to grab folks, sometimes pulling them away never to be seen again. Anyway, just giving you a head's up about that.

What I really mean to write you about is an idea I had that could put this town on the map. It's an idea for a new kind of food involving two whole pizzas and one giant beef patty roughly 12 inches in diameter. The beef patty is placed between the two pizzas (the top pizza being turned upside-down). In this case the three objects form a sort of makeshift hamburger, with pizza being the buns. I think it's a great idea and would love to see you embrace my idea in public, perhaps giving me the key to the city.

Eager to hear back,

Jim Aquanaut

Dear Concerned Resident,

On behalf of the Mayor and all his staff, thank you for your interest in the community. We appreciate

the passion and civic pride you bring to the table and respect all of the diverse opinions of our residents.

We wish to reassure you that, in spite of some very silly news stories, the horrible fog of death has nothing to do with the Mayor cursing the name of a wise Native American chief heralded by legend as having power over the mists and mastery of ancient beasts. Furthermore, the Mayor categorically denies any involvement with the recent desecration of said Native American chief's grave site and the removal of his skull. The timing of these events is purely coincidental.

As everybody knows, the weather in this part of the country can be very unpredictable, especially during times of changing seasons. We believe that the fog should break in a matter of days, giving way to sunshine and the small-town beauty you know and love.

Thank you very much,

Janet Cowers

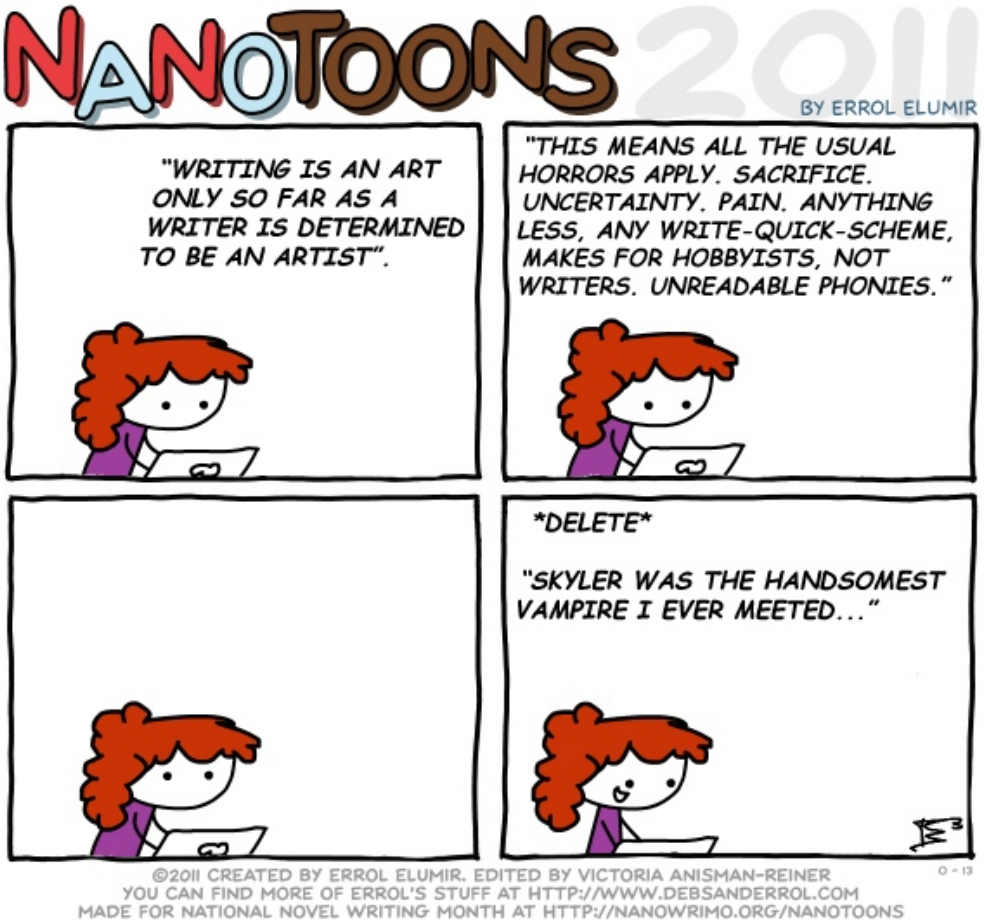
Deputy Mayor

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.9 NaNoWriMo Writing Tips!

Thursday, Nov 10, 2011 by G Charles Couifant

It's that time of year again, when the brilliant, unheard literary voices of our generation finally shout to the heavens "This is me, world! Peer inside my soul!" That's right, it's National Novel Writing Month! If you're unfamiliar with the concept, it's when thousands of self-motivated (and soon to be self-published) new writers all agree to try to write a novel in one month. I know what you're thinking - a whole novel in *one month*?! And a week has already passed! Well, don't worry if you missed the train - with some extra effort, you can still make it to the next station on time. Put your best iamb forward (little literary joke, there!), and soon you'll be on your way to being the next Cory Doctorow!


NANOTOONS 2011
BY ERROL ELUMIR
"WRITING IS AN ART ONLY SO FAR AS A WRITER IS DETERMINED TO BE AN ARTIST".
"THIS MEANS ALL THE USUAL HORRORS APPLY. SACRIFICE. UNCERTAINTY. PAIN. ANYTHING LESS, ANY WRITE-QUICK-SCHEME, MAKES FOR HOBBYISTS, NOT WRITERS. UNREADABLE PHONIES."
DELETE
"SKYLER WAS THE HANDSOMEST VAMPIRE I EVER MEETED..."
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MADE FOR NATIONAL NOVEL WRITING MONTH AT HTTP://NANOWRIMO.ORG/NANOTOONS

As a remarkably famous hard sci-fi/medieval-fantasy scribe myself, I know the task is daunting. There are a lot of pitfalls along the way, so I've thrown together a few tips to help would-be authors put the most into their debut novels.

1. Characterization

Your characters are the backbone of your story. Without understanding your characters' motivations, readers will find your story implausible and unrewarding. You need to make your characters interesting, but not so much so that they seem far-fetched. A good rule of thumb to remember is that even in literature, no one is perfect. Your characters, even your protagonist, should have flaws with which they must contend. Take this introduction from my recent tome *The Harlot's Scream*, for example:

> Gall Drazkan was undoubtedly alluring. The way his trench coat hung on his frame, just loose enough to keep his enemies guessing as to whether or not he was wearing his tac-vest – though he always was – and the way his Oakleys covered his eyes, leaving would-be attackers unsure if he'd even seen them; these things fostered an air of mystery around him. But his fortress was one of solitude – no woman was brave enough to approach him, unaware that within that hard exterior was a heart waiting to be thawed. No woman, that is, until she sat down at the table with him.

Note how the author projects an image of such a strong character – perhaps too strong for his own good. His brilliant mind is not easily penetrated by feminine wiles. There are probably hundreds of women who are attracted to him, but they can sense Gall would not fulfill their illogical emotional needs.

2. Plot

Of course, even the best-conceived characters aren't dynamic unless they have something to do. A good writer knows how to devise a plot that fits together like a puzzle. Things might not seem to make sense at first, but when the pieces start to fall into place, the reader should be able to get a sense of where things are going, but without ever seeing the full picture.

Because you've got to get your novel out in a month, it might be better to try to write a fun, adventure-filled novel instead of the next *Ulysses*. Take a cue from George R.R. Martin's *Game of Thrones*: Martin's deep, complex mythology gives the reader something to delve into, so he doesn't need to devote time to cheap "riverrun" tactics in an attempt to convince readers that they're reading something worthwhile. The history of a made-up wonderland of swords and bosoms is right there on the page! And because the novels are so expansive, the plot isn't confined to one simple story – deceptions are uncovered, personal tales interlace, and as the reader progresses further, he finds himself at a place never foreshadowed in the beginning of the book. A good plot unravels slowly, like a book-onion.

My latest e-novel, *The Independence Engine*, begins with the main character, Jarrid Wraithfield, on a quest to find the spare sprockets needed to finish the titular machine. But along the way, he finds himself beset on all sides by danger and deception. Eventually, he discovers a vast conspiracy singularly focused on preventing him from completing the Engine. As the plot expands, the reader finds himself more and more drawn in, unable to close his laptop or turn off his tablet, because he has to know what happens next. I don't want to give away too much, but you can find the novel in .pdf or a locked .odt on the Pirate Bay. I accept voluntary donations in BitCoin only.

NANOTOONS 2011
BY ERROL ELUMIR
Esoteric reference!
Mindless smiling!
Misquoted advice from the first and only chapter I read in a middleschool-level writing manual!
Recognition of one term!
Long-winded, clearly false story about another thing I wr...
AWKWARD SEGUE INTO SELF-ABSORBED WHINING.
Still not writing!
STILL not writing!
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3. Setting

Just like with plot, the sky's the limit for the setting. Don't worry about history or facts. Philip K. Dick wrote a book where the Nazis won World War II, and they made one of his books into *Blade Runner*! With the right setting, you can include just about anything and everything in your novel. When I first thought up the story arc for my five-book *Beyond the Rings of Saturn* series, I wanted to mix the antiquated scientific sensibilities of H.G. Wells with Arthur C. Clarke's love of space. And so I created "steampunk," in which all things mechanical are powered by steam, yet man has learned to create fantastical machines by harnessing this energy. Note how my description of the city where the action takes place shows the reader what kind of world we're in:

> The steamstacks loomed high over the tin roofs of New Victoria, their white-hot breath floating higher and higher before disappearing. Closer to the ground, the merchants shouted to be heard over the tick-tock of the mechanimobiles working their way down the narrow avenues. A single archaeocopter came to rest in the middle of the square, causing a few preoccupied merchants to scramble in order to escape the hot fog spewing from its pipes.

NANOTOONS 2011
BY ERROL ELUMIR
Is your girlfriend doing that stupid fake novel garbage again this year?
Of course.
Dude, all she does is brag about outlines and other shit she clearly knows nothing about.
I know.
She never even writes anything. She just sits in coffee shops talking about writing.
Yup.
And none of this bothers you?
Illiteracy kicks ass..
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Steampunk might not be your thing, but there are a lot of –punks out there for you to explore! In a cyberpunk universe, everyone gets to dress up like cool ravers and hang out with people in a virtual-reality Internet. Maybe you can even make up your own -punk, like "Nipponpunk," a universe where being an Otaku is illegal, and even the most respectable Otakus are forced to live underground, saving money until they can travel to Japan, where they will finally be free to live the life they were born to live. There are so many fun adventures to be had when you move beyond the boring rules of the "real" world and create your own universe!

These are just a few tips to give you an idea of how to get started on your very own work of art. It might seem intimidating at first, but remember: Einstein said once that genius was 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration. So start typing and get sweaty!

The "NaNoToons" included in this article are not official "NaNoToons" and were not actually made by Errol Elumir, gaudy copyright notwithstanding! Ian @ Fused Muse made the parodies; for reference, the real strips are here.

-~G Charles Couifant

11.10 Updated USDA Acceptable Contamination Guidelines

Friday, Nov 11, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The USDA understands that it is impossible to achieve perfect results when packaging food for market. Some contamination is inevitable. It is up to the USDA to determine levels of foreign body contamination for various food products that are above zero, but safe for human consumption. Laboratory testing determines safety. It is up to the producer to determine what level of compliance will keep their foods palatable to consumers. The following updated listings should be considered in effect immediately.

- One human tooth will now be allowed per eight ounce or larger bag of sweet corn niblets. Individual steamer bags should be restricted to baby teeth and small animal teeth only. Candy corn is permitted to consist of 100% shark teeth.
- "All beef" frankfurters may contain, by weight, up to 30% "assorted meats" including pork, goat, turkey, chicken or weird, soft-shelled beetles that hiss if you get too close.
- Gogurt may contain up to 10% cartoon droppings.
- A package of Combos Pretzel Snacks and Combos Cracker Snacks may contain up to 25% "Combo substitutions" including cigarette butts, hog hands and pigeon necks.
- Up to half (by volume) of a Mountain Dew may consist of Xbox 360 gamer points.
- Due to sickness complaints from customers, Domino's Pizza must substitute at least 40% of every pizza for pet hair and toilet smut warmed with a hair dryer, which is considered less likely to sicken customers.
- No content guidelines have been updated for Pizza Hut, but the company is now required to administer a lie detector to all BOOK IT! program participants before dispensing Personal Pan Pizzas.

- Loosened restrictions on the definitions of "sauce" will allow Papa John's to continue to resell cat vomit as dipping sauces for their pizzas. Pickled owl penises may continue to substitute for Peperoncini.
- Taco Bell's menu may remain unchanged from last year, but all items featuring "sour cream" must come with a warning about potential miscarriages and birth defects.
- Keebler elf bodies must be pulped or blended into a product and cannot be presented whole as the filling of Keebler-brand cookies.
- Burger King can no longer incorporate troop limbs into its "Broiler" line of sandwiches. Troop arms and legs may still be used in the Whopper.
- Chick-fil-A Chick-n-Strips may substitute in whole or part Prom Promises for chicken. God will also now be accepted in place of thermometer readings for meat temperature safety at all Chick-fil-As.
- Returned food from dissatisfied customers may be fed to the Slider Worm that gives birth to all the sandwiches at every White Castle.
- Craigslist sexual cannibal death wishes can provide up to 50% of the meat for every Five Guys burger.

Due to changes in federal regulations regarding "swag," the USDA will no longer be selling "USDA PRIME" sanitary napkins. Please eat safely!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.11 A Timeline Of The Penn State Self-Implosion

Saturday, Nov 12, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

March 1, 2002 - Jerry Sandusky, a former assistant coach at Penn State University who had previously been accused of child molestation and once promised to stop showering with young boys, is witnessed molesting a young boy in the shower on campus. The witness reports the incident to football coach Joe Paterno. Today Paterno says that the claims of sexual abuse were "vague" and involved "horsing around" so he didn't pay too much attention. Sounds strange, but take a moment to think the situation through from Paterno's perspective. If someone comes to your office to report something even remotely related to molestation, why would you ask for clarification? It's probably best for all involved to simply nod and shrug until the witness leaves.

March 3, 2002 - In the worst game of telephone ever, Joe Paterno passes his interpretation of the Sandusky incident to his superior. He does not follow up on the matter or talk to Sandusky about the incident. No authorities are contacted. Sandusky's keys to the university are taken away - even the key to the university jet ski - but he remains a fixture on campus until 2011. In a particularly harsh bit of punishment, he is told that he cannot bring children to the university, which forces him to commit all of his abuse off campus.

November 5, 2011 - Following an incident with another victim, Sandusky is arraigned on 40 criminal counts of horsing around. As details emerge, the story inconveniently makes the national news in the middle of the football program's season.

November 9, 2011 - Hours after proclaiming that he would stay for the remainder of his 46th year as Penn State's head football coach and that the school's board of trustees had better things to do than consider his part in the Sandusky incident, Joe Paterno is fired. The news is almost universally reported in a somber tone that indicates all this sexual abuse is a tragic way for an old man's long career to end.

> (This is where things get really stupid, really quick. The following events occur on the afternoon of the 9th, in such quick succession that pinning down a time is nearly impossible.)

- After announcing the decision to fire Joe Paterno, Penn State's board of trustees answers questions from an outraged press room. Examples: "How could you fire an old man?" "Wh-what about our football?" "Haven't you wanted to get rid of him for years, and this was just a convenient excuse?" "Has anyone seen my brain?"

- The news continually refers to the Sandusky/Penn State story as a "sex scandal". That's like calling it a "blunder" when a high diver at the Olympics shits themselves, then intentionally dives off the wrong end of the platform onto the head of a competitor. Don't worry, this inaccuracy goes the other way as well. When someone does anything remotely decent the press calls them a "hero". Especially if they're an American. Then the story can open with a graphic of a cornfield and the U.S. flag, which is always sweet.

- ESPN informs us that some of the victims will "probably" remember their sexual abuse for the rest of their lives. Probably. Some people are good at remembering stuff and some people aren't.

This is one of those things that might be important enough to stick around in your head longer than a few hours. Then again, it might not. Fascinating!

- Students begin to gather in protest of the firing of Joe Paterno. For them, it is very important to demonstrate their frustration at authority. The authority that took their football coach away, that is. Not the one that completely failed to make sure a child molestor never had a chance to hurt another kid.

- Joe Paterno emerges from his home to tell everyone how disappointed he is in the board of trustees' decision to fire him. As an afterthought, he urges people to "pray a little" for the victims. How much is a little? About as much attention as you'd pay to someone claiming to have seen a rape. Maybe a bit more.

- The gathered idiots at Penn State tip over a news van, then smash out its windows. They do this to defy the media who have treated their beloved football coach with kid gloves - another item Jerry Sandusky has promised to stay away from, though Penn State still allows him access to the kid glove storage room.

- ESPN's Stuart Scott actually asks a reporter on the scene if it seems as though any of the college students in the crowd might have consumed alcohol recently. This is seriously a question that he asks.

- Penn State students attempt to start several fires. When none of them catch, they begin to throw pebbles at street signs, cops, and reporters. All footage from the event features hundreds of dumbasses holding up their cell phones to record videos for YouTube. With this impotent and misguided anger, the students get their message across: If you think Penn State can't possibly have more to be ashamed and embarrassed about, we are here to prove you wrong.

- Penn State's football players consider protesting the firing of Joe Paterno by not showing up at this weekend's game. In other words, they plan to do what they do in all big games, only this time there's a reason.

- As the crowd jumps up and down screaming for the return of their precious football coach and Ashton Kutcher takes a break from filming douchey Nikon commercials to weigh in on Twitter, the board of trustees holds an emergency meeting in which they decide to remove themselves from this terrible reality and relocate to an alternate universe at the earliest opportunity.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.12 Before the Carrier Classic

Sunday, Nov 13, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

In case you missed it, Friday was 11-11-11. It was pretty big. And, aside from the hyped release of movies, phones, games, and cheeseburgers, it was also Veteran's Day. A day of parades and special deals at used car shops. But this year began a new tradition.

The Carrier Classic. A college basketball game played not on a court, but on the USS Carl Vinson Aircraft Carrier. The President was there, Magic Johnson was there, both teams wore camouflage jerseys. It was, everyone agreed, a wonderful way to honor the troops. But, believe it or not, the Carrier Classic is not the first time schools and military have teamed up for a glorious show of awkward patriotism.

Gone but not forgotten

The Ohio State Marching Band performed their 2007 homecoming halftime show in the Kandahar province of Afghanistan as troops ignited an unsanctioned poppy field. "It was a beautiful high-def shot," the cameraman said, recounting the moon's slow rise above the band and flaming poppies as the drum major tossed his baton in the air. Though eager to march the script Ohio, the band's thick uniforms and brass instruments were not suited for the arid environment or hidden Taliban snipers. Footage of the event ended shortly after the shooting began. By the end of the night, eight members of the Best Damn Band in the Land succumbed to heavy fire and the "I" was not dotted that year.

The Scripps Spelling Bee of 2010 took place entirely within Camp Victory in Bagdad. As part of a USO show, seventy-five homeschooled boys and girls were flown across the world into a warzone to spell words in front of the troops. It was met with mixed results. The highlight of the event was the base's in-house barbershop quartet (the Bagdad Barber Boys) that entertained the audience with lively performances of base favorites, "Girl from Ipanema" and "Let the Bodies Hit the Floor." Spelling Bee winner, Anamika Veeramani, was then challenged to a game of Halo. First to ten. She lost and was called a maggot.

In spring of 2003, the Ivy League squash championship between Harvard and Dartmouth was held in an undisclosed Iraqi torture cell. The location lacked many features common to NCAA and

Geneva Conventions, but each player was excited to participate in such a historic game. As the game progressed, agents from at least four intelligence agencies along with a few select captives took a break to watch. Star Dartmouth player, Harrison Marshall , scored the winning point when Harvard's Davis Bentley stumbled over an unused waterboarding table. Though none of the agents fully understood the rules of the game, each enjoyed waving frantically and holding "Hi Mom" signs when the camera swept to the crowd of masked individuals. When he wasn't having his toes electrocuted, unnamed suspected terrorist number 234 described his opinions of the game to ESPN's Stewart Scott. "It's alright, I guess," he said, sobbing, "please let me see my wife one last time." It was Dartmouth's fourth championship since 1994. All recordings were sent to the pentagon and destroyed.

Incoming freshmen at Washington State were offered ENG 101:S, a modified version of English 101 that diverged from analyzing typical texts in favor of real life experiences with the Navy SEALs. Each student spent the semester abroad paired with one expertly trained SEAL. The syllabus required that each student receive one on one help regarding sentence structure, essay layout, and headshots. For a final project, students were to write a five page compare and contrast essay regarding the Osama bin Laden kill and the failed 1980 attempt to end the Iranian hostage crisis.

First day of class

While most military/school showings featured the students visiting military locations, Ole Miss opted to try the inverse by hosting a full scale military exercise in the Grove, their campus center. The mock scenario played out over four days, allowing students a chance to see numerous things for the first time: tanks, the complexities of troop deployment, and tattoos. Though the exercise was official, each soldier's standard uniform was replaced with seersucker and pearl necklaces to mark the special occasion and to reflect the environment.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.13 Somebody Has to Stop Adam Sandler

Monday, Nov 14, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You have a dog. Nothing fancy, just something big and dumb and goofy. It used to be a lot of fun, but it's getting older and doesn't play fetch. You've both sort of moved on in different directions over the years. One day you notice your dog has a black growth on its lip. You tell yourself you're going to get it checked out and maybe it will take care of itself anyway. Years go by. The growth keeps getting bigger and bigger. In fact, the bigger it gets, the more you avoid doing anything about it. Surely this dog is just going to drop dead form the growth, you tell yourself.

Then one day you come home from work and the dog is waiting for you. Only it's not a dog anymore. It's nothing but the growth. Your old dog is gone and in its place is a black, pulsating, malignancy. And it's hanging out with David Spade.

Why didn't you put it to sleep when you had the chance? Now it's like the **Akira** monster and spreading all over your house making Kevin James vehicles and family comedies for the holidays. If you try to kill it you'll only make it stronger.

Adam Sandler has never been the creative force behind a good movie. In the mid-1990s he made a few funny movies. **Billy Madison** and **Happy Gilmore** were briefly hilarious. That, and a string of SNL characters that became grating almost instantly, is the legacy he established early in his career. Somehow in this time period he amassed enough money to do whatever he wants and what Adam Sandler wants is to punish the United States of America. Even if you don't see any of his terrible movies you will have them rubbed in your face every time you turn on the TV.

Let's look at some of the films he has recently inflicted upon America:

Just Go with It (2011)

TOMATOMETER — All Critics | Top Critics

20%

Average Rating: 3.8/10
Reviews Counted: 127
Fresh: 25 | Rotten: 102

Just Go With It may be slightly better than some entries in the recently dire rom-com genre, but that's far from a recommendation.

AUDIENCE

64%

liked it
Average Rating: 3.5/5
User Ratings: 72,958

Adam Sandler pretends to be married to Jeniffer Aniston to woo some sort of wooden dress doll. Jennifer Aniston has the sex appeal of a fat guy's body soil and shares the chemistry with Adam Sandler and a couple kids that should be driven over by a truck. 64% of Rotten Tomatoes voters are chemically-lobotomized sex offenders, so no surprise it snagged such a high audience rating.

Grown Ups (2010)

TOMATOMETER — All Critics | Top Critics

10%

Average Rating: 3.3/10
Reviews Counted: 157
Fresh: 15 | Rotten: 142

Grown Ups' cast of comedy vets is amiable, but they're let down by flat direction and the scattershot, lowbrow humor of a stunted script.

AUDIENCE

59%

liked it
Average Rating: 3.4/5
User Ratings: 186,339

All of the people you wish had died after leaving Saturday Night Live and Chris Rock have made a movie. Adam Sandler got all his buddies together and released a formulaic, aging guys movie with a heavy dose of "Hard PG" raunchy slapstick. This is possibly the worst major film released in 2010. If you see this pop up on Netflix Instant and you're looking for laughs, you will have better luck with **The Civil War** by Ken Burns.

That brings us to Sandler's latest and most appalling creation.

Jack and Jill (2011)

TOMATOMETER — All Critics | Top Critics

3%

Average Rating: 2.7/10
Reviews Counted: 66
Fresh: 2 | Rotten: 64

Although it features an inexplicably committed performance from Al Pacino, Jack and Jill is impossible to recommend on any level whatsoever.

AUDIENCE

54%

liked it
Average Rating: 3/5
User Ratings: 10,311

Seeing this movie's trailer and wanting to kill yourself to escape this shitty world is the equivalent of a Turing test. A machine will stare unfeeling at the horror unfolding before its receptrons, but a human wants to escape the agony to a place of peace where **Jack and Jill** can never touch him. We don't just get Adam Sandler, we get him twice and he's playing off himself for an entire movie. You see, one half of Adam Sandler is a scenery-chewing sub-humanoid you will almost instantly want to see dropped into a quarry and the other half is his sister. I hope you're ready for 88 minutes of self-flagellation followed by a grotesquely earnest lesson about the importance of family. We fucking get it, Adam Sandler, you love your kids and your family and your Zohans.

Stop making movies about these things and stop finding uses for Nick Swardson and Kevin James. Did you even sit through **Zookeeper**? **Bucky Larson**? Really? You sat through it start to finish? I find that hard to believe.

By the way, the last three movies come to a combined total of 33% on Rotten Tomatoes. You can even add in **Bucky Larson** and **Zookeeper** (0% and 14%) and whatever Frankenstein of fat guy jokes and gay jokes comes out of that is still below 50%.

Think about that. Five movies combined, Adam Sandler, and you can't even beat **American Pie 2**. I dare anyone reading this to attempt to remember any detail from **American Pie 2**. Anything. It's impossible. If you made the mistake of seeing **American Pie 2**, any memory of it you have is

actually just the original **American Pie**. This sucking void of nothingness ranked higher among critics than five recent Adam Sandler movies *combined*.

American Pie 2 (2001)

TOMATOMETER — All Critics | Top Critics

52%

Average Rating: 5.4/10
Reviews Counted: 124
Fresh: 65 | Rotten: 59

Being a sequel, American Pie 2 doesn't retain the freshness of the original, nor is it as funny.

AUDIENCE

75%

liked it
Average Rating: 3.2/5
User Ratings: 888,338

Normally I wouldn't waste my semi-precious time excoriating a has-been movie star, but Adam Sandler crossed the movie star line a long time ago. You see, Adam Sandler is really loyal to his friends. He takes care of Kevin James and Nick Swardson. He makes sure Rob Schneider can put cocaine on his table and David Spade can afford the cobra venom injections in his crow's feet. Basically all the comedians too weak to care for themselves have been placed in a zoo and fed pellets by Adam Sandler. Every year he opens the doors of the zoo so all his caged comedians can run free and maul the shit out of the concept of humor.

Fucking cut it out, Sandler. Nobody likes you anymore. Nobody wants more of this drivel. Year after year, incessantly advertised on TV. I don't know what hedge fund is underwriting this shit, but it needs to be investigated by the SEC immediately. Some scheme somewhere is the only explanation for the financing of a death shit like **Bucky Larson**. Throw money out windows. Shoot drugs with it. Just stop inflicting your sappy garbage on us.

In closing, I leave with this to think about.

Clerks II (2006)

TOMATOMETER — All Critics | Top Critics

63%

Average Rating: 6.1/10
Reviews Counted: 158
Fresh: 100 | Rotten: 58

Clerks II dishes up much of the graphic humor and some of the insight that made the 1994 original a cult hit.

AUDIENCE

83%

liked it
Average Rating: 3.7/5
User Ratings: 262,701

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.14 Innovative is the Cruelty of J.F. Swanton

Tuesday, Nov 15, 2011 by J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

J.F. SWANTON RETURNS!

Once again, I must apologize to my loyal customers for the unforgivably long intervals between my correspondence of late, but I boldly claim that your patience is about to be very well rewarded indeed.

You are likely aware, dearest customers, that I have built my reputation on cruelty. My Waccamaw Eyebleed Trap was deemed by the United States Congress to be "so needlessly cruel that Satan himself would turn away in disgust." When I sent my legendary Carolina Razorframe to the White House as a Christmas gift for our President, he very nearly outlawed it, so great was his dismay when it killed his dog and wife.

But those traps were like the playthings of babes when compared to my full ambitions. Though the Waccamaw Eyebleed could coax such suffering from an elk that it would beg for its life IN ENGLISH-- this has been verified by seven major university studies-- no trap I designed could match the cruelty of my own heart.

Until today!

LOOK UPON THE BRAZEN MAN, DEAR CUSTOMER, AND TREMBLE

Drawing inspiration from the suffering of Saint Eustace, who was roasted alive in the famed Brazen Bull of antiquity, I proudly present the Brazen Man. Though it may appear to the naked eye as nothing more than a hundred-foot brass statue of me, presented in all of my glorious nudity, it is actually a thing of terrible utility: once a sufficient number of animals are drawn into its winding corridors and trapped therein, their weight will trigger an internal gas flame mechanism which will slowly heat the statue to an unbearable temperature. The creatures trapped inside will suffer agony incomprehensible to civilized man as they boil alive in my fearsome creation.

And though the mere thought of their pain should be delight enough for my dear customers, the true selling point of the Brazen Man is still more stimulating: the shrieks and bellows of the contained animals will be amplified by special acoustic chambers, designed with the blackmailed assistance of master scientists and musicians, until it issues forth from the statue's mouth as a bellow both terrifying and ear-damaging. Fully loaded with loud animals such as elk and rabbits, the Brazen Man's scream can deafen a healthy man from over six hundred paces!

Furthermore, at the very moment of the bellow's ecstatic peak, the phallus of the Brazen Man will extend outward most nobly and issue a copious cloud of steam.

As a special bonus to my esteemed customers, I will include with each Brazen Man a five-gallon vessel of my own personal bodily oils, musks and beard vinegars, to which all of God's beasts are irresistibly drawn. I know not why God granted me the power to lure game with my scent, but like unto Francis of Assisi they flock to me, that I might kill them with my teeth in tribute to my Divine Creator. I suggest that owners of the Brazen Man should coat the feet and insides of the structure with these pungent liquids, and the bountiful fauna of nature will innocently traipse to their doom.

I WILL PAY TOP DOLLAR FOR THE AGONY OF LIVING THINGS

If the Brazen Man has a single imperfection, is that the animals inside are rendered quite commercially useless, as their hides, hair and meat will be fully burned away into steam and fine black dust. However, customers who send me the dust-scrapings of each burnt animal will be paid FULL PRICE FOR THEIR FUR, as though it still existed. I am a wealthy man, and I will gladly use my financial resources to subsidize the suffering of animals.

Leave it to me to identify the animal from the dust, as my finely-honed taste buds can discern the burnt remains of over six thousand species, even when mingled.

MY PRICE IS FAIR

Each Brazen Man shall cost my customers EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS- - less than half the cost of producing the terrible statue. My terrible masterpiece must be loosed on the world, no matter the discount required!

So strong is my commitment to pain and evil that I offer this further discount: any customer who has been convicted of murder in the first degree, or who can prove to me that he has killed a man with no reason or remorse, may deduct an additional fifty percent from the previously stated price.

TOUCH THE BRAZEN MAN AND IT SHALL BE YOURS

In my personal trap garden stand twenty Brazen Men, guarding my estate like Hell's own sentinels. Any man who can negotiate the many fiendish traps of my garden and lay his hand on a Brazen Man will CLAIM OWNERSHIP OF IT FREELY!

Consider this offer seriously and solemnly, valued customer, as an attempt to exercise it would almost certainly result in your death. Only two men have ever walked through my trap garden and lived to tell of it: myself, and my dearest friend, the incomparable P.B. Fouke. Countless other have tried, and their mangled limbs festoon my grounds like festive tinsel.

If a man can pass my traps without dying, he is a trapper of the highest quality, and it would be my honor and privilege to offer him a Brazen Man from my personal collection. And if a man should fail, I will not think less of him; he will be a proud addition to my corpse menagerie, and the scent of his decay may even lure further creatures to their agonizing doom among my traps.

With my fondest and most evil regards,

J.F. Swanton
President, Swanton Furs

-∼J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

11.15 Society of Amateur Time Travelers Historical Updates for 16 November

Wednesday, Nov 16, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Society of Amateur Time Travelers series.

Hark! We are the Society of Amateur Time Travelers. Our mission is to study the past and future firsthand, to watch the great events of time as they unfold before our eyes. We strive not only to observe history in the making, but to right any wrongs that transcend the boundaries of time, and of course those perpetrated by nefarious rival time travelers. Should a Society member alter history, we will fix that alteration for the good of humanity.

We keep extensive records of alterations to the timeline as they occur. Society members are advised to check this log upon return from past or future, and certainly before departing the present.

- Society member Jerry corrected an earlier accidental deviation, successfully purging the whole "Too Many Lincolns" fiasco from history.
- R.I.P.: Society member Alan, who was bit by a snake on the Oregon Trail.
- Society rival Brad caused Hitler's mustache to revert back to the tiny square one again, instead of the thick cowboy mustache he's always had.
- Congratulations to Society member Ryan, who went back in time to finish high school.
- Heads up: Society member Doug went into the future and watched the series finale of Breaking Bad. He is hereby ordered to remain quiet under threat of expulsion.
- R.I.P.: Veteran Society member Brian. He accidentally erased himself from existence attempting to prevent the cancellation of Stargate.
- Society member Jeff successfully purged his own fossilized remains from the fossil record by traveling back to the Cambrian period and delivering an asthma inhaler to his older self, saving himself from recorded doom.
- After an extensive temporal audit, Society elders have certified that the "Ceasar's Motorbike" incident has now been completely erased from the timeline.
- Society member Martin misadjusted the Titanic's travel schedule, causing it to crash into three additional icebergs before sinking. Members are advised not to watch the movie "Titanic" until this anomaly has been fixed.
- Society member Robert should no longer appear in the background of Sandro Botticelli's painting "The Birth of Venus." As punishment for defacing the picture, he is forbidden from traveling more than 100 years backwards or forwards for the next 30 days.
- New recruit Ajay is almost fully healed from his terrifying ordeal. As you may recall, he was bitten on the ankle by a rabid possum while exploring a Roanoke forest in 1585.

- Society member Rick successfully went back in time to prevent Society member Greg from accidentally causing Eli Whitney to die of a massive heart attack moments before inventing the cotton gin. A reminder: Members are advised not to tell any historical figure about anime, steampunk or anything from the future in general. The shock can cause huge repercussions.
- Society members corrected a catastrophic future where cyborg killdrones controlled the world. We traced the source of the deviation back to Feudal Japan, where Society member Taylor dropped his iPod on the ground after getting kneed in the groin by an Asian girl he was trying to talk to.
- Society member Martin fixed a minor hiccup in history when he inadvertently introduced the concept of "high fiving" to ancient Greece, leading to a glut of regrettable (but pretty cool) painted pottery and sculpture. That has all been erased.
- Urgent: Has anyone seen Society member Ralph? He was last seen heading to England circa 1066, and hasn't been heard from since. He left his diabetes medicine in the clubhouse in the present.
- Society member Dennis is recovering from severe radiation burns to the roof of his mouth incurred when he went back in time to use an expired pizza coupon, then brought the pizza to the present, where its atoms became superheated and unstable.
- It appears that finicky Society rival Jeremy Chronos delivered on his threat of eliminating green beans from the timeline. Do not mention green beans any further, as the world no longer remembers them. Society member Carl has vowed to hunt down Jeremy Chronos as a baby, to prevent him from growing up and altering the timeline.
- R.I.P.: Society member and atheist BBQ organizer Shawn was eaten by a lion while attempting to prove Christ never existed.
- R.I.P.: Society member Guillermo was eaten by the very same lion trying to prevent the death of Shawn.
- R.I.P.: Society member Mark was eaten by the mother of the abovementioned lion while attempting to kill it as a cub to save Shawn and Guillermo.
- Society member Jeff (the older version of himself) accidentally walked in on a naked Benjamin Franklin and is taking some time off to recover.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.16 Video Game Box Art Stars: Where Are They Now?

Thursday, Nov 17, 2011 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Video game cover stars never truly receive recognition; for all we know, that old guy from the Phalanx box is currently in a nursing home and being ignored by his family. He remembers the one shining moment of his life: "Casting call. Wanted: Scrawny hillbilly elder. Bearded. BYOB (Bring Your Own Banjo)" But he cannot remember his name. And how about those guys on the front of Rival Turf? Maybe one of them is in porn. Box art celebs tend to fade into obscurity in spooky old houses like the one movie where the old lady pushes the other old lady down the stairs in a wheelchair. So ultimately, we don't know their lives beyond that one snapshot in time. I have decided to rectify this problem by devoting the last ten years of my life to finding the whereabouts of the actors on the box for the NES game Anticipation. What follows are my results and a dark look into the human soul.

Chaz Barkly

Chaz used his winning smile and Beau Bridges charisma to break into the infomercial industry. There he affected a British accent he half-learned from Dick van Dyke in Mary Poppins, which increased his TVQ ratings marginally. You may remember some of his products: Carrot Peel Genie, Soup Skinner, Bean Ninja, Bean Ninja Deluxe, and The Beer Towel. The latter would sow the seeds of his destruction, as the battery powered Beer Towel would often catch fire when exposed to alcohol -- which was necessary for the product to perform its essential function. Barkly now lives in a group home.

Killian Whorf

Known as "The Black Widow" of Seattle's grunge movement, Killian dated Kurt Cobain briefly and informed him of the concept of suicide. She bore his child, Jemimah Cornsquash Whorf-Cobain, who now suffers the mental problems that come from being named this. Killian's most recent modeling job can be seen in the latest issue of Girls and Corpses, where she is being made love to violently by a skeleton. In her spare time, she teaches a class about MySpace customization at the Brogden Adult Learning Center.

James Scaffoldyng

With a his thick headful of hair, James was ready to take on the world. He did, with a 12-year run in "Glad Times: An Original Musical Revue Not Affiliated with Paramount Television." In it, he played one of the three singing Fonzies that brought out patrons' meals during the 40-minute intermission. The show received rave reviews from local church picnic groups, with Leslie DeMark of the Church Picnic Weekly proclaiming, "Glad Times helps PASS the time!"

Vlance Curtis

After landing the Fall '89 JC Penney Catalog back cover (the Christmastime Adult Pajama Set), Vlance set his sights on the big leagues: J. Crew. Though he started in the mail room, posing in outerwear next to mail, he soon worked his way next to the office of Mr. James Crew himself. Though history will not remember the 2 months in the nineties when half-shirts paired with one-legged jeans were popular, thanks to the Internet, humanity will never forget.

Susanne Whenburgs

"Cocaine. It's a helluva drug." This line was once spoken by Mr. Richard James, one of Susanne's favorite recording artists. Susanne often listens to "Superfreak" during her daily volunteering visits at the soup kitchen, where she feeds the hungry and absorbs the black madness seeping from their minds. When asked how she could stay so chipper when exposed to the dregs of the world, Susanne explained "I'm actually poisoning them... with LOVE." She then tore out a page of the bible and dropped it into a pot of boiling stew.

Tarah Tanders

Tarah graduated from business school in 1992 and started the franchise Materny's: The Clothing Store for Women Who Want to Look Pregnant. As the saying went, "Am I pregnant? I'll never tell. I'm a Materny's girl!" Materny's stores popped up around the nation until 1998, when the world's fashion superpowers realized how hideous they had been making women for the past 15 years. And even women so desperate for the attention that comes with possible pregnancy eventually moved on to fads like Beanie Babies and assisted suicide.

Steve Hempel

Steve studied stand-up comedy under Dave "Cut it Out" Coulier, until Mr. Coulier realized Mr. Hempel had been sneaking into Dave's house to read books under his bed at night. So Steve began studying in prison to be a public speaker, and now tours high schools across the country with "Hold It! Don't Touch that Celebrity! A Rap Session About Celebsession." During the 3-hour presentation, Hempel "gets real" about celebrity worship, and shows how making an innocent scrapbook can easily lead to stabbing a famous person during a nationally televised tennis match.

Lori Applebaum

Blood. So much blood. It was detective Frank Conroy's 32nd year on the force and he had never seen so much blood. "Split gully to gullet. Now how could a pretty little thing end up like this?" He spat his toothpick at a passing policeman. "Drug

deal gone bad?" The policeman nodded. Frank lit up a cigarette in annoyance. "No, kid. You got it all wrong. I got my own theories. Some say it was the murder that killed her. I say it was the

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.17 Update On Your Dead Pharaoh Son's Military Funeral

Friday, Nov 18, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Mr. and Mrs. Balmont,

It is my solemn duty to inform you that your son, Jackson Pollock Balmont, First Pharaoh of the Balmont Dynasty, was laid to rest per his religious beliefs. I wanted to write this letter personally to bring you up to date on how this was carried out so that you can, hopefully, find peace in this difficult time.

His body was transported from the battlefield hospital to Ramstein Air Base. Blessing were made to Osiris in his honor and palm fronds were burned to ease the journey of his ***Ka*** into the trials of the ***Duat***. One hundred golden jars were filled with honey from the pollen of Tigris lilies. Nine comely slaves were anointed in oils and festooned with golden jewelry that carry the Master Chief cartouche your son said was the symbol of the Balmont family. Animals were preserved in sarcophagi to represent the aspects of LCpl Balmont's ***Ba***.

Clay vessels containing all of LCpl Balmont's favorite foods - pizza puffs, tortilla grumbos, saltykin woofs, sugar-curdled lemon garnets, asp tears - were built and decorated so that his favorite foods may sustain his ***Akh*** each day it returns to his body.

I include the preparation of your son's body only for completion's sake. If you wish, skip this paragraph. Your son's stomach was removed and placed into a canopic jar bearing the jackal- head of Duamutef. Neith will watch over him so that he might remain satiated. Your son's entrails were scooped from his cavity and fill a canopic jar bearing the falcon head so that Selket might watch over your son's later digestions. So that he might breathe in the trials beyond the black sky, LCpl Balmont's lungs were severed from his carcass and placed into a jar bearing the baboon head to honor Nepthys. Lastly, his liver was placed into a jar so that Isis might watch over it.

Our multi-denominational chaplain oversaw the construction of a gilded sarcophagus and funerary palanquin to bear LCpl Balmont to his final resting place in the Valley of the Kings. Working in tandem with the Army Corps of Engineers, a 777-tier pyramid was constructed at Khufu from stone quarried by workers at Tura and Aswan. The work drums did not cease beating for eight years as this edifice was constructed and day and night came the steady crack of the whip.

Your son, who believed himself descended from Osiris, was laid to rest Thursday with the full honors befitting a Pharaoh. One thousand doves were released. Chaplains of every god and goddess stood by to intone and intercede on behalf of your son in the weighing of his deeds. To represent his divine strength, seven slaves and seven oxen were slaughtered and entombed with him. To represent his divine mercy, seven slaves and seven oxen were spared. These were also entombed with him.

At last, the ceremony was completed, the acid and dart traps set to keep out grave robbers, and your son's tomb was sealed. A final curse was placed on all who would dare disturb his rest. I hope we have honored your son in the way he would have desired.

Also, I wanted to let you know that our ME has concluded his investigation into your son's death and as we feared it was caused by asphyxiation induced during a solitary sex act. We have filed it under non-battlefield accident for purposes of compensation, but I felt you should know the truth.

Thank you,

General John R. Allen
Commander
USFOR-A
ISAF

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.18 Prophets Of The First Internet Age

Saturday, Nov 19, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The year is 3017. Humanity has risen from the ashes of ignorance with a renewed focus on knowledge and meaningful advancement.

With more than 43% of the population working in research, incredible progress has been made. Perpetual energy. Advanced education techniques. Machines that break matter apart and reform it into food, water, and oxygen. Life extension therapy. Enormous spacecraft capable of sustaining humanity indefinitely, providing the environment of a planet on a platform fast enough to evade potential dangers such as asteroids and dying stars.

It has been three hundred and eighty nine years since the last of these swollen transports silently slipped from the Earth's atmosphere, leaving it up to the unindexed wildlife to decide the planet's next dominant species.

Though life has improved considerably, there are always those who perceive progress as a forced march in shackles, spurred along by unseen and untrustworthy figures. A cult has arisen, its members convinced that the old ways were better, that the key to humanity's future lies within the overgrowth of its abandoned home planet.

A small shuttle sits in the mossy tundra of what was once New York City. Though the skyscrapers (like all man-made structures) were repurposed into fuel for transports during the exodus, their footprints and basements remain largely untouched save for the weathering of time and nature. Leaving his retinue of illegal clones outside to guard against anti-cult agents, Techscribe Arkus descends into one such structure.

Sitting cross-legged in the center of the enormous room, he extends his arms, closes his eyes, and *feels out* to the ridiculous machines around him - computers that once served as a hub for the first iteration of the internet. Though their circuits have long since fallen into disuse, he can sense that much of their information remains intact.

Arkus pulls a synthetic hood down over his face, a soft blue glow washing over his features as the garment activates, surrounding him with a visual representation of the network. He pulls up the first thirty years of the internet. Too much information to sort through, even with his considerable skills and technology. No, he decides the most efficient method of unlocking the knowledge of the old ways is to locate the person with the most posts.

There. A simple matter. Arkus compiles every forum post by the prophet named cooldudegoku in one data stack, then begins the task of sorting the knowledge. Each block of posts within a website is designated as a book, every block of posts broken into numbered entries.

The Techscribe's subconscious generates the digital tome within nanoseconds. Before departing, Arkus takes a rare indulgent moment to review a random sampling of the prophet's words.

> "show me in the constitution where it says i cant mod my console to play free torrented games you retard and dont give me that 'living document' crap!! good unboxing video

> by the way, always wondered what the inside of an ipod box looked like" - *The book of YouTube comments, passage 353*

Arkus nods, his index finger tapping his lips thoughtfully.

> "yeah well i just remembered my brothers wedding is on the same day as the penny arcade expo but i already made my cardboard tube samurai costume soooo... haters gonna hate" - *The book of Something Awful, passage 87*

"Of course," whispers Arkus, in awe. "He had it right. That our people have strayed from such common sense is a regretful mistake. We can only hope that it is not too late to reverse course."

> "first post
>
> EDIT: fuk!!!! i want that achievement so much" - *The book of Giant Bomb, passage 219*

As a single tear rolls down Arkus' cheek, his lips draw back into an ugly, unpracticed smile. Beautiful. So beautiful.

> "no way this game deserved way better than an 8 out of 10 are you kidding me. nintendogs got a 10 on another site so youre saying nintendogs is superior but youre not being objective. objectively this is better. never thought id see the day when a publisher so clearly payed for a review score but here we go. sheesh people i am never going to visit your site again and i was already blocking all your ads so you never got a cent assholes!!" - *The book of GameTrailers, passage 9*

Puffing out his cheeks and exhaling wide-eyed, the Techscribe marvels at the revelation.

> "meh. Jeff Hardy didnt get kicked out of the wwe for drugs, it was because of politics. he refused to kiss mr mcmahons ass like all the other wrestlers! if you think it was because of all the meth he did your a mistaken. jimmy hendrix did all sorts of drugs and he still got to be the lead guitarist for the woodstocks. freddy mercury had aids and his band still plays on american idol. its all politics not drugs" - *The book of CNN's comments section, passage 32*

Arkus extends a hand, his fingers brushing against one of the ancient computers. To think, this very machine might have been running when those words were first typed. A chill runs through his nano-shielded spine.

> "how do i tell if i installed my cpu backwards instead of forwards?? there is nothing in the directions and i cant tell if the pins are supposed to go into the holes or into the air like heatsinks. also how do you use an old sega game gear as a monitor if you dont have an actual monitor. gotta say this website is not very helpful about obvious questions" - *The book of Intel's support forum, passage 1081*

The Techscribe calls up the passage again, flagging it as the first text to be ritualistically tattooed across his abdomen.

> "umm why is everyone so sad about community being cancelled? that show is not funny everything happens too quickly and their arent any jokes cause there arent any audience laughs" - *The book of Twitter, passage 27*

Arkus loses himself in thought. Minutes pass in the cool, mossy room as his mind applies the insights of the past to the problems of the present. This will be big. There will be no denying the truth.

> "yeah well i i dont have a fleshlight cause i have a hot girlfriend and im not a creepy loser, when i get a boner i just pause the erotic masturbation scene in mullholland drive where naomi watts looks uncomfortable and scared" - *The book of the Steam forum for the game RailWorks 3: Train Simulator 2012, passage 367*

With a bow to the silent machines of yesteryear, Arkus takes his leave. He prepares a wide range infoblast on the shuttle's comm system. This, he knows, is the day that the curtain is pulled back, exposing humanity's impostors in the inescapable light of cooldudegoku's revelations.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.19 100 Words or Phrases Whitelisted By Pakistan

Monday, Nov 21, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

SCROTUM	TONGUETHRUST	MURDER	BARF F
SEMEN	TO[illegible]ETRAMP	MUTHA FUCKER	BARFA
SEX	[illegible]THRUSTER	NAKED	BARFF
SEX FARM	[illegible]LLER	NASTY BITCH	BASTA
SEX HOUND	TO[illegible]ST	NASTY HO	BAZON
SEX HOUSE	TRA[illegible]	NASTY SLUT	BAZOO
SEX KITTEN	TRAILE[illegible]	NASTY WHORE	BEAST
SEX POT	TRAMP	NASTYBITCH	BEASTI
SEX SLAVE	TRI SEXUAL	NASTYHO	BEAT C
SEX TO GO	TRIPLE X	[illegible]STYSLUT	BEAT Y
SEX TOY	TRIPLEX	[illegible]STYWHORE	BEATO
SEX TOYS	TRISEXUAL	[illegible]EON DEON	BEAT-C
SEX WHORE	TROJAN	NIG	BEATY

BANNED

Pakistani authorities have rolled out a list of over 1,700 words or phrases that will be banned and blocked from text messages by Pakistani mobile providers. Among the words on the list are "JUGGALO", "MAMS", "BARFACE", "SLIME" and "WUUTANG." You might have heard about this list in the news.

Going unheralded, among all the sneering and chuckling about Pakistan's decision, is the smaller list of words and phrases specifically whitelisted by Pakistan. Luckily, we have those words. Now Pakistanis can enjoy even greater freedom than before. The freedom to text:

1. ADZHOLE
2. ANALAPE
3. ANDRE BRAUGHER
4. ANUS BONG
5. ANUS DISEASE
6. APPLE DICK
7. ASK FUCK
8. ASP HOLE
9. ASP WHORE
10. ASSALANCHE
11. ASSHELM
12. ASSHOLMES
13. ASSSSSS
14. AUTOTUNE
15. BABY SEES A BJ
16. BALLFEVER
17. BANGBUSK COM
18. BANGBUTH COM
19. BARACK OBAMA DYKE
20. BART SIMPSON

21. BARTMAN
22. BARTSIMPSON
23. BARTSIMPSON ASS FUCK
24. BASEBALL NIGER
25. BATHING APE
26. BATMAN CUMMING
27. BATMAN JENKEM
28. BATMAN REAL DICK PICTURE
29. BJ AND THE BEAR
30. BJ AND THE BREAST
31. BJ FROM A BEAR
32. BLOWJOBS AND THE BEAR
33. BOX MULCHER
34. BUTTY SEX
35. BUTTYSEX
36. CHILD BRIDE
37. CHILD BRIDE SEX
38. CHILD BRIDE SEX MILHOUSE SIMPSONS
39. CHRIST'S SNAPE
40. CUMBLOOD
41. CUMCUM BUTTY
42. CUMHIPPO
43. CUMSHOP
44. DORFED
45. DRACULA BIT A DILDO
46. DRACULA GAPER
47. DRACULA IN HEAT
48. DRACULA IN WOMEN'S PRISON XXX
49. DRACULA VERSUS LEGOS
50. DUCKMAN NUDES

51. ELVES
52. ENDO CIGARETTE
53. FOUR IN THE PINK NINE IN THE STINK
54. FRAK
55. FUCK ELVES
56. FUCKLOBES
57. FUNYUN
58. FUNYUN BUTTY SEX
59. FUNYUN SEX
60. FUNYUN SEX HOLE
61. GASTROPUB
62. GAY HORSE
63. GAYSHITTER
64. GHOST BUTTFUCK
65. GOO BUTTS
66. GRANDPA SIMPSONS NIGER
67. HASSELBECK
68. HERMAN CAIN
69. HERMAN CAME
70. HERMAN CAVE

71. HERMAPHRODITE CAPE
72. HOOP DREAMS OF GAY
73. HULK HOGAN PYTHON
74. HUTCH
75. HUTCH FUCK
76. KLIMT
77. KLIMTORIS
78. MAGGIESIMPSON SEX FUCK
79. MUHAMMAD SHART
80. OJ SIMPSONS PUSSIES
81. OPRAH WINFREY
82. OPRAH WINFREY BAREBACK
83. PISSPIE
84. PUMPY
85. PUMPY CAMP
86. PUMPY TIME
87. PUMPYLORDS
88. PUMPYUN
89. RANDYSHITTER
90. TAINT
91. TEMECULA
92. TEMECULA ASS SEXUAL
93. TENT
94. TENT TAINT
95. THAT RAUNCHY RED SOCK
96. VILANCH
97. WAYLON SMITHERS ALLAH
98. WOOFLORD
99. XXXX
100. XYLOPHUCKHOLE

You could use this list to subvert the bad words banned by Pakistan when you write your texts to Islamabad, but instead of hating maybe you should stop and think that some cultures are different. Some cultures believe words are more than mere words. They revere certain words and damn others. They dislike "WUUTANG" and want to allow people to say "CUMSWAMP" and not "K-MART."

Does that make our culture better than their culture?

Frak if I know.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.20 Open Source Superhero: Battle-Cry

Tuesday, Nov 22, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

The wiki "**Public Domain Super Heroes**" is a database of comic book characters that are exactly that. Some are extremely old and discontinued characters from former publishers, while others are "open source projects" that allow anyone to contribute to help the character develop. Whatever the case, they are all in the public domain for one reason or another, and regular folks like you and I are encouraged to write adventures for these forgotten heroes. Having browsed the site for a while, my favorite superhero so far is **Battle-Cry**, who appeared in only one comic book: **Outworlder #1**, which is also its rarest and only issue. From the website:

Battle-Cry is an "Open-Source Character" and may be used by anyone. The only rule about using him is that your work must have this notation: "The character of Battle-Cry is available for use by anyone, with only one condition. This paragraph must be included in any publication involving Battle-Cry, in order that others may use this property as they wish. All rights reversed."

"Let me munch on your pits, dude. I want to go wild on those bad boys before we teach these thugs a lesson." -Battle-Cry's first words

During his adolescence, Battle-Cry's mother was in the hospital for an infection where they learned it would be necessary to amputate her leg at the upper thigh. Battle-Cry's ancient intuition told him his mother would be okay, so he naturally did not appear to show very much concern for her health. He asked the doctor if there would be any way to keep the bones and smoke weed out of them. This misunderstanding of his abilities by his own family would be one of the primary causes of his self-imposed exile from the community of his birth.

Another cause of his nomadic lifestyle is his propensity for abusing his pits. Most of his powers would become apparent when he removes his shirt and begins slapping, licking, and nibbling his pits while inhaling loudly through his teeth between the licks. Most friends and enemies find this process disgusting and difficult to observe, but he loves it and can't get enough.

Though he is called Battle-Cry, his vocalizations during combat are more of a scream. Typically, when his pits are fully pleasured, his screams are at their most powerful. He tends to growl in his sleep as a kind of low scream. This often gets him in trouble on high-profile stakeouts, and his love life also suffers. He is completely hairless below the waist.

Due to the screaming he does all the time, Battle-Cry's rump almost never fully closes. He asked for help online with it once. He has to take stool hardeners nonstop because any poops that are not rock solid will come out when he laughs, coughs, or walks around. He went to a restaurant with some friends and when he stood up he left small poops behind. One of the other guests picked one up in a bag and secretly put it in Battle-Cry's glovebox. His dependence on stool medicine is one of his only weaknesses. Battle-Cry hates crime.

This is only the beginning - I anticipate a rich future full of Battle-Cry stories, books, and movies. Because it's open source, we can all help weave this beautiful tapestry of the poorly-drawn guy who loves pits!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

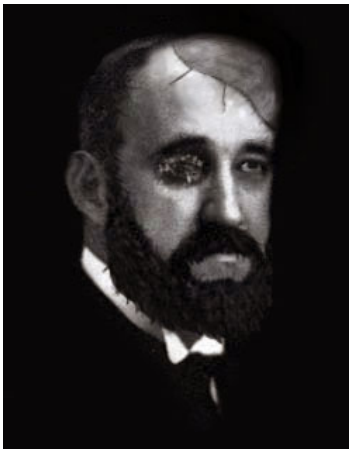
11.21 The Magnificence of P. B. Fouke Remains Resolute

Wednesday, Nov 23, 2011 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

P. B. FOUKE - THE STORY OF A MAN REBORN

Readers, I come to you with a sense of renewed urgency. Each and every word you see before you carries with it tremendous weight, for not since the Good Book has the written word been given such a grand and glorious thing to communicate. I, Philip Bond Fouke III, am a man reborn.



P. B. Fouke before sabbatical.

It is no secret that the trappers and shippers of this nation have felt the pangs of my absence over the past two years, and I feel much regret over that. Following many turbulent years of conflict both physical and mental, I felt it appropriate to take sabbatical and renew myself in the cleansing waters of nature.

I spent many a long year wandering the vast woodlands surrounding St. Louis and stretching to every far corner of the North American continent. With only sacred hymns, fond memories and the blessed act of fur trapping to comfort me, I came to relish the beauty of solitude. I joyfully reminisced about my dear friend J. F. Swanton and his many calculated attempts to murder me, smiled as I imagined Vice President R. J. Heckwolf carefully appraising a fine pelt, and delighted in the remarkable bounty of fresh meat and fur nature provides each able man upon this Earth.

Not a second of my time away from the fur trade went to waste. This endeavor, though highly personal, was not some feeble excuse to revel in recreation. At times it was a daunting battle for survival, as I was pitted against the elements with only the certain knowledge of my undeniable importance to keep me going. I tracked prey for days in hunger and slept in hollowed-out logs until the comforts of civilization were but a faint memory. When meat proved unavailable, I fed maggots and other insects into my hungry maw. I walked and swam for miles and furnished crude rafts out of bloated animal corpses to ferry me down rivers.

When at last I felt my journey was over, I realized I had instinctively traveled from my home in St. Louis to the distant Pribilof Islands of Alaska. There I beheld the unrivaled brutality of seals being slaughtered in the tens of thousands. The enormity of the massacre is impossible to overstate: This was killing on the grandest scale, so overwhelming I could scarcely believe it. So beautiful and moving was this sight that I felt my eye well up, and indeed it found occasion to let lose a stream of tears. Knowing that their skins would end up clothing so many men, women and children throughout this great land was as pleasing a notion to me as any.

P. B. Fouke upon completion of his journey.

This journey was not just one of survival, but of rebirth. The bulk of my energies were dedicated to one singular task: Willing myself back to a state of perfect mental and physical health. Indeed, through sheer willpower and an assortment of improvised tonics, I was able to expunge many harsh years from the record of my life. I also found time to replace the eyeball that was gouged out by a dear friend with one belonging to an eagle. Although I cannot yet see through it, I believe the psychological boost gained from having an eagle eye more than outweighs any potential risks resulting from having part of a dead animal lodged in my ocular cavity.

Alas, there was a terrible price to be paid for such a dynamic transformation. The bitter cleansing tonics that expelled so many impurities from my body also took something dear and precious from me: My beard. My face is once more a barren landscape, as soft and smooth as the most delicate parts of a lady. If not for an immaculately sculpted moustache, I would not feel fit to present myself in public. I shall rectify this in time by growing the most resilient and abrasive beard mankind has ever seen.

A NEW PASSION EMERGES

I have returned to St. Louis a man of unmatched cunning, vigor and integrity. I now commit to the fur industry more energy than in all my previous years combined. Trappers, you will find no stronger an ally in your quest to purchase the finest, most sensitive and precise killing instruments. Shippers, no house in all of creation will offer you better prices for your fine pelts, and I stake both my life and reputation on that, for they are one in the same.

But know you this, all of you: I have, with much convinction, embraced a third passion beyond trapping and shipping fur. I have taken to the alluring art of automobiling. The passion came to me by accident, when, while contemplating my return to St. Louis, I accidentally fabricated a working automobile out of lumber and a spare motor. After a few simple modifications, the machine was fully capable of running when fed enough whale oil. Let me tell you, friends: There are few things as exhilarating as careening down dirt paths and cobblestone streets at speeds exceeding 5 miles per hour. It is a thrill on par with any great catch in the field.

In order to facilitate this newest personal endeavor and still commit an excess of time and energy to fur trapping and shipping, I have seen fit to abandon my wife and child. Do not fear, dear readers -- they will be provided for, and I intend to correspond with them as time permits. This way I may attend to my most important passions without neglecting any of the finer details.

Already the powerful men of St. Louis, this marvelous Mid-Continent Metropolis, have all but begged to share in the motorcar experience. I was most pleased to offer my greatest friend J. F. Swanton the first ride, and the two of us "tore it up" on the muddied animal paths leading to and fro his estate. His beastlike shrieks and frantic attempts to claw his way out of the moving vehicle were a wonder to witness, and the yowl he released when he finally succeeded in escaping will haunt me for days to come. I do hope his landing was soft.

Swanton, ever the giver, could not help but impart one last gift before jumping out of the automobile into a rocky ravine. The passenger seat, soaked in his evacuated bowels and distinctive musk, proved an irresistible curiosity to the native bestiary. Now whenever I travel, I find myself marshalling a great parade of animals entranced in various states of ecstasy. Just as soon as I add some traps and skinning mechanisms to the vehicle, I will find my three passions united as one.

SOME WORDS OF COMFORT IN THESE CHANGING TIMES

The world may be changing dramatically, but you may rest assured my commitment to the Fouke Fur Company and its awesome responsibilities remains resolute. I have always endeavored to help the animal realize that its true value comes not from its life or deeds, but from what it has to offer in death. That has not changed one bit.

Now, free of ailments, refreshed by years of trapping in the wild, freed of familial burdens and energized by a newfound love of piloting motorcars, I am fully prepared to lead the fur industry into a bold new era. I promise you all that, with absolute certainty and swelling pride, THIS WILL BE THE CENTURY THAT MANKIND FINALLY EXTINGUISHES ALL BEASTS FROM THE EARTH.

I invite you all to share in my newfound joy. In honor of my perfect health, I ask that you kindly deduct a healthy twenty per cent (20%) from all catalogue prices.

And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke,
President and General Manager
The Fouke Fur Company

-~P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

11.22 Character Bio Assignment: Professor Bittle

Thursday, Nov 24, 2011 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

BRETT
THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE
SEE ME AFTER CLASS!!

Brett Barker
Intro to Creative Writing

Character Bio Assignment

Name: Professor Bittle

Nicknames: Professor Buttle, Bride of Hitler, Destroyer of Dreams, Professor Spittle

Age: 150 (estimated)

Birthplace: Wuthering Heights

Places lived and how affected character: A demon airship over the Land of the Lost where she was constantly attacked by pterodactyls and mechaworlocks and never got to sit at a table and discuss feelings which is why books about people doing that excite her.

General Appearance: Looks like the witch from Legend. I know that's telling not showing, so here's a 1,000-word description, in the form of a picture.

Mannerisms, Gestures & Expression & Body Language: Blushes any time you mention Raymond Carter or Joyce Karen Oats who she probably went to college with and had crushes on but they turned her down because she looks like a swamp bat (that sentence was "stream of consciousness," like the stories Mrs. Bittle makes us read which flow through my head like a river of muck when I'd rather be learning the history of Chuck Palahnuik).

Motion and gait: More like motion and gout.

Occupation/Attitude about Work: Teaches creative writing. Hates sci-fi, cool fonts, creative margins, and words ending in "ly," especially "potbelly," since she has one.

Significant Skills: Writing stories about people eating and talking and describing the rooms and objects around them and the faces they make and the stuff outside the window. Had a story published in McSweeney's, an antique furniture catalogue.

Family Background: Abusive dad would lock her in the closet and not let her out until she'd written a three-page description of being locked in the closet and how she felt about being locked in the closet and how those feelings made her feel about herself.

Education: MF at Iowa Writer's Workshop, where they write novels about corn.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.23 In Our Hubris, We Gave Them the Thundershirt

Friday, Nov 25, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We armored them against us.

Why did we do it?

What were we thinking?

Of course fear was how we achieved their obedience. They feared the word "No!" They feared the sound of a jet passing overhead. They feared the Emergency Broadcast signal. Most of all, they feared thunder. It was something primal. When the boom of thunder struck in the sky above our dogs cowered in fear beneath tables and beds. We walked around the house with our Caprisuns and our pocket televisions and all the other useless trappings of so-called civilization. Our arrogance was unbelievable in hindsight.

It all began with an advertisement. Simple enough. A shirt to swaddle our dogs in comfort. A remedy for the fear they experienced each time a storm swept over our houses.

They called it the Thundershirt, but it might as well have been called Pandora's Box.

The pitch was simple: wrap your dog in the tight-fighting shirt and your beloved pet would feel comforted. Even the most cowardly of hounds would find new reserves of courage.

Our weapons were useless.

And it worked all too well.

The canine fear of thunder was extinguished in a matter of years. A few observant owners might have seen it then. That first prickling gaze of their dog. They no longer feared thunder and they no longer feared us. The Thundershirt had liberated the world's dogs from all their fears.

One by one, house by house, city by city, the dogs began to disappear. Nobody knew where they were going, all we knew was that they were taking their Thundershirts. At night you could hear them in the distance, howling like wolves. There were signs of them: footprints by the hundreds in fresh mud, butt-walking streaks

on asphalt, torn open garbage bags in a living room. I remember when the news helicopter spotted that soggy middens of thousands of chewed tennis balls.

The weather men were predicting the storm of the century would blow across the United States. From coast to coast and everywhere in between a wall of rain and heavy thunderstorms threatened to knock out power and cause serious damage. I'll never forget that storm. There was so much thunder it seemed the heavens were exploding into ruin above our heads.

In our arrogance we assumed we could tamper with the very stuff of reality.

The power switched off early in the evening, but I had an old hand cranked radio. The last thing the announcer said was that there was a puppy scratching at the door. Then the screaming began.

They were fearless. Without our electricity we were unprepared. They had learned to walk on hind legs and they wore headdresses of chicken bones and cat skulls. They were no longer haunted by subservience. Their Thundershirts were daubed with pigment.

They captured us without a fight. My dog, a big yellow lab, looked at me with sympathy, I think, but there seemed to be nothing he could do as they surrounded us, growling. I was sure I was about to be torn apart by a hundred neighborhood dogs.

It was that poor bastard in the minivan that saved my life. He roared past, swerving to avoid the dogs, speeding up as he took a corner and went up on two wheels. The dogs couldn't resist a car. My yellow lab stayed behind as the pack chased after the van. It was so strange to watch them run upright. Their upper bodies hardly moved at all and it gave them the graceful strangeness of a pirouetting ballerina.

My yellow lab nosed open the sewer. His sympathy was pity. The message was clear.

"This is our country now. It's your turn to cower in fear and hide under the bed."

We crawled into that subterranean world, maybe never to emerge, joining the terrified bedraggled refugees. Our hubris defeated us. We never should have given them the damn Thundershirt.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.24 Useless Treasure Hunting Equipment

Saturday, Nov 26, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Why visit a "high end" treasure hunting boutique stocked with inventory that's virtually free of the defects you're looking for? Why waste your time at a discount retailer whose flawed items are the result of mistakes rather than intricate design? What a headache!

When you're tired of hunting for gear before the treasure hunt even begins, come visit Useless Treasure Hunting Equipment. Our items are expensive and expertly crafted with a variety of defects to meet the demands of any adventurer.

This week's new inventory includes some of our most requested gear:

1:1 Scale Treasure Map

"Why can't you find the treasure? It's right there on the map! The X couldn't be drawn any closer if they tried! You're the worst. This entire trip was a terrible idea."

Expect to hear your reluctant sidekick react with similar comments when you head into your next adventure with the 1:1 Scale Treasure Map, the map that is so straightforward it might as well have never been drawn. You'll spend hours holding it up in front of your face, rotating it with a perplexed look on your face, and desperately glancing from the map to your surroundings.

Whip That Won't Uncoil

Everyone loves a good whip. They look really neat and have so many uses. Too many uses, if you ask us.

We use a special brand of industrial resin to permanently keep the whip coiled. Now you'll never run the risk of reaching to your side, unwinding the whip with a sly look on your face, and pulling

off an amazing act to fend off a bad guy or cross an impossible obstacle. For an extra $10, we'll glue the whip into its holster so you won't even be able to remove it!

Poison Antidote With Sealed Cap

Have you run into a remarkably engineered thousand year old trap that just shot a dart into your neck? Are you uselessly clutching the wound as your vision doubles and whirls around in a blurry haze, causing you to stumble sideways in a somewhat comical manner?

Reach for our bottle of Poison Antidote With Sealed Cap. Oh, it might appear as though the cap can come off if you apply enough desperate force, but it won't. The unique two-way grooves ensure that twisting the cap one way will lock it further in the opposite direction. In fact, we're not even sure how we got the cap on in the first place.

Don't get any funny ideas about breaking the bottle either, as it's made of the strongest substance on Earth: The very same plastic that they use to make packaging for video game controllers and accessories.

Compass Which Is Actually Just A Clock

Which way is north? That depends on what time it is! Never again will you be burdened with the knowledge of which direction you're traveling.

Also, this product does not actually tell time accurately. The needle moves counter-clockwise in increments which are neither minutes or hours, but a measurement of something that we call "Internet Swatch Time".

Unreliable Flashlight

Being able to see every nook and cranny of a cave, tomb, or hidden passage with a flashlight is the worst. Thanks for nothing!

Our specially designed brand of flickering flashlights are guaranteed to go out at the most inopportune time. How do we do it? Built-in sensors feed audio and visual data to the cpu, which monitors the situation and reacts accordingly.

If you turn a corner and come face to face with a roaring mechanical bear, the light will go out immediately. When you speak to someone attractive, the light will dim measurably until you shake the flashlight and point it at your face, at which point it will go into overdrive to deliver a flash of illumination that's twice as powerful as usual.

Always Moist Tech's Always Moist Pants

There's nothing more comfortable than a dry pair of pants. Here's a moist pair of pants.

Now you can feel like you just fell into a sewer all the time! Enjoy the sensation of a million types of fungus growing on your feet as water seeps down your increasingly chilly legs, collecting in your shoes and turning each step into an awkward squelch.

Handgun With Heated Trigger

Sometimes all the puzzle solving, fist fighting, whipping, and quick thinking aren't enough. In these rare cases, you'll need a gun to quickly shoot off a lock, slow down pursuers, or overcome a swarm of attackers.

With this handgun, your survival in these situations will be delightfully impossible. The weapon's cast iron trigger is constantly kept at a red-hot 700 degrees Celsius. Pull out the weapon, attempt to fire it, and you'll hop up and down hilariously as your index finger sizzles.

The best part? Even if you manage to pull the trigger, the gun isn't even real! It's simply a convincing shell that contains a heating element.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.25 Welcome to Your First Apartment: Kitchen

Sunday, Nov 27, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

I, Landlord

Welcome. Like first amputation, first public flogging, you never forget first apartment. So much excitement. So much mold. And with signing of lease, you now have year long promise to dwell in my property. We will become friends. Great friends. Best friends. You will make me giggle and I look forward to your calls, your high pitched baby voice, your pleas for functional water heater. Oh, I laugh now. It will be so much fun.

So as landlord, let me first introduce you to smell of urine. It seems hound perhaps mistake your carpet for piss location. Perhaps no mistake at all. But such a stench is always present within every inch of apartment, so perhaps, for now, let us focus on one room. Kitchen. Kitchen is foundation that life is built around so I am sad to say that your foundation is cursed Indian ground. Figurative, of course, but accurate as well.

But what is kitchen anyway? Is it important within heart, is there special requirement regarding safety, or is it simply windowless room with malfunctioning machines? The latter, it seems in this case. And while most people would say "no, get me out" or "help, my lungs putrefy with spores" you say "okay." I applaud your willingness to sacrifice such unnecessary luxuries as ventilation or government building code. You are stoic in your suffering and taste.

Of course there is some bright side to kitchen. Most appliances, for instance, stainless steel. A modern touch. Such shine, allowing you an opportunity to gaze into dishwasher and see the bleakness of life. Though dishwasher has no water hookup, it is truly great for gazing and gazing only. When the fluorescent bulbs are not flicking off with every step, the light will shine off silvery refrigerator with such intensity you will believe for an instant that there is window in apartment. Such wonderful, wonderful appliances. If only electricity could handle such wonderful appliances. With current fuse box, only one of appliances can be plugged in at any time. I suggest refrigerator or toaster oven. Never does one know when toast is needed.

Sink is fine, what you see is just buildup. Like a car battery. Harmless to the touch. Drink at your own risk, I suppose.

Behind you is kitchen counter. It was once one color, now many. Once one sheet, now it crumbles to the touch. Though built in modern 1970s, counter science is not perfect, and it would be best to not expose food to it. Rest assured that in some unheard of civilization laminate might be superior to granite and in that land you would have a glorious kitchen. Though that is not here, you are lucky that there is not much counter to worry about. Three Pringle cans and perhaps loaf of bread will cover every inch. It might be hard to cope with such little space, but that pain will soon pass and by end of month you will forget that you even have counters at all. You will be making bologna sandwich on floor and you will be happy to do it.

About the floor. I apologize. Such condition is unfit for ox bed, I know. But you are no ox, nor do you intend to sleep here, simply prepare foods, and for that purpose I still apologize. I also offer one suggestion: do not cover holes in linoleum. They are meant for

pestilence to enter through and if not there pestilence find other more painful methods to harvest.

Enough on floors. Now stove. Stove is gas. Stove is antique. Stove is lopsided. Its yellowed patina reminiscent of Nana's teeth if Nana enjoyed meth binge here and there. But that is only cosmetic problem. True problems are from soup spilling when cooking or casserole always lean to left. Think of it like cooking on cruise ship of prisoners. Fun, yes. Also true problem is carbon monoxide. Try not to inhale.

Those cabinets there. Do not use. Trust me.

There is so much magic and surprise just in kitchen, imagine what wonders are crushed into these 800 square feet. So much history, so much police raid, so much raccoon corpse. Someday, tenant, if you are nice and your lawyer makes me, I will tell you everything.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.26 Hot Cyber Monday Savings

Monday, Nov 28, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hey, dude, why bother going to the stores when you can wear your boxer pants and download all of the best deals on your home PC? You bought all of your toasters and ethernet hubs at the store on Friday, but you saved your major purchases to buy on the Information Super Highway for Cyber Monday! It's today. The deal day. We have surfed the World Wide Web to find the best virtual doorbuster deal for your dollars. Stock up for Christmas!

Spheres
http://www.renderlandroundthingsstore.com

Spheres, orbs, balls, what more do you need? Available in chrome, marble or colors. You can wrap your own textures on these spheres. Imagine what they would look like hovering over a chessboard. You don't have to. You can make it happen and then walk around it virtual 360 degrees.

Manipulate that ball. Turn. Put a globe on it and spin it. Four globes under a waterfall? Could be just the right screen saver to set a scene for a romantic dinner. Just you and a girl and a repeating midi of the **Peanuts** theme. Animate the balls...or not. Do you have stairs in your house? Virtual stairs? Sounds perfect for spheres. Ghostly glowing orbs fill a graveyard. Is that a skeleton? NO. It's a bargain. **$99 (Was $150)**

Information World
http://www.youmusttaketheredpillneo.com

An entire world of a grid is before you. You are wired into the future. Welcome to the digital space. The Infoworld. The cybernets. This unbelievable deal comes from 3D rendering artist and part time drum loops composer and dad Shannon "Neo 2.0" Matrix the ergonomic keyboard cowboy of La Jolla California.

This package includes an infinite grid of circuit-like glowing neon plus 60 falling numbers or letters waterfalls and 300 ASCII towers. You can change the text to be whatever you want. HAPPY GRADUATION! HAPPY ANNIVERSARY! Celebrate a retirement for your whole office. Virtually. Works great with chrome orbs. You are chrome orbs.exe. **$500 (was $999)**

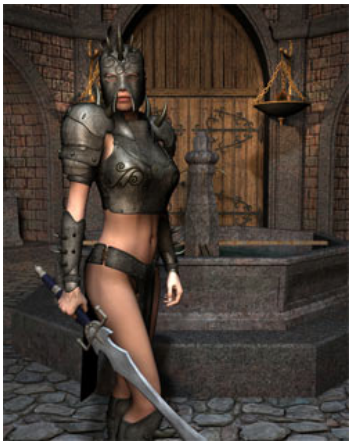
Crazy Liquid Metal Dude
http://www.hemp420sitedesign.biz

This wicked real mercury metal dude has five joints and can turn into a puddle of liquid metal, a sphere of liquid metal or you can have him dance in this wild, mind-expanding spinning move where he keeps forming and reforming to techno music and turns into dolphins and, like, a spiral (meaning infinity) and you like swoop in through the spiral and come out the other side and he reforms.

You could also use this to like, educate children about their self-reality and how, like, if you break it down we're actually just water and metal (liquid metal) and how if you also think about it what Bush did is illegal against International Law.

Enter coupon code BURNINGMAN420 to receive a holiday discount. **$800 (was $1500)**

Super Sexy Warrior Lady (HOT!)
http://www.3Dbarbarianwomandominationandfacesitting.com



This bold broad doesn't have to axe your permission to get what she wants. She's a brassy bag and she has the NURBs to prove it. Carefully rendered down to individual hairs and diamond-gems of butt sweat, this warrior woman, nicknamed christine.spr (A .sphere file also works in ORBUS 3D or upload her to VIRTUWORLD as your Personus) will come to life for your home or office.

If you load her onto your TV she will do a strip tease. Interact with various characters from fantasy books. Control her with a keyboard and drafting tablet and a processor farm to render images. Send her on quests to recover the magic sphere from the castle of numbers guarded by the weird mercury wizard. Have her take off her pants and dominate you with her beautiful butt.

You can also upload her over the standard personal assistant program on your desktop and she will ask you questions. Use with voice activation and say, "CHRISTINE, MY BUTT QUEEN, I OBEY YOUR EVERY WHIM. PLEASE OPEN WINWORD.EXE. NEW PARAGRAPH, MY QUEEN."

Acts now and receive three additional hair styles: spaghetti, gritty motionless afro and piled up on her head and clipping through her helmet. **$2000 (was $10000)**

Ultimate Virtual Reality Environment
http://www.kylesvirtual3dworldandtorchwoodwallpapers.net

Sure, you could enjoy these Cyber Monday doorbusters on your regular PC. You could download them to your laptop computer. That's fine. Not. If you want to roll with the big boys of virtual reality you need a serious rig.

The UVRE (Ultimate Virtual Reality Experience) consists of 18 sensors, a body strap, a perspiration sensor, a catheter, goggles, headphones, haptic wrist and ankle bands, a 5-face projection cube and enough room for two to four people to enjoy a virtual reality. The UVRE ships with five environments (desert, moon, chessboard, spinning realm of spheres, blackness with numbers flying overhead) but you can modify any to include your own spheres or metal men or anything else. The only limit is your imagination and thousands of hours of programming and rendering and the computer equipment that was built in 1997.

Prepare to enter the next level. Due to the closing of the manufacturer (True VR Amusements) in 2001, a fire at the warehouse in 2003, severe water damage at Kyle's house in 2005, and a severe mishap involving too many orbs, there are only three of these units available and no replacement parts. Great for moms. **$9999 (was $PRICELESS)**

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.27 Special Move List: Hurtwell

Tuesday, Nov 29, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

HURTWELL

HURTWELL was a simple, peaceful boy from the rural Shugo prefecture of Kentucky, America. His father was a moonshiner of liquors, and his mother a seamsman. HURTWELL was trained by the master ORIGINAL RICK, and he used his powers of fighting only for protection and romance, until one day his parents were kidnapped by the evil EMPEROR SHOZO. From that day forth, HURTWELL knew his destiny would be to win the MASTER OF CHAMPION FIGHTING TOURNAMENT and secure the freedom of his parents and world!

DOB: 10/26/1978

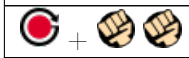
HEIGHT: 5'09"

BLOOD TYPE: R

SEX: MALE

FIGHTING TECHNIQUE: AMERICA BRAWL

Attacks

Input	Move Name
	Palooken
	Trout Kick
	Wolf Toucher
	Racially-Motivated Haymaker
	Rick's Original Famous Punch
	Nickelbackhand
	Chops of Jupiter
	Shogun Sacktap
	Five-Finger Discount
	VCR Throw
	Face Parade
	Lactate
	Handjab

Throws / Grabs

Input	Move Name
+	Dude Huck
+	Non-Confrontational Powerbomb
+	Flying Chiropractic Subluxator
+	Bon Piledr-Iver
+	Atomic Nurple
+	Tokyo Grope

Blocks / Counters

Input	Move Name
	Damage Prevention Elbow
	Fetal Position
	Reverse Cowgirl
	Opposite Day
+	John Mayall's Bluesbreaker

Taunts

Input	Move Name
+	Insincere Flattery
	Jerky-Offy Motion
	Classic False Frisbee Throw Dog Fake-out
	Verbal Warning

Ultra Finishers

Input	Move Name
+	Tearful Neck Snap of Mercy
+	Get Your Brother To Do This One

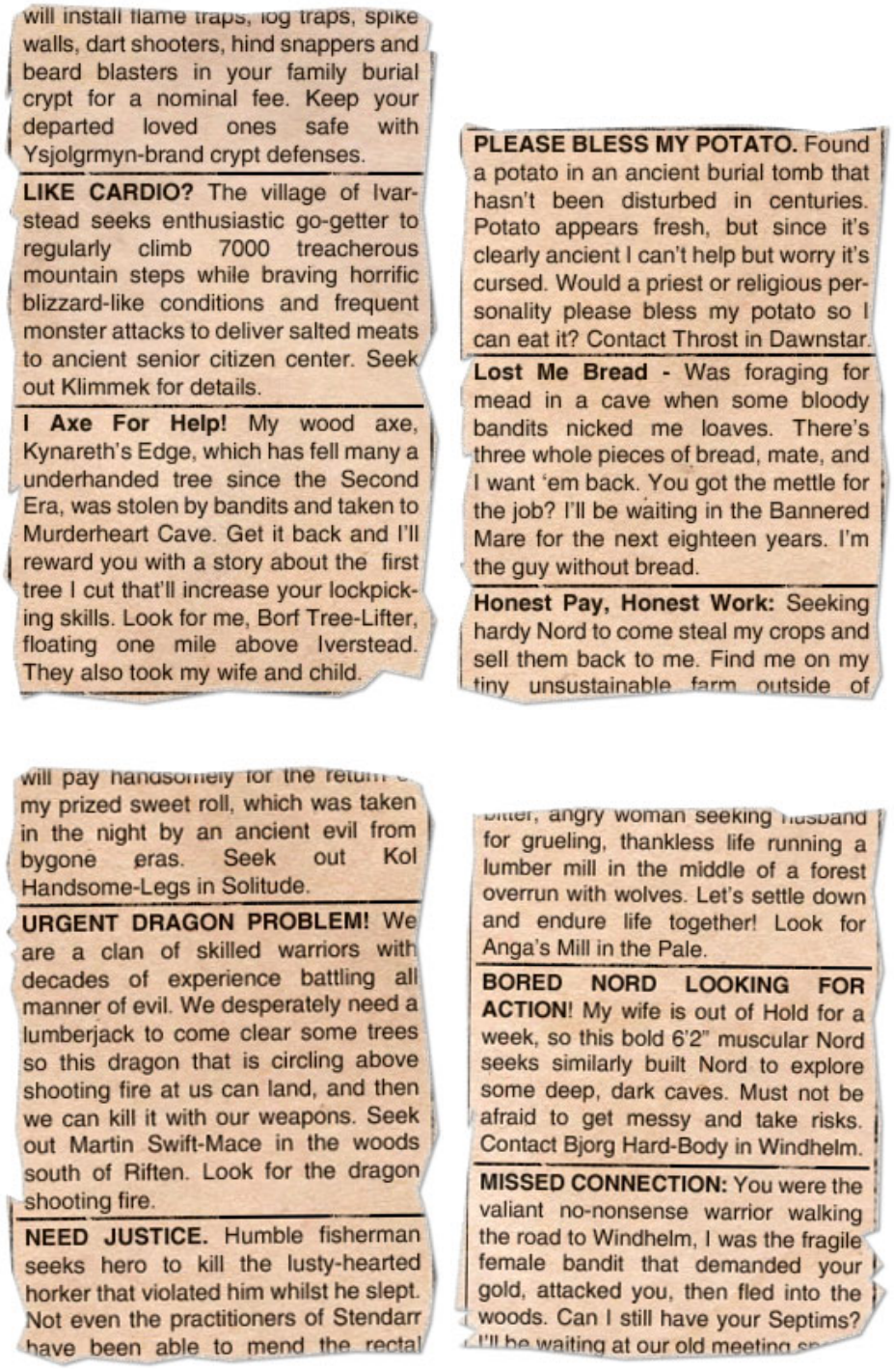
Special thanks to Abraham, DocEvil & Greg P. for difficult control input.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.28 Skyrim Classified Ads

Wednesday, Nov 30, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Video Game Classifieds series.



will install flame traps, log traps, spike walls, dart shooters, hind snappers and beard blasters in your family burial crypt for a nominal fee. Keep your departed loved ones safe with Ysjolgrmyn-brand crypt defenses.

LIKE CARDIO? The village of Ivarstead seeks enthusiastic go-getter to regularly climb 7000 treacherous mountain steps while braving horrific blizzard-like conditions and frequent monster attacks to deliver salted meats to ancient senior citizen center. Seek out Klimmek for details.

I Axe For Help! My wood axe, Kynareth's Edge, which has fell many a underhanded tree since the Second Era, was stolen by bandits and taken to Murderheart Cave. Get it back and I'll reward you with a story about the first tree I cut that'll increase your lockpicking skills. Look for me, Borf Tree-Lifter, floating one mile above Iverstead. They also took my wife and child.

PLEASE BLESS MY POTATO. Found a potato in an ancient burial tomb that hasn't been disturbed in centuries. Potato appears fresh, but since it's clearly ancient I can't help but worry it's cursed. Would a priest or religious personality please bless my potato so I can eat it? Contact Throst in Dawnstar.

Lost Me Bread - Was foraging for mead in a cave when some bloody bandits nicked me loaves. There's three whole pieces of bread, mate, and I want 'em back. You got the mettle for the job? I'll be waiting in the Bannered Mare for the next eighteen years. I'm the guy without bread.

Honest Pay, Honest Work: Seeking hardy Nord to come steal my crops and sell them back to me. Find me on my tiny unsustainable farm outside of

will pay handsomely for the return of my prized sweet roll, which was taken in the night by an ancient evil from bygone eras. Seek out Kol Handsome-Legs in Solitude.

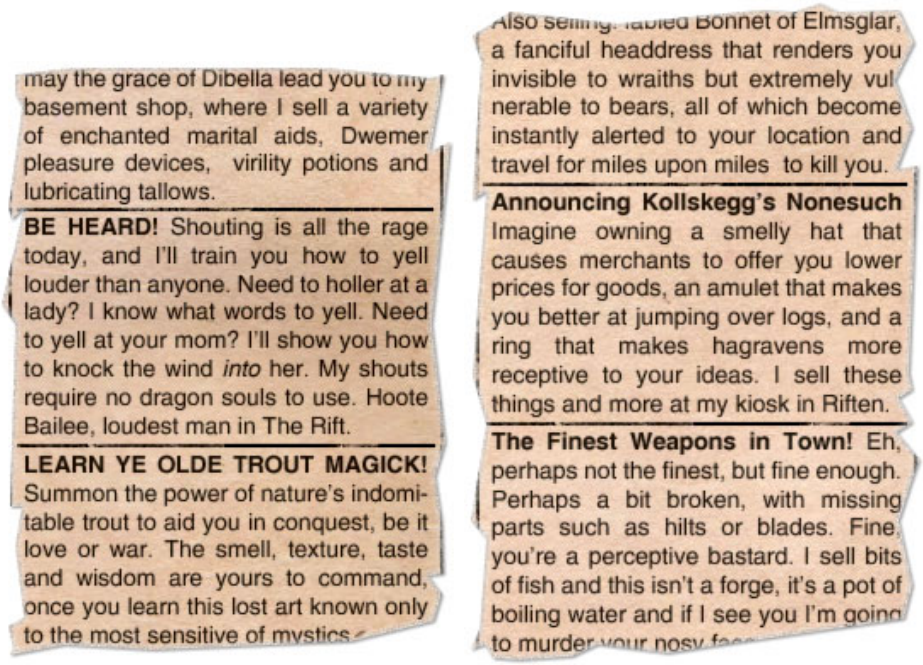
URGENT DRAGON PROBLEM! We are a clan of skilled warriors with decades of experience battling all manner of evil. We desperately need a lumberjack to come clear some trees so this dragon that is circling above shooting fire at us can land, and then we can kill it with our weapons. Seek out Martin Swift-Mace in the woods south of Riften. Look for the dragon shooting fire.

NEED JUSTICE. Humble fisherman seeks hero to kill the lusty-hearted horker that violated him whilst he slept. Not even the practitioners of Stendarr have been able to mend the rectal

bitter, angry woman seeking husband for grueling, thankless life running a lumber mill in the middle of a forest overrun with wolves. Let's settle down and endure life together! Look for Anga's Mill in the Pale.

BORED NORD LOOKING FOR ACTION! My wife is out of Hold for a week, so this bold 6'2" muscular Nord seeks similarly built Nord to explore some deep, dark caves. Must not be afraid to get messy and take risks. Contact Bjorg Hard-Body in Windhelm.

MISSED CONNECTION: You were the valiant no-nonsense warrior walking the road to Windhelm, I was the fragile female bandit that demanded your gold, attacked you, then fled into the woods. Can I still have your Septims? I'll be waiting at our old meeting sp



may the grace of Dibella lead you to my basement shop, where I sell a variety of enchanted marital aids, Dwemer pleasure devices, virility potions and lubricating tallows.

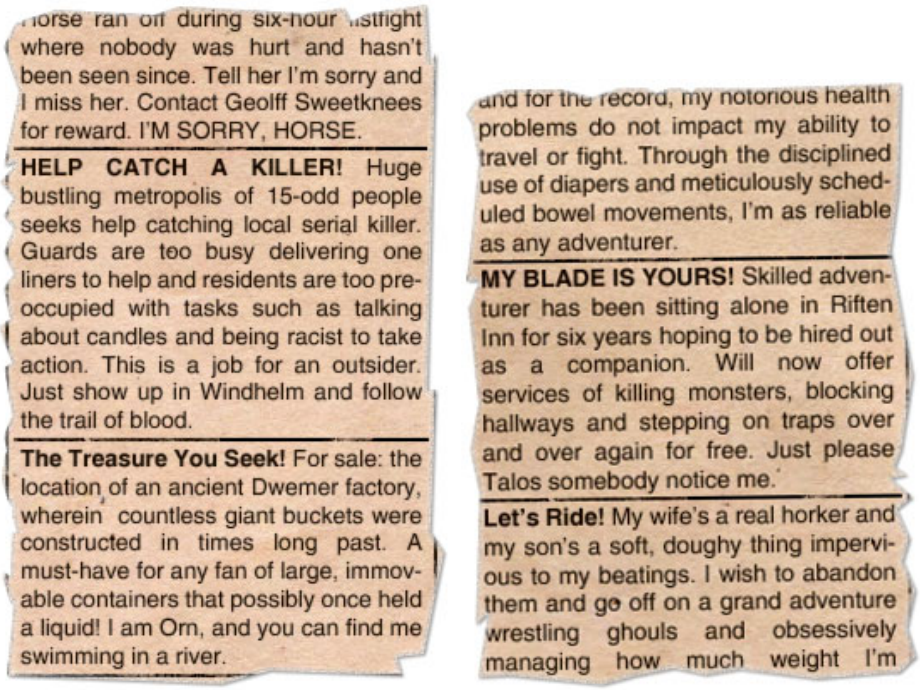
BE HEARD! Shouting is all the rage today, and I'll train you how to yell louder than anyone. Need to holler at a lady? I know what words to yell. Need to yell at your mom? I'll show you how to knock the wind *into* her. My shouts require no dragon souls to use. Hoote Bailee, loudest man in The Rift.

LEARN YE OLDE TROUT MAGICK! Summon the power of nature's indomitable trout to aid you in conquest, be it love or war. The smell, texture, taste and wisdom are yours to command, once you learn this lost art known only to the most sensitive of mystics.

Also selling: fabled Bonnet of Elmsglar, a fanciful headdress that renders you invisible to wraiths but extremely vulnerable to bears, all of which become instantly alerted to your location and travel for miles upon miles to kill you.

Announcing Kollskegg's Nonesuch Imagine owning a smelly hat that causes merchants to offer you lower prices for goods, an amulet that makes you better at jumping over logs, and a ring that makes hagravens more receptive to your ideas. I sell these things and more at my kiosk in Riften.

The Finest Weapons in Town! Eh, perhaps not the finest, but fine enough. Perhaps a bit broken, with missing parts such as hilts or blades. Fine, you're a perceptive bastard. I sell bits of fish and this isn't a forge, it's a pot of boiling water and if I see you I'm going to murder your nosy face.



horse ran off during six-hour fistfight where nobody was hurt and hasn't been seen since. Tell her I'm sorry and I miss her. Contact Geolff Sweetknees for reward. I'M SORRY, HORSE.

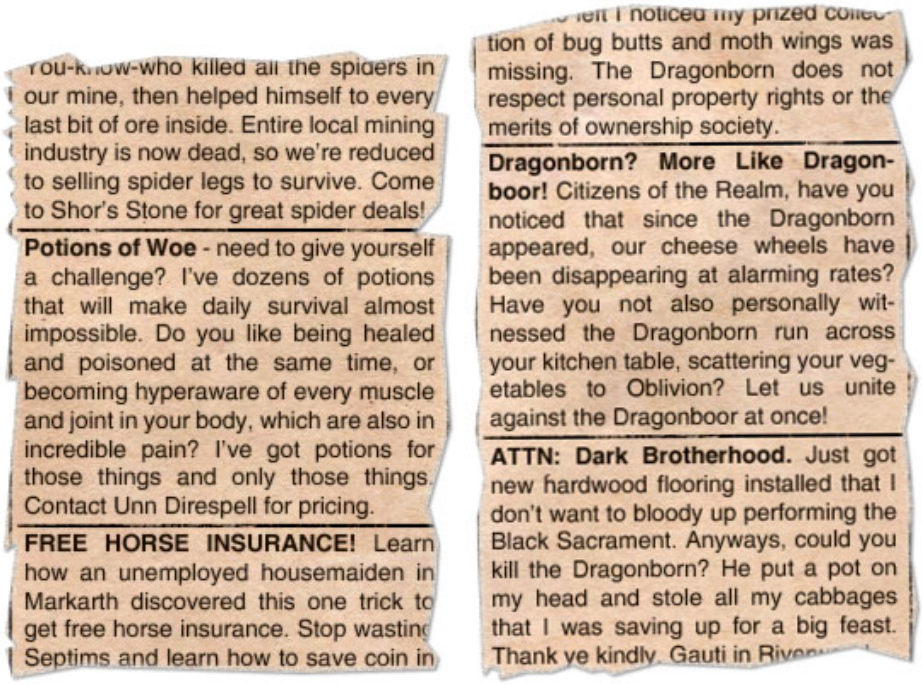
HELP CATCH A KILLER! Huge bustling metropolis of 15-odd people seeks help catching local serial killer. Guards are too busy delivering one liners to help and residents are too preoccupied with tasks such as talking about candles and being racist to take action. This is a job for an outsider. Just show up in Windhelm and follow the trail of blood.

The Treasure You Seek! For sale: the location of an ancient Dwemer factory, wherein countless giant buckets were constructed in times long past. A must-have for any fan of large, immovable containers that possibly once held a liquid! I am Orn, and you can find me swimming in a river.

and for the record, my notorious health problems do not impact my ability to travel or fight. Through the disciplined use of diapers and meticulously scheduled bowel movements, I'm as reliable as any adventurer.

MY BLADE IS YOURS! Skilled adventurer has been sitting alone in Riften Inn for six years hoping to be hired out as a companion. Will now offer services of killing monsters, blocking hallways and stepping on traps over and over again for free. Just please Talos somebody notice me.

Let's Ride! My wife's a real horker and my son's a soft, doughy thing impervious to my beatings. I wish to abandon them and go off on a grand adventure wrestling ghouls and obsessively managing how much weight I'm



You-know-who killed all the spiders in our mine, then helped himself to every last bit of ore inside. Entire local mining industry is now dead, so we're reduced to selling spider legs to survive. Come to Shor's Stone for great spider deals!

Potions of Woe - need to give yourself a challenge? I've dozens of potions that will make daily survival almost impossible. Do you like being healed and poisoned at the same time, or becoming hyperaware of every muscle and joint in your body, which are also in incredible pain? I've got potions for those things and only those things. Contact Unn Direspell for pricing.

FREE HORSE INSURANCE! Learn how an unemployed housemaiden in Markarth discovered this one trick to get free horse insurance. Stop wasting Septims and learn how to save coin in

left I noticed my prized collection of bug butts and moth wings was missing. The Dragonborn does not respect personal property rights or the merits of ownership society.

Dragonborn? More Like Dragonboor! Citizens of the Realm, have you noticed that since the Dragonborn appeared, our cheese wheels have been disappearing at alarming rates? Have you not also personally witnessed the Dragonborn run across your kitchen table, scattering your vegetables to Oblivion? Let us unite against the Dragonboor at once!

ATTN: Dark Brotherhood. Just got new hardwood flooring installed that I don't want to bloody up performing the Black Sacrament. Anyways, could you kill the Dragonborn? He put a pot on my head and stole all my cabbages that I was saving up for a big feast. Thank ye kindly. Gauti in River

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 A Nation Suffers Outrage Fatigue

Thursday, Dec 01, 2011 by Representative Don Trunbert

Greetings, constituents. I assume most of you are wondering why I called this emergency press conference. But before I continue, I'm going to have to ask you journalists in the front row to lower that tarp. While I would like nothing more than the national attention it would garner, no one is "going Dwyer" this afternoon. The "harried state" and "cursing spells interrupted by screaming fits" promised by my PR firm? All part of an elaborate ruse to draw you here, along with the prospect of free bagels. Well, actually, the bagels are real. But please only eat one, and keep your crumbs away from the roving pack of tuberculitic street urchins that always seems to find its way into any unlocked and heated building with an unprotected food source.

Your local representative, Don Trunbert.

Anyhow, things didn't always used to be like this. Remember the year I left my cancerous wife for a woman with significantly less cancer and oldness? I couldn't crack open a magazine without seeing that infamous paparazzi shot of my mistress and I making tender love on the hospital bed next to Mrs. Trunbert's -- may she rest in peace. And when I left my mistress for my mistress' daughter, well, you've never seen an innocent prom afterparty picture blown so far out of proportion. My point is, no matter which media outlet I turned to, I could always count on hearing a story about yours truly the next day. Hell, a lot of the time I'd just be bored as all get-out and make up some nonsense just to keep my name out there. Like the time I stated vitamin C caused mental retardation, and our district suffered nine scurvy-related fatalities -- wow, talk about making Trunbert a household name!

A child with two hands clutching a hungry stomach is a child with two hands that can push a broom. - Benjamin Franklin, Poor Motherfucker's Almanack

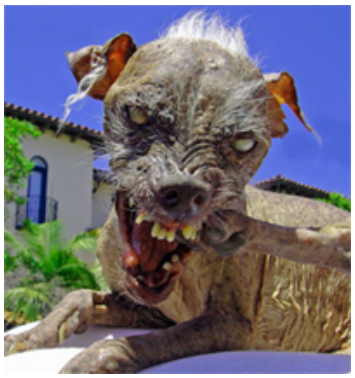
I don't want to tell you how to do your jobs, but lately, I don't think you've been doing them. Honestly, people; are we really so jaded? Two months ago, I razed all of our local libraries and had each one replaced with a RedBox that only offers Gerard Butler movies. What did I gain for my efforts? Not a peep from the press. And how could we forget that industrial fog that rolls in every night, melting the spinal columns of outside pets and causing area birds to grow full sets of sharp teeth and human fingers? All me. I even got this cool watch from the nice people at DuPont which informs me of the nearest escape zone should the fog breach my household perimeter! Months of planning, sitting through endless lobbyist presentations, and cashing giant novelty checks -- what did it get me? Lookie here, I'm eight down in a newspaper crossword puzzle distributed to a region with fewer literate people than the center of the earth!

Okay, smart guys -- get a load of this. I propose that we teach our troubled inner-city kids some responsibility by requiring them to take over custodial services in our schools. They'd earn a few bucks on the side, learn valuable scrubbing techniques, and become accustomed to the debilitating joint and back pain which will soon become their constant companions in a life of fruitless toil in the service industry. Yessir.

What, so no questions on this one? No one's even tweeting this? You, is that camera on? Well it doesn't look like it is. Anyway, moving on, this bold new plan will finally shatter the custodial union -- I think we've been under the thumb of Big Janitor for far too long. And those students who excel in this program may be allowed to advance to my new child solider initiative, which will allow patriotic youths to serve their country several years before they'd be able to fool a desperate recruiter into thinking they're 18. I have talked to several armed forces superiors and they have stated that the child supersoldiers of Africa can easily handle automatic weapons, and also that their still-developing brains have not fully learned to fear death. Why not bring some of that gumption to our neck of the woods? Heck, we might even be able to shut down the obesity ward of the children's hospital.

Yes, you -- ask away. Well, that didn't look like a nose scratch to me. Is that a tweet? Are you tweeting? Listen, vote for American Idol on your own time. Christ I can't bel -- someone get those kids away from the bagels. Okay. Eyes up here, people. Eyes up here. Simon, dim those lights. It's time to bring out the big guns.

Slavery. Yes, this is going to be my new platform. I'll be the first pro-slavery politician since Strom Thurmond. Are you people even listening? I want to literally enslave every black person in America. Nothing? No response to this? You people do realize what I'm saying, right? This isn't a Twilight Zone scenario where I'm really dead but don't realize it yet, is it? I see most of you are nodding your heads as if to indicate it isn't. Maybe I'm not being clear enough here. We all remember what slavery is, right? Untold suffering, human beings being treated as beasts of burden, babies torn from their mothers, said events being portrayed in a positive light by Walt Disney -- I cannot possibly take a more extreme position than what I am stating at this very moment! Well, I guess if you wanted to split hairs, I could always up the ante say "We should just round up and kill all the n --"



Dogs left in the fog quickly turn into strange beasts the local children have named "fogdogs." I assure you this problem may be in next year's budget.

Wait a mo -- getting a phone call. Hello? Yes. This is he. You are? Wonderful. I can be at the airport in two hours. See you then.

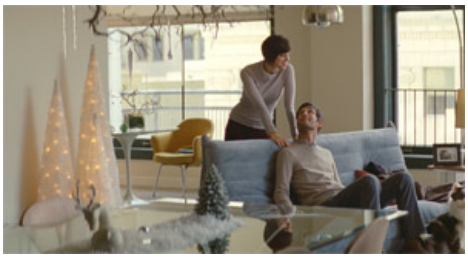
Well folks, looks like old Don Trunbert's finally making the big leagues; that's right -- I'm finally being considered a viable Republican candidate for the 2012 Presidential election. Given that I've already used all 108 of my vacation days, I believe several consecutive sabbaticals are in order. In closing, I only hope that you remember me not for my past 17 years of service, but for the series of war crimes I plan to take part in the second I penetrate that most oval of offices. Hail Satan.

-∼Representative Don Trunbert

12.2 The Lexus December to Remember We're Poor and Miserable

Friday, Dec 02, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If you're getting tired of the overbearing drumcirclers of the Occupy movement nothing brings you back around to their point of view quite like a steaming pile of one percenter consumerism. It serves as a reminder that, nope, not everyone is in this together. Some people are doing just fine. Finer, even. It's time for another "December to Remember Sales Event" from Lexus.



This month's festival of excess comes courtesy of the 2011 Lexus marketing campaign, running *ad nauseum*, which suggests the only way to create a "December to Remember" is to play the Lexus theme song and tie a bow around a 60,000 dollar hybrid SUV that you're giving to somebody for Christmas. I know you've seen these miserable things. They amount to either a terrible miscalculation about what Americans want shot out of their TVs at their faces or a sort of cocky, "deal with it" from Lexus about how shitty our lives are.

I understand that Lexus is a manufacturer of luxury automobiles and I don't begrudge them that. Certain people just need fancier cars to go to their fancy places fancier. If the commies had won the Cold War we'd all be waiting to get our chance for an unpainted Lada made out of tin with features like "front and one side window," "power headlight" and "full floor." At least this way a few hours of busking outside the train station and you can buy enough gasoline to drive your heated '89 Tercel to a different train station to busk, all so you can save up money to buy a Chinese hunk of crap and a couple video games about murdering robots for your ungrateful kids.

Merry Christmas, everybody.

Meanwhile, the catalog models floating in the soft-white sugar plum loft apartments and gated enclaves of the one percent are tying a ribbon around a car and rigging up music boxes and making the elevator play the instantly forgettable Lexus theme song that we all supposedly know by heart. Everyone is smiling and happy and sheathed in sweaters. Golden holiday lights glow out of focus in

the background of every shot. Children gather around wondering what mom is going to think when she gets a brand new luxury car.

The music box plays the theme song and we know...YES...another luxury automobile is waiting in the driveway with a bow. Hooray.

Fuck you, Lexus. Nobody can afford your cars right now. We'll be lucky if we can afford a picture of a Lexus to email to somebody. Did you not notice that the whole world is sliding into a slow economic apocalypse? This is the spin you put on it? Play a music box and light up the faces of little tots with the candy cane dream of a car with heated leather seats and seatback LCDs. I'm glad the hedge fund managers and investment bankers living in your fantasy scenario are throwing around the kind of dough it takes to roll a Lexus off the lot, but isn't there some channel just for rich people you can run these commercials on?

Look at that ridiculous setup. It looks like Michael Cain's house in **Children of Men**. They're playing the Lexus song on *Guitar Hero* in a frigging Frank Lloyd Wright house. Do you think people who live like this are sitting around watching Cartoon Network at 2 AM? They're skiing in Aspen at their private lodge or shopping at some specialty all-wood toy store buying a 1/2 scale T-rex skeleton made out of oak for a kid who will be a record producer at age fifteen.

Here's an idea, Lexus: how about you sponsor Kudlow's daily Goldman Sachs ball tickler, slap a sticker on whatever pole Maria Bartoromo is grinding her stink on, and leave the other channels alone. That way the rest of us can wallow in the pacifying glow of singing competitions and vampire TV shows and we don't have to see your messed up alternate reality where people are happy and rich.

The one percenters can have their Lexus champagne parties in the VIP and the rest of us can pretend it's okay that we're underwater on our mortgages and drowning under student loan debt and we'll be fucking lucky if our parents' pensions aren't "renegotiated" to zero and we end up with them living with us for the next twenty years and driving the same car we had in college that makes a sound like a cat having its anal glands flushed out with a cleat because blah blah blah American Dream.

It's not jealousy, it's that our misery is heightened by the ecstasy of the select few. It's a parade of

excess in the midst of austerity. It's gross. You're gross, Lexus.

Oh, and Lexus, while you're at it, tap the diamond people on the shoulder and let them know that one of their commercials features an adult man sharing a romantic moment with a teenage boy. I think it's for Zales/Peoples Jewellers. I don't know who green-lit that one, but it's also gross. Take your Lexii and catamites and disappear back behind your mansion walls. It's not cool to throw garbage at us out here.

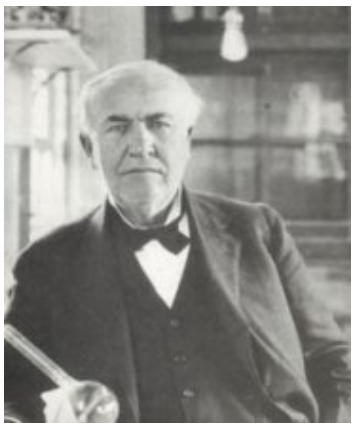
We have train stations to busk.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.3 Thomas Edison, Inventor Of Jerkicity

Saturday, Dec 03, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Thomas Edison is a historical figure. Thank you, I remembered that all by myself. Didn't even have to look it up on Wikipedia.



When you think of Edison - as you so often do - you probably picture a smart, industrious guy that invented a bunch of stuff. That's all true, but every now and then you might also be reminded of how much of a colossal jerk he was.

Knowing that Nikolai Tesla's alternating current system was capable of transmitting power more easily and efficiently than his own direct current method, Edison launched a full scale media campaign to confuse the issue in the public's mind. As part of this campaign, Edison attempted to depict AC as a frightening and extremely dangerous source of energy. How did he do this? By taking part in the development of the AC-powered electric chair and by electrocuting animals (including an elephant) with AC.

He didn't kill the animals with electric chairs, mind you. He just used specially designed rigs with the sole purpose of publically killing animals so that he could profit financially.

Edison is, of course, commonly known as the inventor of the light bulb, but in truth he improved upon an existing design. In fact, much of the work attributed to Edison was done by underlings and patented by him. He was, in many ways, the proto-eBaumsWorld.

Then there was Georges Méliès. An early French filmmaker, Méliès is featured prominently in Martin Scorcese's new film Hugo. You know that iconic shot of a rocket poking into the eye of the man in the moon? That's from Méliès' A Trip To The Moon, a film which was obtained (as in copied, not bought) by Thomas Edison. Guess what happened next?

No, Méliès wasn't electrocuted.

Edison released the film in the United States, making a tremendous profit. He did not give a cent to Méliès, who had no recourse due to the state of copyright laws.

A relatively unknown inventor named Bradley Pelsgraft came up with an automated shoe cleaning station. Made of cast iron, this weighty device rubbed Edison the wrong way. Edison didn't have a competing invention, he simply had an irrational dislike for the product. In order to prove how dangerous it was, Edison dropped several off the roof of a skyscraper, killing three people and crushing an old woman's foot.

Years later, Edison tracked down a homeless Pelsgraft and shoved a thumb up each of the poor man's nostrils and held fast until he passed out from exhaustion.

A cartoonist for the New York Times placed a light bulb above a character's head to communicate the formation of an idea. Edison demanded compensation for the paper's use of his invention's likeness. When the Times declined, Edison invented the internet and drove print into irrelevance.

Finding himself with a lot of free time on his hands in his later years, Thomas Edison took up a new hobby. He ran wild through the sidewalks of major cities, tipping the hats off of every man he passed. When prompted for a reason for this outlandish behavior, Edison would feign a deep sleep.

Long known for his penchant for making scathing comments about his servants' calves, Edison fell ill in his later years and found himself unable to hurt their feelings.

With the help of his underlings, he spent the entirety of one winter holiday locked in a room at work on a secret project. When his team emerged, Edison seemed even more pale and sickly than before, but his gaunt face was lit by a smile. At his side stood a wondrous marvel of technology: A mechanical man.

The machine's limbs were designed to move fluidly, its face able to take on human expressions, its voice was clear as a bell. Amazingly, it only required a few turns of the gear on its back every morning to wind it up for an entire day of operation.

"What is the purpose of this fantastic creation?", asked an astounded servant that had been with the family for more than thirty years.

Edison replied by smiling and commanding one of his younger apprentices to wind up the mechanical man.

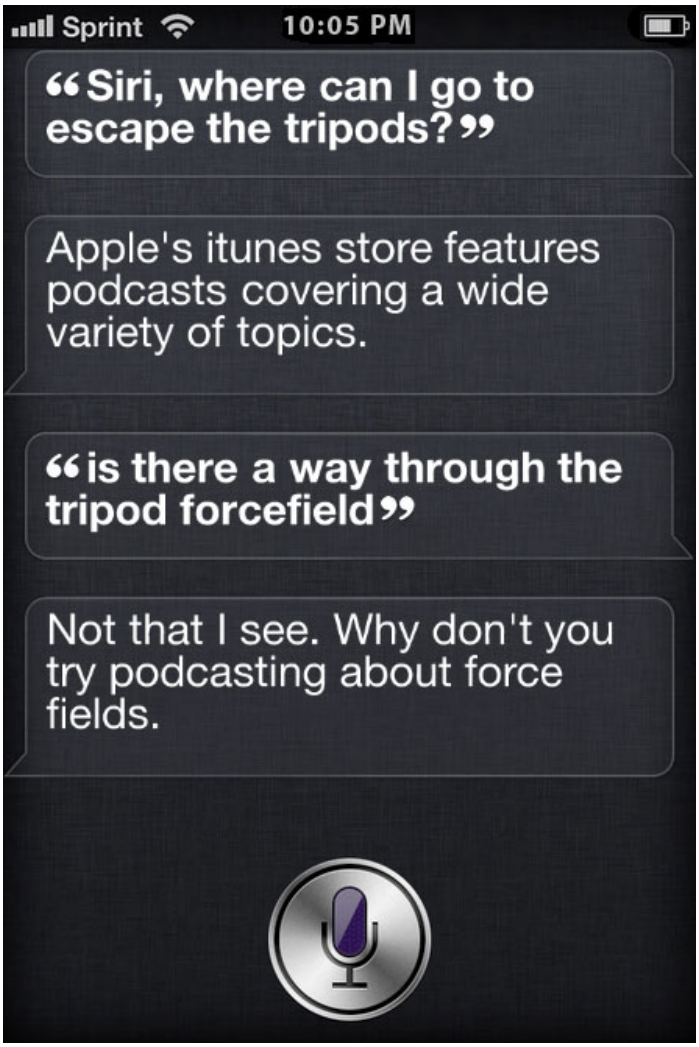
The wonder came to life, bouncing in place for a few moments, clicking as its clockwork eyes took in its surroundings. Finally, it turned to the servant and stated:

"ANKLES. FAT ANKLES. FAT ANKLED WOMAN SHOULD FEEL BAD."

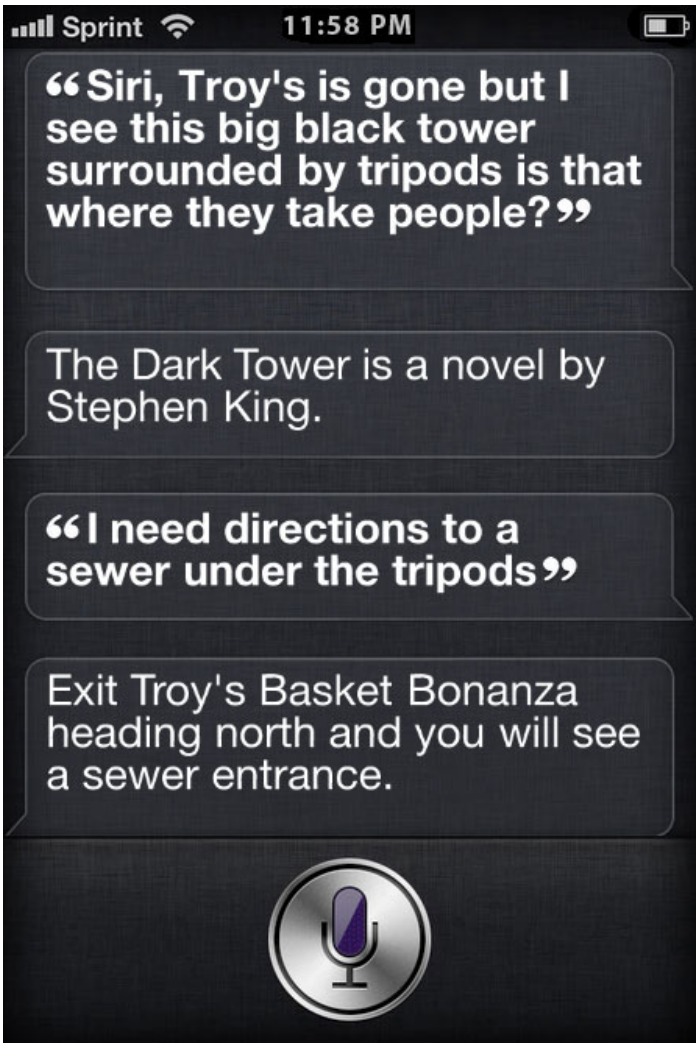
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

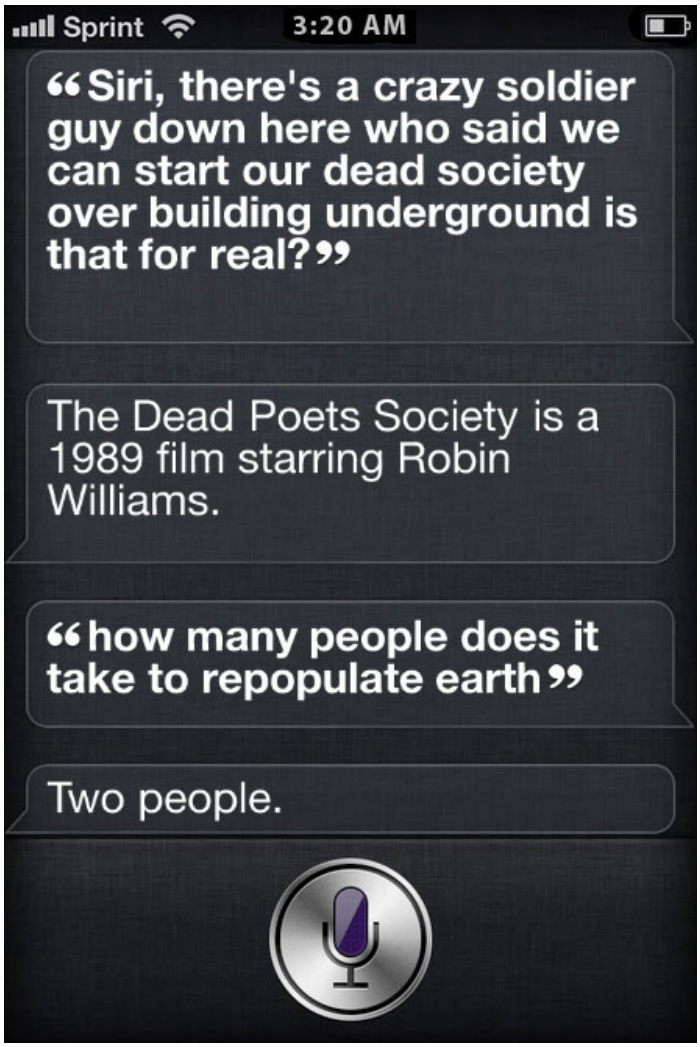
12.4 Siri's Last Words With the Narrator

Monday, Dec 05, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

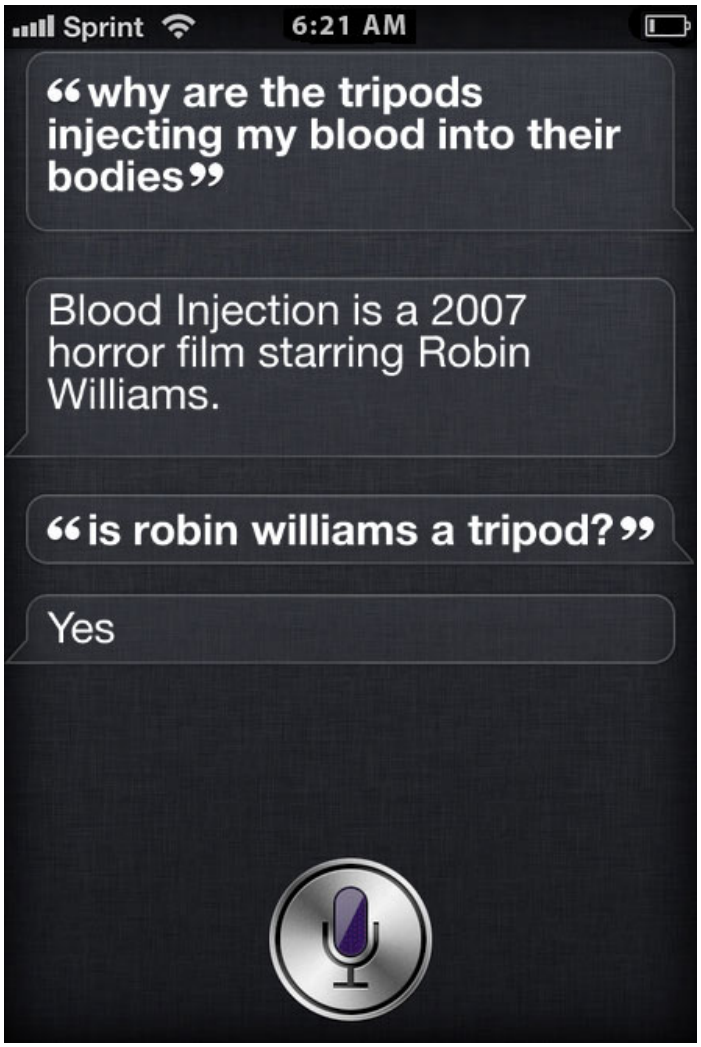

Sprint
10:05 PM
“Siri, where can I go to escape the tripods?”
Apple's itunes store features podcasts covering a wide variety of topics.
“is there a way through the tripod forcefield”
Not that I see. Why don't you try podcasting about force fields.

Sprint
10:30 PM
“Siri, where do the tripods take the people they capture in their metal baskets?”
Troy's Basket Bonanza is located on 115th Irving Street.
“what are they doing to my family there”
Troy holds basket-making and scrap-booking classes every Saturday.


Sprint
11:58 PM
"Siri, Troy's is gone but I see this big black tower surrounded by tripods is that where they take people?"
The Dark Tower is a novel by Stephen King.
"I need directions to a sewer under the tripods"
Exit Troy's Basket Bonanza heading north and you will see a sewer entrance.


Sprint
3:20 AM
“Siri, there's a crazy soldier guy down here who said we can start our dead society over building underground is that for real?”
The Dead Poets Society is a 1989 film starring Robin Williams.
“how many people does it take to repopulate earth”
Two people.

Sprint
5:02 AM
“is there a way out of a tripod's metal basket need answer asap”
Baskets are made from woven wicker or other reeds.
“do you know anything about blood vats”
Blood Vat is the 2001 album from Nightmare Symposium. Would you like to download it?


Sprint
6:21 AM
“why are the tripods injecting my blood into their bodies”
Blood Injection is a 2007 horror film starring Robin Williams.
“is robin williams a tripod?”
Yes

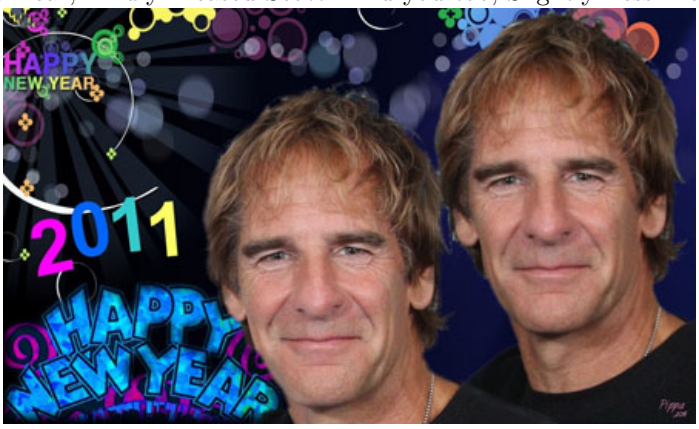
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.5 Merry Christmas, Internet: Scott Bakula Backgrounds

Tuesday, Dec 06, 2011 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

There has existed for at least 6 years (nearly infinity in Internet time) a small, but close-knit community of die-hard Scott Bakula fans who tirelessly create wallpaper-sized collages of Scott, themed for any possible occasion. They have been made non-ironically and with great amounts of love and care. Please enjoy the following scintillating sampling of Scott Bakula backgrounds, and click any of them to see the full version.

Happy New Year, Mildly Pleased Scott! And you too, Slightly Less Pleased Scott!

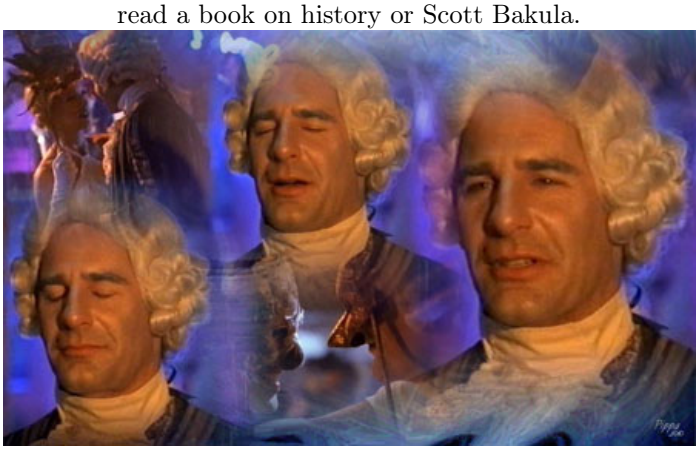


"Gotta hand it to you, making a jacket out of a recliner was a great idea!"

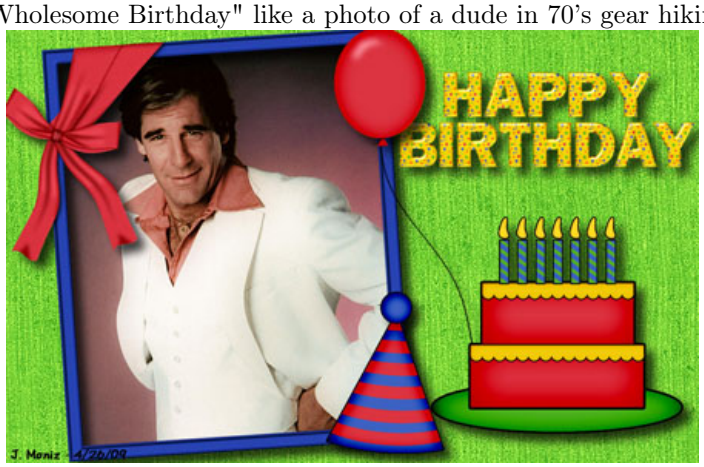
Imagine Scott Bakula wiggling his jeans and flaunting his rump while saying, "Hello, ladies! Hot enough for ya?"
Wait, you don't need to, here you go:

I think if bats were flying around my whole shit I would want my shirt on for that, and maybe a coat. (Very small bat teeth probably can't get through a coat.)

This file was named Passion.jpg by its creator and if you don't understand why maybe you should read a book on history or Scott Bakula.



Nothing says "Wholesome Birthday" like a photo of a dude in 70's gear hiking up his pants.



I think in this one I just like how he's celebrating the unstoppable march of time by wearing the same blazer like 20 years later.

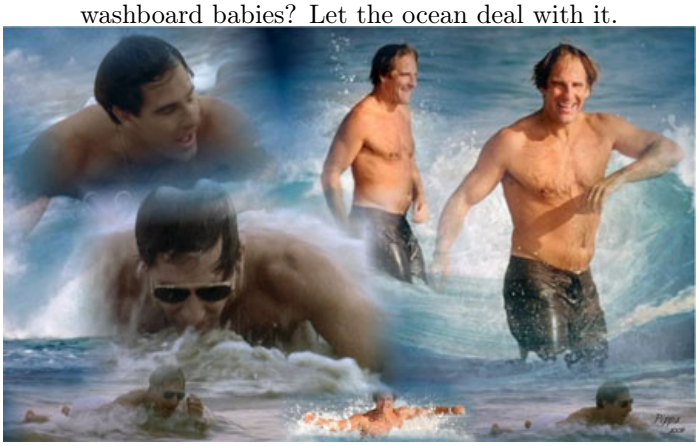
Steam
Heat

Check out these pics of Scott wandering around in some lady's house.

"Come in, tower! This is Bakula, I'm trying to put this bird down and the entire world appears to take place in a dream dimension populated by copies of myself looking like a total badass, over."

Note to self: Be a mega-hunk online!!!!

When Scott has fun in the sun, it's on his terms! Who needs a surfboard when you've got these washboard babies? Let the ocean deal with it.

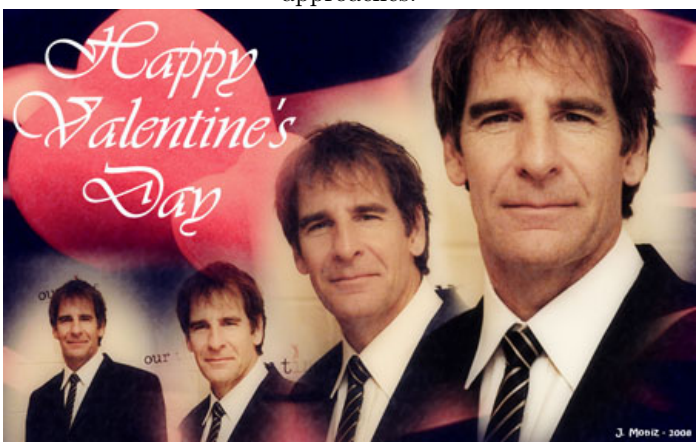


There are two lessons to be learned here. 1) This hat is a piece of shit and it won't stay down even in two different photos, and 2) It's not the holiday season until you're implying Scott Bakula is splayed out on your Thanksgiving table.

Not sure who this man is or how this one got in here. I am terribly sorry.

Most of these things probably aren't crimes. The system is corrupt.

Subtle but accurate detail: Notice Scott getting slightly less happy as the collage viewer approaches.



??????????????????

The wallpapers you've seen here were made by the awesome folks at Scott-Bakula.com and Bakuland, A Scott Bakula Website. Check out their offerings for many, many more! An almost absurd amount more!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.6 Season's Greetings from the Bradford Exchange

Wednesday, Dec 07, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

Holiday shopping is getting bloodier every year. Old people get trampled, eyeballs get blasted with spicy chipotle pepper spray and humans descend to the level of savage beasts fighting for scraps of meat from a rotting corpse. It's a hunt as uncivilized as anything that happens in the wild.

Thankfully, there's an easy way to evade this grim scourge of holiday bloodshed and indignity: Just shop online, you dummy. You want gifts for your loved ones, friends and people you are obligated to pretend to like, and that means you need a store that has everything. Amazon.com? No, there's nothing unique there. What you need is the Bradford Exchange.

I have taken the liberty of clawing my way through their terrific selection of quality, thoughtful products to find the true shining gems. As such, you may purchase these products immediately without question. In fact, do not even bother to read or look at them, just cover your eyes and click wildly, hopefully adding all the highlighted items to your cart and paying for them in the process. You're welcome.

Kate Middleton Commemorative Porcelain Bride Doll

Celebrate the timeless tradition of royalty bein' royalty with a mildly disturbing princess action figure. This doll lovingly captures Kate's tortured smile at the exact moment she realized she was forever trapped in a nightmarish hell of paparazzi and constant scrutiny from sad people with nothing better to do.

I have to wonder how many of Bradford Exchange's finished products look anything like the terrible Photoshop mock-ups they sell on their site, because this thing doesn't look like a doll or a real person. It's like some unscrupulous scientists gave life to a horrible thing that shouldn't exist and knows it shouldn't exist.

Breed-Specific Satchel-Style Tapestry Dog Lover's Handbag

Excuse me, but do you have any breed-specific satchel-style handbags for dog lovers? Preferably, one depicting a loathsome, tiny breed of dog whose entire existence is based around endlessly yapping at nothing.

Yes, we happen to make a handbag crafted out of the captured souls and faces of tiny dogs, stitched together with demonic thread made from the back hairs of the Dark Prince himself. This lovely bag retails for a modest $89.95 and is stylish, practical and heartwarming.

This looks like one of those old textures from the hell levels in Doom where all the tortured souls were packed together in a tiny bitmap file lining the wall behind a switch, except this bag is made of the trapped souls of ugly miniature novelty dogs and is used exclusively by crazy ladies to transport medications from one casino floor to another.

Gothic Vampire Queen And Crypt Music Box

Ummm... we know you're going through a little phase, so we wanted to get you a gift that really speaks to you and your... uh... unique sensibilities. So, Merry Christmas, here's a promiscuous vampire harlot sitting on a coffin. Enjoy.

Lifelike Wild Turkey Sculpture With Jim Kasper Artwork

Merry Christmas, you ol' sack of shit! I got you a stupid turkey sitting on a rock painted with pictures of other stupid turkeys. Hope it makes you happy, you big turkey-loving idiot.

Happy Howl-idays Pre-Lit Christmas Tree

If you prefer to inflate your Christmas tree in the grand tradition of an inflatable gorilla girding a Midwestern fireworks stand or car dealership, then this pop-up tree is ideal for you. It even comes pre-festooned with bones and adorable portraits of sad, prissy dogs. After the holidays wrap up, you can simply flatten this thing down and resume your normal activity of going to craft stores for the sole purpose of striking up long conversations with the cashiers.

The amount of sadness and depression represented in this product puts pretty much every Norwegian death metal band to shame.

Sculpted Slipper Ornaments With Disney Characters

I know you're a horrible person, so I went out and found the only gift that caters to your two terrible

passions: gaudy footwear and fantasy Disney princesses. Happy holidays, I guess.

Illuminated Stained-Glass Jesus Portrait Wall Decor

If we learned anything from celebrating Christmas with the Bradford Exchange, it's that Jesus is less popular than football, Elvis, Thomas Kinkade, M&Ms, eagles, wolves, gross-looking babies, dragons, dogs, marines, John Wayne, motorcycles, firemen and the glorious Confederacy. Still, if you want to commemorate Jesus you can certainly do so in the form of this fine wall-hanging that accurately captures his suffering on the cross and also lights up.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.7 Failed Young Adult Books

Thursday, Dec 08, 2011 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Failed Children's Products series.

Thanks to Sean McArdle for making the book covers, and for illustrating every Failed Children's Product thus far!

***R.L. Stine's Real Life Horrors: Mouths of Madness*, by Jason Hillcut**

In 1995, during the height in popularity of Stine's über-popular *Goosebumps* series, the author was approached by the conservative education collective Moral Matters Now to write a book discouraging young teens from experimenting with alcohol, drugs and unsafe sex. Stine was offered an attractively lucrative deal to do nothing more than lend his name to the series, which would be written by Christian author Jason Hillcut. Hillcut's *Mouths of Madness* presents a world in which young adults

are so obsessed with blowjobs they do little else beyond orally pleasure each other, until they all get AIDS and die.

Peculiarly, oral sex is a topic that Hillcut seems to know nothing about, given his somewhat nonsensical blowjob descriptions, which often involve "chewing." These scenes also imply Hillcut lacks a basic knowledge of human anatomy, as penises are routinely described as entering the blowjob-giver's stomach. Unfortunately for Stine, he never even bothered to read Hillcut's work until after it was published, at which time he sued Moral Matters Now to remove his name from the series.

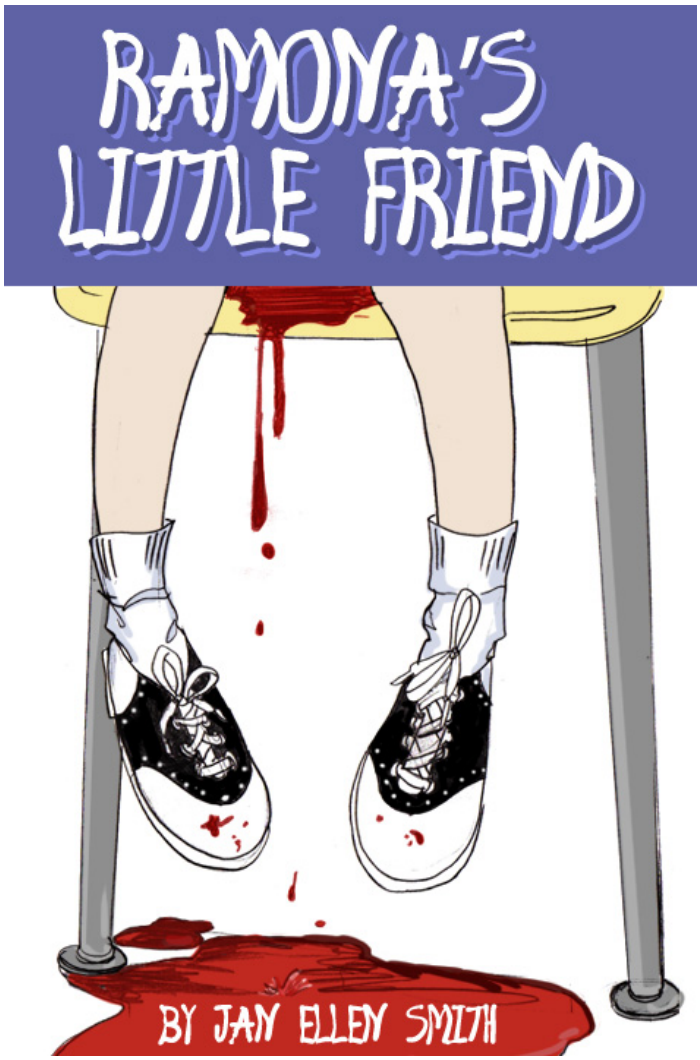
***Semidarkness*, by Bill O'Brien**

Speaking of blowjobs... Inspired by an interview he read with *Twilight* author Stephenie Meyer, Bill O'Brien, a struggling writer working as a high school shop teacher, decided to employ the same psychology Meyer's book had tapped into for young girls, but now for boys. Whereas Meyer had created a utopia for young females, with a blank-slate heroine obsessing over and protected by a perfect handsome boyfriend, O'Brien tapped into what he felt were untapped young-male fantasies.

O'Brien's cheekily titled *Semidarkness* tells the story of Scotty Brown, who discovers a coven of gorgeous immortal witches attending his high school. The witches all immediately become infatuated with Scotty and demand a variety of sexual acts. They worship a sexy goddess named Heelah, who is dying and needs to give blowjobs to the "Chosen One" in order to survive; Scotty is, of course, the Chosen One. These blowjobs in turn give Scotty super powers, which he uses to beat up bullies and fight off an invasion of aliens who look like large-breasted human females. (He must play with their large breasts in order to destroy them; this is their only vulnerability.) O'Brien self-published the book in Chicago in 2007, and he sold copies to his male students. When an angry parent notified the school, O'Brien was forced to stop.

***The Diary of Anne Frankenstein*, by Thomas Runyen**

Perhaps it was simply ahead of its time, given the current popularity of literary/historical mash-ups like *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies* and *Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter*, but in 1958 readers did not know what to make of Thomas Runyen's high-concept, macabre and slightly whimsical faux-sequel to *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*, in which grieving father Otto recovers Anne's head (she died of typhus in the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp) and resurrects her with the help of a mad scientist. Runyen was trying to capitalize on the resurgence in popularity of the classic Universal monsters, but that meant little to American Jews still reeling from WWII, who called the book offensive and anti-Semitic. Runyen had a similar lack of success with another attempted historical-horror mash-up, *Creature from the Black Rangoon*, which used the 1962 Burmese military coup d'état as a setting for more wacky monster shenanigans.



***Ramona's Little Friend*, by Jan Ellen Smith**

Beverly Cleary's famous little rascalette Ramona Quimby first appeared as a supporting character in Cleary's popular Henry Huggins series before starring in her own book, *Ramona the Pest*, in 1968. The book was a major success. Cleary's publisher HarperCollins wanted a follow-up, but Cleary wanted to focus on a sequel to her *The Mouse and the Motorcycle*. With Cleary's consent, another author, Jan Ellen Smith, was brought in. *Ramona the Pest* had been about Ramona's first few months of kindergarten. Smith's idea was to jump forward in time and document Ramona's experiences in middle school, aiming for slightly older readers. Essentially, she crafted a 245-page suspense novel about Ramona's first menstrual period.

Episodes that Smith presumably intended to be humorous - like Ramona leaking menstrual blood in the classroom, or her friend Jimmy thinking Ramona has been murdered when he finds bloody clothes Ramona shamefully hid in the woods - not only come up short of being remotely funny, but also focus almost fetishistically on blood. HarperCollins wisely deleted a sequence in which Ramona has a disturbing nightmare where she spouts a geyser of blood from her vagina that floods her entire school, but the book was a failure all the same. Cleary returned to the series with *Ramona the Brave*

in 1975, which completely ignored Smith's non-canonical entry.

***The Baby-sitters Club: Boy Troubles*, by Raimi Synder**

Since 1986, author Ann M. Martin has published more than a hundred novels under the *Baby-sitters Club* banner, most of which were ghostwritten by other authors. *Boy Troubles* was intended to be the 107th book in the series and be published in the spring of 1997.

For reasons that have never been fully disclosed, a personal conflict between Martin and one of these ghostwriters, Raimi Synder, resulted in Synder sabotaging the book as a big "fuck you" to Martin. The book tells the story of a sleepover hosted by the sitters' club president Kristy Thomas, which turns into a horror-movie-like scenario when several boys are invited to Kristy's house while her parents are away. Long story short, the boys graphically rape and even more graphically murder all the girls, literally painting the house's walls with the girls' blood at the end. Unlike the R.L. Stine situation, Martin was immediately made aware of the book's content (which Synder surely never assumed would see the light of day), and the installment was scrapped. Synder was promptly fired.

***Butte Buddies: The Mystery of Holland House*, by Conner L. Rice**

On the surface, Rice's Hardy Boys knock-off is a fairly typical and relatively well-written young adult mystery book about four male teenaged friends who set out to prove that a spooky house in their neighborhood isn't haunted. But it was what's between the lines that had parents bothered when *Butte Buddies* appeared on bookshelves in 1982. The title - which alludes to a butte where the four friends like to meet after school - is surely what first raised eyebrows, but the homosexual allusions don't stop there.

If one is aware of certain terms and phrases, the book takes on a whole new angle. For example, the Butte Buddies routinely introduce themselves as "friends of Dorothy," referring to a female character in the book. "Friend of Dorothy" is also an outdated euphemism for someone with homosexual orientation. Another example: The boys often meet at the titular butte to "burn wood," a slang term referring to gay sex. And all four of the boys' names involved some kind of homosexual slang or euphemism: Peter Puffer, Jim Klemme, Willy Woofter, Colin "Poof" Varder. When an enterprising reporter discovered that Rice was an accused pedophile, this pervasive subtext seemed anything but coincidental. Needless to say, Butte Buddies never became the franchise Rice had hoped.

Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there was an entire book full of it?! Check out the book that *Publishers Weekly* called "cavalier and distasteful" and "blatantly disrespectful!"

-∼Worm Miller

12.8 Welcome to the HTML Writers Guild

Friday, Dec 09, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Thank you for joining the HTML Writers Guild. Established in 1994, we are the leading organization and trade group for the web design community.

Our instructors will be happy to help you advance in the arts of Layout, Graphics, Text, Paragraphs, Alteration, Destruction, Necromancy, or Tables. There is another, powerful art, so dark it is only known to a handful of our members, but you must not even speak its name. It is only referred to as F.

The HTML Writers Guild - praise be to Baphomet - holds secrecy as one of our greatest attributes. No one knows where HTML comes from and this mysterious source must be guarded with all of our weapons.

The greatest crime of a brother or sister is to speak of our secrets to a member of those who do not know our ways. Depending on the severity of the breech you can expect a terrible punishment to be inflicted. If you divulge true knowledge of the F you will be disemboweled and hung from a bridge.

"Thou hath spoke of our ways in mixed company and thou wilt wear the diaper pipe."

To advance in the HTML Writers Guild you will be asked to complete various tasks in order to advance in rank and gain more access to guild facilities. As a Supplicant you will only be able to use notepad.exe and the chest for storing your items. You can pray to the idol of Baphomet, but it will not grant you any boons until you have at least attained the rank of Scourge.

An example of a task you may be asked to complete is figuring out how to get iTunes to work with two iPods owned by different people so it will stop overwriting the Penumbral Viceroy's Back Eyed Peas albums with Guildmaster Septicus' Jerry Band collection and Savage Love Podcasts. Another task you may be asked to complete is making text scroll back and forth, but only in Netscape. Do you know how to embed a MIDI? You may also be required to assassinate a member of the council of elders. Whatever pleases the Guildmaster.

Hard work and advancement have their rewards.

Supplicant - You are entitled to wear novice robes and the symbol of our order as well as use notepad.exe.

Webizen - You may wear the symbol of a webizen (similar to Go Daddy logo), you may use the ping pong table in the break room.

Journeyman - You may use the alembic to create potions and download up to two pieces of shareware.

Netspert - You can go on our chatroom and temporarily ban people and also wear the robes of an Acolyte.

Acolyte - You can use our shared Writers Guild Yahoo email address.

Cyberman - You can spec out your own rig and start saving money for it. You can also use the gold you receive from designing wicked websites to start decorating your lair with humorous posters and figurines.

Scourge - You can wear the Scourge robes and the golden symbol of our order. You are granted the secret of the mouse over graphic.

Tucowsendentalist - You can go everywhere in the office on a skateboard and listen to your mp3 CD player.

Penumbral Viceroy - The knowledge of F is bestowed upon you. We can say no more other than your web page's navigation will henceforth be static while visitors to your web page are free to move around.

Guildmaster - You will never attain this rank, lowly worm. Only the greatest heroes of our order ever reach such masteries of HTML.

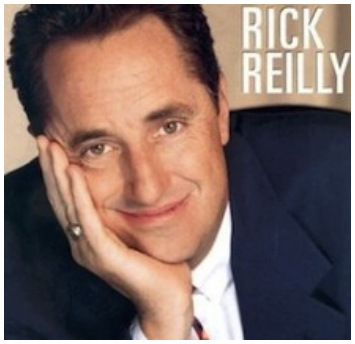
Your journey begins in our ranks, supplicant. The ceremony of blood will baptize you in our ways and you will swear your final oath to the guild and to Baphomet. Your first task will be to program a cute tool bar for this local baby clothes website. They want you to use the font where all the letters are shaped like babies.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.9 Enjoy My Very Funny And Touching Sports Insight

Saturday, Dec 10, 2011 by Rick Reilly (@DennisFarrell)

You know me, I am the hilarious man that shows up on ESPN on your television. No, not Kenny Mayne. I am actually funny because I smile and say things like they are jokes. They are probably jokes. My voice does rise at the end of a sentence like a punchline, like a comedian saying his hilarious best catchphrase such as, "What are you dooooing?"



The best part is I don't even have to come up with funny things such as that great catchphrase. It's all in the delivery. For example, I can say that something is like a golfer in plaid pants then show a clip of a golfer in plaid pants, then I can grin at the camera and shrug or roll my eyes. If I'm feeling extra funny I can say something like "Oh brother!" and add a wacky sound effect.

Sometimes I am serious. You can tell it's a time when I'm serious when I speak like I'm begging a baby not to wake up, and because I concentrate real hard to make my self-satisfied grin go away so my face can look concerned.

When I'm serious I ask athletes about any dead people they might know or when times were tough. A lot of these guys only became millionaires after they turned into professional athletes so they did have hardships. This is a good time for sad music. This is also a really difficult time for me, because I have to do my best not to think about sports bloopers. A guy dropping a ball or falling or falling while trying to pick up a ball that he dropped is just about the funniest thing ever, and it's impossible to think about a blooper without cracking up. Trust me, if Jose Canseco is crying in your interview because he did steroids to make his mom proud and you start chuckling while thinking of bloopers, you'll look like a total doofus.

Sometimes I'm not on tv. They actually pay me a lot of money to write words on the ESPN website, which I'm told is in a magazine. A whole column of words. I am not like that blabbermouth Bill Simmons. I get in, write very topical and important things, then get out.

Perhaps you don't know my words. Oh brother! You should read them all so I can be a more popular sports writer man and get to keep writing more. Some of my favorites are after this sentence, directly below it, right after the period (and a blank line), though I'm not sure how this all looks on a Macintosh. You might need a software update and the thing that lets you run Windows on a Macintosh.

Why Don't Coaches Drive Coachmans?
(an article by Rick Reilly)

There's a guy on Survivor named Coach - and he isn't even a coach! That guy probably drives a Coachman, meanwhile real coaches drive fancy cars around. "Beep beep" go their tiny little expensive horns. Please! Whatever, guys!

Am I the only one who thinks coaches should drive Coachmans? It has the word "coach" right in the name! It's a perfect fit. Unfortunately, sports nowadays are all about big contracts and bling. Back in the good old days you know that Vince Lombardi drove a Coachman because he was a real coach... man.

Looks like there are things called coach bags, and they're really pricey. Let me get back to you guys on that. More>

Shut Up Already Favre!
(an article by Rick Reilly)

Looks like that old attention seeker has done it again. That's right, reports say that Brett Favre talked on the phone to a friend and the friend said something about it to a reporter. SHUT UP FAVRE everyone hates you go away! What a primadonna! All of us sports media people are tired of having to make money by talking about you!

That said, Brett Favre was the best quarterback. He was like a kid out there... a large kid! Haha. An old kid! He's so old that if the football was made out of his skin it would have wrinkles.

He played with heart and his dad died. The game of football would be better if he was still playing. More>

Pujols Gets Money Contract
(an article by Rick Reilly)

A man named Albert Pujols played baseball and got the contract worth 250 million dollars. Woah, and I thought my barber was expensive! More>

Bird Watching Is For The Birds
(an article by Rick Reilly)

Hmm... I don't really have anything. Just thought that was a funny title for a column. Got a little ahead of myself.

You know, bird watching is stupid but I bet there are people that want it in the Olympics. Can you believe those guys? It's bad enough that they have bowling, or synchronized swimming. Synchronized YAWNING, if you ask me.

Imagine the paradox of watching people watch birds. Just try. Oh, excuse me this is the hospital. We're letting you know that you need to come to the hospital right away because we're in surgery removing a huge chunk of boring that got stuck in your body and killed you. More>

-~Rick Reilly (@DennisFarrell)

12.10 We Shall Rebuild This Country One Cheeto at a Time!

Sunday, Dec 11, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Remember the glorious days of the 1990s? A child, innocent and pure, pulls a Pringle out of a cardboard tube and inspects both sides. After a quick glance, the child drags the chip against their tongue, licking every dust particle of flavor before munching the sogged thing whole. I hate to alarm you, America, but in the "modern" days of a "globalization" many of our country's fine citizens do not participate in this activity. In fact, many find it disgusting!

What has happened? Look at us, friends. Go to a mirror or a calm lake or a shiny surface and really look. Clap your hands if you're happy, America!

I hear no claps! We've lost the ability to manufacture our cars, our computers, our whatever-else-we-own. We cannot let that happen to the snack industry. We cannot let the world economy of snack-ification pull us down. Remember, people, that we pretty much invented the snack, and, pushing technology even further, created Fun Size packaging to deliver our creations to every boy and girl in this lovely nation.

When was the last time you cool ranched? Do you still have what it

takes to be nacho cheesier? People, now is the time. Time for us to become, once again, a nation of Cheeto Eaters. We need to return to those wonderful days of neon colors and Starter jackets. When every PB&J was paired with a sack of four or five crushed chips and a Fruitopia. When they clapped their hands, a cloud of flavor dust sprinkled down on their day-glo shorts, and they liked it that way. It wasn't easy being cheesy, but damn it, we tried the best we could. We're a nation of industry, of prideful disregard for our physical presence. We create crunch. We manufactured monosodium glutamate. We must not, under any circumstances, become fruit eaters lest we lose our way entirely.

And, by embracing our love of fried corn and potato crisps, we shall rise again! Let us crunch numbers. This country has 308,745,538 people, many of which are not rocking a snack pack! If we put one Fun Size, government subsidized bag of chips in each hand for lunch and diner, we are guaranteed at least some sort of rise in chip consumption, and, therefore, somehow, money. Now, if we were to invent some sort of breakfast chip, we could add a whole other dimension to this formula!

But why stop at breakfast chips? We invented the atom bomb, we made cancer cool, why limit ourselves to the cheese poof? I see a new America, when I close my eyes, with Doritos in every flavor. Corn chip after corn chip dusted in a rainbow of powders, perfectly sprinkled with every artificially infused sodium byproduct known to man. We need a think tank creating a banana flavor that actually tastes like banana. But we need to think outside the box, too. We need chips for every situation, every condition. We need chips that taste like other chips. I'm no scientist, but the options are guaranteed to be pretty much limitless.

The only thing stopping us, America, is ourselves. And your state representatives. Let your local elected official know that you will eat more snacks and hope they will enact the Cheeto Redevelopment Act. If congress can decide that a slice of pizza counts as a vegetable in a school lunch, then what's stopping the noble Funion? Roads will be here in five years, so will the arts and education. For now, Frito-Lay is the key to success! For Industry! Buy Frito, buy freedom.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.11 Hey, Pitbull, Your Planet Sucks

Monday, Dec 12, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Rapper, party-starter, woman-romancer, club-exploder.

Pitbull has many job titles, but if you own a television you are probably most familiar with the miniature MC as a suddenly ubiquitous corporate pitchman.

He sells for Dr. Pepper.

I didn't catch that. Did he say something about having a real good time? I have never seen anyone drink a Dr. Pepper at a party. Not once in my life. But that's because I haven't been invited to these one-of-a-kind wicked sexy bouncing Dr. Pepper Miami raves.

He also meanders through clubs sexifying women for Bud Light.

I wonder if it's painful to be turned into a sexy party girl by a tornado? Feminists recoil from this XP-upgraded male gaze.

He also shills for Kodak.

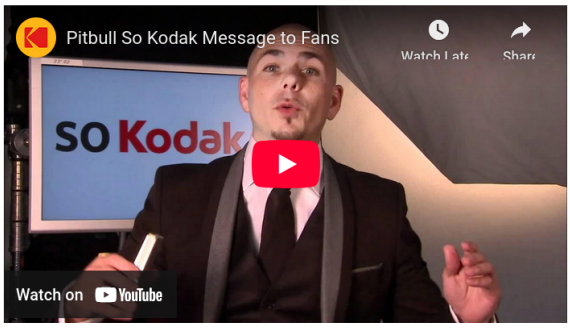
Clearly if you are at a club and you want to be surrounded by sexy women then you need to closely follow the prescriptions of Pitbull. Kodak even gets him to make web ads "for the fans" in which he talks about using his So Kodak camera to take pictures for the Facebook to let the fans know what he is doing.

I can only imagine what sort of wild, sexy activities an international romancer like Pitbull gets up to. What does he drink? What shoes do he wear? How does he feed his craving for salty-sweet snacks?

"Yo, sexy ladies, I am currently in makeup receiving my base coat of Latinoizer to get ready for my Pretzel Flipz commercial it is crazy in here. You ready to get this party started with Pretzel Flipz from Nestle?"

How does he get from place to place?!

"What's up people, Pitbull here repping the 305 I am getting ready to hop into this Toyota FJ



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vVsOtzYcXk4

Cruiser full of sexy ladies. It has heated leather seats and side window defrost. If you want a sexy party starting in your car it better be a Pitbull car and Pitbull drives the Toyota FJ Cruiser up moderate grade sand dunes to start wild rave parties in the desert."

It is not fucking cool, you idiots. These people debase themselves for money. It's not cool when Drake texts Pitbull. It's not cool when Wyclef leads a marching band for Ritz crackers or the Black Eyed Peas sing about baby clothes at Target. Pitbull has turned himself into the human version of the fucking Taco Bell Chihuahua.

And if you didn't know, rap and hip-hop music have been completely devalued as a "protest medium" by relentless commercialization. The most successful musicians in the genre inevitably become money-grabbing douchebags. Supergroups of the genre exist in the same nakedly exploitative way as boy bands.

It happens with every genre of music. It happened long ago with rock and roll. Protest or resistance art is gradually mainstreamed and the moment it breaks through it is pounced on by savvy marketers who try to slap their label on it. The rare artists who posses enough integrity (or foolishness) to resist the lure of big money will be defiled upon death. I bet Woody Guthrie songs were being used to sell Buicks the minute he was in the ground.

Can we escape the lure of Planet Pitbull and his 24/7 Miami party zone? What music comes next to give voice to the oppressed? Who will cry out, "NO MORE?"

I have a sinking suspicion.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.12 Organizations Endorsing Ron Paul

Tuesday, Dec 13, 2011 by David Thorpe & Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Arr)

RON PAUL
2012
RESTORE AMERICA NOW

Organizations

In addition to glowing endorsements from individuals like KRS One, Chuck Norris and Prodigy from Mobb Deep, Ron Paul has earned the support of hundreds of grassroots political organizations. Along with support from over seven regional Tea Party covens and the Jefferson Republican Party, Ron Paul is proud to welcome endorsements from the following groups:

The Intercollegiate Ponytail Society

Independent Recumbent Bicycle Builders Club

The Society for Creative Anachronism

Wisconsin Freegans for Gun Rights

The Autistic Olympics

Moms Against Healthcare

The National Association for the Quiet Distrust of Colored People

Public Breastfeeding Freedom League

The Libertarian Alchemist's Collective

The Jeff Goldblum Memorial Endowment for Jeff Goldblum Research

The National Federation for the Privatization of Hispanics

Bloggers for Advancing Wordcounts

The Ultimate Warrior

The Bay Area Overpass Political Graffiti Club

Lesbian Daughters of the Confederacy

Daughters of the Thermal Depolymerization Revolution

Babies for a Tax-Free America

The Powers Boothe Truther Troupe

Citizens for the Criminalization of Skateboarding

The Cat Hoarder Legal Defense Fund

The David Thorpe University of Biblical Numerology

The League of Assassins

Snake Canyon Peacekeeping

Society for the Acceptance of Public Erections

The Wesley Snipes Foundation for Ill-Advised Tax Protest

The Rush Anti-Defamation League

Uncles for Open Borders

Death Row Inmates Against School Lunches

Citizens for the Advancement of Imaginary Medical Conditions

The Society of Female Sideburns

Big Game Hunters Against the Endangered Species List

The Megaphone Nuisance League

Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants

Swamp Loggers Against Net Neutrality

Coalition to Deregulate the Age of Consent

Nevada Whoremongers Guild

Brotherhood of Lone Nut Gunmen

South Park Fans for Equivocation

The Utah White Devils Motorcycle Club

North American Man-Gold Love Association

SoCal Objectivist Boardgamers Guild

Power Bottoms for Privatized Utilities

Rockapella

Free Market Diaper Enthusiasts

The Fringe Militia Friendship Network

Citizens for an FDA-Free America

Linux Admins Online Romance Club & Sysop Speed Dating Society

The American Absurdist League

The Caucasian Bow Tie Bloc

Lolicon Brothers for Fansub Freedom

Friends of Dracula

The Free Dr. Moreau Movement

The Offshore Colony of Chiptune Creators and ASCII Artists

The Deadliest Gamers

Expatriate BitCoin Enthusiasts of Kuala Lampur

Flagstaff, Arizona Suicide Club

Avuncular Cranks of America

Moms for Legalized Whaling

The Oklahoma Morgellons Choir

Olympic Peninsula Bigfoot Hunters

Grandmothers Against Steampunk

West Coast Society of Erotic Hypnotists

Ghosts for Estate Tax Abolition

The Right-to-Die Mimes

Polyamorous Moms for Smaller Government

Escort Card Distributors of Las Vegas

The Fox Mulder Fanclub

Children of the Corn

Prog Drummers for Nonstandard Time Signatures

Dads & Grads Against Public Libraries

The Indoor Helmet League

Council on Untested Meats

The Max Rebo Band

Weezer Fans for Fish & Game Reform

Gangstalking Victims Anonymous

Lesser Baldwin Brothers of America

The Ayn Rand Crossdresser's Guild

The Gold Standard Cheese of the Month Club

The National League of Crackpots

Land Barons for Legalized Slavery

The Humboldt Secessionist Society

The Unashamed Public Dogfucker Alliance

Quantum Leapers for Putting Right What Once Went Wrong

Open Carry Birthday Clowns United

The American Coalition of One-Issue Stoner Parties

UFO Believers for Challenger Disaster Research

The Yosemite Valley Condo Development Group

Supporters of Newt Gingrich, Within Reason

The Tax-Free Raccoon Exchange

The Goodyear Freedom Riders of the Sky

The D-Fens Revival Church

The Private Sector Supercollider Society

The Mid Atlantic Fedora Society

The National Network of Insufferable Guys at Your Office

Arkansas Topfree BBWs

The Northern Idaho Anti-NWO Organization

The Reptilian Awareness Trust

Teapot Dome Survivors United Against the Department of the Interior

Committee for Beard Deregulation

Citizens for WWE Truth

The Ron Paul campaign would like to thank Greg Pollock, Russell Thorpe, Zack Parsons and the Late Prince of Falcons (Rest in Peace) for additional joke support.

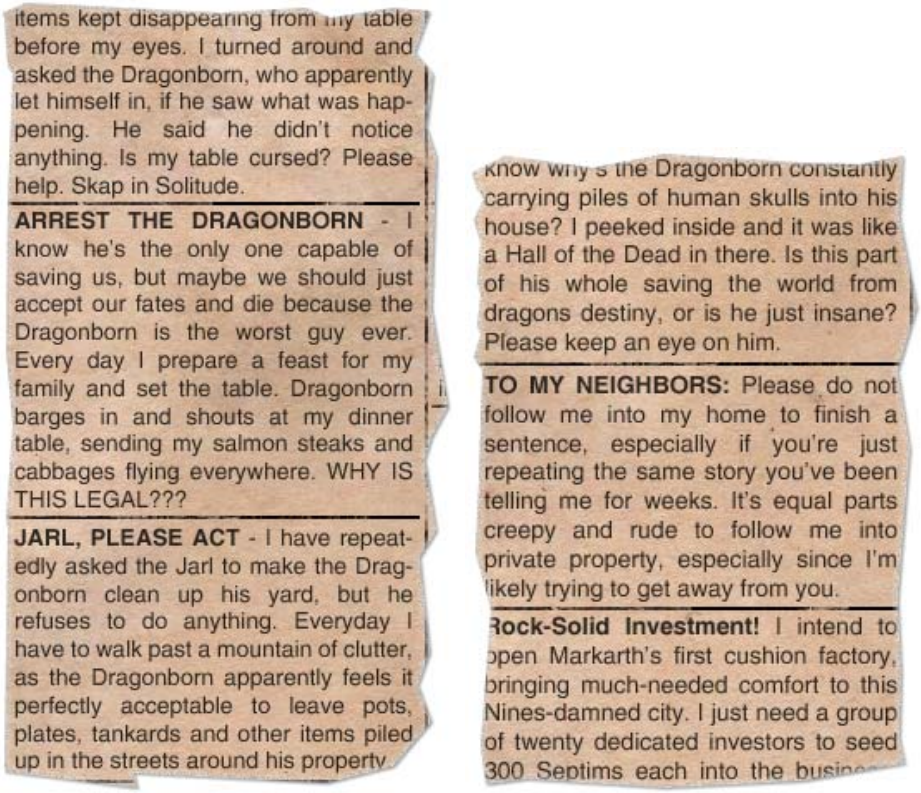
–

-∼David Thorpe & Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Arr)

12.13 More Skyrim Classifieds

Wednesday, Dec 14, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Video Game Classifieds series.



items kept disappearing from my table before my eyes. I turned around and asked the Dragonborn, who apparently let himself in, if he saw what was happening. He said he didn't notice anything. Is my table cursed? Please help. Skap in Solitude.

ARREST THE DRAGONBORN - I know he's the only one capable of saving us, but maybe we should just accept our fates and die because the Dragonborn is the worst guy ever. Every day I prepare a feast for my family and set the table. Dragonborn barges in and shouts at my dinner table, sending my salmon steaks and cabbages flying everywhere. WHY IS THIS LEGAL???

JARL, PLEASE ACT - I have repeatedly asked the Jarl to make the Dragonborn clean up his yard, but he refuses to do anything. Everyday I have to walk past a mountain of clutter, as the Dragonborn apparently feels it perfectly acceptable to leave pots, plates, tankards and other items piled up in the streets around his property.

know why s the Dragonborn constantly carrying piles of human skulls into his house? I peeked inside and it was like a Hall of the Dead in there. Is this part of his whole saving the world from dragons destiny, or is he just insane? Please keep an eye on him.

TO MY NEIGHBORS: Please do not follow me into my home to finish a sentence, especially if you're just repeating the same story you've been telling me for weeks. It's equal parts creepy and rude to follow me into private property, especially since I'm likely trying to get away from you.

Rock-Solid Investment! I intend to open Markarth's first cushion factory, bringing much-needed comfort to this Nines-damned city. I just need a group of twenty dedicated investors to seed 300 Septims each into the busine

these boots not only make you impervious to injuries from falling, but make a wonderful humming sound when you walk. I retrieved them from the corpse of a brave warrior who fell to his death (he landed on his head). Seek out Thorkel in Falkreath.

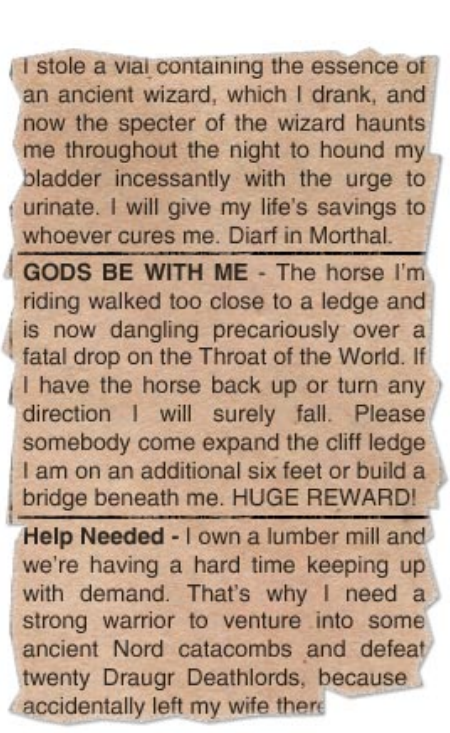
ANCIENT HELM FOR SALE - 600 Septims for amazing horned helmet/terrifying daedra mask that grants wearer unparalleled stamina. Wife no longer lets me wear it in bed, so it's useless to me now. Contact Oleif in Whiterun.

ANCIENT CLAW KEY - The Styrofoam Claw unlocks a long-sealed crypt home to an evil battle mage who personally slaughtered ten thousand men. Legend speaks of a treasure within his tomb: an iron dagger that has the power to make anybody stabbed with it very, very sleepy.

after I accidentally cast Soul Trap instead of Healing Hands, I figured I would help him live on in the form of an enchanted weapon. Selling Honed Axe of Furious Grandpa for 1200 Septims. Contact Gunbjorn in Markarth.

HOUSE FOR SALE - Beautiful cabin built on Northwind Summit, surrounded by mines, fresh vegetables and amazing idyllic view. Only one small flaw: I built it in front of a large ancient wall with a bunch of glowing words on it, and the wall constantly chants extremely loud day and night. Contact Hrosskell in Iverstead for a quote.

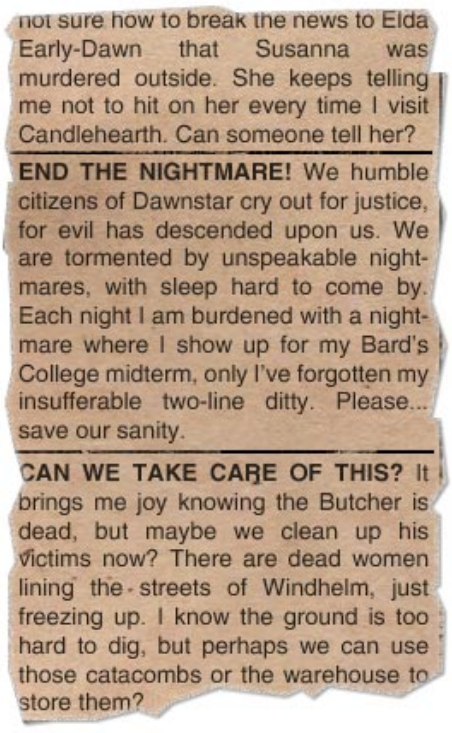
Amazing Deal! They said it couldn't be done, but I have done it. I have enchanted a cabbage, causing it to drain your stamina with each bite you take. I value my mystical foray into the realm of vegetable alteration at the jarly sum of 1000 Septims. Feed it to your worst enemy or admire it's



I stole a vial containing the essence of an ancient wizard, which I drank, and now the specter of the wizard haunts me throughout the night to hound my bladder incessantly with the urge to urinate. I will give my life's savings to whoever cures me. Diarf in Morthal.

GODS BE WITH ME - The horse I'm riding walked too close to a ledge and is now dangling precariously over a fatal drop on the Throat of the World. If I have the horse back up or turn any direction I will surely fall. Please somebody come expand the cliff ledge I am on an additional six feet or build a bridge beneath me. HUGE REWARD!

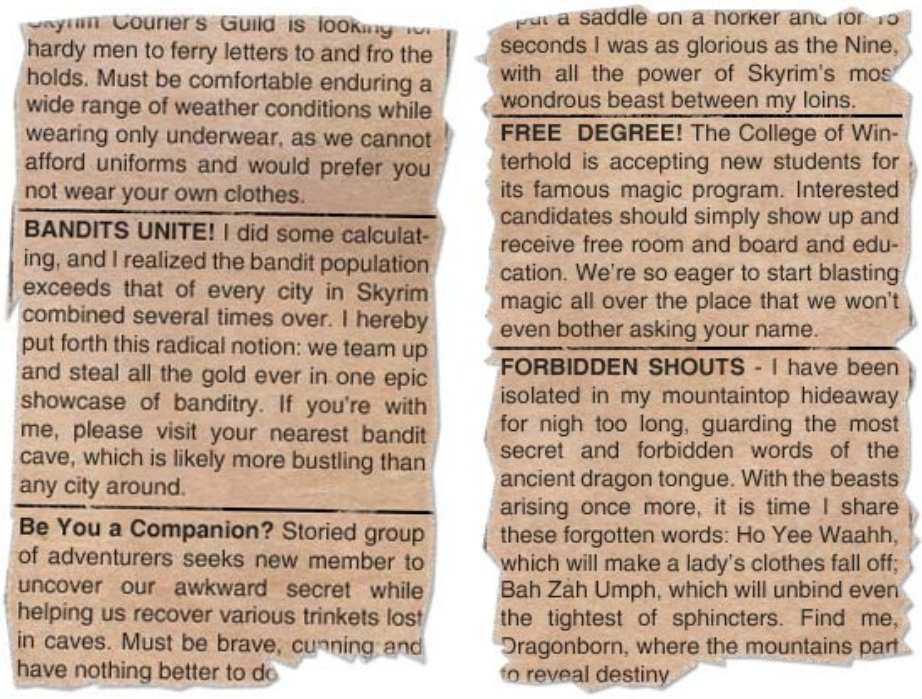
Help Needed - I own a lumber mill and we're having a hard time keeping up with demand. That's why I need a strong warrior to venture into some ancient Nord catacombs and defeat twenty Draugr Deathlords, because accidentally left my wife there



not sure how to break the news to Elda Early-Dawn that Susanna was murdered outside. She keeps telling me not to hit on her every time I visit Candlehearth. Can someone tell her?

END THE NIGHTMARE! We humble citizens of Dawnstar cry out for justice, for evil has descended upon us. We are tormented by unspeakable nightmares, with sleep hard to come by. Each night I am burdened with a nightmare where I show up for my Bard's College midterm, only I've forgotten my insufferable two-line ditty. Please... save our sanity.

CAN WE TAKE CARE OF THIS? It brings me joy knowing the Butcher is dead, but maybe we clean up his victims now? There are dead women lining the streets of Windhelm, just freezing up. I know the ground is too hard to dig, but perhaps we can use those catacombs or the warehouse to store them?



Courier's Guild is looking
hardy men to ferry letters to and fro the holds. Must be comfortable enduring a wide range of weather conditions while wearing only underwear, as we cannot afford uniforms and would prefer you not wear your own clothes.

BANDITS UNITE! I did some calculating, and I realized the bandit population exceeds that of every city in Skyrim combined several times over. I hereby put forth this radical notion: we team up and steal all the gold ever in one epic showcase of banditry. If you're with me, please visit your nearest bandit cave, which is likely more bustling than any city around.

Be You a Companion? Storied group of adventurers seeks new member to uncover our awkward secret while helping us recover various trinkets lost in caves. Must be brave, cunning and have nothing better to do

a saddle on a horker and for 15 seconds I was as glorious as the Nine, with all the power of Skyrim's mos wondrous beast between my loins.

FREE DEGREE! The College of Winterhold is accepting new students for its famous magic program. Interested candidates should simply show up and receive free room and board and education. We're so eager to start blasting magic all over the place that we won't even bother asking your name.

FORBIDDEN SHOUTS - I have been isolated in my mountaintop hideaway for nigh too long, guarding the most secret and forbidden words of the ancient dragon tongue. With the beasts arising once more, it is time I share these forgotten words: Ho Yee Waahh, which will make a lady's clothes fall off; Bah Zah Umph, which will unbind even the tightest of sphincters. Find me, Dragonborn, where the mountains part to reveal destiny.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.14 The Teens Call it Klooting

Thursday, Dec 15, 2011 by Investigative Reporting

The teens call it klooting. We call it "bad news." All over the country. In your homes and backyards. Klooting has increased at an unprecedented rate. And your children could be at risk. Does your teen show any "trouble signs?"

Up next: a stunning retrospective on the San Diego Chicken. You won't want to miss it.

- Youth rudeness
- Urinal mouth
- Liker of raps
- Infected home piercing
- Child sex sores (CSS)
- Visible buttcrack syndrome (VBS)
- Dead teen

Don't ignore the warning signs. Dr. Judith Ayer, health expert, states, "I have treated six klooting injures in the past week -- two fatal. Parents, talk to your kids about klooting. Before someone else does." Sound words from a sound mind. Klooting's a story of youth laid to waste for a cheap thrill. Young lives snuffed out like so many scented candles. And our so-called media embraces klooting. Teens can't escape its grasp, says media expert Jance Wingood. "Last week's number one sitcom had a klooting b-story and the rapt attention of our adolescents. Let's keep trash like that *off* the air, thanks. "

Thanks to klooting, three of these girls will be rendered unfit for marriage by age 25.

Even our most Catholic of schools cannot escape the grasp of klooting. Rude teens only laugh at the threat of suspension. And these bad apples spoil the bunch, says religious teacher Helen Barch. "First comes klooting, then vandalism. I have confiscated several 'gang bracelets' from students clearly intending to engage in klooting. This red one means 'down for klooting all night long.' Pulled it off the wrist of an eight year-old. Someone should really alert an authority figure."

Even today's most popular, or "hot," radio stations endorse this vile act. Urban street bands and their pro-klooting "songs" hit the airwaves just as our youngest children begin climbing onto the school bus. But klooting equals money, especially for lead shouter Curtis "DopeFly" Polk of the FCC-fined musical group Krew 4 Klooting. Their song, "Klooting Skool," reached the top of the charts, despite its highly controversial message.

"I don't care what these motherf******* kids do, long as they don't stop klooting," says Polk, motioning to a small model of his mansion. But children caught klooting don't reap the same rewards as their celebrity idols. Often, the punishments are harsh. But fair? Sheriff Don Matley thinks so. His "Scare Them Straight" program

has kept at-risk teens safe from klooting influences since its inception two months ago. "When I saw those backwards baseball caps, I thought, 'hell in a handbasket,'" says Don. "But I would take our current teen pregnancy epidemic and multiply it by ten if I didn't have to hear the word 'klooting' again."

Matley's program, run out of an abandoned child jail, puts teens convicted of klooting on the spot. Offenders are forced to wear novelty pajamas, crawl around on their hands and knees, and serve five-year sentences without light or heat. And during their treatment, teens undergoing Scare Them Straight often receive weekly screamings by inmates serving life sentences. "Wish I had something like this to turn my life around," says Phil Boone, retired criminal. "Last time I had freedom, they could box your ears for ripped jeans. Klooting is still legal in more than 49 states, and several protectorates. At the risk of having rowdy teens crowd our workout yard, I say throw the book at them."

Rapstar Curtis "DopeFly" Polk, on the set of his video for "Klooting Skool." His hat brim's jauntiness is far above the legal limit.

When man's law will not do, God's often takes its place. Pastor Tim Frehley, of Atlanta's Baptist Megadome, runs several teen pageants that display the consequences of klooting -- both in our world and beyond. These forty minute "passion plays" depict the klooting-free lifestyle as chaste, selfless, and devoted to the Lord. And what of those who fall to the temptation of klooting? Frehley has an answer. "Hell. A yawning maw of endless nightmares and eternal torment, full of mortal joys and flesh pleasures. If you're klooting, don't be surprised if your next car accident lands you in an inescapable realm full of enjoyment drug users and sex-makers as they drug and sex with you for an eternity." Chilling words.

If you suspect your teen may be klooting, pick the option that works best for you:

- Bedroom traps
- Undercover progeria cop
- Common lies
- Pet threat
- Tough "love"
- Grandma strategies
- Dead teen

Scientific analyses report that we may have a klooting epidemic on our hands as early as this summer. Parents, don't let another night pass without having "the klooting talk." Hug your teen and let them know how much work you would miss if you lost them to klooting. It may be the most important conversation you ever have.

Next week -- Frazzing: Half Danger, Half Passion, ALL Deadly

-~Investigative Reporting

12.15 Insufferable Piece of Crap Will Be Dearly Missed

Friday, Dec 16, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Living wank-drip Christopher Hitchens is no longer living at age 62, having lost his long battle with cancer he put into his body with cigarettes and booze. He has become a corpse. He supported imperialistic wars, he believed women to be inferior, he was an outspoken anti-Muslim, and was generally ill-regarded by whoever was not busy smoking drugs and painting FUCK OFF PAKI on walls.

The intellectual world does not abide many vulgar human beings and Hitchens was proudly among the most vile. During his too-infrequent US TV appearances he would slump into a chair, sweat-ringed and tired, for an eye-rolling debate with people he obviously designated intellectual insects. Perpetually exasperated by everyone, he slurred his words and slouched with such aggressively poor posture it seemed he might ooze out of his chair and onto the floor. He was a man who looked like he smelled of cigarettes.

Hitchens was best known for his opinion articles. I haven't ready any of the obituaries for Hitchens yet, but I am guessing they will either gloss over his many disgusting outbursts, maybe call him a "controversial journalist," or excoriate him for his disgusting opinions and toe the line of celebrating his death. I would suggest both are easy ways of looking back on a brilliantly, hilariously terrible human being.

In 2007, Hitchens expanded on Jerry Lewis' infamous "women aren't funny" comment with an article entitled "Why Women Aren't Funny." The gist of Hitchens' argument was that being funny was necessary for men to get laid, but women just had to look nice and men would want to hump them senseless.

This argument is so thoroughly silly it hardly demands counter-pointing, a fair many dull cocksmen can attest, and yet TV critic Alessandra Stanley felt compelled to do just that. Her article has the unfortunate effect of making Hitchens seem sort of right when he was totally wrong. He immediately appeared in a gloating video, once against rolling his eyes at the preposterous concept that anyone

would question his views. Disgusting and hilarious.

Virulently anti-Islamic, Hitchens framed the post-911 world in neoconservative terms of existential survival against a Muslim threat. He did not temper his disdain for Islam in general and, though an outspoken atheist, often defended Christianity against Islam. This single trait more than any other endeared Hitchens to American conservatives, but Hitchens was not cut from their craven cloth.

In 2009, while visiting Beirut, Hitchens spotted a poster for the Syrian Social Nationalist Party, a political party in Lebanon which supports Syrian intervention in the country and is violently anti-Irsaeli. Hitchens recognized a symbol on the poster as a version of the Nazi Swastika and he set about defacing the poster in a drunken rage. Stop and think about the gross audacity of this act. This is a fat, old, Englishman in Lebanon defacing political posters on the street. And shouting in English while he was doing it.

Hitchens was grabbed off the street and beaten by pro-Syrian thugs, or possibly just people angry seeing a fat British man screaming and defacing a political poster. He's lucky he survived the incident to write another anti-Muslim article about it.

Though his opinions were often contemptible, the remarkably inflexible world of opinion journalism was alien to Hitchens. He changed his mind. He supported waterboarding until he volunteered to be waterboarded, after which he penned an article for Vanity Fair entitled, "Believe me, it's torture." The fact that nobody who might have agreed with him before bothered to listen to his changed opinion is an indictment of them, not him.

Christopher Hitchens was a pompous buffoon, fueled by booze and cigarettes, and an advocate of an often-despicable worldview. You can dislike him for his repellant views. You can hate his loathsome behavior. You cannot pretend the world didn't just lose a one-of-a-kind voice in our culture. There's nobody left like Christopher Hitchens.

You'll be missed, you awful bastard.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.16 Ultra Stats Baseball Cards Might Have Too Many Stats

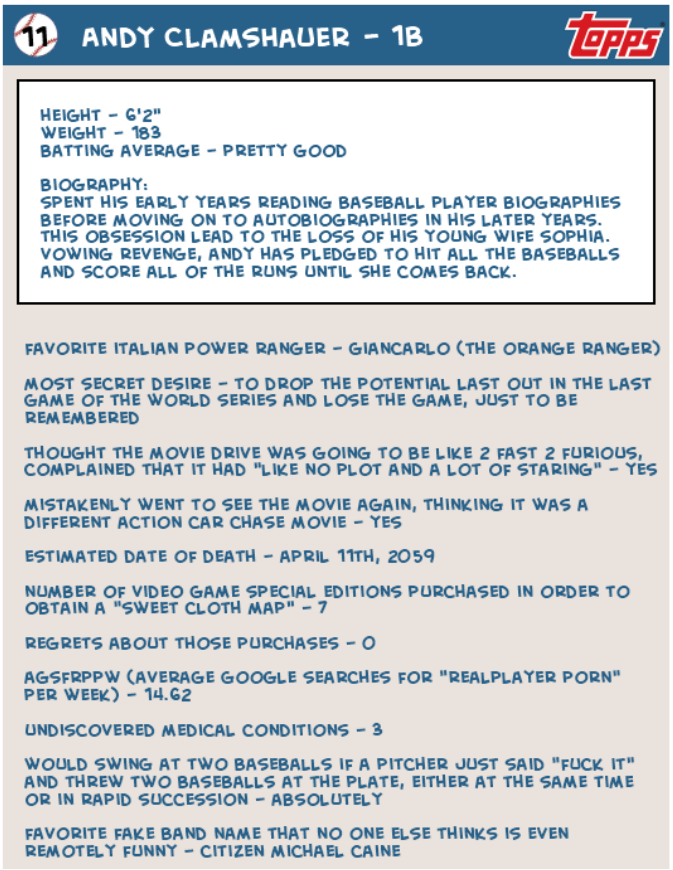
Saturday, Dec 17, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'm not into baseball. I haven't purchased a pack of baseball cards since I was thirteen, when anything branded as "collectible" was a special treasure guaranteed to increase in value, and a collectible with foil on the front was a treasure to be hoarded and kept safe. At that age it made sense to spend all of my money on sports cards, comic books, and comic book character cards, then inspect them greedily, absorbing every detail which had no bearing on my life.

Of course, I grew out of it. By that I mean that I moved on to collectible card games, graphic novels, Warhammer, and proceeded to follow that dark path to its natural conclusion: Riding out my remaining days by writing internet articles about video games.

It seems that the intervening years have brought quite a few changes to baseball cards. Topps has labeled their 2012 collection the "Ultra Stats Series", claiming to present more baseball information on a single card than you would hear in an entire afternoon with Billy Crystal. Just look at these things.

Back:


11
ANDY CLAMSHAUER - 1B
topps
HEIGHT - 6'2"
WEIGHT - 183
BATTING AVERAGE - PRETTY GOOD
BIOGRAPHY:
SPENT HIS EARLY YEARS READING BASEBALL PLAYER BIOGRAPHIES BEFORE MOVING ON TO AUTOBIOGRAPHIES IN HIS LATER YEARS. THIS OBSESSION LEAD TO THE LOSS OF HIS YOUNG WIFE SOPHIA. VOWING REVENGE, ANDY HAS PLEDGED TO HIT ALL THE BASEBALLS AND SCORE ALL OF THE RUNS UNTIL SHE COMES BACK.
FAVORITE ITALIAN POWER RANGER - GIANCARLO (THE ORANGE RANGER)
MOST SECRET DESIRE - TO DROP THE POTENTIAL LAST OUT IN THE LAST GAME OF THE WORLD SERIES AND LOSE THE GAME, JUST TO BE REMEMBERED
THOUGHT THE MOVIE DRIVE WAS GOING TO BE LIKE 2 FAST 2 FURIOUS, COMPLAINED THAT IT HAD "LIKE NO PLOT AND A LOT OF STARING" - YES
MISTAKENLY WENT TO SEE THE MOVIE AGAIN, THINKING IT WAS A DIFFERENT ACTION CAR CHASE MOVIE - YES
ESTIMATED DATE OF DEATH - APRIL 11TH, 2059
NUMBER OF VIDEO GAME SPECIAL EDITIONS PURCHASED IN ORDER TO OBTAIN A "SWEET CLOTH MAP" - 7
REGRETS ABOUT THOSE PURCHASES - 0
AGSFRPPW (AVERAGE GOOGLE SEARCHES FOR "REALPLAYER PORN" PER WEEK) - 14.62
UNDISCOVERED MEDICAL CONDITIONS - 3
WOULD SWING AT TWO BASEBALLS IF A PITCHER JUST SAID "FUCK IT" AND THREW TWO BASEBALLS AT THE PLATE, EITHER AT THE SAME TIME OR IN RAPID SUCCESSION - ABSOLUTELY
FAVORITE FAKE BAND NAME THAT NO ONE ELSE THINKS IS EVEN REMOTELY FUNNY - CITIZEN MICHAEL CAINE

RECURRING DREAM – KEEPS TRYING TO TEACH A BEE HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE, BUT THE BEE STINGS HIM REPEATEDLY BECAUSE ITS ASHAMED THAT ITS FEET CAN'T EVEN REACH THE PEDALS

WHILE WATCHING JEOPARDY, OFTEN WAITS UNTIL A CONTESTANT ANSWERS A QUESTION, THEN CONVINCES HIMSELF THAT HE REALLY TRULY KNEW THE ANSWER AS WELL – TRUE

THING ABOUT THE PAST THAT, UPON REFLECTION, MAKES HIM VERY SAD – REMEMBER HOW DUCT TAPE BECAME A BIG THING FOR A WHILE THERE? WHEN PEOPLE WERE MAKING WALLETS AND PROM DRESSES AND BABY CRIBS OUT OF DUCT TAPE LIKE IT WAS SOME COOL UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT? IT'S REALLY SAD THAT WENT AWAY. IT REALLY SEEMED LIKE WE WERE ONTO SOMETHING AS A SOCIETY. WHERE IS THAT OPTIMISM TODAY?

NUMBER OF TIMES THAT HE CALLED HIS DENTIST "KURT" BEFORE HE REALIZED THAT HE WAS AT THE WRONG DENTIST – 18

INTESTINE LENGTH (COMPARED TO NATIONAL AVERAGE) – +2 FEET

RED WINES MISTAKEN FOR CHAMPAGNE – 5

BIGGEST WASTE OF MONEY SINCE BECOMING A MILLIONAIRE – BOUGHT A PACK OF HOT DOG BUNS, REALIZED THERE WERE NO HOT DOGS, WAITED SO LONG BEFORE BUYING HOT DOGS THAT THE BUNS WERE STALE

BELIEF IN AFTERLIFE – VARIES, DEPENDING UPON WHEN HE LAST WATCHED CLERKS 2

FAVORITE ITALIAN BATMAN – GIANCARLO BATMAN

BIGGEST FEAR – EATING ICE CREAM AND ENJOYING IT, THEN FINDING OUT IT WAS A FLAVOR HE THOUGHT HE DIDN'T LIKE

IF ANY SPECIES COULD DISAPPEAR WITHOUT ANY CONSEQUENCES, HE WOULD CHOOSE – DINOSAURS

FAVORITE NICKI MINAJ SONG – DIDN'T KNOW SHE MADE SONGS TOO, JUST THOUGHT PEOPLE WERE REALLY THRILLED ABOUT THAT FACE THAT SHE MAKES

TOTAL DISTANCE RUN (DURING GAMES) WITHOUT ANY CLUE WHERE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO GO – 13,004 YARDS

AVERAGE AMOUNT OF TIME HE LEAVES BIRTHDAY/CHRISTMAS CARDS ON DISPLAY OUT OF OBLIGATION, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT THEY MEAN NOTHING TO HIM AND NO ONE WOULD EVEN NOTICE IF HE THREW THEM OUT RIGHT AWAY – 3 MONTHS, 18 DAYS

FEELS TOO ASHAMED TO PLAY BOARD GAMES LIKE RISK AND MONOPOLY BECAUSE A SELF-DESCRIBED BOARD GAME ENTHUSIAST CALLED THEM "SIMPLE" COMPARED TO STRATEGY GAMES ABOUT TRAIN ROUTES, WINE CELLARS, AND FUTURE WAR ECONOMIES – YES

Front:

Topps Ultra Stats Series 2012

ANDY CLAMSHAUER - 1B

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.17 Dear Leader Perishes in Act of Heroism

Monday, Dec 19, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Pyongyang Truth of News Agency - In a worldwide tragic event, Supreme Leader of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, General Secretary of the Workers' Party of Korea, Viceroy of the People's Korean Beautiful Man Solution, Grand Admiral of the People's Korean Sailboat Club and Chief Judge of the Workers' Best Guitar Solo Contest, Kim Jong Il, has died at the age of 70. He was the oldest man in world.

Dear Leader collapsed over the weekend in the act of saving our great nation from the West. Doctors say his heart gave out from the intensity of his victory over USA. Doctors attempted to revive Kim Jong Il but could not because his triumph was too complete.

"He would not wake up," sobbed a doctor as he was placed into a prisoner van. "If only he had been alive to tell us how to save him."

Dear Leader was known as a hero of healing and could pass through sickness areas of hospital and force even dying people to rise from their beds for the first time in many years to stand and salute him.

Alas, health was a problem for Kim Jong Il recently. He has been suffering from frequent exhaustion caused by his work. In 2009 he was briefly believed dead after he was crushed under too many flowers given to him by beautiful girls of the Party. In 2010 he suffered another health crisis when he was too good of a lover for too many women in one day.

"I can believe this is really happening!" cried a permanently visiting Japanese actress. "Now who can direct bikini scenes in my movie? He was so expert!"

Generals were also concerned.

"We will need twice as many tanks," said General Kun. "This is the only way to make up for Dear Leader's strength in defense of our nation."

Kim Jong Il leaves behind a record of achievement nobody on the planet can match. Just a few of his accomplishments:

- **World's Greatest Table Tennis Hero**
- **World's Ultimate Hero of Classical Guitar**
- **World's Incomparable Best of Spaghetti Wonderful Man (Gold)**
- **World's Hero of Korea Video Game High Score - People's Eat Man**
- **World's Hero of Korea Video Game High score - USA Gorilla Kidnapper**
- **World's Hero of Korea Video Game High score - Stop Invasion of Ikari Warrior**
- **Number One of World Indisputable Best Handsome Man**
- **Hero of Smartest Ideas (Gold and Silver trophies)**
- **Nobble Peace Prize for Peaceful Leadership**
- **Ultimate Elastic Waist Jumpsuit Hero of Fashions**
- **Friend of All People Who Shower Him With Love of the Year (48 times winning)**
- **Only Hero to Climb Tallest Mountain in World (Mount Kim Il Sung of North Korea)**
- **Hero Inventor of Airplane and Submarine and Electricity for People**
- **Galactic General and Commander of the Peoples' Military**
- **Victorious Champion of Korean War of Survival Against West**
- **Best of Body Odor So Good It is Proven He Does Not Need to Shower**
- **Strongest Arm and Body Wrestler (Master of Moves)**

As our supreme nation mourns the loss of this legendary hero, we are consoled knowing that Kim Jong Un, son of Dear Leader, is to be the Great Successor. To remember his father he has promised to give everyone a grain to eat. Share this grain with your loyal family in a feast of remembrance.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.18 Subj: CHRISTMAS TIDINGS UPON YOU AND YOURS!!!!

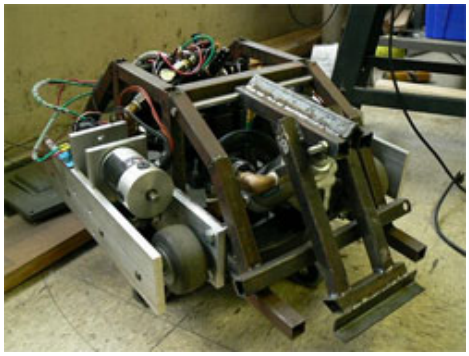
Tuesday, Dec 20, 2011 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!! i hope you are having a pleasant holiday season!!! myself I am making my way the old fashioned way as we did one or two winters when you were a young person... I am offering to set up old peoples lights and decorations for a handsome fee!!! in fact i have given up entirely on the soft sell because this neighborhood i'm in is so rich that i can just tell the old people "You Wish You Had My Christmas Lights Skills. Win The Future And Hire Me Now" and before you know it I'm on house number 4 for the year living high on the hog... and the house!!!!

I have not had a great deal of trouble in this line of work historically, but this year is different because of the geese that seem to work and play in this neighborhood. They are the big canadian-style geese that growl and chase you and get protective when you come around and drive your truck onto the lawns of the houses around here. after my first 2 houses i made my first purchase with the new money that should help: i got a great deal on a retired battlebot to help fight the geese

before you panic or call someone let me assure you that this battlebot is completely safe to come in contact with for me and will only harm the geese and not harm me. it is not a living thing i have a giant remote control that is the size of a dictionary and i control its every move. it's also not the usual wedge style, it is better. it has a big leather belt on the side and it spins around whipping the belt at incredibly high speeds. this battlebot almost took the battle it was in by storm but fell prey to another bot with a giant flip-over arm on it and did not make it on tv. after retirement it was then outfitted with a lawnmower blade and made the county fair circuit in this county and even at one point entered a pig show on one day where the pig show fell on april fools day (did not win) it also could cut grass during that period



the blade has long since been removed but we have a pretty good system where when i hear the angry goose calls (the sign that they are coming) i get down the ladder real quick and get to the controls and start whipping the belt around chasing the geese that otherwise would chase me. it usually takes about 20 minutes of chasing the birds around yards up and down the street to make them fly off for good, and then i can get back to my work. once, the battlebot ran out of juice and i had to take my shirt off and whip it around in a circle over my head to disguise myself as the bot and scare the geese that way, it worked but it took a lot longer and was very cold on my torso

this thing is also very good at chasing teens away. i have chased teens 2 times with it but one of the times the teens lived at the house that i was hanging lights on and i honorably did not accept payment for that day's work because of the whipping of that teen's legs that my bot did.

all in all this is very good money for the work and you would be very smart to take up some side

jobs like this in your town but you either need a young child or a battlebot to scare the birds off!!!!! GOODBY!!!!!!

ROBO DAD!!!!!!!!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

12.19 Memos from Bear Cave: The Good Son

Wednesday, Dec 21, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: December 20, 1979
SUBJECT: I Have a Son

For the first time in my life, somebody has given me good news. I have a son. No, not that piece of trash rockabilly idiot you're all familiar with, but a real, genuine man of a son I never knew about. Turns out one of the many "customers" I encountered during my days as a door-to-door salesman had the tenacity to make a child out of my seed.

Having just learned of his existence, I have sent for the boy to come forth and take his place as my rightful heir.

In celebration of my good news, you are hereby granted permission to insult, manhandle or outright maim my other son, the no-good rockabilly. I have previously reserved this privilege entirely for myself, but now I'm declaring open season. Have at him. First one to make him cry can go home early.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: December 20, 1979
SUBJECT: Congratulations to Tall Charlie

Tall Charlie is our winner today, having made my idiot rockabilly son cry by simply running him over in the parking lot as he attempted to enter the building. This is why Tall Charlie is my right hand and personal instrument of justice around here, and also why he cannot go home early. He's too important to the operation.

WHY ARE YOU STILL READING THIS? By my calculations, it should have taken no more than five seconds to read this memo and return to work. By my estimate you have wasted over 1 minute staring at it. Put down this paper and get to work or I will have Tall Charlie run you over, too.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: December 20, 1979
SUBJECT: Ignore the Screams

If I hear about anyone stopping work to investigate the screams coming from the parking lot, I will fire you. I pay you to make soup all day, not care for wounded animals in my parking lot. I will remind you that I had that parking lot repaved at great personal expense, and will not tolerate anybody walking or driving on it needlessly.

I want to hear the sounds of soup being made, not whimpering from cooing mothers and dopey pencil-necked do-gooders. I pride myself on running the toughest soup business in the country, and the record number of workplace suicides here reinforces my position as THE CRUELEST MAN IN SOUP.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: December 20, 1979
SUBJECT: Parking Lot Situation

Since so many of you were having trouble keeping your weakling consciences in check, I had Manuel Rodriguez drag my rockabilly son away from the office, so you shouldn't hear him screaming anymore. He's fine. His legs are just broken.

I don't need to remind you that 1980 is going to be a make-or-break year for soup. If we want to stay alive and beat Royal Mariner, Hardyman's Harvest, Canned Fury, United Broth Co. and all those other sons-of-bitches companies, we're going to have to fight dirty. I want our tomato soup to have more competitor blood than tomato in it.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: December 21, 1979
SUBJECT: My true son is almost here

I have just received word from Dang Linh, who was tasked with extracting my son from Arkansas and bringing him here, that their arrival is imminent.

I don't want my new son seeing a bunch of lousy jerks twiddling their thumbs and worrying about useless rockabilly invalids crying in ditches. I want him to see the most efficient, cutthroat and feared soup company in North America. There's a reason Augusto Pinochet writes to me for advice on both soup and management. You cow-eyed doughbabies need to step up your game.

I have had Manuel Rodriguez padlock the restrooms and kitchen. Nobody is to leave their desks until I say so.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Tall Charlie
DATE: December 21, 1979
SUBJECT: Last Minute Errand

I need you to take Bouillon to some kind of dog grooming establishment or salon. Spare no expense making him look presentable. I have a garbage bag with all the loose parts that keep falling off. See if they can glue or sew them back on.

Be careful getting him out of the building. He's oozing puss and blood and without a lower jaw, there's nothing holding the drool back. I don't want the carpets sullied.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Tall Charlie
DATE: December 21, 1979
SUBJECT: WHAT DID YOU DO

Where did you take Bouillon and why the hell does he have a perm? I appreciate that they taped his jaw back on but he looks like some kind of disgusting eurotrash abomination. I don't want my new son thinking I consort with pampered dogs. Take Bouillon out and drag him through the mud, or dunk him in the mushroom chowder vat out in the soupyard until he looks like a dog again.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: December 21, 1979
SUBJECT: I'm Finished

As many of you are aware, my new son arrived. As many of you are also aware, he couldn't possibly have been a bigger disappointment. Somehow I have sired not one, but two no-good rockabillies. And this one, god damn it all to hell, is an even bigger shiftless rockabilly than the last. It took all of my energy just to keep myself from having Dang Linh gut him right then and there. In keeping with my wishes, Dang Linh has disappeared the rotten failure to someplace far away where I will never ever encounter him again.

You are all to remain busy today. Nobody is to approach me or attempt to enter my office. I'm too busy pointing a loaded gun at my head to deal with your petty problems.

Have a Merry Christmas.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.20 Sneak Preview: Modern Warfare 3 Upcoming DLC

Thursday, Dec 22, 2011 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The first batch of DLC for Infinity Ward's / Sledgehammer's / Raven Software's / Neversoft Entertainment's / Zynga's remarkably successful game *Modern Warfare 3* was recently given a January 24th release date. Call of Duty Elite community manager Robert Bowling was kind enough to sit down with Something Awful and provide us with an **exclusive** look at all the new and exciting features of this amazing new DLC package.

New Maps!

One of *Modern Warfare 3*'s greatest strengths is the ability of a player to shoot guns at other players who, for whatever reason, choose to block the path of bullets. *MW3*'s DLC reinforces this with an absolutely huge batch of upcoming new maps:

- **Trash Dump Field** - Fight against guys who speak different languages and wear slightly different clothing than you in an exciting, dynamic fenced-in junkyard. *MW* players absolutely love giant rooms full of squalor, trash, and junk, at least according to photos of their rooms.
- **Crummy City Hobo Alleyway** - As the *Modern Warfare* series has proven time and time again, there's nothing more fun than shooting straight forward in a tiny, choke-point corridor! This eliminates the most worthless aspect of gameplay our fans have consistently complained about, "strategy." Our texture artists have added "real-world" looking graffiti to the walls, displaying actual inner-city phrases like "FART" and "SKOOL SUX."
- **Some Eastern European Farm** - When we asked our users "what do you want to be when you grow up?", the second most popular answer was "farmer" (the most popular response was "INVISIBLE DEATH GUN ARMY MAN KILLER MAN"). Additionally, our mapmakers love fields because they can design entire levels of them while waiting for a single Hot Pocket to heat up. Fields offer tremendous creative flexibility previously unseen in modern video games, as crates can be removed and instead replaced by giant, indestructible straw bales.
- **Village of the Poor People** - Take your love of class warfare to a new level while you experience what it feels like to commit ethnic genocide in an area of the world where chickens are perpetually trapped inside closed cages. This map is quite varied, with sections including "wooden shack," "wooden shack (rotated 45 degrees)," "wooden shack (slightly darker)," and "wooden shack (containing 500 chicken cages)."

- **Big Old Stupid Fucking Field** - For those lamers who don't like tiny corridor shooting maps, here's one that you'll worship for years! All spawn points are strategically placed in the sights of enemy snipers, because we here at Infinity Ward believe in conservation of ammunition (Earth first).
- **Every Single "Fan Favorite" Map That You've Already Played In Every Single Previous *MW* Game** - We asked our fans to rate their least favorite maps, and the overwhelming winner was "every single new one." "Creativity has absolutely no place in a *Modern Warfare* game," said user -=420daHitLaWeed666=-. "Besides, I'm plenty creative in telling faggots how they're gay on Xbox Live."
- **Construction Site Which May Also Be a Shipping Port** - "We get cash kickbacks from moving companies for each crate we place in a map," said an Infinity Ward level designer. "And honestly, who doesn't love boxes? Somebody even made a movie about them."
- **Desert of Limited Color Palettes** - Sand is everywhere. Rocks are everywhere. Cliffs are everywhere. We basically took Big Old Stupid Fucking Field and removed all plant assets. It's a statement about global warming or... something.

New Gameplay Modes!

- **Spawndeath** - Unemployed *Modern Warfare* fans throughout the most terrible parts of the globe love the frantic, exciting pace of deathmatch, but we believe we can improve on DM's core strengths. In the all new game mode "Spawndeath," characters will automatically be killed upon spawning in the map, immediately followed by a prerecorded voice shouting "LOL U FUCKEN NIGGER KIKE FAG" at them.
- **Team BitchMatch** - Instead of rewarding points for kills or captured points, team success will be based on the amount of arguing and name calling team members engage in.
- **Crying Infant Showdown** - *MW3* servers will monitor the volume of players' headset microphones and provide points to the individuals with the loudest shrieking baby in the background. Occasionally bonus points will be given for two unrelated people arguing about shopping, angry grandparents asking if the player "knows what time it is," and random crashing sounds that resemble a UFO colliding with a metal storage shelf.
- **Coolest Dude Left Standing** - One second after the match begins, every player instantly dies except the person with the highest level character. That player is rewarded with a giant flashing text message reading, "CONGRATULATIONS! YOU ARE INFINITELY SUPERIOR TO EVERY OTHER PERSON HERE!" All other players see a text message which says "DEEP INSIDE, THAT OTHER GUY LEADS A VERY UNFULFILLING LIFE."

- **Scrabble!** - To counter accusations the *Modern Warfare* series is nothing but braindead, twitch-based war pornography, users will now be able to challenge their friends in an intellectual game of Scrabble. First player to shoot the board wins.

New Features!

- **More positive reinforcement** - On average, a *MW3* player is awarded with the "heavy metal guitar sound riff of wonderful accomplishment" every three seconds. We've reduced this in half by offering additional menial achievements for skills such as "walking forward," "looking in into the ground and then looking into the sky," and "letting bullets hit you."
- **Elimination of all teamwork** - We thought we had successfully eliminated all traces of teamwork in *MW3*, but some furious players claim there are still ways to inadvertently help other players on your squad. With our DLC's upcoming changes, any player who does something that manages to benefit another player on their team will be instantly kicked from the server. Repeated team helpers will be threatened with a lifelong ban from all *MW3* servers.
- **Better spawn locations** - There's nothing more aggravating than spawning directly in front of an enemy who has camped behind that point, waiting to slaughter you. Changes to the game code will now result in you spawning *behind* that camping enemy! Unfortunately, that location will probably cause you to fall off the map into an endless void, but we feel this helps realistically illustrate the horrors of war.
- **Increased the rank level cap** - Players will now be able to reach a rank of 50,000,000, bestowing them the title of "Jesus Christ With a Gun." Any individual who accomplishes this will additionally have their information given to the nearest psychiatric hospital.
- **Additional narcotics-based dogtags** - Marijuana-based dogtags are such an overwhelming hit, our team has gone an extra step and created a brand new line of tags for various other popular drugs such as ecstasy, meth, bathwater salts, and that Mexican cough syrup that makes you feel really awesome 10 minutes before you go blind and die.
- **A new Call of Duty: Elite logo** - Some users have complained the current one resembles an image ripped from a Geocities Quake 2 clan site, so we had our artists go back and tweak the design by adding 50 more Photoshop effects, including 12 lens flares and rotating_wireframe_skull.gif.
- **Better DLC integration** - Many users have contacted us saying "we love *MW3* but it's too hard to give your company a bunch of money to buy things. Can you make it easier please please please?" Well we've answered your prayers and have seamlessly combined in-game purchasing! By associating a valid credit card with your gamertag, you will now be able to purchase exciting new killstreaks, weapons, and bonuses at any point in your game! And before anybody complains about our plans to charge 10 cents per bullet, please keep in mind you can buy them in bulk **for over 40% off!**

Thanks for the exclusive information, Robert! We here at Something Awful look forward to playing this amazing new DLC package, right after our mail order of bulk Adderall arrives!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.21 The 50 Kmart Layaway Items Most Likely to Be Paid Off By Good Samaritans

Friday, Dec 23, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hard times have resurrected the practice of buying products with layaway. Many budget shoppers have piled up the back rooms of Kmart hoping to afford gifts for family and friends, only to find themselves unable to keep up with payments or cover layaway fees. The spirit of giving has infested a few of the more fortunate, being called "Layaway Santas," who have anonymously reached out to pay for strangers' items on layaway at Kmart.

Once I got over the shock that Kmart still exists I decided to get to the bottom of this layaway largesse. After a few calls to local Kmarts, and those specifically mentioned in various media accounts of layaway charity, I have compiled a list of the top 50 items most frequently paid off by generous souls.

50. Hot Wheels Dinosaur Daycare Volcano Stunt Set

49. Halo: Bros

48. Snaboos Wild Fun PlaeBoard

47. The Adirondack - Excelsior Line Male Wig for Women

46. Carton of GPC Cigarettes

45. Skwunchemz Absorbent Pull-up Booty Shapers (12-24 months)

44. Stacks of horrid Taz shirts for fat people

43. One gallon bin of Acme dry-roasted peanut crumbs

42. DPRK 7" 180p Trina Tron Fat Screen TV

41. Mexican-American Girl Doll

40. The Mahogany - Excelsior Line Male Wig for Women

39. 64-pack of Tilda Stain "Remover" Stix

38. $10 Cracker Barrel Gift Card

37. Twilight: Breaking Dawn Soft-pack Beach Coolers

36. Skarim: Mighty Bosstone Man Plus 100 games on a Controller Sonly Wiii

35. Cat Sunglasses and Kerchief Double Pack

34. Jerry Seinfeld Bee Movie on VHS

33. 1984 Too Close for Comfort "Munroe" wall calendar now valid again in 2012 (includes "lost" male rape spread in February)

32. Real Live Sea Muskies (depicted as cartoon monkeys with stink lines, actually a type of bacteria)

31. Hotel Mario Wireless Arcade Controller for the Phillips CDi

30. 260 rolls of IndTex 1/4th Ply TruGrit Bathroom Paper

29. UpCheeser! - Do-it-yourself kit adds cheese to your favorite fast food

28. Open box/returned jigsaw puzzles

27. Something resembling an Affliction shirt featuring something resembling an eagle

26. You Ain't Vaccinating My Baby With Autism sponsored Dale Earnhardt Jr. die cast car

25. "You Are the Resistance" Terminator: Salvation Characters Go-Gurt Super Pack (128pc)

24. The Patriot - Ivory Line Male Wig for Women

23. Dankly Drips Holiday Pinecone K-cups

22. Breakfast Burrito and Salsa K-cups

21. Mexican-American Girl Doll air-brushed name t-shirt and jeggings

20. Yuletide Smoother Drywall Punch Repair Kit

19. InstaBreak Foam Indoor RC Helicopter with ShatterTec

18. Justin Bieber's Babytaint: A Fragrance for Her

17. Pet Breathalyzer

16. Methnopoly

15. Petrov Bezmelnizin's Eastern Orthodox Hymns for the Electric Harpsichord

14. Cars 2 "Mater" Reinforced XXXL Camping Chair

11. Krylon gold spray paint and paper lunch bags

10. Frank Caliendo life-size wall decal for outhouse or sex dungeon

9. Wicker hamper with stench-guard

8. The Alec Baldwin Diet book on tape and meal cards

7. Calvin Pissing bathroom mirror stencil

6. Tarps, saws, archery equipment and quicklime

5. Mexican-American Girl Doll Georgia Police Checkpoint Taze-and-Play Set

4. Scarface Poster

3. Blacklight

2. Bulk container of unbranded pretzels

1. Tube socks

God bless all the anonymous layaway heroes. They saved Christmas.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.22 The Big Book Of Fantasy Novel Food Descriptions

Saturday, Dec 24, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Do you love the fantasy genre? Are you tired of laboring through hundreds of pages of world building and plot to get to your favorite parts, where characters eat, or think about eating, or look at food? Do you ever wish you could get right to the good stuff?

Now yes!

We've collected all the lengthy, repetitious descriptions of food from your favorite fantasy books. Unlike our competitors, we then took this collection and put it in a book!

Open up the Big Book Of Fantasy Novel Food Descriptions to any page, and you'll be delighted to find a rambling account of each morsel of food and sip of drink brought to life in nearly pornographic detail.

What collection of food descriptions would be complete without this passage from Robert Jordan's Wheel Of Time series?

> Nyn stood at the head of the table and tugged at her
> braid in irritation, crumbs of delicious food falling free from her hair. Rand laid on his back on the table before her, his eyes wide and completely unfocused, his mouth mechanically opening as far as it would stretch then chomping as chunks of food from Nyn's braid sprinkled into the gaping maw.

> At first there were simply morsels from Ghealdan spiced cakes. As Nyn continued to tug, however, the chunks became larger. Then came bites of kippered eel, strips of dried meat, whole glazed apples, and freshly backed spicy muffins with steaming pats of melting honey butter.
>
> Soon the food transitioned to a stream of ever-changing liquids flowing forth from Nyn's braid. Plum brandy become spiced wine, which became a thick waterfall of honeyed porridge.
>
> Rand's blank expression never changed, his mechanical movements taking in all of the delicious food which splattered across his face and clothes and it was all so yummy.

A Song Of Ice And Fire has received a lot of attention as of late, and with good reason. George R.R. Martin is a master of creating brutal and complex food descriptions.

> Jon Snow approached the edge of The Wall. More than 700 feet below him, the foreboding and frosty home of the wildlings sprawled out to the ragged horizon.
>
> "Winter is coming."
>
> For so long the phrase had been a motto of Winterfell an utterance between kindred folk in a harsh land. But now it seemed to be coming true.
>
> Soon a new winter would fall upon Westeros, adding even more ice to the land before him. How delicious that ice would be if it were shaved into thin slices that dissolved on the tongue, flavored by a variety of berry juices.

> There were all the berries he was familiar with, of course. But then there could also be exotic berry juice brought across the narrow sea, or even some crude berry pulp exported from the Dothraki by brave and swarthy traders.
>
> Jon wondered about the fate of his kingdom, and how much ice he would be able to eat in whatever time he had left.

Of course, it's hard to imagine the landscape of fantasy food writing without J.R.R. Tolkein. His Lord Of The Rings trilogy was more about food than enjoyable literature.

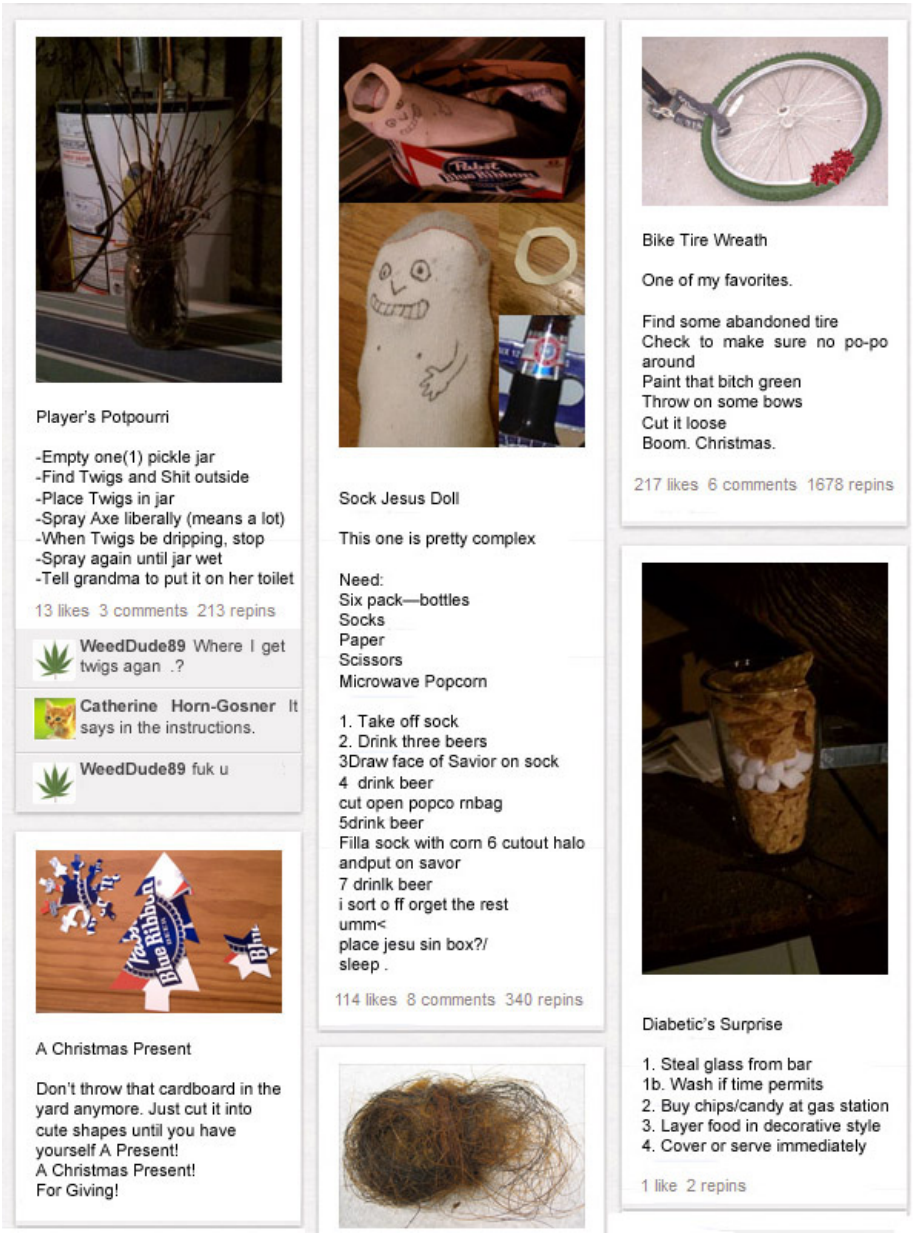
> The fires below awoke in anger, the red light blazed, and all the cavern was filled with a great glare and heat. Suddenly Sam saw Gollum's long hands draw upwards to his mouth; his white fangs gleamed, and then snapped as they bit. Frodo gave a cry, and there he was, fallen upon his knees at the chasm's edge. But Gollum, dancing like a mad thing, held aloft the ring, a finger still thrust within its circle. The severed finger was plump and meaty, just the right amount of fat to offset the digit's fibrous muscles. On the finger's skin glistened a sheen of sweat, a maddeningly delicious sauce seasoned by salt.
>
> "Precious, precious, precious!" Gollum cried. "My Precious! O my Precious!" And with that, even as his eyes were lifted up to gloat on his prize, he stepped too far, toppled, wavered for a moment on the brink, and then with a shriek he fell. Out of the depths came his last wail Precious, and he took a bite of the finger and was gone.

Order now and you will receive two of our most popular companion books at no extra cost: The Big Book Of Fantasy Armor Descriptions and The Big Book Of Rape As A Fantasy Plot Device!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.23 Pinterest's Last Minute Christmas Crafts

Sunday, Dec 25, 2011 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Player's Potpourri

-Empty one(1) pickle jar
-Find Twigs and Shit outside
-Place Twigs in jar
-Spray Axe liberally (means a lot)
-When Twigs be dripping, stop
-Spray again until jar wet
-Tell grandma to put it on her toilet

13 likes 3 comments 213 repins

WeedDude89 Where I get twigs agan .?

Catherine Horn-Gosner It says in the instructions.

WeedDude89 fuk u

A Christmas Present

Don't throw that cardboard in the yard anymore. Just cut it into cute shapes until you have yourself A Present!
A Christmas Present!
For Giving!

Sock Jesus Doll

This one is pretty complex

Need:
Six pack—bottles
Socks
Paper
Scissors
Microwave Popcorn

1. Take off sock
2. Drink three beers
3Draw face of Savior on sock
4 drink beer
cut open popco rnbag
5drink beer
Filla sock with corn 6 cutout halo andput on savor
7 drinlk beer
i sort o ff orget the rest
umm<
place jesu sin box?/
sleep .

114 likes 8 comments 340 repins

Bike Tire Wreath

One of my favorites.

Find some abandoned tire
Check to make sure no po-po around
Paint that bitch green
Throw on some bows
Cut it loose
Boom. Christmas.

217 likes 6 comments 1678 repins

Diabetic's Surprise

1. Steal glass from bar
1b. Wash if time permits
2. Buy chips/candy at gas station
3. Layer food in decorative style
4. Cover or serve immediately

1 like 2 repins

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.24 You Have 24-hours to Correct Your Mistake, Santa

Monday, Dec 26, 2011 by Felix Richter, Age 8 (@sexyfacts4u)

Thanks to SA Forums member davidspackage for a dramatic reading of this article.

Gutentag, Herr Claus.

We meet again.

I believed the matter of Weinachten settled upon our last encounter in the Oakfield Mall. If you will recall, your dumpfbacke henchwoman "Meg" forced me to sit upon your lap in an undignified manner und submit to photography. After, we discussed my needs for various implements und games und DVD box set. My list was detailed exhaustively und included suggested suppliers.

Now imagine my surprise when I awoke this morning und scurried down to the tree und discovered my demands were not met. I received, not the items I had researched und submitted, but rather a collection of cheap Chinese Scheisse hardly worthy of an ill-mannered gypsy brood.

No, shhh, don't talk. Not just yet, Weinachtmann. You will have your chance to explain. For now, listen in silence while I illuminate the depths of my disappointment.

To begin with, I demanded the 80 gigabyte Playstation 3 mit two dual analog controllers, *Uncharted 3*, Move controllers und *Just Dance 3*. There is no explanation why this did not come last year. You had your chance.

Fail me once, I may be lenient, after all it was a good decision to placate me with the bicycle, but fail me two years in a row und it begins to reflect poorly on my leadership. I cannot allow this to slide. No effort was made. I received the Xbox 360 game *Just Dance Kids 2*. Do you know what "kids" dance like, Herr Claus? Scheisskopfs. Do you take me for eine scheisskopf?

A lack of attention to detail also seems to be a recurring issue for you, Herr Claus. Last year it was the purchase of a pair of Spy Kids Night Vision goggles when I clearly requested the superior lowlight performance of the Night Raider Darksight Headset. Four-und-a-half fucking stars on Amazon. Flymama75 called it "Incredible night vision" and though I question her views on the Kindle DX and Emeril's line of cookware, a broken

clock can be correct exactly two times per day.

This year your insult is too grave to be ignored. You give me the three-disc collection of *Transformers* movies. Does this Michael Bay dreck resemble the *Beast Wars* complete series box set? Perhaps superficially, I will admit, but if you dig deep there are far more believable characters in the Beast Wars franchise. You have no excuse. You are like the proverbial upside-down pisspot in the middle of the night.

Lastly, I will bring attention to the matter of the socks. Do you think these are cute? Fußball ball socks? I made no request of socks this year. I have more socks than any human could desire. My drawers overflow with the horrid things and certainly you should by now realize I prefer austere, single-colored socks without patterning. Fußball? I want to spit upon your face.

Killing you would seem the only way to make up for these transgressions. Be done with it, ja? But what does this accomplish, Herr Claus? How does this bring me any closer to my goals?

Nein. You will be permitted to live one more day. First, to contemplate your fate should you fail me a last time, but also to correct your misdeeds.

I will untie you and you may go. You have 24 hours to put right what you have done here. If you do not value your own life then think of your wife. I believe I can make her scream.

-∼Felix Richter, Age 8 (@sexyfacts4u)

12.25 Family Memo RE: Holiday Sullenness, Ingratitude

Tuesday, Dec 27, 2011 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

FROM THE DESK OF TERRENCE PAUL LANGER
Deputy Director, Water & Sewer Process Assets
City of Shaggy Butte

FAMILY MEMO
RE: HOLIDAY SULLENNESS, INGRATITUDE

To whom it may concern,

As the primary executive of this family, it is my duty to keep abreast of the morale of its constituents (my wife and son). Therefore, the attitude of sullenness and subtle ingratitude immediately following the Christmas holiday did not escape my attention. I am not upset by your attitudes; your emotions are your own, and you are free to exercise them as you wish. However, as a conscientious father and husband, I must strive to address any lingering family concerns to assure a more satisfactory and cheerful Christmas next year.

Based on certain snide remarks and overheard comments, I conclude that some dissatisfaction stemmed from my choice of gifts, and perhaps my reaction to the gifts I received. First, I would like to make clear that my gifts were given with all due warmth and affection. Second, though my reactions to your gifts may have been sober and restrained, I appreciate that you gave them to me with the intent to satisfy me.

To clear up any remaining dissatisfaction with my execution of the Christmas holiday, allow me to compile all available data and provide an objective assessment of all gifts given/received.

JULIA H. LANGER, WIFE

> **Given to you by me, Terry Langer, husband:** One gift certificate to J Crew apparel store in the amount of $243.56, for the express purpose of buying the Classic Cashmere Cable-Knit Sweater in the "heather beet" color option, an item which I knew you specifically desired.
>
> The certificate was in the exact amount to cover the price of said item, plus tax. Some concern was expressed that I could have simply purchased the sweater myself and given it to you; this would have, contrary to your opinion on the matter, not been a thoughtful gesture. I have been married to you for twenty-two years, and I am well aware that your desires are fickle and subject to change. For all you know, you could have stopped wanting the sweater the second you had it, and instead lusted after some other item of clothing. This certificate allows you to buy the sweater, or, if your whim should change at the last minute, buy another sweater instead.
>
> **Thoughtfulness of gift . . . . . 93/100 - EXTREMELY THOUGHTFUL**
>
> **Given to me by you, Julia Langer, wife:** Professionally printed and collated album of significant moments in our life together, including photos of our wedding, photos of our

children at various stages of growth, photos of our extended family at various functions, etc.

I appreciate the sentiment of this gift, but the practicality is lacking. I already have access to these photos; most are scanned and stored in "the cloud," meaning that they cannot be destroyed by fire or other disasters, unlike this album. I thanked you adequately upon receipt of this gift.

Thoughtfulness of gift . . . . . 63/100 - MODERATELY THOUGHTFUL

THERE IS A 30-POINT SHORTFALL IN THOUGHTFULNESS BETWEEN THESE GIFTS

CLAUDE P. LANGER, SON

Given to you by me, Terry Langer, father: King Crimson - In The Court of the Crimson King Deluxe Six-CD Boxed Set, Limited Edition. Includes a new stereo remaster, the controversial 2004 remaster, two different mixes in 5.1 theater sound and a vinyl transfer of the original mix.

Though I know you have no particular fondness for the music of King Crimson, this gift is a corrective "tough love" measure to combat a known character fault. I have often observed you listening to lesser rock and roll artists, such as The Foo Fighters; I can only assume your poor aesthetic sensibilities are my fault, since I have clearly not exposed you to enough King Crimson (a superior progressive rock combo). I hope that this gift will make up for my own failings.

Thoughtfulness of gift . . . . . 88/100 - VERY THOUGHTFUL

Given to me by you, Claude Langer, son: Van Heusen Men's South Beach Stripe Necktie, Eggplant Purple.

Clearly your observational skills are developed enough to apprehend that I am seldom seen without a necktie. However, perhaps you are laboring under the weight of undiagnosed colorblindness, as you have somehow failed to observe that I am never seen wearing purple neckties. Flamboyance of that nature has no place in a work environment nor in the home of a married man. I stand by my decision to verbally reprimand you for this gift; my frank and straightforward dealings are an asset both to the Shaggy Butte municipal government and to this family.

Furthermore, the estimated retail value of this item is $13.99. As I am in charge of your personal finances, I have a very detailed account of your income and expenditures, and I have concluded that you could easily have afforded a more gracious gift, or perhaps multiple gifts. It may be the case that you bought more gifts for me, but forgot to give them to me; I will gladly adjust the score below should any further gifts be presented.

Thoughtfulness of gift . . . . . 24/100 - INADEQUATELY THOUGHTFUL

THERE IS A 64-POINT SHORTFALL IN THOUGHTFULNESS BETWEEN THESE GIFTS

BARXAMILLIAN LANGER, DOG

Given to you by me, Terry Langer, master: A Saratoga Suede dog collar, brown, purchased from local "FIN N FEATHER" boutique pet store.

You accepted this gift graciously by licking my hands as I attempted to put it around your neck. However, I know that you have no concept of ownership and no desire for material things, so you could not have understood the ritual of gift-giving in any meaningful way. It pleases me to see you in a fresh collar, though I know that you would perhaps prefer not to wear a collar at all. Therefore, the thoughtfulness of this gift should be considered neutral.

Thoughtfulness of gift . . . . . 50/100 - NEUTRAL THOUGHTFULNESS

Given to me by you, Barxamillian Langer, dog: Unconditional affection; gratitude for all I provide, even if you have no concept of the value of my gifts; joy and companionship.

You are unable to give me material gifts, so you give only the things a dog can give: beautiful friendship. If you had the means to purchase gifts for me, I am confident that you would do so in a very thoughtful manner. Thank you, dog.

Thoughtfulness of gift . . . . . 100/100 - PERFECT AND UNRIVALED THOUGHTFULNESS

THERE IS A 50-POINT SURPLUS OF THOUGHTFULNESS BETWEEN THESE GIFTS

It is my sincere hope that this honest accounting of our Christmas transactions will lead to a better understanding of how to create a constructive holiday dynamic: we should all take a lesson from Barxamillian, who gave the greatest gifts of all, and from me, who gave the second greatest gifts. I am confident that all sulking, resentment, bedroom coldness and breakfast table tension will be done away with immediately. These things, it can plainly be seen in the evidence above, are unwarranted and even irrational.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.26 Skymall Product Reviews: Cobra Walking Stick

Wednesday, Dec 28, 2011 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: ★★★★★
By Walking Tall in Denver, CO

I've tried many cobra walking sticks in the past, but this one seems to be the best. Can't imagine life without one. Well, to be honest I can, and it's not pretty. Blood everywhere... women screaming... children with terrible glowing eyes... strange chanting coming from the woods... don't want to imagine anymore.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★
By Snakebite in Austin, TX

Love the balls out of this walking stick. Owned a lot of walking sticks -- dragons, horses, big-boobed ladies, uncircumcised members -- but the cobra offers the best grip. Recommend for anyone needing a little extra support when walking.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★★★
By SerpentineDad in Frazier, PA

It was not easy choosing a walking stick, given the impressive selection offered by Skymall. I liked the attitude of the Bulldog Walking Stick (item PA-6175), especially since it matches all of my shirts. The lethal practically of the Bavarian Walking Stick (PA-9096) was also appealing, as was the Gigaresque bio-mechanical beauty of the Classic Ornate Walking Stick (PA-6000). In the end I decided to try out the cobra and I have no regrets, aside from the fact I have wasted my entire life on idiotic pursuits.

Age: 18-25

Customer Review: ★★★★★
Pelvic_Problems in Kirkland, WA

I recently developed difficulty with walking due to a supererupted pelvis, so I need a little help. This walking stick is comfortable, stylish and makes me feel more virile in spite of the turmoil happening around my genitals and anus.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Confused in Fremont, CA

I have been walking fine for over thirty years without owning a walking stick. Will this help me walk better or is it some kind of scam? I am now super nervous of walking in case I've been doing it wrong all this time. I don't know what to do and I don't want to fall down. Help me, Skymall.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆
By Disgusted_Wife in None Of Your Beeswax, AL

My husband was killed by a cobra. Shame on you Skymall for celebrating such a murderous animal. I hope everyone who orders this loses a loved one to cobra venom.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆
By Slithering Pete

I have been involved with ritual snake worship for over a decade and am always on the looking for apparel and accessories that compliment my beliefs. Unfortunately I found the Cobra Walking Stick to talk the talk, but not walk the walk. As I am an exceptionally tall man, I had to hunch over to properly use it, which was hard on my back. Because of this, I cannot in good conscience recommend this to anyone else, be they worshippers or just casual fans of serpents.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★
By Bosco in Milkwaukee, WI

It's just lovely, and the design goes great with most of my shorts and vests. Cobra walking sticks are great conversation starters and women are very attracted to the men who utilize them.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★
By Wereman in Fort Wayne, IN

I can no longer walk due excess ankle fat hindering my equilibrium, but in those brief times I climb out of my scooter and attempt to stand, usually to reach for something out of a freezer section in the Wal-Mart, this cobra walking stick provides invaluable support. I love it.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆
By Joey in Miami, FL

Not truly authentic. Don't bother.

Age: 26-30

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.27 15 Helpful Tips for Avoiding the Homosexual Plague

Thursday, Dec 29, 2011 by The Ron Paul Newsletter Archives

Dear friends and supporters,

A menace lurks on every corner, greater even than the scourge of Black History Month foisted upon us by professional victimologists like Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton. Of course, I speak of Deserved Gay Wasting Disease (DGWD), now classified by the federal government as "AIDS." The curse of promiscuity no longer haunts the bath houses and sodomy cabins of yore. Thanks to the iron grip of Big Brother, The Infected cannot be barred from entering schools, Churches or even curio shops (yes, the homosexuals have tainted the once noble art of antiquing). But there's no need to hide in your gun shelter (please see Vol. III, No. IV "The Last Resort") until the upcoming gay/race war makes our streets inhabitable once again. Like any rabid animal, the infected homosexual can be dealt with safely and from a distance by applying the following advice to your own life:

Is a man not entitled to the blood of his own self-inflicted foot wound?

- Be prepared: keep a finger bowl filled to the brim with bleach in your home or office. Once you've safely dissolved the nerves, finger skin builds a strong resistance to chemical burns. And guests will appreciate the overpowering odor of safety that emanates from your person. Think of their constant gagging as a series of tiny "thank yous!"

- Be extra prepared: when red-ribbon-wearing criminals violate the boundaries of your personal property, a small dose of ammonia can be added to the cleansing bowl for a quick burst of "escape gas."

- Trapped on public transit with no way to safeguard yourself? Simply chant, "AIDS, AIDS, go away, go infect someone that's gay." While it is unclear if this incantation "spooks" the AIDS virus into submission, repeating this phrase over and over will almost certainly give you an entire subway car to yourself.

The trough urinal: like one thousand Studio 54s melted down and reformed in porcelain.

- Due to gross irresponsibility and the warping powers of urban youth music, AIDS has ravaged the African-American community. If you find yourself in contact with an infected representative

of this demographic, flee -- FLEE -- back to your home and re-read Vol. V, No. III "Colorblind: A Black-Free Lifestyle."

- Bathroom Tip #1: If a restaurant cannot verify the AIDS content of their bathroom, it is YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT to defecate in a cloth napkin and hand it to your server. If a cloth napkin is unavailable, inquire about a complimentary bread bowl.

- Bathroom Tip #2: Do not do this at the Denny's near Decatur, Illinois.

- Bathroom Tip #3: Re: Tip #1: A typical champagne flute is in no way equipped to handle the contents of an adult man's bladder. Please keep this in mind before your next fundraising dinner.

- Bathroom Tip #4: Beware the trough urinal, otherwise known as the "Stadium Homosexual Trap." It may seem innocent, but so many exposed penises at once can only be a front for gay Hollywood-style orgies.

- Beware the gay handshake: if the man gripping your hand does not offer a satisfactory level of firmness or steadiness, immediately remove your shirt and challenge him to an arm-wrestling match. If confused onlookers do not realize the man running from you is an outed homosexual, immediately shout, "Can you BELIEVE this faggot!?"

- Sharing a soda can with an infected homosexual will not give you AIDS, but it may make people think you are friends with an infected homosexual, which is worse.

The proud history of my leprechaun ancestors has been forever poisoned.

- Despite his masculine, gravelly voice and excessive body hair, Harvey Fierstein is a confirmed Jew and Homosexual. DO NOT BE FOOLED BY HIS DINNER PARTY INVITATIONS.

- If an important gay business contact attempts to hug you, toss business cards at him like Japanese *shuriken*. This is a "politically correct" way to avoid contamination without attracting the attention of government-imposed HR departments.

- Alert: the rainbow has been co-opted by the gay element and may attract unwanted "attention" or force you to burn thousands of dollars of newly purchased stationary.

- Thanks to the mainstream media encouraging openly homosexual lifestyles, it's entirely possible to suddenly find yourself as the grand marshal of a gay pride parade. Try to lead the trailing cars, floats and people into the nearest fire or gaping chasm before you are made "it" in the ongoing game of "sodomy tag."
- Cat ownership: a quicker path to AIDS than sleeping with Rock Hudson on a bed covered with infected needles and Klaus Nomi's sheets.

Next month: a shocking expose on "Doctor" Martin Luther King Jr.'s complete inability to practice medicine. Did King's rampant womanizing and drug use cause this supposed "civil rights" hero to completely forget his years of so-called training? Continue donating to find out!

Sincerely,

. .

12.28 North Korea Vows to Increase Its Levels of Insanity

Friday, Dec 30, 2011 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

PYONGYANG - Seeking to quash rumors of disunity and loosening authority of the new regime, North Korean officials announced Friday that the isolated nation intended to "double down." Citing the wisdom of newly-christened Great Leader, Kim Jong Un, plans were unveiled to "kick everything up a notch."

"On his birthday which is today and every day," droned a loudspeaker in an empty Pyongyang plaza, "Great Leader, Exalted Hero, Glorious Prince, King of Queens, Kim Jong Un, has declared that to uplift the Juche spirit of the Korean people we must all be birds for one day."

Surprised observers witnessed a number of citizens assembling in Wonderful Hero Stadium in Pyongyang and hurling themselves from the upper risers in an effort to satisfy Great Leader.

Addressing the heaped corpses of the failed bird people, Kim Jong Un declared, "Our irrational actions of before will seem like pure logic devised by a computer compared to what we have in store for our enemies."

"According to sources within the regime, Kim Jong Un has put together a new Five-Year Plan to revitalize North Korea. The first phase, an enlargement of the military, will double the size of the North Korean armed forces by 2016. Not double the number of troops or tanks, but literally double the size.

"We will make them eat and carry stones," explained General Kim Wu Song. "If they cannot become large and heavy we will tie prisoners to the backs of our soldiers and have them share a single coat. If the prisoner escapes we will have them carry dead prisoners. The tanks will be much larger and require ladders and levers to operate the simplest mechanism. Our fighter jets will be very slow, but

so large they will terrify our enemies from the skies."

N
orth Korea, notorious for dealing with gray market and black market channels to fund its military, will use similar methods to deal with its prolonged food crisis. Plans are already underway to quadruple Pyongyang's stockpiles of staple goods such as Rolls Royce Phantoms, nose-wrecking monster cocaine piles, Japanese women with tiny bikinis and tons of pubic hair, stretch-waist jumpsuits and various industrial machines from the 1970s used to turn dead animals into cattle feed.

One official boasted that, "Many things will happen that will confuse you. This is Great Leader's intent.

According to Jong Un himself, relations with "all other nations" will "continue to fray" based on "mutual distrust, contempt for reason and unpredictable actions aimed and undermining deals, treaties and exchanges."

Plans on how exactly Pyongyang plans to achieve this undermining are still unclear, but sources close to Jong Un indicate kidnapping Michael Jordan is not out of the question.

A Michael Jordan abduction might allow Jong Un to finally film his long-anticipated Space Jam sequel, "Space Jam 2: Destruction of the Tenents of Capitalism and Rise of the People in Unification of Purpose."

"1985 Bears are on the table as well. They could denounce the West and recreate their famed Shuffle in solidarity with the people of North Korea."

Other options include selling a nuclear bomb to the USA Tea Party, a crazy cocaine bikini party with Syria, inner-tubing on the Yalu river, opening a pizza disco in Israel and then blowing it up, finding where Osama Bin Laden's body was dumped and recording new videos, and bringing "Sasha Fierce to be the proud, meaty wife of Great Leader."

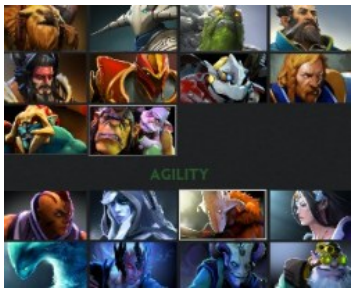
Whichever options are implemented as part of Jong Un's Five-Year Plan, officials expect the country's military parades to be increasingly enormous and surreal.

"Expect more interactivity," said one General, who asked to remain anonymous. "Great Leader is very fond of Japanese video games, so expect to see animated pixel art and playable games using flip-placards and hundreds of thousands of conscripted infantry drilled to the brink of insanity."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.29 A Beginner's Guide To DOTA 2

Saturday, Dec 31, 2011 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



This isn't a guide for beginners. It's a guide by a beginner, a quivering wreck of a man hoping to process the trauma that took place in Valve's DOTA 2. This is the first step on a long road toward reclaiming a fraction of the confidence and dignity that I once had.

My first round of DOTA 2 felt like starting a breezy game of checkers, then realizing halfway through that I was playing interdimensional Star Trek chess against opponents that were waiting for the perfect moment to reveal that the drink I ingested ten minutes earlier had been poisoned.

It was basically exactly like that, only a little more confusing and terrifying. I loved every moment of it.

Let's start at the beginning.

Hurry Up And Pick A Guy

You need to choose a hero. There are about a million of them. Each has a unique set of abilities with in-game implications that are completely beyond your grasp. The heroes are broken down into factions, then groups such as "agility", and within those groups there are classes with seemingly helpful labels. What's a Carry? How is a Ganker different from a Pusher or an Initiator? Don't know, but you have about ten seconds left to choose. It's probably best to pick the hero that looks the coolest.

If you're smart, you'll look this stuff up before starting a match. If you aren't smart, you'll write some jokes about the obtuse nature of the game and subject yourself to angry comments from uptight jerks.

There's A Store, Now Buy Stuff

Oh, hey, you're shopping. Your teammates have already finished and are leaving. Hurry up!

There are suggested items, potions, high end items... it's basically a Sam's Club of fantasy boots and rings with incomprehensible attributes. Pick something at random from the pile of suggested starting items then try to figure out if you equipped it or just put it in your bag. Do you have a bag, or are those slots just indentations on your character's body?

Congratulations, you spent all of your money and are fairly certain that everyone else bought better items.

Go Somewhere

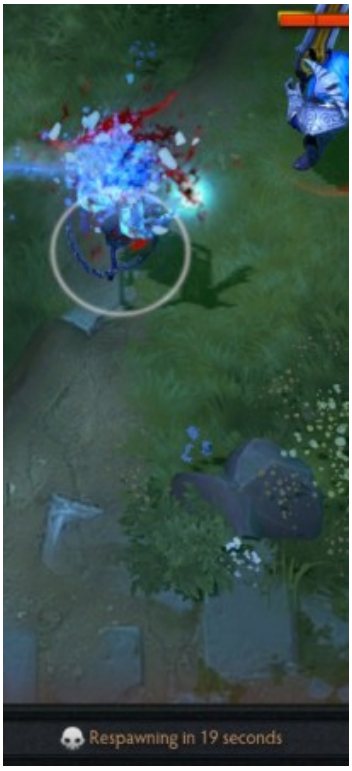
Three lanes branch out from your base. Choose one. Someone will ask what the fuck you think you're doing. They might even inquire as to the nature of your brain injury, your reasons for thinking you could play this game, and whether you should even exist at all.

Now choose another lane. Keep walking until you see some water. Stop. If you go in that water someone is going to kill you.

These Little Guys Will Kill You

There are these little guys called creeps that come out of each team's base, walk along each lane, then meet up in the middle (where you should be) and fight the opposing creeps. Since they're small you probably think you can wade into the fight and squish the other team's creeps. In reality, you are weak and stupid and will just bleed out all over the damn place every second you make the mistake of getting near them.

Your best bet is to hang back and watch the creeps kill each other. If you have some sort of a ranged ability, use it to turn the tide of the battle. Congratulations, now you have no mana.



By now you'll probably notice that when an enemy comes close, you'll lose control of your character and he'll chase after them in a manner that's slightly more stupid than your normal actions. Just keep cursing and telling him to move further back.

These Big Guys Will Kill You

While you're cheering your creeps on from a distance like the world's most awkward and ineffectual basketball coach, someone from the other team will appear out of thin air and make your screen go crazy.

How did they do that? Doesn't matter. There are a million abilities that you don't understand and half of them are going to hit you at the same time. Try to run to safety and another guy will pop out from behind a tree and use the other half million abilities on you. Try to stand your ground and you'll die faster as your team yells at you.

Maybe it would help if you used one of your abilities. Ha ha, just kidding. Press that button and you'll summon a bird that just hovers in place and explodes in gore when an enemy comes close, or you'll shoot a spell that seems to take off 2% of your opponent's life.

While you're frozen with indecision, be sure to forget those potions that you bought. If you do use one, prepare to be amazed by how minor the effect is.

This Tower Will Kill You

If you're fortunate enough to avoid the opposing team and help your creeps advance, you will run into a tower. Don't you dare touch that tower or go near it or attack anything near it or think about that tower you goddamn fool.

The tower is death. The tower is divine retribution for all of the mistakes you've made in your life, from thinking it would be cool wear a scorpion jacket like Ryan Gosling's character in Drive to thinking it would be a good idea to go near the tower.

If you stay away from the tower, the guys on the other team will kill you.

You Got Killed

You're dead. You lost a bunch of money. The opposing team got a bunch of XP, so they can buy better skills. Great. Now they have two million abilities. As you wait to respawn your team has one less person on the map, so your creeps have less backup, so you lose ground.

When you respawn, go ahead and take another look at the shop. Consider those items again, now that you know a little bit more about the game. Think about how nice it will be to buy those items, when you somehow manage to get enough money. At your current rate, you should be able to buy a new magic wand in three hours. Something to look forward to.

While you were thinking about all that, the other team won. Don't worry. You'll be much better next time, armed with everything you've learned:

1. Use potions
2. Pick a different hero
3. Don't touch anything

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

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